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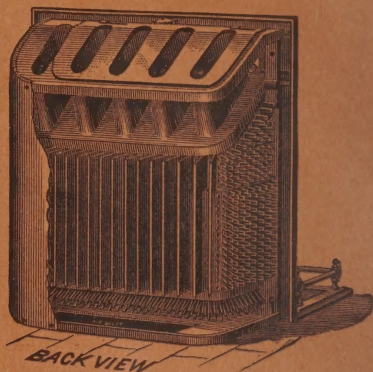
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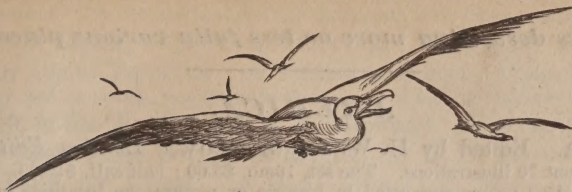
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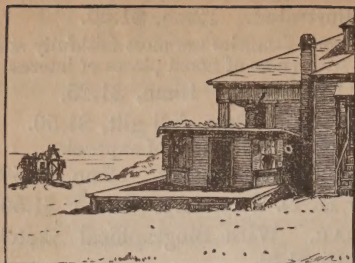
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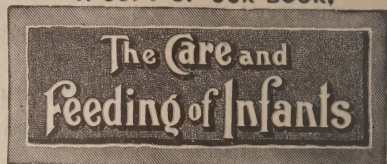
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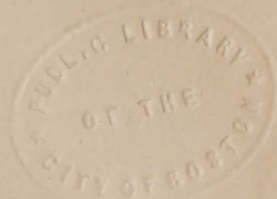
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

A PROSPECTIVE VISIT.

AFTER an interval of more than fifty years I propose taking a second look at some parts of Europe. This will give my readers of *The Atlantic*, as well as the writer, a vacation to which we both seem entitled. It is a Rip Van Winkle experiment which I am promising myself. The changes wrought by half a century in the countries I visited amount almost to a transformation. I left the England of William the Fourth, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir Robert Peel; the France of Louis Philippe, of Marshal Soult, of Thiers, of Guizot. I went from Manchester to Liverpool by the new railroad, the only one I saw in Europe. I looked upon England from the box of a stage-coach, upon France from the coupé of a diligence, upon Italy from the chariot of a vetturino. The broken windows of Apsley House were still boarded up when I was in London. The asphalt pavement was not laid in Paris. The Obelisk of Luxor was lying in its great boat in the Seine, as I remember it. I did not see it erected; it must have been a sensation to have looked on, the engineer standing underneath, so as to be crushed by it if it disgraced him by falling in the process. As for the dynasties which have overlaid each other like Dr. Schliemann's Trojan cities, there is no need of

moralizing over a history which instead of *Finis* is constantly ending with *What next?*

With regard to the changes in the general conditions of society and the advance in human knowledge, think for one moment what fifty years have done. I have often imagined myself escorting some wise man of the past to our Saturday Club, where we often have distinguished strangers as our guests. Suppose there sat by me — I will not say Sir Isaac Newton, for he has been too long away from us, but that other great man, whom Professor Tyndall names as next to him in intellectual stature, as he passes along the line of master minds of his country from the days of Newton to our own — Dr. Thomas Young, who died in 1829. Would he or I be the listener, if we were side by side? However humble I might feel in such a presence, I should be so clad in the grandeur of the new discoveries, inventions, ideas, I had to impart to him that I should seem to myself like the ambassador of an Emperor. I should tell him of the ocean steamers, the railroads that spread themselves like cobwebs over the civilized and half-civilized portions of the earth, the telegraph and the telephone, the photograph and the spectroscope. I should hand him a

paper with the morning news from London to read by the electric light, I should startle him with a friction match, I should amaze him with the incredible truths about anæsthesia, I should astonish him with the later conclusions of geology, I should electrify him by the fully developed doctrine of the correlation of forces, I should delight him with the cell-doctrine, I should confound him with the revolutionary apocalypse of Darwinism. All this change in the aspects, position, beliefs, of humanity since the time of Dr. Young's death, the date of my own graduation from college!

I ought to consider myself highly favored to have lived through such a half century. But it seems to me that in walking the streets of London and Paris I shall revert to my student days, and appear to myself like a relic of a former generation. Those who have been born into the inheritance of the new civilization feel very differently about it from those who have lived their way into it. To the young and those approaching middle age all these innovations in life and thought are as natural, as much a matter of course, as the air they breathe; they form a part of the frame-work of their intelligence, of the skeleton about which their mental life is organized. To men and women of more than threescore they are external accretions, like the shell of a mollusk, the jointed plates of an articulate.

This must be remembered in reading anything written by those who knew the century in its teens; it is not like to be forgotten, for the fact betrays itself in all the writer's thoughts and expressions. The reader of this paper of mine must recollect that I did not visit Europe to bring home stories for his amusement or instruction. My time was chiefly given up to the study of my profession. I lived largely in hospitals, I listened to medical and surgical lectures, I walked in the train of learned

professors, I talked with medical students, I belonged to a medical society, and I took sides in medical contests which agitated the little world around the École de Médecine. In a word, I lived the life of the Quartier Latin,—the students' quarter. Not rarely, however, I crossed the river by the Pont Neuf or the Pont des Arts, bought a little bouquet of violets or other modest blossoms of a humble flower-dealer at the further end of the bridge, and with that in my button-hole aired myself in the sunny splendors of the Palais Royal and the Boulevard des Italiens. My time was not wholly idle on these excursions, for, to say nothing of the theatres and the opera, I studied with infinite delight the pictures and statues in the Gallery of the Louvre, and gave due attention to that branch of physiology of which Brillat-Savarin was the illustrious teacher, by the aid of practical lessons in the famous restaurants of the day.

The reader may naturally suppose that I can have very little to tell him which can be of special interest. I saw a great deal of which he does not wish to hear. He does not care to follow me into the wards of La Pitié, or St. Louis, or Hôtel Dieu, unless he is so far depraved in his taste by the grossness which calls itself realism as to delight in what is repulsive to healthy natures.

I did not see the men and women whom to have met would have been a priceless memory. I thought of myself only as a medical student, preparing for a laborious calling by which I expected to live. I had not opened my sealed orders. What is there in such a young person to excite a moment's interest other than that which human brotherhood entitles us all to look for in our fellow-creatures? Very little, I am afraid. But I was not yet twenty-four years old, and so youthful in aspect that they did not like to let me in at Frascati's, where I went once only, to look

on, not to gamble. My senses were acute, my intellect was hungry, my love of art and taste for it strong enough to be a continual source of excitement, and though I had written a few poems, some of which have lived their half century, I had not wasted my youthful sensibilities in those floods of verse which wash away the emotions that are the life of life in profuse and debilitating expression.

Who does not remember the change of feeling, when, in his boyhood, as he was following a company of "trainers" marching to the lean duet of the drum and fife, all at once the full band broke into its rich tumult of harmonies? Such was my feeling, transplanted from my city of sixty thousand inhabitants into the great world-centres where millions were congregated.

I must have told in print somewhere much of what I have to say in these pages. But if I do not remember when or where I have told it, it is not very probable that my reader does, or that he remembers anything about it. At any rate, I put my recollections in more exact order than ever before. They are many of them, perhaps most of them, trivial, — personal reminiscences, peculiar to the narrator in many cases, not such as his reader would be likely to meet with elsewhere. They are, in point of fact, the *flotsam* of memory, — the lighter things that have come to the surface in virtue of their buoyancy.

I left New York in April, 1833, in the ship Philadelphia, Captain Champlin, and returned in the autumn of 1835 in the ship Utica, Captain Depeyster. I began a journal on the first day of the voyage, and closed it on the third. One of my fellow-passengers, Mr. Thomas Gold Appleton, was more persevering, and I learn from his diary, printed in Miss Susan Hale's "Life and Recollections," that it was on Monday, the 1st of

April, we sailed. I refer to his record for a few facts.

The list of passengers included, also, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Dr. R. W. Hooper, and Mr. Thomas B. Curtis. There was, of course, much pleasant talk. "Tom Appleton" made fun of everything; the icebergs which scared us became the icebugs in his vocabulary, and between him and the three I have mentioned it was an ill word that did not furnish a pun, good or bad, for one or the other of them. Of the sights Appleton describes I cannot say so much as he does. I remember the little tug Hercules, which towed us out of the harbor, and watched for her name many a year in the marine records. I recollect the man overboard, and the "helm cover" — if that was the name of it — which was thrown over to him. How many drowning flies I have rescued in the memory of that struggling mariner! I can recall, or think I can, the whales, but I am sorry to say I missed the following interesting object: —

"While gazing over the railing at the seething caldron about the ship, I had a fair sight at that most poetical of ocean rovers, the nautilus. It was spinning round in the foam, in shape like a sculpin, with a many-colored and semi-transparent body, and two beautiful azure, gauze-like wings or sails. I saw no oars. It was whirled instantly out of sight."

I did hear some of the passengers speak of seeing what the captain called a "Portuguese man-of-war," but I did not see the creature myself, nor did I ever see this description until more than fifty years after it was written. The creature is not a nautilus, and the account seems to me a little fanciful, but not more so than a poem of my own, *The Chambered Nautilus*, which speaks about "its wings of living gauze," and again of its "purpled wings," expressions which look as if they had been borrowed from Mr. Appleton's Diary.

"Tom" was in the poetical mood, and wrote a sonnet, making a little fun of himself for doing it. He says that he and I "talked sentiment." I do not doubt it; he was full enough of it to make verses, and I was too full of it to be jingling syllables, for poems spring up after the floods have subsided.

I happen to remember the name of the vessel he mentions our falling in with; it was the brig *Economist*, from Sierra Leone for Leith. This meeting made me feel as if I were reading a story out of a picture-book.

It blew pretty freshly as we neared the land, and a topsail exploded like a torpedo, and hung in rags about the spars. By and by the land grew from a suspicion to a reality, from a mass to a varied surface, and very soon the spire of a church showed itself. The American of English descent is a poor creature if such a sight does not awaken some feeling deeper than mere curiosity or pleasure in its picturesqueness. When the church-bells of England vibrate, the dust of his ancestors of scores of generations,

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,"

thrills with the trembling earth that covers it. There is a magnetism in the soil from which our lives were remotely drawn which not even the infinite humor of our countryman's reflections at the grave of the father of the human race can laugh us out of. If Mr. Appleton and I did not "talk sentiment" when we first caught sight of that steeple, I am ashamed for both of us, — but perhaps our feelings were too deep for any words.

Our first reception in England was cordial, if not hospitable, — cordial, for the best of reasons. The vessel did not put us ashore, but a boat took us on board and had to be paid for. The boat did not put us on shore, but a plank was laid for us to walk over, and this too had to be paid for. We landed at Portsmouth on the 25th day of April.

The Quebec Hotel, to which we went, was a small affair, but we found it comfortable and homelike. What struck me most was the neatness of all outdoors and its conveniences. The roads were so hard and smooth it seemed like maltreatment to drive over them. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a stagecoach; it looked like a toy, the body so small, and such contrivances for the "outsides." We drove in the environs of Portsmouth, and the variety and beauty of the cottages astonished us. We stood on the deck of the *Victory*, and saw where Nelson fell. While at the navy yard we saw some soldiers, marines, perhaps, under arms. What little fellows they are! we said. They looked like boys. The same remark was often made afterwards in looking at French troops of the line.

We crossed over to the Isle of Wight. How lovely and garden-like! Is the island kept under glass in winter? At Carisbrook Castle we were shown round by a most respectable-looking old gentleman, who appeared more like one of my brother members of the Massachusetts Historical Society than a cicerone whose business was to show a place to strangers. We could not insult such a gentleman by offering him a shilling or half a crown, and we did not, unless some one who knew the ways of British local historians did it quietly. A similar experience we had with the distinguished-looking personage who showed us the royal yacht in which George the Fourth used to take his sea airings.

The feelings of an educated American on first reaching the home of his ancestors have been so fully expressed by Irving in the *Sketch-Book* that it would be superfluous to enlarge upon them here. Only eighteen years had passed since he sailed for Europe. We cannot help smiling as we read of the effect produced upon him by the first sight of a man of distinction in the world of letters: —

"There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him. I inquired his name, and was informed that it was Roscoe. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an author of celebrity; this was one of those men whose voices have gone forth to the ends of the earth, with whose minds I have communed even in the solitude of America."

An American is in little danger of going into hysterics at the sight of a European celebrity in these days. Washington Irving's emotions enlarged the object of his contemplation, as the young Plymouth pilgrim's imagination saw "a great sea" in what proved to be a pond or small lake, which has immortalized his blunder by taking the name of "Billington Sea." The American of to-day is far more likely to express himself, after meeting "an author of celebrity," in the spirit of the question of the princess in Landor's "Gebir:"—

"Is this the mighty ocean, — is this all?"

Since Mark Twain introduced the Mississippi to the Jordan, the American has been in danger of losing that "veneration" which the amiable author of the Sketch-Book yielded so freely to the first well-known writer he met with.

One sensation I had, overpowering, memorable ever after, — the sight of my first cathedral, that of Salisbury. Others that I have since seen are richer in ornament, their spires rise higher and their windows blaze in brighter colors, but the page of memory on which Salisbury Cathedral stamped itself was a fresh one, almost virgin of impressions. Our village meeting-house was visible upon it, and the Old South, and our dear little Saint Peter's which calls itself the State House, its dome not yet gilded; but that mighty pile, with its shaft climbing up as high above its lofty roof as Park Street steeple from the ground on which it rests, with its peace-

ful cloisters, its venerable monuments, its memories of six hundred years, has never faded from my mental picture-gallery. My second pilgrimage in England would naturally carry me first to that precious shrine, that I might look upon it once more through the eyes that saw it when their light was yet undimmed. How that spire seemed to follow me wherever I wandered within the circle of miles around it! Looking down as it does from a height of four hundred feet and more, it was hard to escape its presence. One turned his eyes upward, and over walls and housetops and tall trees; there it was, its vane among the clouds by day and a companion of the stars by night.

Salisbury Plain would have been of little note to me if I had not so well remembered Miss Hannah More's Shepherd. What lessons of content have I not got from that story! The little daughter who pities the poor people that have no salt to their potatoes,—"and see, father, our dish is quite full." Dear Miss Hannah!—I got my most palatable Sunday reading out of her stories in the Cheap Repository Tracts, and I would make one of my first calls upon her; but she has not seen company,—such as I am,—for a long time.

Stonehenge, Big Dominos,—there must have been giants in those days. I knew little more about them then, geologically, historically, ethnologically, than the sheep that nibbled the grass around them. During my first visit to England, of a week only, I visited the places mentioned and others of interest: Southampton and Netley Abbey, Wilton House, home of the Sidneys and the Herberts, and Longford Castle, seat of the Earl of Radnor. To look upon real Claudes, like the famous ones at Longford Castle; to make the acquaintance of Vandyke and other great painters in the originals, not in pallid copies; to walk among genuine ancient marbles and bronzes, the accumulations of gen-

erations, as at Wilton House, was a new and most agreeable feeling, but it made the "Athenæum Gallery" a little less imposing than it had seemed when we were admiring its treasures in the early days of the exhibitions, and writing pert little verses about some of them.

After this taste of Hampshire and Wiltshire, remembering that we had other objects, we crossed the Channel, and found ourselves at Havre. On our way to Paris we were joined by a very social and companionable young man, who was bound to the same place. He knew Boston well, so he said; had been there, and boarded with "Betsy *****," a favorite with the best class of boarders. He had been disappointed, it came out before long, in regard to his remittances. This is a not uncommon affliction, and is apt to bring a train of mourners with it and leave them after it. I did not become a fellow-sufferer with him by playing the part of a substitute for his banker, but others, I believe, did.

At Rouen the sensation was in the narrow streets, with the tall houses and the merest ribbon of blue sky between them, a wholly new effect to me. I could only think of being at the bottom of a deep crack in a mountain of rock or hardened lava.

And so we found ourselves in Paris. What current drifted us to the Hôtel des Quinze Vingts I do not remember. There is a well-known asylum for the blind which is called Hospice des Quinze Vingts, Infirmary of the Three Hundred; but we could hardly have mistaken that for an inn, and the people of the establishment could not have taken three staring medical students for blind persons.

In the morning we sallied forth for breakfast, and soon found ourselves in a *café* in the Place de la Bourse. It was a bright, sunny day, and Paris revealed herself to us in all that irresistible charm which bewitches every one about whom she casts her spangled net. It was a

delight to be alive, to see new faces, to hear a new language, to find everything gay, everything unlike what we had left. But we had come for work, not play. We were soon in the quarters we had selected, on the other side of the river. If the reader would like to know where I passed my two years, I will give him my address as my English friend Thompson (whose *peut-être* was undistinguishable from the English of *pomme de terre*) would have rendered it. He would have said that M^{onsieur} H. lived at *noomero sankont sank Roo M^{onsieur} ler Pranse*. I should have written it 55 Rue M. le Prince. M. Bertrand was my landlord; his wife and her mother were the ladies of the establishment. Both of them died suddenly, not very long after I took my room in the house, and I was *prié* to *assister* at the interment. A lady, not youthful, took the place at the head of the household, and after a decorous interval I was *prié* to *assister* at the ceremony which made the widower and Mademoiselle Susanne a happy couple. I was *au troisième* — on the third floor — the first year, *au second* in the second year.

The mode of life was, for myself and other American students, to take a cup of coffee early in the morning, to walk to the hospital, follow the visit of the physician or surgeon, attend any autopsy there might be, and then go to breakfast.

The favorite resort of myself and my friends was the Café Procope. This café had a remarkable history. It got its name from its founder, who established it in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain, now the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, in the year 1689. It is still in existence, and will soon reach its two hundredth anniversary. Here many famous men have been accustomed to repair for their refection, — Voltaire, Piron (*qui ne fût rien; pas même Académicien*), J. B. Rousseau, Marmontel,

Saurin, and, in a later generation, Gambetta. There was no show about the place, but Madame at the Comptoir was pleasant to look upon, and Honoré, our favorite *garçon*, would project a stream of coffee into the middle of a little group about a table with a dash that was audacious and an accuracy that inspired triumphant confidence. The rest of the day was partly taken up in lectures, visits to different hospitals, private instruction, visits to galleries, excursions, and by the time five o'clock arrived we were ready for dinner. For a month I was *en pension*, at a boarding-house, or at least took my dinner there. All was neat and proper, there was the due succession of courses, but Madame's "*Un peu de celà?*" meant *si peu* that I was fain to seek quarters where frugality was a less distinguishing feature. I therefore joined some young Genevese students, who formed a sort of club and dined together. The house in which we dined was noted from having been the one where Marat was stabbed in his bath by Charlotte Corday. We used every day to pass the room that witnessed this event. There were some pleasant things connected with this Bohemian arrangement. The Genevese students seemed to me like a kind of transplanted Bostonians; indeed, the students from Geneva and from Boston were drawn together naturally. Whether it was because both were citizens of a republic, or whether the fact that both came from snug little buttoned-up cities where Calvinism long found its headquarters accounted for it, Theodore Maunoir and James Jackson, Jean Bizot and myself, were as much at home with each other as if all had been fellow-townsmen. Some of the ways of one or two of my fellow-boarders at table were not exactly such as a fastidious young person, with our New England habits, would be pleased with, and I left the house where the spirit of Charlotte Corday seemed ever present, and the

table where my appetite was sometimes discouraged.

In those days one of the most noted, though by no means the most showy or fashionable, restaurants was the *Trois Frères Provençaux*. That was a favorite resort of my companions and myself. Five or six francs apiece gave us a modest but respectable dinner, with a half bottle of Macon or Beaune. On great occasions the wine would be Chamber-tin or Clos-Vougeot. We rarely called for Champagne, — not because we were too economical, but it was very much less the favorite than in these days. In Boston we drank Madeira, in Paris Burgundy. Of course we tried various famous restaurants: Very and Vefour, one or both; the *Café Anglais*, famous in those days for its turbot; the *Café de Paris*; Grignon; and the noted resort of epicures, long since extinct, I have heard, the *Rocher de Cancale*, a kind of intramural "Taft's," where the products of the sea, shell-fish, and the like were to be had in their best condition.

The Latin Quarter, — the left side of the Seine, looking down the river, — compared with the right side, was what a woolen lining is to a silken mantle. There were *cafés* and restaurants, enough of them, but there was a great difference in the service and in the guests. I wonder whether the "*Petit Rocher*" has withstood the floods of half a century. I wonder whether "*Risbec*" still offers his bill of fare as he did in 1833, and whether some grandson of the waiter of that time would ask me, as did his grandsire, "*Voulez-vous des pommes de terre avec?*" That terminal abrupt *avec* — used as the English use "with" and "without" (warm with, cold without, — *sugar*, being understood) — happened to fix itself in my memory, which has forgotten so many dynasties and revolutions. I feel half ashamed as I tell such a triviality.

The whole generation of professors and teachers of my student days has

passed away, with but two exceptions, so far as I know. Philippe Ricord, "*illustre chirurgien*," born in Baltimore in the year 1800, is, I think, still living. Few men have had a larger experience of the infirmities of human nature than this celebrated practitioner. If Voltaire had practiced medicine, his clinical lectures would have been not unlike those of Ricord. It is remarkable that America should furnish two such distinguished men, remarkable also for longevity, as George Bancroft and Philippe Ricord, born in the same year and within two months of each other.

A more extraordinary instance of old age with retention of intellectual and bodily strength is that of Michel-Eugène Chevreul, the great chemist and well-known professor. Born on the 31st of August, 1786, his hundredth birthday is close at hand. His portrait and a notice of his life and labors may be found in a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly* (August, 1885). Last January the students of Paris made a manifestation of respect to "the great *savant* by whom France is honored, and who, reaching his hundredth year, still remains robust and valiant, and preserves all the force of his genius and his old energy in work." I regret to say that I never saw him.

But cases like these of Ricord and Chevreul are eminently exceptional. The generation I knew in Paris is extinct. Even of their immediate successors in the professorial chairs, in the prominent positions as practitioners, comparatively few are still living and active. Many Americans still remember Louis, often spoken of erroneously as Baron Louis, the title belonging to a statesman of that name who died in 1837. He was the special object of admiration, the guide and friend, of American, and more peculiarly of Boston, students. We all followed him at his visits and his lectures, believed in his teachings, swore by his words. It seems like

profanation to sit in judgment on the teachers one has looked up to in his earlier years. Louis can bear such a retrospect well. His rectilinear intelligence supplied the best possible corrective to minds disposed to whirl in vortices, to roll in cycles and epicycles, to shoot up in parabolas and off in tangents. I, for one, owe him much. A healthy suspicion of the *à peu près* in matters of science, a willingness to look facts in the face and give them fair play against preconceived notions and prejudices, — these are what he taught, and what I partly learned; others, I doubt not, learned them better.

How strange is the process of disillusion about our early instructors! We judge them from the lofty height of twenty, or thirty, or forty years of human progress, and it dwarfs their labors as we look down upon them. Louis was an admirable man and in certain respects an excellent teacher, a great pathologist for that day; but what was pathology before the reign of the microscope? We all loved him and honored him. His character had a *bonhomie* and simplicity almost Arcadian, — indeed, I suspect his early training was distinctly provincial. He had some expressions which struck me as curious, — I will write them phonetically. When he came to the empty bed of a patient who had died, he said something that sounded like *fwheet*, the Latin *fruit*, perhaps, or *fuite*, flight. He always called number eleven *numero honze*, and he used to say *asswoiez-vous* for *asseyez-vous*, as many of the less educated are in the habit of doing. I am struck with the fact that many of my instructors lived to be very old. I think professorships tend to produce longevity. Quarterly payments of a fixed stipend are tranquillizing prescriptions; and if one loves teaching and has a fair salary, with moderate views of life, he is almost as sure of tiring out the young man who is waiting for his place as an

annuitant of outliving his "expectation of life" and the anticipations of the office which is reckoning on his demise within a reasonable period.

My recollections of the French Theatre are but meagre. I was never much given to theatre-going, but I could not help seeing some of the celebrities of the day. Of these, Mademoiselle Mars was the most distinguished. She was about fifty-five years of age when I saw her in the part of Valerie, the young blind girl. She was not youthful, certainly, but there is a secret compact between time and a French actress which falsifies the baptismal record and the almanac. Her voice retained its wonderful charm, and there was an inundation of tears at the moving point of the drama. The most noted tragedian I saw was Ligier, a favorite pupil of Talma. He acted the part of Gloucester, in Casimir de la Vigne's play, "Les Enfants d'Edouard." I well remember his cavernous voice, as the Frenchmen called it, and his pronunciation of Buckingham, — Bew-kang-gam, in three pieces, as if he were fitting the fragments of a broken word together. The play was not a great success, but Ligier's formidable personality and voice were very effective. I must have seen him in another part, for among the words which still vibrate in my memory are, *O le conseil des dix!* in tones so awful that they can have been none other than his. I find few persons remember Ligier. But Frédéric Lemaître as Robert Macaire, and Mademoiselle Dejazet at the theatre of the Palais Royal, everybody who ever saw them must remember. Dejazet was still playing forty years after I saw her, she being then nearly forty years old. Taglioni was dancing at the Royal Opera; Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache were singing at the Italian. Auriol, the famous clown, was contorting himself at Franconi's.

One of the last exhibitions I saw in Paris was a Diorama, as I think it was

called, of Switzerland, got up and exhibited by a certain Monsieur Daguerre; a name afterwards to become familiar to all civilization, and enduring as history. I was, during my stay in Paris, a peaceable subject of le Roi Citoyen, his Majesty Louis Philippe. Once only I looked upon his august and expansive countenance. A barouche full of royalty and its kindred rolled by me, and I saw the Orleans family, or a good part of it. Louis Philippe had a pair of bulging cheeks, with great whiskers, and a comparatively narrow forehead, with a twisted stem of hair surmounting it. The caricaturists found a resemblance in all this to the shape of a pear, and the blank walls were abundantly ornamented with the outlines of a pear, marks being added for eyes, nose, and mouth. This quasi-portrait was to be seen everywhere in its rudimentary form, and more elaborately presented in the illustrated satirical papers. These papers were often very amusing with their political squibs. General Lobau had broken up a mob by turning the stream of a fire-engine upon it. He figured with a squirt in his hand. M. Thiers had laid himself open to ridicule, and the circumstances of the time furnished an excellent handle for the satirist. The column of the Place Vendome had just been surmounted by a statue of Napoleon in the little cocked hat and redingote. So M. Thiers was represented at the top of the column with this inscription: "*M. Thiers, ainsi nommé parcequ'il n'est pas le tiers d'un grand homme.*" The citizen king himself figured in various aspects, not generally imposing. He offers his old *riffard* — baggy umbrella — to France, crowned with her towers. She turns scornfully towards him with "*Vous me crottez, monsieur.*" In those days Monsieur Mayeux, the little swearing, bullying hunchback, descendant of the Roman Maccus, own cousin to the modern Punch, was the favorite vehicle, so to speak, of

satire. His reign lasted a year or two, after which he disappeared from the throne of caricature.

There were several *éméutes* during my residence in Paris, one, especially, in which the "massacre de la Rue Transnonain" took place. The soldiers were fired upon from one or more of the houses in this street. The next morning's record said, in words deeply imprinted on my memory, "*Tout ce qui se trouvait dans la maison fût passé au fil de l'épée,*" — All that were found in the house were put to the edge of the sword. — It was a fearful thought that such Old Testament proceedings were going on in the streets of a Christian city where one was living, but *noomero sankont sank Roo Mónshur ler Pranse* and the Café Procope were not disturbed by the rising, which was made short work of. I visited the Morgue the next day, and saw the bodies of numerous victims of the outbreak.

I was in Switzerland at the time of Fieschi's murderous exploit. News travelled slowly in those days. There were telegraphs in France, it is true, but they consisted of a simple mechanism like a letter T, with movable limbs, placed on some high building. I was living near the great Church of St. Sulpice, and used often to see one of these machines in operation, posturing like a slowly moving jumping-jack. The citizen king was thought to use it for his private ends, as was insinuated in paragraphs like this: "A heavy fog prevented telegraphic communications yesterday. — Certain great personages are said to have made large profits by a sudden rise in the funds." Before I returned to Paris the Fieschi murders were an old story, and his trial and execution did not take place until February, 1836, after I had returned to America. So I missed that great Parisian event, except in the newspapers I fell in with while travelling.

I cannot help remembering the oc-

currences which took place at home while I was in Europe. A few months after the massacre of the Rue Transnonain, in which, in one house at least, Number 12, no human being, old person or infant, well or languishing in bed, was spared, — only a few months after this horror occurred the barbarous burning of the Charlestown convent. A few months after the terrible Fieschi murders, Boston was disgraced by the Garrison mob. I did not feel the excitement of those who witnessed these outrages; they reached me deadened in some measure by distance, coming in broken and sometimes contradictory reports, at intervals and at a time when my thoughts were engrossed by laborious duties. I have always regretted that I was not at home to share the holy indignation which these atrocities called forth, as I hope I should have done.

Among the scraps which my memory has preserved by its own selective action are phrases and verses that have nothing, perhaps, in themselves, but which saw fit to fasten themselves to my recollection as the stray tufts of wool hold to the bramble. The name of François Berton, the musical composer, is, I fear, well-nigh forgotten. He died of cholera the year before I reached Paris, and there was a benefit, or something of that nature, for the relief of those he left after him. Why I should be able to recall the opening lines of a poem recited on the occasion, — I, who cannot remember my own verses, — I am unable to explain, but this is the way it began (errors excepted, of course): —

"*Un fléau d'affreuse mémoire
Naguère épouvantait Paris;
Vertu, talens, beauté, gloire,
Rien ne pût le fléchir, il fut sourd à nos cris. —
François Berton, tenant sa lyre,
Tomba anéanti sous ses coups;
Ses derniers chants, enfans de son délire,
L'infortuné les modulait pour vous.*"

This was the beginning of a poem written to be heard once and read the next morning. Very probably no one living,

but myself, has the least recollection of it.

This I happened to retain, but how much else I have forgotten! What had I to do with literature?—trudging to and from hospitals; tramping with a crowd of students, of various nationalities, through long halls, from bedside to bedside; standing on the cold stone floors of the apartment where the secrets of fatal disease were laid open to the eyes of science; living in an atmosphere scented by the infragrant flora of the pharmacopœia. I might have seen and talked with Châteaubriand and Lamartine, with Béranger, with Balzac, with Victor Hugo, with George Sand, with Alfred de Musset; I might have heard Berryer speak from the tribune, and seen Delacroix paint in his studio. If I could live those two years of Paris over again, I should have a very different record from this; but I did my work, such as it was.

If I was not a great theatre-goer, there were two attractions I always yielded to. The first was the quays, where I could mouse for old books, and where I now and then picked up an Aldus or an Elzevir, or some curious work on medicine or alchemy. Hunting for these was a very pleasant and even exciting occupation. It is a bloodless kind of sport; the element of uncertainty makes it fascinating. I am almost afraid to say it, but sometimes when, looking from my window, I have seen a *chiffonnier*, with his lamp, his basket, and his hook, attacking a virgin heap of refuse, the sagacious implement transfixing its destined object as the falcon's beak strikes its quarry, I have thought that he might have as much happiness with his *crochet* as many a sportsman finds in his rod or his gun.

My other favorite haunt was the gallery of the Louvre. One might spend a lifetime there, and wish it could be longer. I do not know that there would be any great advantage in mentioning the pic-

tures and statues which have lasted longest in the memory of an untrained lover of art. The process of natural selection has made up my little ideal gallery. It was not always the merit of the picture which fixed it. I doubt, for instance, if among the more modern pictures that melodramatic one of the Deluge—of course I am not thinking of Poussin's picture—would take a very high rank, but my recollection of it is singularly vivid. It would be more interesting to me than to my reader to see what changes my taste has undergone in half a century, and I hope I may have a chance to test it in the long gallery of the Louvre. One thing I am sure of: my allegiance to the Venus of Milo, which had been but a few years in the Museum when I saw it, has not changed, and can be no more ardent now than it was in those early times when I had heard very little about it.

Among the churches of Paris, my peculiar favorite was Saint Etienne du Mont. It was in the way of my morning walk to and from the Hospital of La Pitié, and I was fond of stepping inside, especially on my return from the morning's visit, and looking around the beautiful interior; admiring the pulpit and the figures about the organ, and reading the inscriptions on the walls. But with what different eyes I should look upon the tablet which bears the name of Blaise Pascal! I am afraid I never read the *Lettres Provinciales* or the *Pensées* until Agassiz, not long after the publication of a book of mine, told me that he thought I should enjoy Pascal, and I soon became well acquainted with his writings. I have such perfect photographs of the interior of Saint Etienne that I know it almost as well as my own library. Can it be that the slender tapers have been burning round that dark sarcophagus all these long years since I stood by its railing?

Once more to stray into the vast soli-

tudes of Saint Eustache at the twilight hour, and hear its mighty organ roll out its sounding billows beneath the lofty arches! Once more to read the ancient legends on the monuments of Saint Germain des Près; to face the square towers and pass under the sculptured portal of Notre Dame; to look up at the soaring roof of the Sainte Chapelle; to stand beneath the mighty dome of the Pantheon, made doubly famous since the time when I last looked upon it by the sublime experiment of Foucault!

Among the striking events which occurred during my residence in Paris was the fatal duel between General Bugeaud, a deputy, and his colleague, Dulong. Words spoken in the Chamber were taken up by the press, and made so much of that the general thought himself obliged to call out the civilian. They were to stand at forty paces and advance towards each other, firing when they chose. The general fired almost immediately, and his ball struck his adversary in the forehead. Single combats affect the imagination more powerfully than the conflict of masses; Achilles and Hector, David and Goliath, the Constitution and the Guerrière, the Chesapeake and the Shannon, the Monitor and the Merrimack, — the story of these combats is never out of our memories.

The Gazette des Tribunaux was on our table at the café, and was full of stories which one could hardly help reading, and sometimes remembering. Among these was the trial of a lieutenant in the army, M. de La Roncière. I read this, as everybody did, but without dreaming that I should ever write a romance and use one of its incidents, as I did in Elsie Venner.

I was one day walking with a French fellow-student in the Palais Royal, when my attention was drawn to a singular figure. I had noticed this personage before, and it was hardly possible to pass him without taking a second look,

and wondering who and what he could be. "Who is that man?" I asked my companion.

"*Celui là? Vous ne savez pas? C'est CHODRUC DUCLOS!*" *Chodruc Duclos*, — that did not teach me a great deal, but the name remained with me. A tall man he was; *ancien militaire*, to judge by his appearance; in the last stage of proud and shabby decadence, buttoned tight up to the throat in a frock coat, long worn and shiny, — a calyx of old broadcloth without a petal of linen visible; solitary, silent, haughty, recognizing neither man nor woman, recognized by none. Every day saw him pacing the gallery of the Palais Royal, and all strangers asked, as I did, Who is that tall, beggarly, king-like vagabond in the shocking hat and pauper clothing, walking back and forth as if he owned the royal demesnes?

And this is all I knew about him until within the last year or two. I looked in all the biographies, and could not find his name. Once I saw it mentioned in one of Victor Hugo's novels, but only incidentally. I never lost my curiosity about him, but I had almost given him up when I unearthed him in the great Dictionary of Larousse. There must have been romances written about him, one would think. The reader may know some tale founded upon his life, — nothing was ever more inviting. Here is an outline of the career of the gaunt, poverty-stricken spectre of the Palais Royal:

The "*modern Diogenes*," as the writer of the sketch of his life calls him, was born at Bordeaux, nobody knows when, and nobody would have liked to ask him. A royalist, anti-republican, anti-Bonapartist, he became a soldier, was taken prisoner, escaped, and returned to Bordeaux, where his bravery and his personal beauty gained him the name of Duclos THE SUPERB. Plots, imprisonment, escapes, adventures of all kinds, followed in rapid succession. He killed a prison officer who had been rude to

him by breaking a pitcher on his head. Armed with cool audacity and a couple of pistols, he walked up to the captain of gendarmes, who had been sent to arrest him. The officer all at once remembered something which he had forgotten, and turned back to go after it. He had the misfortune to kill the young Marquis de Larochejaquelein in a duel, and incurred the hostility of the powerful family to which the young nobleman belonged. Louis Eighteenth said, when applied to by them, "Duclos has been too useful to me that I should harm him, but I will never bestow any favor upon him."

Returning to Paris, he met with disappointment and humiliation. He wanted to be a Marshal of France, and was offered a captaincy, which he rejected with scorn. After this he became the Timon which he was at the time I saw him. For sixteen years he paced the gallery of the Palais Royal, regularly every day, from four in the afternoon to ten in winter, from two o'clock until midnight in summer. He dressed like a pauper, as a reproach to the ingratitude of his superiors. He carried his personal negligence so far at one time as to outrage propriety, and was put in jail for a fortnight to teach him decency. Poor as he was, he had enough to keep body and soul together, and after his daily promenade he used to retire to a little kennel in the Rue Pierre Lescot, throw down a franc on the table, take his candle, and stretch himself on his pallet for the night.

Such was the career of Chodruc Duclos, the Superb, who in his earlier days had been "the bugbear and the terror of husbands in virtue of his extraordinary strength and skill with his weapon, and the darling of women for his brilliant address and the proportions and beauty of his Antinous-like figure." On the 11th of October, 1842, he was missed at the Palais Royal. He lay dead on his pallet, in his obscure hiding-place.

These are some of the fragments tossed to the surface in the whirlpool of memory. They have been drawn ashore to these pages almost without selection. Most of them came from the shallower portions of the current, as the reader notices. That is apt to be the way with memory: it lets the ponderous events of life sink far into its depths, and brings to light the lesser incidents, the picturesque trivialities, which seem hardly worth the labor of the vortex.

After all, it was the new life of Paris, following that of Cambridge, Andover, Boston, which was the enchantment, the intoxication. Her streets were not of gold, her gates were not of pearl, and her boulevards were not trodden by white-winged angels. But she blended old relics, reeking with historical memories and modern splendors such as no other city could show the sun in his daily visit of inspection. I was met everywhere by the unexpected: *Dimanche* was so different from a New England "Sabbath;" the Seine was so much fuller of strange sights than the Charles; the Pont Neuf was so much more lively than West Boston bridge; the extremes of life were so much more vivid to look upon than a comparatively level mass of mediocrity; the grandiose was so refreshing after the snug and comfortable; and perhaps I ought to say the change from the dreary abodes of disease and death, where I passed many hours of my day, to the palaces and gardens and galleries of the other side of the river, — all this, and so much more, and three and twenty, — can you not understand and pardon the levity of my witty friend and companion, who said that "good Bostonians, when they die, go to Paris"?

My work in Paris was relieved by two vacations. In each of these I took journeys with pleasant friends as my companions.

If I were writing my autobiography, each of these visits might claim a some-

what extended notice. But at this time I will only refer to a few experiences and impressions. The awful remembrance of climbing the spire of the Cathedral of Strasburg is one of the most memorable. I felt sure it was swaying in the wind like a reed, and said so at the time. Long afterwards I found that the fact had been recognized, and made the subject of a memoir in a French periodical. As I looked down on the roof, with its flying buttresses like the ribs of some pre-mastodon, to whom the mammoth was as a mouse, my heart sank within me, like the Queen of Sheba's. All this was first built in the brain of a frail being, human like myself. All this immensity and grandeur reaches my consciousness through these two little rings no bigger than the capital O! which expresses my wonder.

Down the Rhine to Rotterdam. Many marvellous paintings I saw in Holland, but one held me so that I could not get away from it, — Van der Helst's great portrait-picture of the municipal guard. I have some Batavian blood in my veins, and it may be that I have a relative or two among these hearty and ruddy burghers. The portraits of the old professors at Leyden interested me. I, too, was an old professor, in embryo, but I did not know it. I never knew much about them until, in after years, I picked up a copy of the *Athenæ Batavæ*, of Meursius, where I found many of their portraits reproduced, with memoirs. Countless windmills, endless meadows, party-colored cows grazing on them, make up three quarters of the hasty traveller's Holland. One strange thing I saw there, which I learn has disappeared from the streets of the cities, namely, *sleds*, as we should call them, each with a cask of water dribbling upon the stones of the pavement before the runners, so that they might slip easily over them. And so good-by to the land of William the Silent, of Barneveldt, of Grotius, of Erasmus, of Van

Tromp and De Ruyter, and of Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare, whose name makes me think he may have been of the same race as myself, unless philology or criticism shall prove me an offshoot of the Vandals.

A visit to Holland before going over to England is like a lunch before a dinner. A small steamer took us from Rotterdam across the Channel, and we found ourselves in the capital of England and of the world.

The great sight in London is — London. No man understands himself as an infinitesimal until he has been a drop in that ocean, a grain of sand on that sea-margin, a mote in its sunbeam, or the fog or smoke which stands for it; in plainer phrase, a unit among its millions.

I had two letters to persons in England: one to kind and worthy Mr. Petty Vaughan, who asked me to dinner; one to pleasant Mr. William Clift, conservator of the Hunterian Museum, who asked me to tea. These were my chief social relations with England during this visit.

To Westminster Abbey. What a pity it could not borrow from Paris the towers of Notre Dame! But the glory of its interior made up for this shortcoming. Among the monuments, one to my namesake, Rear Admiral C. H., a handsome young man, standing by a cannon. He accompanied Wolfe in his expedition which resulted in the capture of Quebec. Dryden has immortalized him, in the *Annus Mirabilis*, as

“the Achates of the general's fight.”

My relative, I will take it for granted, as I find him in Westminster Abbey. Camden tells us how we got our name: “*Holme*, plaine grassie ground upon water sides or in the water. S is ioyned to most now, as Manors, Knoles — Gates — Thornes, Holmes,” etc. Blood is thicker than water, — and warmer than marble, I said to myself, as I laid my hand on the cold stone image of my once famous namesake.

To the Tower, to see the lions, — of all sorts. There I found a “poor relation,” who made my acquaintance without introduction. A large baboon, or ape, — some creature of that family, — was sitting at the open door of his cage, when I gave him offence by approaching too near and inspecting him too narrowly. He made a spring at me, and if the keeper had not pulled me back would have treated me unhandsomely, like a quadrumanous rough, as he was. He succeeded in stripping my waistcoat of its buttons, as one would strip a peapod of its peas.

To Vauxhall Gardens. All Americans went there in those days as they go to Madame Tussaud’s in these times. There were fireworks and an exhibition of polar scenery. “Mr. Collins, the English PAGANINI,” treated us to music on his violin. A comic singer gave us a song, of which I remember the line, —

“You’ll find it is in the agony bill.”

This referred to a bill proposed by Sir Andrew Agnew, a noted Scotch Sabbatarian agitator.

To the Opera to hear Grisi. The king, William the Fourth, was in his box; also the Princess Victoria, with the Duchess of Kent. The king tapped with his white-gloved hand on the ledge of the box when he was pleased with the singing. — To a morning concert and heard the real Paganini. To one of the lesser theatres and heard a monologue by the elder Mathews, who died a year or two after this time. To another theatre, where I saw Liston in *Paul Pry*. Is it not a relief that I am abstaining from description of what everybody has heard described?

To Windsor. Woman forgot to give me change for a shilling, in buying some of her strawberries. England owes me sixpence. How one remembers what people owe him! Machinery to the left of the road. Recognized it instantly, by recollection of the plate in Rees’s *Cyclopædia*, as Herschel’s great

telescope. — Oxford. Saw only its outside. I knew no one there, and no one knew me. — Blenheim, — the Titians.

The great Derby day of the Epsom races. Went to the race with a coach-load of friends and acquaintances. Plenipotentiary, the winner, “rode by P. Connelly.” So says Herring’s picture of him, now before me. Sorrel, a great “bullock” of a horse, who easily beat the twenty-two that started. Every New England deacon ought to see one Derby day to learn what sort of a world this is he lives in. Man is a sporting as well as a praying animal.

Stratford on Avon. Emotions, but no scribbling of name on wall. — Warwick. The castle. A village festival, “The Opening of the Meadows,” a true exhibition of the semi-barbarism which had come down from Saxon times. — Yorkshire. “The Hangman’s Stone.” Story told in my book called *The Autocrat*, etc. York Cathedral. — Northumberland. Alnwick Castle. The figures on the walls which so frightened my man John when he ran away from Scotland in his boyhood.

Berwick on Tweed. A regatta going on; a very pretty show. — Scotland. Most to be remembered the incomparable loveliness of Edinburgh. — Stirling. The view of the Links of Forth from the castle. The whole country full of the romance of history and poetry. Made one acquaintance in Scotland, Dr. Robert Knox, who asked my companion and myself to breakfast. That makes four entertainments to which I was treated in Great Britain: breakfast with Dr. Knox; lunch with Mrs. Macadam, — the dear old lady gave me bread, and not a stone; dinner with Mr. Vaughan; tea with Mr. Clift, — for all which attentions I was then and am still grateful, for they were more than I had any claim to expect. Fascinated with Edinburgh. Strolls by Salisbury Crag; to the top of Arthur’s Seat; delight of looking up at the grand old castle, of

looking down on Holyrood Palace, of watching the groups on Calton Hill, wandering in the quaint old streets and sauntering on the sidewalks of the noble avenues, even at that time adding beauty to the new city. The weeks I spent in Edinburgh are among the most memorable of my European experiences.

To the Highlands, to the Lakes, in short excursions; to Glasgow, seen to disadvantage under gray skies and with slippery pavements. Through England rapidly to Dover and to Calais, where I found the name of M. Dessein still belonging to the hotel I sought, and where I read Sterne's "Preface written in a désobligeante," sitting in the vehicle most like one that I could find in the stable. Through Calais back to Paris, where I began working again.

In my next summer's excursion, in 1835, three days and nights in the diligence carried us to Geneva. The sight of the mountains and the lakes was a new education to the senses and a new world to the soul. It always seemed to me to have stretched the horizon of thought so that it never came back to its original dimensions. Wordsworth

and, after him, Byron have illustrated the incompetence of words to describe Alpine scenery:—

"High mountains
Were to me as a *feeling*."

They intrude themselves into the mind, and become, as it were, a part of it for all coming time.

If Switzerland touched the deepest chord in my consciousness, a solemn bass note which Nature had never before set in vibration, Italy reached a string which returned a keener and higher note than any to which my inward sense had before responded. Italy, more especially Rome, leaves after it an infinite longing which haunts the soul forever.

"Aimable Italie,
Sagesse ou folie
Jamais, jamais ne t'oublie
Qui t'a vue un jour!"

If I should visit Switzerland and Italy again, I may revive my early impressions as a foil for more recent ones. But this somewhat gossiping, if not garrulous, paper has been spun out long enough, and I will leave my patient, or perhaps impatient, reader to follow out my reference to these two enchanted regions by the aid of his guide-books.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

AT VARIANCE.

THROUGH the frost, and the cold, and the passion
Of winter's despair;
With the Earth buried deep in her shroud, and the raving
Of storms in the air;
Unheeding the gloom, or the shock of the tempest,
Or any wild thing,
I sang, and was glad and triumphant;
In my heart it was spring.

But now in a white world of blossoms,
Wing-haunted and sweet;
A wind blowing light o'er the orchard, and waving
The grass at my feet;

The song of a bird overhead, — I listen,
 And look, and am dumb;
 For lo! in my heart of unreason
 The winter has come.

Cara W. Bronson.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

FIRST PAPER.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It may be taken as typical of the present writer's intentions in these papers that he has felt uncertain which of the two nationalities he would put first in the title, and that the question has been settled by a mere consideration of euphony. If the reader cares to try the experiment of saying "English and French," and then "French and English" afterwards, he will find that the latter glides the more glibly from the tongue. There is a tonic accent at the beginning of the word "English" and a dying away at the end of it which are very convenient in the last word of a title. "French," on the other hand, comes to a dead stop, in a manner too abrupt to be agreeable.

The supercilious critic will say that I am making over-much of a small matter, but he may allow me to explain why I put the Frenchmen first, lest I be accused of a lack of patriotism. These chapters are not, however, to be written from what is usually considered a patriotic point of view; they are not to be simply an exposition of the follies and sins of another nation for the comparative glorification of my own; nor are they to be examples of what Herbert Spencer has aptly called "anti-patriotism," which is the systematic setting-down of one's own countrymen by a comparison with the superior qualities

of the foreigner. I should like to write with complete impartiality, if it were possible. It is at least possible to write with the desire to be impartial.

Not even the most impartial writer can ever succeed in seeing all things quite from a cosmopolitan point of view. We cannot divest ourselves of our personality, and impersonality includes the hereditary national instincts and feelings. It would not be desirable, if it were possible, to divest ourselves of these. Every Englishman who writes with any force is sure to write not only English words, but English opinions also.

Still, there is an inevitable difference between the Englishman who has always been surrounded by English things and the Englishman who has been surrounded for a long time by foreign things. The first is apt to fall into the common delusion of supposing that all around him is not only right according to English custom, but absolutely right, so that it could not rightly be otherwise; the second has at least had a chance of disengaging, in English customs, what is national from what is universally and inevitably human.

To know two nations intimately is a valuable experience, because it supplies a term of comparison for everything. Whatever the English do is either left undone by the French, or done differently by them. If it is left undone, we may observe the consequences of the omission, and so ascertain whether the thing

has only a national or a more general utility. If the thing is done differently in France, then we have a valuable opportunity for comparing two ways of doing it when we knew of only one before.

These opportunities are especially frequent in England and France, because the two countries are so extremely unlike each other. Except in some minor matters, English usage has not been derived from France, nor French usage from England. Each nation has formed its own customs by a national growth and development, determined for it by its own character and circumstances.

This independence in the formation of usage has probably been one of the strongest reasons for the intense and jealous hatred with which the two nations regarded each other in times past, as we all know that there is nothing that human beings (especially when in a low state of culture) are so little disposed to tolerate as divergences of custom.

In the present day, the English and French can scarcely be said to hate each other, with the exception of some old-fashioned people on both sides the Channel, who understand patriotism in the old way, as an injunction to hate your neighbor and never to forgive his trespasses; but although hatred of the fiercer sort has died away, there remains a fund of quiet malevolence and much jealousy which unscrupulous rulers might easily provoke into hostility.

Every attempt, however humble, to make different nations understand each other better is, in its degree, an impediment to future war; and so perhaps these pages may have a feeble influence in preserving, at any rate, the sort of ill-natured peace which at present subsists between the two great Western powers. A more cordial peace might be desirable, were it not that anything like warm friendship between nations is a condition of things that makes each of them so ready to take offense that a cooler state

is the less dangerous of the two. By a most extraordinary persistence of good luck, the peace between France and England has been unbroken for more than seventy years, and the preservation of it has been certainly due to the influence of a small class of people, who know both nations well enough to counteract in some degree the malevolence natural to rivals.

The reader will observe that I use the pronoun "they" equally for both nations, — that I do not say "we" for the English and "they" for the French, as most English writers would do. This is in consequence of a decision deliberately arrived at. The use of the same pronoun in both cases is a great help to impartiality; and as I happen to be addressing an American audience, there is this additional reason, that my reader will think of the English as "they," though they are nearer to him by blood and language than the French.

II.

THAT TRUE PATRIOTISM DOES NOT CONSIST IN BEING UNJUST TO OTHER NATIONS.

I have been lectured sometimes on my lack of patriotism, and fully expect that the accusation will be repeated with reference to these papers. There is a kind of patriotism which appears to me only suitable to the most crude and ignorant minds, — the patriotism which accepts with credulous avidity whatever can be discovered or invented to the disparagement of the rival state. This patriotism is the delight of the ignorant, and it keeps them permanently in the condition of ignorance which they prefer. To me it seems entirely unsatisfying, for if I have not ascertained to my own satisfaction the *truth* of the accusation against the foreigner, it must be a hollow semblance of satisfaction at the best. But beyond this, if it were really

proved that the foreigner were abominable, how and in what should I be the better for it? It would be a saddening fact, if it were a fact, that English people were the only decent people on the planet. My patriotism feels hurt when English people fall below a certain standard, but there is nothing to hurt it when I learn that a foreign state is advancing in civilization.

To prevent misunderstanding, let me declare frankly that there is a kind of patriotism which no Englishman can possess to a greater degree than I claim to do, — the patriotism which desires the real good of our country as distinguished from the hollow gratification of her vanity. It is not really a good thing to domineer over subject races. The common Englishman can get little good out of the consciousness that, in his name, somebody is lording it over ten Hindoos, or slaying a Soudan Arab, or burning a Zulu's hut; but it would be much for the common Englishman to feel that he was living in a country where his chances of decent existence were as good, at least, as they could be anywhere else. My patriotism desires *that* for him, and the desire includes of necessity a position of such military and naval strength as to insure the most complete security and independence. This for the common Englishman; but there are also many rich Englishmen, and for these something more than simply decent existence may reasonably be desired. For them shall we ask more horses, more servants, more extensive shootings? Nay, they have enough of these and to spare, so let us wish them "neither riches for themselves nor the life of their enemies," but "understanding to discern judgment," that they may meet the difficulties of the future.

It is with nations as with individuals. The best of gifts, the best thing we can desire for them, is wisdom, provided only that they have power enough, liberty enough, to carry their wisdom into

practice. But I began by wishing for England complete security, with sufficient wealth for the well-being of her population. Wisdom and well-being, then, are the two blessings I desire for my country, and to desire these for her is the beginning and end of my patriotism.

After that comes a sentiment of a larger patriotism, felt already by a few, and which is destined to take year by year a larger place in the feelings of educated men.

Looking beyond our own frontiers, we may come to desire sincerely, by human sympathy only, that other nations should enjoy prosperity and happiness. In this way it was a satisfaction to the English that Italy was able to constitute herself. This sympathetic feeling has now become very general with regard to those foreign countries that we are not jealous of; but when jealousy interferes, the kindly desire for the prosperity of others is not yet strong enough to overcome it. There is, however, a reasonable and an unreasonable jealousy. For example, it is a reasonable wish on the part of the French that England should never become a great military power; and it is, I think, a reasonable jealousy that makes some Englishmen displeased at the increasing strength of the French navy. The two nations may be reasonably jealous of each other's power, but such jealousy would never lead rational men in either country to accept untrue, depreciatory statements with regard to the army or navy of the other. Unreasonable jealousy, on the other hand, does not simply take the form of desiring that a rival power should remain in a condition of military inferiority; it enters into a thousand details of ordinary civil existence, and incessantly depreciates what the people in the other country do in the common affairs of life. More than this, it receives and circulates with eagerness innumerable falsehoods concerning the rival people and their ways of life. Or it does what is even

worse than receiving a falsehood that can be simply and easily refuted: it gets hold of some evil thing which is partly true of the rival nation, and affects to believe that it is generally applicable. In this way every Englishwoman drinks, and every married Frenchwoman is an adulteress.

Now, in my view, this kind of feeling is not necessary to true patriotism, but there are numbers of people in England and France who are convinced that there is a staunch patriotic virtue in believing all evil of one's neighbor. In this way the most uncharitable sentiments are kept up, and ideas which are as destitute of truth as they are of charity take root and flourish in both countries.

III.

HOW TO WRITE BRILLIANTLY ABOUT A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

The art consists simply in flattering the patriotic jealousy of your readers by a remorseless satire on the foreigner. As there is always much that is ridiculous in every country, and a fearful amount of most real and undeniable evil besides, you have only to show up one or the other in the pitiless glare of day. A fine contrast may be produced by hiding your own faults and exhibiting those of your neighbor.

The foreigner may be effectively dealt with in two ways. He may be made to appear either ridiculous or wicked. The satire may be humorous, or it may be bitter and severe. The French, with their lighter temperament, take pleasure in making the Englishman absurd. The English, on their part, though by no means refusing themselves the satisfaction of laughing at their neighbors, are not disinclined to assume a loftier tone. It is not so much what is obviously ridiculous in French people that repels as that which cannot be described without a graver reprobation.

A writer cannot acquire experience in his profession without discovering that the spirit of justice is the greatest of all hindrances to effect. *Just* writing does not amuse, but malevolence can easily be made entertaining. What is less obvious is that Justice often puts her veto on those fine effects of simulated indignation which the literary advocate knows to be of such great professional utility. It is a fine thing to have an opportunity for condemning a whole nation in one terribly comprehensive sentence. The literary moralist puts on his most dignified manner when he can deplore the wickedness of thirty million human beings. It is ennobling to feel yourself better and greater than thirty millions, and the reader too has a fine sense of superiority in being encouraged to look down upon such a multitude. Justice comes in and says, "But there are exceptions, and they are too numerous to be passed over." "That may be," replies the Genius of Brilliant Literature, "but if I stop to consider these I shall lose all breadth of effect. Lights will creep into my black shadows, and I shall no longer appall with gloom. I want the most telling oppositions. The interests of art take precedence over commonplace veracity."

And there is such tempting safety in effective untruth about foreigners! A clever Frenchman who sets to work to compose a caustic, superficial book about the English or the Germans is well aware that his readers will never study any answer to his statements. He knows that the secret of success is to make the foreigner either odious or ridiculous. It is not long since a Frenchman wrote two silly little books about the English, treating them in that lively style which is always sure of popularity. Nearly at the same time, another Frenchman, more careful and more serious, published a volume on the same subject, which, though it contained a few unintentional errors, was on the whole likely to

be instructive and useful to his countrymen. The flippant little books had an enormous sale; the instructive book had but a moderate circulation. The rule holds good for a paragraph or a sentence as well as for a volume. An unjust brief paragraph, with a sting in it, has a far better chance of being remembered than a duller but more accurate statement of the truth.

And yet, delightful as may be the pleasures of malice and uncharitableness, there is a far deeper and more delicate satisfaction in knowing the exact truth. The pleasures of uncharitableness must always be alloyed by the secret misgiving that the foreigner may possibly, in reality, not be quite so faulty as we describe him and as we wish him to be. But the pleasure of knowing the truth for its own sake is a satisfaction, without any other alloy than the feeling of regret that the truth should often be no better than it is. This regret has its compensations. The truth sometimes turns out to be an enjoyable surprise.

IV.

MUTUAL FEELING BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

It has already been observed that there is a reasonable and an unreasonable international jealousy. That which exists between France and England is both reasonable and unreasonable, according to the natures of the people who entertain it. In all cases it is very strong.

I cannot think it unreasonable in either country to look with some frank and honest jealousy on the general greatness of the other. Here we see two great nations, two nations which before the rise of Russia and the United States were unquestionably the greatest in the world, so near to each other that on a clear day their shores are visible at the

same time; and even now, after centuries of rivalry, they are so nearly matched in strength that it would take a long war to determine the superiority of either. Try to imagine a French general surrounding London with his troops: the idea is inconceivable; one cannot see how he is to get them there. And now try to imagine an English army, without Continental allies, surrounding Paris with a ring of iron, as the Germans did: the idea is as inconceivable as the other; one cannot see how the English army is to reach Paris. Could it land? And if it landed, could it get as far as Amiens?

In the arts of peace and in the wealth that sustains them, the two countries are comparable to each other in this way: that the superiority on one side in some specialty is generally compensated by an equivalent superiority on the other side in some different specialty. Reasonable jealousy on each side is extremely anxious to prevent the other nation from taking the lead, but unreasonable jealousy utterly denies that the rival has any rank whatever in those arts where her superiority is not so manifest as to be absolutely unassailable.

As an example I may mention the way in which the jealousy of vulgar French patriotism treats English endeavor in the fine arts. The vulgar Frenchman confounds artists of the most opposite kinds, attributes to them principles which they do not themselves either profess or act upon, and then condemns them without mercy as ignorant sciolists in art. "The English," he says, "have no painters." He can say this, because English greatness in art is not recognized on the Continent, like her commercial and manufacturing greatness, and because the French school has for some time been the most influential of the modern schools. The French also say that the English have no musical composers, because English composers do not enjoy the world-wide

fame of Beethoven and Mozart. There is a difficulty about denying the rank of England in literature, and it is not attempted.

The English, on their side, cannot deny that the French have a living school of painters and a living theatre, but they can say, "There is no university in France," and "There are no scholars in France," there being no such institution as a French Oxford.

In these and a hundred ways, the international jealousy is continually betraying itself. It is not serious enough in the present day to produce war, but it permeates the entire thinking of each nation concerning the other.

I have never been able to determine in which nation the feeling of jealousy is the stronger. It varies in intensity from time to time, as circumstances happen to excite it. Possibly it may be more on the surface in France and deeper in England. French jealousy is ready to express itself on trifling as well as important occasions. English jealousy is more taciturn, but unceasingly watchful.

The jealousy aroused in France by the occupation of Egypt was at one time of considerable force, and has diminished only since a pleasing consolation came in the shape of the English disappointment in the Soudan. The English, on their part, betrayed deep feeling about Tonquin and Madagascar, but their sense of pious horror at French rapacity was soothed by exercising a little British rapacity in Burmah.

Enough has been said about jealousy for the present, especially as we may have to recur to the subject. Let us now turn to another question. Do the French and the English respect each other?

There are two qualities in the English that intelligent Frenchmen respect most heartily and desire to see acclimatized in France. The first is the art of adapting the system of government to

the changing needs of the nation without convulsive disturbance; and the second is the skill of English statesmen in the management of their foreign affairs,—a skill which on the whole has had these results, that either England has meddled in Continental matters in such a way as to obtain the results she desired, or else, when she could not compass them, she has been prudent enough to abstain from meddling. Therefore, on the whole, England's foreign policy has been either successful or safe, whereas that of France has on various critical occasions been first a perilous adventure, and then a disastrous failure. Intelligent Frenchmen respect England for this superiority, and endeavor to imitate it by having a constitution that can be modified and by following a prudent policy abroad. I do not perceive that French people respect the English for those eminent virtues to which the English lay claim, or that they greatly believe in the validity of the claim.

The English, on the other hand, often admire the cleverness of the French, but they do not respect them, except in special cases. The exceptions generally belong to the arts and sciences. An Englishman who is a good judge of work in some specialty will respect a Frenchman who shows great skill in that direction. English painters, for example, sometimes express hearty respect for the discipline to which French painters subject themselves; or an English writer may respect the brightness and vigor of a Frenchman's prose, or the perfection of his dramatic skill. The same regard is felt by Englishmen eminent in science for Frenchmen who have done good scientific service. But in these cases it is more the quality of the work that is respected than the character of the nation.

The difficulty with which the English can be brought to respect the French may be partly explicable by their difficulty in respecting foreigners in general,

unless they have been dead for a long time, like Homer and Virgil, or are invested with a sacred character, like Moses and Isaiah.

It may be farther elucidated by the peculiar condition of the English mind with regard to respect and contempt generally. This is a subject of considerable intricacy, which cannot be properly treated in a few words; but I may observe here that although the English are said to be a deferential people, and have, no doubt, the habit of deference for certain distinctions, they are at the same time an eminently contemptuous people, a people remarkably in the habit of despising, even within the limits of their own island. Their habit of contempt is tranquil, but it is almost constant, and they dwell with difficulty in that middle or neutral state which neither reverences nor despises. Consequently, when there is not some very special reason for feeling deference towards a foreigner, the Englishman is likely to despise him.

The French, on the other hand, are generally less disposed both to the feelings of respect and of contempt. They look upon the world with an easier indifference, not much respecting anybody or anything, but ready enough to acknowledge the merits and qualities of people and things that are not the best. The French are severe critics only where there is great pretension; they regard ordinary, unpretending people and things with a good-humored indulgence. When there is much pretension, their leveling instinct makes them ready to *debeller superbos*. It is a remarkable proof of the substantial strength of Victor Hugo's reputation that a man of such immense vanity, such boundless pretension, should have been able to get himself taken at his own estimate in France. Napoleon III., although he had at his

disposal the theatrical machinery of imperial state, was never able to win any real deference.

V.

ON SOME EFFECTS OF GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION.

England and France have the two most favorable situations in Europe, except that they cannot easily increase their European territory.

The confinement of England to one narrow island, with a smaller island close to it which is inhabited by a hostile and alien race,¹ has driven the English people to that peculiar form of expansion which has formed the subject of Professor Seeley's very interesting and instructive lectures. But, after reading them with the care that they deserve, a troublesome doubt came over me. Is it really expansion, after all? Is it not rather propagation? In physics a body is said to expand when it increases in volume, and Littré tells us that the primitive sense of "propagation" is planting afresh, whence planting by slips. Therefore I should say, with all due deference to a much superior authority on the subject, that England has become great by propagation, just because her narrow and fixed geographical boundary made expansion impossible for her. In connection with this subject I remember vaguely an interesting speech by Mr. Gladstone, delivered some time ago, in which he recognized, as the distinction between England and Russia, that annexation by the extension of frontier, which was possible for Russia, was quite different from annexation by crossing the sea, which was all that an insular nation could do. And travelers tell us that the territories absorbed by Russia become with remarkable rapidity a part of Russia, whereas nobody says that but it is useless to deny the plain fact that the Irish are hostile and alien, whatever they may become in the future.

¹ The Irish talk and write as if they considered themselves foreigners with regard to England. Like most other Englishmen, I should be glad to see them as fraternal as our brethren the Scotch,

India is a part of England ; and we are only hoping that Australia and New Zealand may be parts, not of the mother country, but of a great confederation.

Another excellent example is the case of the United States, where the extension of the frontier has increased the mother country in such a manner that nobody talks of America's *colonies*, they have so rapidly become part of herself. We all see that if the Western colonies had been separated by an ocean from the Eastern colonizing States, they would have remained colonial, and simply attached to a mother country.

Therefore, notwithstanding the wonderful propagation of the English race, we see that the real Britain is confined by the sea, and confined within narrow limits. France is not confined by the same physical boundary, but there are ethnological limits almost equally restricting. France has not, like the Eastern American States, a great unoccupied territory to expand in. If she would expand her frontiers, it can only be by subjugating populations which would offer strenuous resistance, and on her eastern frontier, at least, the resistance could not be overcome.

France and England are therefore in much the same condition with regard to the possibility of expansion.¹ The only case of real expansion in recent French history has been the annexation of Savoy. That increase of territory was a genuine national growth, for Savoy very quickly became an integral part of France.

In all European countries the military situation is of enormous importance to the happiness of both rich and poor inhabitants. At first sight that of England appears incomparably superior to that of France, as England is a natural fortress surrounded by its ditch ; but on

further examination this superiority is seen to be connected with a cause of inferiority to France. A fortress is tenable only so long as its provisions hold out, and the soil of England cannot maintain the population. The people in the fortress maintain themselves partly by what they cultivate, but also in great part by what they purchase outside with the results of their industry. The condition of France is more favorable in this respect. If France were cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, she would still be able to exist on the produce of her soil, missing only luxuries, and not many even of these. The useful things which she most lacks, such as coal and iron, she still possesses in quantity sufficient for all the emergencies of war.

Nevertheless, in spite of these and other compensations, the great difference remains that the English live in a degree of security which is not enjoyed by any nation of Continental Europe. The strongest military state on the Continent is not sure of untroubled existence for a year. But England feels secure ; England feels herself safely outside of that armed and watchful and anxious Continental life, which she looks upon as Cedric the Saxon looked upon the Tournament at Ashby. This security places the English in a safe and pleasant position for the exercise of the critical function, and so they have taken upon themselves the office, the thankless office, of critics to the continent of Europe. Now the feeling of Frenchmen, or of any other Continental people, on reading English criticisms, is something of this kind. They believe that in many cases, probably in most cases, the English would act precisely as they themselves act, if they were placed in the same situation. For example, with regard to expansion. A continental nation desires the preservation of one empire, with so many unwilling and heterogeneous provinces, would have been impossible with republican institutions.

¹ For the sake of brevity, I leave out of consideration at present the empire of Napoleon I., which was a temporary creation, owing its existence to a military genius of the most exceptional order.

to expand; all continental nations have this instinctive desire, which is the universal national instinct. England, being an island, cannot expand; she can only propagate beyond the sea. But if the English had been placed on the soil of France, their naturally enterprising disposition would have led them to enlarge their borders at the expense of their Continental neighbors, as the other nations (when they are not so weak that such an enterprise would be utterly hopeless) are always endeavoring to do. No Frenchman doubts the desire of England to absorb and assimilate Ireland if she could; no Frenchman believes that the English would desire to do otherwise than the Russians if they had equal opportunities.

VI.

THE TWO NATIONAL ESTATES.

A thorough and minute comparison of France and Great Britain, as vast properties possessed by the French and English races, would be valuable and interesting, but it lies outside of my manner of writing. It would require extensive statistics, a great array of figures, and that purely scientific style which properly belongs to the writings of economists.

My way is only to point to a few facts or considerations that the ordinary reader is likely to care about and remember. Thus, to begin with, I should say that there is a misleading habit, both in England and France, of considering the two nations as nearly equal to each other geographically, because

they are nearly equal in wealth and population. Very few people in either of the two countries realize how much greater is the area of France. The effect of contrast may make France small for an American or a Russian, but an Englishman who really knows its area looks upon it as a large country in comparison with his own. France is not exactly twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland together, but a very near approximation may be made by taking the British archipelago first, including the Hebrides and the Channel Islands, and then adding a second Scotland, a second Ireland, a second Wales, and Belgium. Then you have nearly, yet still not quite completely, the area of France. Nobody would believe this on simply glancing at the map of Europe, because the British Islands are long and straggling, and have outlines much cut into by the sea, whilst France is a remarkably square and compact country.¹ Few English people travel in France to see the country and the provincial towns; they generally confine themselves to Paris in the north, glancing at Rouen and Amiens, or at Nice and Cannes, in the south, glancing at Avignon, Arles, and Marseilles. There are, however, a very few English people who really try to explore France, and these come gradually to be impressed with a sense of extent and general inexhaustibleness, which, instead of diminishing, curiously increases with their experience. An English lady, who knows the country better than anybody of my acquaintance, said to me last year, "I despair of ever knowing France as I

gives a total of 534,479. I have therefore stated the smallest authoritative measurement.

	Areas.
Great Britain and Ireland	314,493
A Second Scotland	78,777
A Second Ireland	84,252
A Second Wales (including Monmouth, etc.)	20,613
Belgium	29,455
Total	527,590

¹ The reader may like to have the figures on which the above comparison is founded. I take them, in square kilometres, from the most recent authority, the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* for 1886.

The area of France is given as 528,400 by the *Bureau des Longitudes*. The *Statistique de la France* gives it as 528,572, on account of a divergence in the measurement of one department (Alpes-Maritimes). The Russian measurement of France, published in 1882 by General Strelbitsky,

desire ; it seems to get bigger and bigger, and the objects of interest in it that I have *not* seen appear to become more and more numerous." Another, who knew nothing of the country, was surprised to find that towns which she imagined as near together were in fact separated by long railway journeys. Her first impression had been based on the idea that France was nearly the size of England, all distances being reduced accordingly.

From the agriculturist's point of view, France is an incomparably better estate than Great Britain, as well as a far larger one, but the insular power has two great compensations in her rich mines and her many excellent harbors.

As France produces some luxuries, especially wines and silks, and has a great reputation in the fine arts, and is supposed (erroneously enough) to be a land of pleasure, her advantages in matters of common utility are very frequently forgotten. The real superiority of France is, however, in being a great food-producing country, not only in luxurious food, but in that which is used by the poor as well as the rich. To this natural advantage may be added the tendency in the genius of the French people to make the best use of food material and to appreciate variety, so that none of the bounties of Nature are neglected or despised.

The situation of France, with one shore on the Mediterranean and another on the Atlantic, is ideally convenient, and her little India in North Africa is so accessible that it is felt to be a sort of *extension* or *annexe* of the mother country. France herself has the advantage of the best European latitudes. I have found it practically convenient to remember, in thinking about the geographical situation of France, that the small triangle to the north of Amiens is in English latitudes, and all the great region south of Lyons is in north Italian latitudes, the space between being in those

of Switzerland and Bavaria. It is the best position in Europe, equally free from the cold, wet rigor of Scotland and the dry, hot region of Spain, at least in their excess, though there is something both of Scotch and Spanish weather in the great variety of the French climates.

This variety needs to be remembered both for France and Great Britain, as there is really no single British or French climate to be praised or blamed. All that can be said in a general way is that the summers are hotter in France, and that the eastern and central departments have a more *continental* climate than that of any counties in England ; but even in Saône-et-Loire the west wind is still the rain wind, as it is in Scotland, and the east wind has just the same characteristics that make it both disagreeable and dangerous at Edinburgh.

The French are fortunate enough to be profoundly contented with their climates, in this sense : that every Frenchman, at least so far as I have been able to observe, is well satisfied with the climate of his own department, though he criticises that of another region. There are even people in the south who prefer the infliction of the mistral, with its blinding dust, to the refreshment of a little rain. But all who live outside the region of the mistral have feelings of commiseration for those who are subjected to it. The rainy district on the west coast seems to the inhabitants of the dryer departments as trying as Argyllshire might seem to an inhabitant of Norfolk. Nevertheless, each Frenchman is profoundly satisfied with his own climate, and when it becomes unpleasant he always says that it has borrowed its unpleasantness from some other country, — its fogs from England, its cold from Siberia, and its heat from Senegal. There are two things in which the Frenchman's faith is imperturbable, the climate and the decimal system ; if he had only as much faith in the government and the clergy, it is certain that France would be

the most contented country in the world. Even as things are, he believes that France is preëminently favored by Nature or by Providence, and sometimes, with a little qualm of conscience, will humorously admit that the land is a richer gift than the population deserves ; or he will put the same idea into another form, and regret that such apparent care for the arrangement of so perfect a land was not extended to the invention of reasonable inhabitants. No Englishman would say that of the race he belongs to, even between jest and earnest. The English believe that if

their country does not grow grapes and olives, it grows men and women in unapproachable perfection. This quiet belief in the excellence of the race makes the English indifferent to any remarks that the foreigner may make upon their climate or the smallness of their island ; for as little Greece bore the greatest race of antiquity, so little England has brought forth the best and noblest of the modern races. This is the English belief. It is not precisely humble or modest, but it has at least the merit of the most absolute conviction and sincerity.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

V.

A NEW PARTNER AT BARCLAY'S ISLAND.

WHEN Paul Barclay went to keep his appointment to go to the State Fair, he found a young girl, of the humbler sort, just taking her leave of Mrs. Varemberg, in the porch of the house. The girl wore a long, dark cloth coat, of a kind in vogue with the shopwomen of the day, fitting closely to a trim figure. From beneath a round hat projected, in front, a fluff of strongly growing, dark hair, and she had a smooth, olive complexion and a pair of hazel eyes, demurely bright.

"I thank you so very much, Mrs. Varemberg," Barclay heard her say, in a voice marked by a trace of foreign accent.

"This is our little friend Stanislava Zelinsky, from the Polish settlement," said the lady, presenting the visitor.

Barclay touched his hat to her. He had seen something of her country and its people at home, and certain recollections drawn from his travels would have

enlisted his interest, even had not the fact of her being Mrs. Varemberg's *protégée* and her own rather pretty face, as she made a timid response to his bow, been sufficient.

"Stanislava has many accomplishments," continued her patroness ; "she is never idle. Besides doing all kinds of house-work, she can embroider, paint flowers, play the church organ, and has a most excellent handwriting. Have you not a beautiful handwriting, Stanislava ?"

"Well, I don't know. They get me to write the books of the Polish Benevolent Society, though, what keeps the names of all the families in the church," replied the girl, half disclaiming yet accepting the eulogy.

"And how do they get on now at the church ? It seems to me they are not always as amiable, down there, as they ought to be."

She referred, no doubt, to a late disturbance, in which the schoolmaster, leading trader, pastor, and militia organization known as the Sobieski Guards had all been mixed up in a confused

combat that had not been straightened out even at the police court itself, to which it had come in last resort.

"Oh, that was mostly the Warsaw men and the Cracow men," said Stanislava, referring to some ancient feud of locality, like that of Cork and Kerry among the Irish.

"Pronounce your pretty name for us," said Mrs. Varemberg.

The girl did so, in a very soft and pleasing way. Being urged, she followed with a few further expressions in the speech of her fatherland.

"How charming! You must give us lessons in the Polish language," said Barclay, playfully.

"No American person wants to know the Polander language;" and she showed her fine white teeth in a smile at the exquisite absurdity of his idea.

When she had gone and they were in the carriage awaiting them, Mrs. Varemberg explained: "She is the child of the bridge-tender who was killed at the same time my father received his own injuries. He has had a fancy to look after her ever since."

A decidedly new touch of interest was added by this to what Barclay had already shown. He wondered, as he had often wondered before, and was on the point of saying aloud:—

"Why was not this motive a source of equal consideration, on David Lane's part, for me?"

"She has just come to me on a rather singular errand. She has arrived at her eighteenth birthday, and for the first time has begun to be troubled with compunctions about the money she receives. She inquires what it is for. She thinks she ought not to accept it any longer without doing some service in return."

"A commendable spirit, surely."

"I urged her to save it against her wedding-day. She did not seem satisfied, and I promised to see my father about it on his return, and find her something to do, if possible."

From the Fair ground, as they drew near, they heard issuing forth a strident music of barrel-organs and the orchestras of side-shows, and they could see, above the far-stretching, high white palisade that encompassed it, a series of the crests of pavilions, booths, and tents, decked with gayly floating banners. Within were parked the dusty vehicles of country folk, who looked upon the occasion as a wonderful festival, and the equipages of wealthy city people, who, like our friends, had made it the terminus of an afternoon's drive. The praises of the Learned Pig mingled with those of the Wild Australian Children, the lowing of animals with the shuffle and clatter of agricultural apparatus, and the steaming and whirl and thud of falling stamps in Machinery Hall. A knot of committee-men trudged, with important air, among the stalls arranged around the outer circuit of the inclosure, distributing medals and ribbons to favored live stock. Something could be seen of a sham battle in progress on an elevated green common without; and from time to time a man with a red sash and stentorian voice announced trials of speed on the trotting track.

Ives Wilson was there, in a kiosk specially erected for the Daily Index. He seemed even unusually full of business. With profuse enthusiasm he handed out to our friends a copy of his special State Fair Edition. Thousands of copies of it were being distributed gratis, containing excellently-paid-for puffs of the Eureka farm pump, the Little Giant harvester, the Pearl Feather windmill, and the like. He broke away to confer with two notables known as the "Hop King" and the "Cranberry King," and to receive subscriptions from small country politicians, who made it a point to come and pay in person, at this time, to keep the eye of the Index favorably fixed upon them during the ensuing year. He hurried back, and threw into the lap of Mrs. Varemberg, till it resem-

bled the lap of Abundance, specimens of mammoth fruits, which had been donated him as an editor, and hence the most fitting recipient of all that was curious.

"What an energy! what a zeal!" said Barclay.

"I should not wonder if he even went to sleep with a greater energy than other people," responded his companion. "I have an idea he shuts his eyes with an actual snap, and proposes to show the world one of the most vigorous examples of sleeping on record."

The Art Pavilion, to which they were bound, was found to be a rather rudely finished structure of pine boards, octagonal in shape. On one side was arranged, by itself, the little collection sent by Mrs. Varemberg, consisting chiefly of some choice textile stuffs and bright foreign pictures of the modern schools, from her own home, together with some few other specimens of merit, loaned by their owners with reluctance, and only upon the personal representations of one so influential as herself. The contribution next in importance to her own was that of a certain refined Radbrook family, of whom she spoke incidentally with warm admiration.

"They have almost everything," she said: "money enough for every refined taste, without splendor, health, good looks, charming children, and fondness for each other. It is a most enviable household. The chief pleasure of the master of it is music. It is not for display or applause, in a too common way; on the contrary, he prefers to be alone; and there is something poetic and gentle in the way he sits, by the hour, in his music-room, fingering over to himself his difficult compositions. His wife protects this taste, but does not share it. They are amiable and gay in the world, but pay no weak deference to it, and do not let it invade their genuine, self-centred happiness."

There were indications of her own

ideals of domestic life to be gathered from this.

Another class of pictures, very smoothly varnished copies after the old masters, in very brightly gilded frames, complacently displayed by one of the latest of the class of new rich, perhaps met with the leading favor of connoisseurs. The former were spoken of as "too gaudy," and doubts entertained of their being in good taste. Ingenuous school-girls and the like sought the latter with eagerness. They had read of the originals in text books, and felt that here they were reveling with proper sentiment over the grandest creations of art.

Then followed dull portraits and leaden landscapes by practitioners who eked out a bare subsistence in the place by the aid of teaching; woodeny prize cattle, painted broadside on, to please their owners; a figure-piece by a one-armed veteran of the Soldiers' Home; a smudged crayon drawing "by a boy of thirteen," who spent the greater part of his time before it in rapt admiration; and chromos, lithographed circulars and bill-heads, and a mammoth St. George and the Dragon, executed in Spence-rian penmanship.

A number of people they knew were met with in passing through. Miss Justine DeBow, accompanied by Lieutenant Gregg, of the revenue cutter, gave Barclay a gracious nod, among others. Mrs. Varemberg sank down on a bench with fatigue.

"You see the cause of art has not yet made very enormous strides in Keewaydin," she said, summing up.

"Yes, I suppose that is a safe statement to agree to."

"But it is advancing, it is coming this way; it is, really. I myself am old enough to have seen wonderful changes in my time."

"Let it come by itself, then. Let its tottering steps be supported on some more vigorous shoulder than yours." He had noted an unusually pallid and

worn look overspread her face. "Good heavens, why have I let you so overtax your strength? How can I have been so stupid?"

"It is nothing. It is not my proceedings to-day that tire me; the bare exertion of getting these few things together had already done it."

"Then why did you have anything to do with it?" he asked, in energetic reproof.

"I suppose I was weak, and let myself be persuaded. They told me I ought to share my superior advantages with others less fortunate. They said I was a leader; and when one is a leader one ought to lead, you know."

"But in all these ways you dissipate vital force you can ill spare. You ought to lead the calmest, most untroubled life possible."

"'Calm' and 'untroubled' are good. Well, there is sometimes a certain need of distraction. And was it not you who were only lately counseling me athletic sports?"

"This is not athletic sport, and now I counsel you rest," he said, looking into her eyes with deep earnestness. "Come! we must get you well."

"There will be all eternity to rest in."

But this sincere concern in her well-being had evidently awakened her gratitude. As if with compunction for her conduct of yesterday, she returned, of her own accord, to the point at which they had then left off.

"I repulsed your interest in my affairs yesterday. I fear I was very rude to you," she said, with much gentleness. Now I would like to tell you all you may care to know."

"No, no; it was unpardonable in me to trench upon the subject at all. Pray try to forgive and forget it."

"But I *want* to tell you," she insisted, with a gentle imperiousness.

Upon this they resumed their carriage and drove homeward. Restive Castor

and Pollux had been fuming under the unwonted sounds and phantasmagoria of the Fair, and did not recover their customary gait till the inclosure was left well behind them. The drill of the local militia was still in progress. The American Light Guard, the Irish Emmet Guard, the German Jägers, and the Polish Sobieskis marched and counter-marched before one another in gallant style. When the bayonets of the caterpillar-like squads twinkled finally at a distance, and the smoke of their volleys floated on the air like puffs of thistle-down, Mrs. Varemberg began her story.

"Under Varemberg's gay and frank demeanor," said she, "a superficial veneer adopted only for society, he covered a morose and barbarous nature. He developed, in particular, a phenomenal cruelty of disposition which in recollection seems incredible."

"Who would have credited it?"

"Something strange seemed to come between us from the very outset. There was no companionship, not a feeling nor thought in common. It was too hideous. At first I used to persuade myself it was my fault, and try to dispel it. The more I humiliated myself, the harder and more brutal he became."

"There are natures like that Alpine rose, the type of ingratitude, which, comparatively tame in its pastures, bristles with thorns the more it is cultivated," said Barclay.

"His native trait of cruelty was exercised on horses, dogs, inferiors, and all around. I was a daily witness to unmerited suffering. It was an outbreak of this kind that first alienated me from him, even before it had been wreaked on myself."

"And we esteem ourselves judges of character!" said Barclay.

"A poor soldier who had been guilty of some offense, which though certainly a breach of military discipline was not a crime, had been condemned to death, by court-martial. The circumstances

were so peculiar that they had attracted much attention. The soldier was from our own village, where his detachment was stationed at the time. A strong feeling of sympathy was aroused for him among his friends, neighbors, and comrades. He was led out the first time to be shot, and the platoon would not fire. The villagers rushed between, and bared their breasts, crying, 'You shall not harm him; you shall kill us first!' He was led back to his prison, and they came to me, among others, to invoke my intercession with my husband. 'If he can but obtain a reprieve, and the case be carried to the higher authorities,' they pleaded, 'he will surely have justice done him, and be saved.'"

"You had identified yourself well with your village, then?"

"Yes, one would naturally do so. A woman's country, you know, is that where she loves." (Her companion winced.) "Though that motive endured but so short a time, I had early found a sort of distraction in the place. My husband was connected, in some retired or supernumerary way, with the army, yet was one of those, though not the principal one, who had to do with the execution of the sentence. When I spoke to him, he repulsed my interference with insulting sarcasms. No reprieve was obtained. The man was once more led out to die."

She paused a moment, and covered her eyes with her hand, as if to shut out a terrible recollection. Barclay waited in respectful silence for her to go on.

"I found myself by accident near the open parade-ground, that morning, quite ignorant of what was to take place. The peasants again ran to me, with streaming eyes, as a melancholy procession came down the village street. I took a few steps, in a confused way, towards it. I was close to both my husband and the prisoner. Hardly knowing what I did, I reached forth

and laid a hand on Varemberg's arm. It seemed to inspire in him a rage like actual madness. He seized a revolver from his holster, and ran and placed it against the head of the prisoner. 'A million devils,' he cried, 'can we never get this vermin shot!' and he fired.

"I was so near that the blood of the poor victim scattered over me, and his pleading eyes directed into mine their last glance on earth."

Barclay's breath came thick and fast, as he listened with horror to this recital.

"After such an event, what more could there ever be between us? He terrified me inexpressibly. I did not know at what moment I might meet a similar fate. His appearance, which I had once thought so gallant and handsome, seemed sinister to the last degree, and his smile froze me. He saw my aversion, and was pleased at first to make some small efforts to overcome it, and be like his former self. But if this shocking deed were not by itself sufficient, others of a like nature followed. Then I began to learn of glaring infidelities. He twice demanded of my father large sums in addition to what had been paid as my wedding portion. He had been a bankrupt, himself, from the very start; and finally his transactions in money were such that he had to leave the country. In the midst of it, my child, too, had died. Ah, if I had had but that solace, I think I might have endured all the rest. How lonely I was in the great foreign house, far from all I had ever known! My father came there and took me home."

"It puzzles me beyond measure, — his pretext for turning to such courses; his motive in throwing away such a happiness as was his."

"He must have followed a natural bias that had been hidden from us. It could not have been the beginning of it we witnessed. Much of his conduct seemed without motive, his cruelty pure wantonness; perhaps it would be most

merciful to suppose it insanity. There are such characters, we know, in history, who delighted in torture for its own sake. His seemed one of those natures that at a certain point had to go wholly and irremediably to the bad."

"But how, but why did such a dreadful mistake ever arise?" exclaimed Barclay excitedly.

"I suppose I chose with a young girl's want of reflection. I must have been very thoughtless, even for my age. Truly, I had formed but a dim conception of what it was to be married, and of the need of a true affection. Varenberg interested and dazzled me. He told me, too, that no one could ever love me as much as he, and I think I allowed myself to believe it."

"And yet it ought not to have been so difficult to love you, in those times," broke in Barclay, with a sad sort of bitterness. "I sometimes used to wonder that everybody who knew you did not do it."

He had yielded momentarily to an emotion against which he vainly struggled. Surely it was evident now that her father had never told her of his proposal, and she had never known the true state of his feelings. Such *naïveté* of statement, as unconscious as her former flippancy, would otherwise have been impossible.

She turned towards him a look of genuine surprise.

"Truly," she said, "you have come back an accomplished flatterer. Once, praise from you was praise from Sir Hubert, to be esteemed indeed."

"Whatever I have come back, it is no flatterer."

"Then it only remains to set you down as misguided. I was far from certain in my own mind about this marriage," she went on presently, "but my father reassured me, and laid my scruples at rest."

"Your father?"

"Yes, alas! he too was deceived."

Paul Barclay's surmise, to which so many indications had pointed, was confirmed. Her father had been the author of the match, she only a consenting party. He groaned in spirit, but too late, to think that all his agony had passed even unnoted, and to recall his own words of consuming passion unspoken, when it appeared how easily the glib sophistries of the foreigner had prevailed with her.

"Bear with me," he resumed, after some one of those casual interruptions from the sights and scenes around them that occur in such out-of-doors jaunts. "And after all this, they tell me, you will not avail yourself even of the poor remedy of the law."

"Oh no, not that; never!" she ejaculated, in a sort of horror.

"And why?"

"There is but one thing for a woman to do in a situation like mine, and that is to accept the consequences of her folly gracefully, and conceal them from the public eye as far as possible. No new trials, no further experiments for me!"

"But even apart from further experiments," he reasoned with her, grieved at the terms, "is it not irksome to drag a ball and chain, as it were, some five or ten thousand miles long?"

"There are international aspects to the case, and it is not certain that release could be obtained, valid in both countries, did I desire it never so much. And where is the great harm in a ball and chain, if one does not wish to dance?" with a melancholy smile.

"I have not heard it was dancers only to whom those appendages were hateful. One would always like to walk unimpeded, even at the slowest pace."

"No, I have firm convictions against what you suggest," she persisted.

"And so have I had till now. Or rather, I fear my attention has never been closely turned to it. But surely the step was never better justified."

"Whom God hath joined together, he only can put asunder. That is what I have always been taught to believe. That is what my father believes, with me. Alas! in many things I no longer know what my convictions are. Varemberg shook my faith, in our early days, with his brilliant, hateful skepticism; that harm he did me with the rest. But, in all my uncertainties, on this point I have never wavered."

Barclay abandoned the argument with a sigh. He afterwards felt greatly his temerity in entering on it. He sighed over his companion in many ways.

"Ah, that such a fate," he said, "should have been hers, so made as she was for sunshine, for distinction! Ah, that yonder wretch should have been allowed to throw away this treasure of affection and loveliness, when I—I would have given my heart's blood to save her from an instant's pain!"

A week after this, the statement was current that a new partner had gone into the management of the Stamped-Ware Works with Maxwell. The news was brought into the Johannisberg House, which stood at no great distance from Barclay's Island, on the main land, by the South Side letter-carrier, Peter Stransky.

It was a quiet afternoon at that respectable caravansary. There were visible a collection of shells and a full-rigged ship, behind the bar of the long, neatly sanded room. A little platform crossed one end of this room, on which a quartette of Tyroleans with zither accompaniment, sometimes sang the national yodel. The wall behind it was painted with a mammoth Alpine scene, with a door in the centre; so that the performers, on taking leave, seemed to disappear into the heart of the mountain, like a species of kobolds. Christian Idak, grown older and confirmed in that important air of the small landlord who is better off than most of his guests, still

moved about in his shirt-sleeves. Frau Idak sat knitting in a corner, and a child by her side was doing sums on its slate. The same marine gossips, or their like, were at their posts, recounting hair-breadth escapes and curious happenings, which are even more common, perhaps, in the lake navigation than that of the salt ocean.

One had told of cruising amid floating ice-fields, twenty feet thick, in Lake Superior, in June. Another had told that, once, when wrecked, he had seen the ghost of a former captain swimming by him in the water. The mysterious questions of a tide and subterranean outlets for the lakes had been touched upon.

"What I know is," said a tug-man, on this latter subject, "that a precious sight more water goes down that Saint Lawrence River than ever gets out o' the lakes fair and above-board."

"Most anywhere out Waukesha way, — where I hail from," — added a skipper, corroborating him, "if you bore down into the solid rock you get water comin' up, with live fish in it. And 'cisco,' which is a Lake Superior fish, and nothin' else, appears in Genevy Lake a few days every year, and then disappears again, so you can't find one for love nor money. Now what does all that mean if it ain't that there's underground channels?"

The "hard times," supposed to be existing, next came in for their fair share of attention.

An engineer of the Owl Line complained that they did not get one trip now where they formerly got a dozen.

"It is the same way with us," added a rival of the Diamond Jim Line: "the big craft is eatin' up all the small ones, in the carryin' trade. And even *they* don't make no very heavy pile out of it."

"The bloated money kings and monopolist sharks is at the bottom of it," cried a vigorous exponent of the "green-

back" school of doctrines. "This country 'll never see a well day again till it gets a poor man's currency, and makes it ekil to the wants o' trade."

It was about this time that the South Side letter-carrier came in, from his swift rounds, with his leather satchel slung over his shoulder.

"The Stamped-Ware Works is one place where they don't show much signs o' hard times," said he, pausing a moment, in his thirst imbibing a glass of Keewaydin's excellent beer. "I've just been there. They've got in a new partner; they're puttin' on a new lot of hands, and everything's boomin'."

"Who?" "What?" "How?" greeted the announcement, from all sides, with a lively interest. "Who's the new partner?"

"Name's Barclay, — a New York feller, with loads o' money; same one what his father used to own the island afore him." And he was off again, on his route, down to the remote precincts of Windlake Avenue and Muckwonago Road.

The little notary public, Kroeger, who spent much of his time here, having little to detain him at his own office, and who obtained a repute for wisdom and insight by a policy of cynical smiling and disparagement, commented sagely: —

"I guess Maxwell he got bigger ideas as what he know how to do business."

Akins, the foreman of the Works, came in presently, with a hard-pressed air, and confirmed the intelligence, with additions.

"Of course the concern was solid," said he, "and no need o' changin', but a little more money don't never do no harm. Mr. Barclay, he was lookin' round for a job, and bein' as we suited him, and the island was his, any way, what more natural than that we should strike up a bargain?"

Mrs. Varemberg derived her first authentic information from Barclay him-

self. Some rumor of it had already reached her. She received it with an open enthusiasm.

"You are going to stay?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I am going to stay."

"It seems one of those things really too good to be true."

"It appears that the too-good-to-be-true sometimes happens," he replied, smiling.

He surprised himself in a certain tremor, at her pleasant excitement, but quickly dismissed it. She had had really nothing to do with his staying, he assured himself. She was in the place, it is true, and was weak and suffering, and he might be of some small solace and assistance to her, — as he should be glad to be to any friend in like situation in whom he felt an interest, — but that was all.

"Maxwell put the matter in such a light that I could not decline his offer," he explained. "If I were in earnest in my ideas, — and I assure you I was, — here was an opening just suited to my peculiar case, and, strangely enough, ready to my hand. Why should I search further?"

And so indeed he thought. He had yielded to that subtle warping by inclination and sympathy which sometimes has its way even with the clearest of consciences. He had not the faintest notion in the world of being that equivocal figure, the masculine consoler of an unhappy wife. He was endowed with an excellent Anglo-Saxon common sense, and he felt himself to be, now, with his ample experience, a person of a sturdy temperament, upon which the imagination could play but few of its tricks. Was he not heart-whole? And have we not seen lovers meeting in after years, and even exchanging congratulations on their fortunate escape from each other? It was his general purpose in life to set his face resolutely against all those courses of conduct re-

quiring extenuation or apology, and he had no intention of departing from it in this instance.

When David Lane returned, after the absence we have noted, he found Paul Barclay fairly settled in Keewaydin.

"What does this mean?" he demanded of his daughter, with a face of ominous and rigid severity, of which she by no means comprehended the occasion.

"What *could* it mean, papa? I do not understand you," she responded, in strong astonishment.

"This young man must needs follow us about the world, and now he comes hither, and even makes a pretext of engaging in business."

"And why should he not go into a business here? I do not understand you, papa. As to his following us about the world, surely you remember that it is a good four years since we have seen him, and it was but by the merest accident he knew I was here."

David Lane, in his first access of consternation, had made a very false step. He hastened to repair its consequences as best he could.

"I was only thinking, dearest," he began, in a confused way, "if it should be said that a former admirer had followed you here, at this particular time" —

"But he is not my 'former admirer,'" she interrupted, impatiently. "He was a very staunch friend, whom I should like to keep. At the worst, we hardly have the right to turn out of Keewaydin all those who have been my admirers, — if we can suppose any so misguided. I do not understand you at all. Was not Paul Barclay, at Paris, one of our most esteemed acquaintances?"

"I — I have nothing against him," stammered the wretched man. "Only, your position, just at this time, requires a great deal of circumspection."

Under the influence of her brother, Mrs. Clinton, in her turn, offered a feeble counsel, on the same subject.

"He is a most gentlemanly man, and all that could be desired in every way, I am sure," she said, deprecatingly; "but, since he is now going to remain here, it seems to me I would not see quite so much — not *too* much of him, Florence, dear."

"You know my views and practice on all those matters; you have even urged me to modify them, make them less severe. Why do you now become more loyal than the queen?"

"Your situation is one requiring a great deal of circumspection," said the aunt, repeating her brother's words.

"My situation is one requiring a good cup of tea and a night's rest," returned the object of these expostulations, and she retired to her own chamber.

VI.

"TAUGHT BY MISFORTUNE, I PITY THE UNHAPPY."

At an early day after taking the important step described, Barclay went to New York to settle up certain of his affairs awaiting him there, and finally conclude, by a brief visit to his family, his long tour round the world.

He found himself glad, on reaching New York again, to have chosen Keewaydin as his field of action. The great metropolis would have been too vast, its influence too discouraging for his simple experiment. An individual like himself would have been swallowed up in its Babel of conflicting interests, and could not have hoped to make the faintest impression.

The city had changed much, even during the few years of his absence. The great apartment-houses, for one thing, had then begun to tower up newly above the level of ordinary life, some even surpassing the tops of the churches. His own family, meantime, had moved far up town, near Central Park, choosing their new abode in a quarter that

had been in his day but a waste of desert lots, and abandoning the old one on Fifth Avenue before the encroachments of trade. His sisters came in, one day, and told mournfully how they had made purchases over the counter in the chambers sacred to the most intimate memories of their childhood.

Old acquaintances, whom he met at some clubs, where he still kept his membership, and elsewhere, were inclined to joke him about the remote precinct where, they understood, he had taken up his new habitat; but they were respectful about it, too, identifying it more or less with the cattle ranches of Dakota and Montana, to which various friends, "swell" young Englishmen and the like, had taken lately, and they asked him questions about stock-raising, and begged him to bear them in mind if he should meet with opportunities for money-making he himself might not be able to use.

Paul Barclay returned to Keewaydin, and took up his quarters in the spacious residence of his kinsfolk, the Thornbrooks, a pleasant old couple, quite free from the crabbedness of age, who insisted upon it with a pressing hospitality. They had their own primitive ideas and habits, they said, but these should in no way be allowed to interfere with his convenience. They promised him an exaggerated liberty. They insisted that there was room enough, and to spare, for all; and so indeed it seemed, when Barclay came to inspect the large, comfortable chambers placed at his disposal. The Thornbrooks proceeded forthwith to give a large entertainment, with the view of introducing him to the society of the place, and nearly everybody of note assembled to do him honor. There came, among the rest, his traveling-companions, Jim DeBow, who rose once more on his heel, and Miss Justine DeBow, who this time asked him to come and see her at her home.

But he began his labors immediately

in active earnest. Establishing a regular routine, he rose and breakfasted early; then drove, in a buggy he had set up, — or sometimes walked, for the benefit of the more active exercise, — down to the Works, where he spent a long, busy day. He crossed the Chipewa Street Bridge, where Ludwig Trapschuh soon came to add him to the large list of acquaintance he claimed "by sight." It was the purpose of Barclay to post himself thoroughly in all parts of his enterprise before he should set out upon any novel schemes. Accordingly, he studied the great books of account, the systems of sales and credit, the character and source of supply of the raw materials, then the processes of manufacture, and finally the shipment of the completed product to many and distant markets.

His "office" was a small wooden house, with platform-scales beside it. It had worn cocoa matting on the floor; it contained a great iron safe, a low desk and another high one; to sit beside this latter it was necessary to mount on a high stool. On the wall was a capacious frame filled with specimens of the smaller wares turned out by the factory, with their price-list attached. The hum of a distant planing-mill rose unceasingly on the ear, like some homely song forever celebrating the plodding industries of the quarter.

The main buildings were partly of brick and partly of wood; their roofs were covered with a preparation of asphalt, which, with the tan-bark, from a not far distant tannery, laid on the road of approach, gave out distinctive odors when heated by the sun. Over the principal doorway was the legend: "No Admission Except on Business." All around was a litter of piece-moulds, old castings, and general débris, and against the walls leaned some mammoth gear-wheels, still so long from their swift revolutions that the slow rust and cobwebs had overtaken them.

The dry, unsentimental nature of his surroundings by no means chilled the early ardor of Barclay; if anything, it even increased it.

"The mine itself does not shine," said he; "it is only the product that comes from its gloomy depths."

There was even a certain romance in their utter commonplaceness. It was a reaction, no doubt, a form of the testimony of respect that the studious, scholarly temperament pays to the more rugged sort that makes the money and carries on the practical affairs of the world. Barclay felt that he had been too long a mere loiterer and looker-on, and he now took a manly delight in knowing himself, at last, a part of the great, stirring, useful, workaday world of affairs.

He had conceived, as we have seen, an ideal of duty towards his men far beyond that of the mere payment of wages. If he were to be the autocrat of their destinies, he meant to be at least an autocrat of the beneficent type. So he was fond of watching them, when he thought them unaware of it, at their work. He found a kind of grotesque pathos, as well as humor, in their smudged faces, their flannel shirts of red and blue, stained with oil, all the vagaries of their grimy costume. He wondered to himself how he would have stood such a life as theirs, had it been forced upon him. The flowers that bloomed for them were the flames and molten metal from the furnaces; the stars that shone for them were the scintillations of the forging; the birds that sang for them were the clink of the hammers; and the grass that grew under their feet was the waste of slag and cinders.

If the men observed him at this study, they thought it only the sharp eye of the task-master bent upon them, to see that they neglected no duty touching his pocket. There was range enough of character. He had timid spirits and

bold, the gay and the morose, the faithful at their tasks and the chronic shirkers, sycophants who would have curried favor with him by spying upon the rest, and the surly independent who seemed even to go out of their way to seek occasions for offense.

Instead of some episode of the humanitarian sort, to which he aspired, curiously enough one of the first experiences he had was to deal with a fractious and rebellious hand. This man, a dangerous character as well as inefficient workman, after having been discharged, returned again, under the influence of drink, and, in the long main shop, fired twice at Barclay with a revolver, almost at point-blank range.

"You'd 'a' thought the boss kind o' liked it," said belligerent young Johnny Maguire, of the packing-room, commenting on the occurrence. "He kep' as cool as a cucumber all the time. Oh, he's got plenty of sand in his gizzard, and don't you forget it."

This proceeding, so questionable, perhaps, as philanthropy, stood Barclay in good stead in other respects. His coolness under fire and indifference to danger won him the respect of the rude class with which he had to deal as the manifestation of no other kind of qualities at first would have done. In the long run it lightened his management in many ways, and gave his labors and influence the more telling efficacy.

The news of it came to Mrs. Varemberg, as that of the steamer accident had done, only from outsiders and after a considerable time. She was alarmed, and said to him,—

"Is it not dangerous for you to mix with such rough characters, and go among them as freely as you do? They may knock you on the head some day for revenge, or robbery; who knows?"

"The only fear is that none of them will be so obliging," he replied, smiling enigmatically, in a way that much puzzled her.

Barclay aimed also, with an all-embracing ambition, to acquaint himself thoroughly with his new abode, Keewaydin. He studied its map, its topography, its past and present. He designed to grasp all the elements of its population; its social life, the sources and prospects of its trade, the method of its government, policing, lighting, heating, water supply, protection from fire; its courts, schools, churches, and cemeteries. There was a definite satisfaction to him in the compactness, the moderate compass, of the city, — large, important, and flourishing though it was. He found it agreeable to have become part of a place in which it would be easily possible to rise to the top, and even, should he so desire, to be one of its controlling spirits.

"The heaven is working," he said to Mrs. Varemberg. "I feel within me the makings of a bitter East or West or South Sider."

He went on 'Change. He wondered if the same wrinkles of shrewdness did not begin to appear about his own eyes as about those of the business people he met with there.

Jim DeBow welcomed him cordially, and discoursed as before on the present and prospective greatness of Keewaydin. Ives Wilson, who was extending the range of his infallibility at the moment to the domain of grain and pork, touched up Jim DeBow a little on the subject of a certain recent large operation of the latter's in winter wheat, — a "corner," in fact, of such extent as to have caused Chicago to claim with pride to be the birthplace of its manipulator. Both leaned nonchalantly back against one of the long tables, and munched grains of wheat as they talked.

"Speaking of winter wheat," said the editor parenthetically, "you'll see winters out here that'll make your hair curl. Why, back in the country where this comes from," and he tossed a few more grains into his mouth, "when the

thermometer's only at zero, the people put their summer clothes on."

On 'Change seemed a sort of commercial club. Vessel-men, agents of freight lines and insurance companies, attorneys, builders, and money-lenders resorted thither, to look for business from its regular constituency and carry on transactions with these and one another. Telegraphic instruments clicked, messengers ran hither and thither, and from time to time the secretary mounted to an upper gallery, and, like a muezzin summoning to prayers, gave out the latest quotations of foreign markets, — the shouting circle around a small platform in the centre pausing briefly in their turmoil to listen.

There Barclay met also with David Lane. In his guise of capitalist, the ex-governor stood about on the outer edge of the circle, supporting his dignified, stocky figure on a cane, and speaking an occasional word with one of the more active members. He was rheumatic now, and at times could walk only with exceeding difficulty.

Ives Wilson came up, and, half presenting Barclay to Lane, in his offhand fashion, said of him, —

"He has become one of us, — I'm glad you know each other. I tell you, little by little Keewaydin is going to gather in all the brains, capital, and industry of the country. By the way," to Barclay, "I'm thinking of sending a man down to write up your place. I think I'll have Goff, our Assistant Local, do it; he's particularly good at those things."

"To write up my place?"

"Yes, a column article, you know, under the head of Keewaydin's Industries. We give you a hundred copies, free, to distribute round among your friends, and you let us have a hundred-dollar advertisement, — see?"

David Lane's manner to the young manufacturer was cold and repellent, — the manner he so well remembered in

the old times. It added to his sense of a confirmed hostility, a feeling vividly aroused by the revelation of Mrs. Varemberg. In the difficulty of forming, at present, any more general programme, and while awaiting the development of events, David Lane had taken refuge in moroseness. The young man should at least have no countenance from him; he would not invite him to his house, nor show any willingness to receive him; he would not encourage, if he could not put an end to, this most ominous invasion.

"It shall never be, — it shall never be!" he muttered. But even those who saw him glance fiercely after the retiring figure of Barclay could have had little idea of all the tragic thoughts passing in his mind.

His most imminent danger had come back, — the danger, too, he had once thought forever averted, by the most cautious of planning, the most doleful of sacrifices. Was it to have been imagined that his punishment would follow him in this of all other forms — follow him through his daughter? Nothing was more probable than that some violent end of Varemberg would be heard of at any moment. And here was this honorable lover, to whom his daughter had never been indifferent, returned and ready to renew his suit.

"Heaven knows it is no malice of mine, but his own interest. I must and will always oppose him!" he cried despairingly. "Have I not done him harm enough? He shall never marry her."

Some others, perhaps, might think it the best of all reparations that the son of the man who was slain should be allowed to wed his heart's desire, the daughter of the slayer, a noble and lovable creature in herself, and the dearest thing in life to her father. Self-protection, too, would have dictated this policy to David Lane, but he had never inclined to it. There was an element of the exalted and unpractical in his

course; he was not seeking his personal safety. He would have no marriage with such a prospective Nemesis on its track! Barclay ought not to be allowed to unite himself with them. He would awake some day to the discovery that his wife had been used as a bait and a snare to tie his hands against the just retribution he would have demanded, awake perhaps to loathe as much as he had once fancied he loved her.

This feeling, misguided perhaps, and fraught already with the bitter consequence of the baneful foreign marriage, had been the ruling force and motive of the destiny of David Lane for years, and he still grimly adhered to it. It was his bias of mind, his whim, his hallucination or mania, perhaps; but so he was constituted, so he had begun, and he could not change. It was to be counted with as an inevitable part of the situation.

He went to his home by way of the City Hall Square, and, as he hobbled along the promenade at one side of it, he turned his eyes upward to the *Golden Justice*. There had been times, during his stay abroad, when he had all but forgotten its existence, with both his crime and his eccentric reparation. It would be recalled to him, perchance, by some accident of travel, some faint resemblance to this in a foreign building, or some gilded saint gleaming afar, as from the basilicas on the plain of Lombardy. Even at home it had often lapsed into a certain vagueness. But now, since the arrival of this young man, his memory was jogged indeed; his sense of what the image conveyed to him was renewed in all its vividness.

"I gave my pledge to Justice to respond whenever she should call me. Is the fulfillment of the pledge about to be exacted?" he speculated mournfully.

Often, too, had he wished the fateful paper down again and safe in his own possession, and now, as he gazed, this feeling intensely revived. His burn-

ing glance seemed as if it would go straight to the heart of the receptacle, ignite the confession, and consume it where it lay.

"Dry rot has perhaps destroyed it by this time," he speculated; "or the moisture penetrated to it, through some crevice, and caused it to fester away in mildew and mould."

Then he returned to his house, and sat by his window, as was so often his wont, and gazed wistfully still at the *Golden Justice*, above the top of a forest composed of the shade trees interspersed among the dwellings.

Paul Barclay looked up one day from his writing, and inspected a card handed him by a very light-complexioned young man, of energetic aspect, wearing a slouch hat and cloak. The card bore the inscription, "Welby B. Goff, Local Ed. Keewaydin Index." This visitor spoke first of the general state of the country, of the approaching close of navigation, the quantity of wheat in store, and the heavy condition of the country roads, that rendered collections difficult, then finally came down to the business he had in hand.

"The Index is getting up a series of articles on the 'Industries of Keewaydin,'" said he, "and your place will naturally figure among the most prominent. We make it a point always to send to headquarters for our information. The Index, as you know, has a circulation larger than all its contemporaries combined, and it aims to be strictly accurate."

Barclay recollected the hint he had already got from the editor-in-chief, and good humoredly acceded to the scheme, partly because the Index was Ives Wilson's paper, and partly because he was not really averse to having his new enterprise described in print in a form which he might send to some of his friends at a distance. He therefore accompanied the reporter about the factory

in person, and took great pains to supply him with the proper information. He was also led to consider having an advertisement of much larger size than the one first proposed; and when an ingenuous new proprietor once begins to "figure" with a wily agent in this kind of wares, he is extremely likely to do very much more than he may have expected to in the beginning.

"It draws blood," said Welby Goff, as he put up his pencil, after booking a highly profitable contract, "but I've done it, and I'll stick to it. Only I'll ask you as a special favor not to mention it to any one else, as it would do us harm."

In due time the article appeared. It proved a tissue of exaggerations from beginning to end; every figure was at least doubled, and hardly an adjective was used under the superlative degree. The stamped-ware factory was called "one of the marvels of the age," and the new partner, "Paul Barclay, Esq.," was said to have "prepared himself expressly for his present duties by a long and exhaustive course of travel, study, and scientific research among similar establishments."

Barclay hurried round to the Index, in a rage, and found Ives Wilson immersed to the eyes in scissored "exchanges," in a stuffy little office. The editor at first thought he had come to make a complaint of the totally opposite character.

"My own idea of an article of this kind, to tell you the truth," said he, when undeceived, "is that the person it is written about should be almost ashamed to read it himself. I told Goff to do the handsome thing by you, and I suppose he has put it fairly strong."

"But it is absurd; we are made ridiculous," protested Barclay. "We have n't half that number of men at the factory; they do not work 'night and day;' the total product turned out is not"—

"Readers want statements of a bold,

impressive, well-rounded sort; they have no real taste for little, every-day matters, but want to hear about things on a great scale. We give them what they ask for, and they are quite capable of making their own discounts."

This was all the satisfaction to be obtained, and Barclay was fain to content himself with suppressing his part of the edition, and resolving to see to it that any future literature of the kind, of which he might have need, should be conceived after a less highly florid taste. While at the office of the Index, on this visit, he met with one further instance of what readers might "expect" that tended to amuse and to distract him from his own annoyance. A small English-looking man, of a shabby aspect, wearing a hat many seasons out of the mode, came rushing in angrily, and extended a copy of the paper at full length with one hand, while he tapped a certain article in it with the other. The article bore the flaming head-lines, "A Much-Married Impostor of the South Side. A Bogus Doctor Skips the Town." It referred to him, it appeared; it had met his eye as far away as Kansas City, and he had come back, he said, to deny the unwarranted aspersion, and spend, if need be, his last dollar in the prosecution of its author. Ives Wilson, in a diplomatic way, begged the visitor to sit down, which he indignantly refused to do. The editor then whistled up the speaking-tube to the composing-room for Welby Goff to ascertain the responsibility for and true status of the offending article. Welby Goff, coming down, wrinkled his brows, as in reflection.

"I seem to recollect something of this," said he, "and yet, again — I don't know. Surely there must be *some* means of tracing it. I *know* we can. Would you kindly step in again in a few days?"

"Days?" cried the complainant, with a fierce glare.

"Or a week, then," blandly. "If it

should prove that the Index has done you injustice, if this article has been contributed by an outsider, if we have been imposed upon by any personal enemy of yours, of course the — the Index will see you righted. Do you know," confidentially, "the abuses that sometimes creep into the press in these matters are simply infamous. In your case, my dear sir, I should probably feel exactly as you do."

The visitor, who was really a person of questionable standing, no doubt with certain shady features in his record, was little by little mollified by treatment of this sort, and left the office, agreeing to wait till justice was done him.

"I wrote it myself," said Welby Goff, gleefully, to Barclay, as soon as the man's back was turned. "It's the gospel truth, too, — at least, I think it is. Any way, there's a certain amount of truth in it. Of course I had to put him off a little at first, being tackled all at once, that way. I'll keep it up for a while, till I can look up some more information of the same sort to lay him out with. I'm pretty sure I can, and then we'll give him a worse deal than before."

Barclay saw comparatively little of Mrs. Varemberg in these earliest days. His new status as a resident of the place did not seem to warrant a continuance of the close intimacy of the brief preliminary visit. The coolness of his relations with her father, his real devotion to his new undertaking; together with the natural considerations of propriety and good judgment that would occur to Mrs. Varemberg as well, all contributed to this result.

The window of his chamber gave upon the quiet City Hall Park, where he could descry her likeness, in the guise of the Golden Justice. He now got out his field-glass — an exceptionally good one that had served him well in his travels, had looked at macrocosms and microcosms, at a famous beauty in her opera-

box, and down into the seething heart of a volcano — and added to the many sights, both fair and wondrous, it had taken in, a close study of this statue. He would take up the glass sometimes when at his books, and direct at it a long and earnest gaze. It was a distraction, in the brief period of daylight he could pass at this window, from a heavy course of reading he had begun; he was reviewing and extending his acquaintance with socialistic works of every kind, his quick good sense detecting their fallacies, while his imagination often sighed over the utopias of human happiness they embodied. The Golden Justice was his exalted companion. His thoughts would shoot off, arrow-like, to that shining mark, and glancing thence, as it were, fall to Mrs. Varemberg, on the other side, often crossing, no doubt, with those of David Lane, similarly occupied.

Barclay said to himself that he was glad she was there, — glad she should be thus raised aloft above the city, as its emblem of right and justice. There was something grand in the apotheosis; it was in keeping with his worship of her, his enchantment of other days, and it added dignity to that far-off love. He distinguished with his glass the proud and noble poise of the head, under its golden helmet, the subtle, reassuring smile that wreathed the features. They were the features of her blooming, untroubled girlhood, showing a character far less deep and serious, less tempered by experience, than that she possessed at the present time; but she was for that reason only the more goddess-like, since a traditional property of the gods is untroubled calm. Nor was it needed that the model who had so well served the artist as his inspiration should have herself possessed all the grave and tragic qualities he would depict; were it so, the plastic arts must soon come to a stand-still. She had been a point of departure such as is rarely met with, and

the imagination of the spectator was to do the rest.

With the passing of the seasons, with the varying days and times of day, and perhaps even the personal moods of the looker-on, the Golden Justice seemed to take many different aspects. Now she half melted into the delicious skies of autumn, now showed through light mists, like flame burning behind a screen of gauze. She was harsh and coppery in the cold bleakness of November; she seemed yellow, burnished gold against the background of some opaque blue firmament of winter; she glared lurid and threatening as an angel of wrath in the red sunsets; and, again, would twinkle as with genuine merriment, under the shifting lights and shadows of the glorious cloud-masses of the spring-time. Even on obscure nights, as has been said, some wandering star-beam, some vestige of the radiance that is never wholly extinguished from the universe, would seek her out and indicate her position. Barclay noted the peculiar feature that she was to be most distinctly seen on dark days; every lineament and fold of her drapery then came out against the more favoring ground of leaden gray, while in clear sunshine she was apt to be obliterated in a general dazzle.

"That is as it should be," said he. "Justice should show the most clearly in time of adversity and trial; if she conceal her face at all, let it be when all goes well."

He little knew, as yet, the stake she held for him, and what it really might have been, even apart from the features of his lost love, that led him to the close study of this figure and the discovery of all these fine distinctions.

If he did not see Mrs. Varemberg often, as has been said, their friendship and a wholesome feeling of good-comradeship between them were certainly renewed. Mrs. Varemberg seemed to find an unusual content in this element that had come into her life, and an un-

wonted animation arising out of it perhaps accounted, on some of her "well days," for an ephemeral recovery of her looks, an aspect almost of health, that was to be noted in her. She still appeared to Barclay, in truth, a beautiful, lovable woman. Her type, marked by its perpetual pensiveness or sadness, reminded him of those sweet, candid, and noble figures of Raphael, of the earlier period. By some inspiration of natural grace, she seemed to him to fall always into the precise attitudes most becoming to her. She did everything with a certain refined deliberation, an absence of excitability, growing partly out of her invalidism, and partly out of an innate dignity, that gave all her movements an indescribable, fascinating quality of rhythm.

She bantered him about his enthusiasms and his project, called him Watt Tyler and Caius Gracchus, pretended that he was an alarmingly incendiary person, about to upheave the foundations of society. But she was secretly pleased, notwithstanding, with all he told her; for, after living so long in darkness, apathy, distrust, and skepticism, she was disposed to be pleased with anything that was believing, strong, positive, and hopeful.

"Yours is not the indulgent ear into which a reformer could pour all his pet follies," Barclay had objected, to her interest, at first.

"Try me," she answered gayly; "you do not half know how indulgent I can be."

She soon became, in fact, the trusted confidante of most of his doings. By her own wish, she one day, accompanied by her aunt, paid a visit to the Works. To Barclay she seemed to consecrate the dry, rude place, and ever after he thought better of his office, since she had blessed it with the charm of her presence, since she had sat upon the high stool and toyed with the heavy ruler.

"You speak as one having authority.

You say 'go,' and he goeth; and 'come,' and he cometh," she said to him in railery, noting the many subordinates who came to make reports and receive orders from him, and the profound deference with which he was treated on all hands. "I declare I don't know whether it is quite safe to trust you with such arbitrary powers; I am not sure you do not begin to have an odiously overbearing way with you already."

"There is no pressing danger of the rise of any unnecessary conceit." And he proceeded to describe to her some of his difficulties, — traditions arising out of the association with trades-unions, and the like, which the most despotic of authority could not overcome.

"I warn you to expect plenty of ingratitude in all this," his young visitor cautioned him, in a mentor-like way.

"Ingratitude is a part of the disease; they are probably too much absorbed in their own troubles, as yet, to have much time for anything else. I look neither for gratitude nor ingratitude; I take the people as I find them."

"It would sometimes be much better to leave them as you found them. You may have to come to that. But I refuse to quarrel with you. Are you not going to show me your favorite protégés?"

So Barclay took the ladies about, and indicated to them a few persons upon whom he had already cast an eye with a view to the improvement of their condition. In the first place, there was one Martin Krieg, a small apprentice lad, black as a powder-monkey, who concealed a real shyness under a quaint imitation of the surly manner affected by some of the older workmen. Barclay had Martin Krieg show a specimen of drawing he had made quite without instruction, and said he thought of giving the boy advantages for cultivating the decided bent he seemed to show in that direction. Next was McClary, a hollow-chested, round-shouldered young

man, with a sickly face, who stood in a stooping position, engaged in filing brass work.

"He is a good workman and an honest fellow," said Barclay; "he is temperate, economical, industrious with an assiduity that spares himself least of all, — but look at him. He files away, like that, day in and day out; takes night work, too, whenever he can get it; and even asks for more to take home over holidays."

"He is killing himself by inches."

"Almost by feet."

"Why will he do it?"

"It is a misguided ambition. It is a good enough motive at bottom; I quite appreciate it. He aspires to a shop and house of his own, and says there is no other way to get them. He married a trim, nice-looking girl, who worked in a paper-box factory. With their two small children they live in two poor rooms in a tenement-house, and his wife ekes out their scanty subsistence by taking a couple of mechanic boarders. But you are not interested in these petty details?"

"Oh, yes, I find them very interesting."

"I hear of a touch of jealousy, too, arising out of one of these boarders. The wife, fast losing her good looks, and becoming a mere drudge, was driven to seek a bit of relaxation in some quarter, I suppose, and let this man take her to the theatre a few times. Her husband was wild about it."

"That is one of the dangers of such a situation, I suppose?"

"Under the pressure of his fierce ambition, McClary is probably as penurious with her as with himself, and, with his poor health added, cannot be the most agreeable companion in the world. And this McClary, I want you to observe, is one of the better class of workmen."

"Why don't you talk to him?"

"I have talked to him."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"What would *you* do? What do you advise?" he asked, trying her.

"Raise his pay?" she suggested, doubtfully. "But dear me! don't ask *me* anything; I haven't a particle of imagination."

"We have stretched a point in that direction; but to pay a man more than he is really worth can be no permanent resource. Oh, this monster of political economy, — how inexorable it is! Absolute right of every workman to sell his labor for all he can get, absolute right of every employer to buy his labor for as little as he can pay, — nobody to blame, and yet what a slaughter of happiness and lives!"

"The improvement of his health would seem to be the first thing to attend to; then, his family arrangements."

"Good! so it seemed to me, also. He is to be drafted into the packing-room at easier work, and I have arranged to move them out of their tenement-house into a cottage, which they can have at even lower rent, and where they can get rid of the boarders."

These may be received as fair ordinary examples of the way the young proprietor aimed to lend a helping hand to those who helped themselves, to extend it at the proper time, and to keep his protégés out of the gutter instead of waiting till they were fairly in it to raise them. If his partner, Maxwell, was disposed to criticise any of this as unbusiness-like, he gladly paid the extra cost from his own pocket; and he defended it on the ground that, by rendering the hands thoroughly contented, he would bring them up to a greatly improved standard of efficiency, and get more work out of them than had ever been known before.

There are usually "characters" of one sort and another in an establishment of the kind. Under this head of a "character," one Fahnenstock was presented to the guests. He was a slow-

speaking, rusty old fellow, the veteran of the shops. In long years of service he had never become a thoroughly skilled workman, nor indeed risen but a few steps above the point at which he started.

"Some of 'em can't," said the foreman, Akins, in explanation. "It's like playin' a good game o' billiards, or anything o' that kind; it takes knack; some has got it in 'em, and some has n't, and you can't put it there. Most of 'em that I deal with get just about so fur, and there they stick, and forty yoke of oxen could n't drag 'em an inch ahead."

Akins had all the confidence of a rudely successful man, and showed but little patience with his less efficient and less fortunate brethren.

"It's no trick at all to get a livin'," said he. "It's never been so to me; I've always found it easy enough. There's parties round here, with a crazy German paper, that tells the men it is n't, and they ought to strike, and make folks that's got more than they have divide up with 'em. My idee is that that style o' papers ought to be shut up. I s'pose, though, it's a good deal like blowin' off powder in an open lot; it can't hurt nobody. Hoolan, over there," indicating a saturnine-looking man at a work-bench, "is one o' them red-flag fellers."

Foreman Akins went on to say, furthermore, that, in his belief, things were better for the workingman when times were rather hard and wages comparatively low. "He knows he can't get a place most anywheres, then," said he, "and he sticks to the one he has. You can depend onto him more; he 'tends steadier to his work; and if he don't make quite so much money, he don't drink up so much o' what he *has* got as when times is flush."

Old Fahnenstock, being induced to talk, aired, among other things, some peculiar religious views of his own. His cardinal doctrine was the speedy destruction of the world. He would ar-

gue this topic by the hour, expounding from the law and the prophets and chiefly the prophet Daniel. The beast with the ten horns, the one with teeth and claws of iron, the little horn that sprung out from the greater, the ram that pushed against the west, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, the Pope, the Sultan, and the Czar, all had their place in his system, together with contemporary portents of all kinds, great and small.

"I don't see how we can last longer than this year — or next — any way," he said. "The Rooshian is going to drive the Turk out o' Europe. Ain't he doin' it now? And ain't it as clear as crystal that that's the last warnin' sign?"

His comrades reported that he had more than once already fixed the date, and gone up on the roof of his boarding-house and flapped his arms in imitation of wings, endeavoring to fly, but part of this may have been only their waggish invention.

In curious contrast with his dismal prognostics for the universe was his desire to possess a certain small house and bit of land at White-Fish Bay. It was an aspiration for which he had long hoarded his savings; he meant to fish, to cultivate vegetables there, and make the spot the retreat of his old age, when he should retire from the factory. This small property, sometimes in the market, and then withdrawn again, had advanced in value at an unequal pace with his accumulations, so that it kept always about a thousand dollars ahead of him.

"I should like to ha' married, too, if it was so's I could. I can't say I've ever had what I should ha' considered the best in this world," he went on, with a kind of patient smile that Mrs. Varemberg considered pathetic. "They call them improvident that plunges into it whether or no, but sometimes I've thought may be I'd better ben improvident, too; there's just about so much trouble to live through, no matter which

way you fix it. But all that's too late now, for an old party like me."

"Oh, I'm sure, Mr. Fahnenstock, you're still a very young-looking, handsome man," protested Mrs. Varemberg.

"Well, marm," said the veteran, much pleased, at least, if not convinced, "I'm glad there's them as thinks so. I suppose it would n't do for us to have things just as we wanted 'em in this mundane spear, or we would n't want to leave it. But I tell you that's got to be done pretty quick now, and in short order, too."

The talk was rather more sober when they went over next to Hoolan, described as one of the "red-flag fellers." He was a small, spare man, with high cheek-bones, and a skin yellowed as by jaundice. He was distrustful and disposed, at first, to waive all discussion. He thought it idle, so far as the conversation was concerned of persons with such fixed and supercilious opinions as these must necessarily have, and also personally dangerous for one in his situation. He was lured into it by pleasant arts and small controversial traps slyly set for him by Mrs. Varemberg. When asked as to the condition and prospective future of the laboring man, he had but a gloomy picture to draw.

"The mechanic don't live out half his days," he said. "He's old before his time, good for nothing to work, and ready to be planted away, just about the time when others is gettin' ready to live. Look at Fahnenstock. He ain't fifty yet, but you'd take him for seventy."

"And how is old age provided for?" Mrs. Varemberg inquired.

"It ain't provided for. If he has had a family to bring up, he has n't had no chance to save anything; and, by that time, his children have all they can do to take care of themselves, without him. So when he is too old to work, he's

turned out to starve. May be he gets a light place somewhere as night-watchman for a while, but more like he goes to the poorhouse."

"What means had you thought of by which things could be made better?"

"Congress ought to pass a law."

He was evidently unwilling to let out any of the more violent socialistic theories he was said to entertain.

"What kind of a law?"

"A law to give every man a fair day's wages for a fair day's work."

"Would that not be a rather difficult matter for Congress to determine?"

"Yes, made up of money kings, as it is now: but the workin' classes has got to get control of legislation themselves. Labor has got to be unified and stand together."

Hoolan went on to complain of "piece-work" as an agency particularly hard on the men, and largely responsible for their crippled condition. It overstimulated effort, he said, drove them up to an impossible standard of performance. The employers would try it long enough to find out what they could do, and then, returning to the old plan, tried to make this the rule for an ordinary day's work; and so the pressure was increasing to an intolerable degree, while wages as constantly declined.

"I had often wondered what became of the older mechanics," said Mrs. Varemberg; "you so rarely see any of them about."

"No, you don't hardly ever see no old mechanics," responded the saturnine Hoolan; "all you see is young ones, — precious young and frisky."

"I'm sure I don't half see what it's all about," said Mrs. Clinton, wearily, as they went away; but Mrs. Varemberg carried with her a keen interest in these men, and a new appreciation of the problem, that made her a much more valuable assistant to Barclay.

William Henry Bishop.

OUIDA.

It is no light thing to be a popular writer; and when one has been a popular writer for twenty-five years, more or less, and, under whatever variety and severity of protest, is quite as much read as ever at the end of that time, the phenomenon is undoubtedly worthy of attention. So much I take to be strictly true of the indefatigable novelist who calls herself by the curious name of Ouida. Everybody reads her twenty or thirty books. The critic reads with a shrug, and the moralist with a sigh; the grave student with an apology, and the railway traveler with an ostentatious yawn; the school-girl (I mean, of course, the modern, unfettered school-girl) with bated breath and shining eyes, and the bank clerk and the lady help with nameless thrills of envious rapture. The professional translators must watch, one would think, every stroke of this industrious lady's pen, and quarrel, among themselves, for the privilege of extending to the remote barbarian the boon to which the English-speaking races alone are born. And still there are no symptoms of failure in the abundant fountain (it would be more correct, perhaps, to say soda-fountain) from which these highly colored and sharply effervescent waters are drawn. Crowds always come to quaff the sparkling beverage, asking no questions, for conscience' sake, about the chemistry by which it is produced. The old sip for a wonder, and the young for a sign. Let us try and discover why and for what end.

I will premise that this inquiry is going to be, primarily and chiefly, a search for merits, rather than a citation of defects. There is very much reason to believe that this is in all cases the true method of criticism: to get inside of a subject, and then work outward; to fath-

om the character of the mind, if one can, before endeavoring to judge the production. It may not be altogether easy for a plain mortal, with no finer implement than a steel pen, to put herself in Ouida's place, but it ought, by all means, to be attempted.

And first it may be remarked that in the general type of her tales she is really the heir, and the legitimate heir, of very high traditions. She is by nature a flagrant romanticist; but so was Scott a romanticist, and Dumas père and De la Motte Fouqué, and Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield, and George Sand and Victor Hugo, and Jane Porter and the authoress of *Thomas Thyrnau*, and eke G. P. R. James. To be classifiable with such names, even to be at the foot of such a class, is to be a member of no mean school. Walter Scott is of course the master, as he was, in time, the precursor, and he must ever remain, by virtue of his historic divination, his glorious humor, and his healthful and virile moral sense, far and away the noblest Roman of them all. But there are traces of his method and reflections of his spirit in every one of the writers I have named, and in a good many others, less than the least of these, who have, nevertheless, been able, for a moment each, to catch the popular ear. They are all free, and profess to make their readers free, of a world of ardent love and furious war; of vast riches and dazzling pomp; of heroic virtues and brutal crimes; of consummate personal beauty, flower-like, fairy-like, god-like, as the case may be; of tremendous adventures, enormous windfalls, crushing catastrophes, and miraculous escapes. High color, strong contrasts, loud music, and thrilling sensations ("I can do the big bow-wow style myself with any now going," says Scott, in his gallant and

charming tribute to Jane Austen) are the common properties of them all, and there can be no question that the average human reader has a natural relish for such things, which is bound to gratify itself even when, as happens at the present moment, they are decidedly out of the literary fashion. We smile at the perfumed baths and jeweled hair-brushes of Ouida's young guardsmen; at the cataracts of diamonds which descend from the shoulders of her heroines when they go to the ball, and the curtains of rose-colored Genoa velvet, edged with old Venice point, which the valet or the maid will draw noiselessly aside, in order to let the noontide sun steal in upon her jaded revelers on the morning after a festivity. But Chandos himself is not more expensive in his habits than Lothair, and the ecstatic sibilations, like that of a child over a stick of candy, with which Ouida dilates on the luxuries which surround her favorites is paralleled, to say the least, by the solemn rapture of the great statesman before the stock-in-trade of a fashionable jeweler. The worship of wealth is vulgar and demoralizing, yet it is not absolutely and entirely vulgar. It is a possible root of all evil, but it is not the one, sole root, and even the apostle never meant to say that it was. It *marches*, as we used to say of the boundaries of a country, with very noble things, the supreme splendors of art, the possibilities of a vast beneficence. The transference of wealth from one person to another is apt to be dizzying to him who gains no less than acutely uncomfortable to him who loses, but it is a natural, healthful, inevitable process. The absolute annihilation of wealth in fire, flood, or siege is a universal calamity. Riches — mere giddy, golden riches, such as Ouida and the romanticists generally so constitutionally dote upon — have always played a great part in the moral development of mankind, and were probably intended, from the beginning, so

to do. They are for the possession of the few and the edification of the many; and whoever succeeds, whether by argument or parable, in reconciling the minds of men to the fact that wealth *must be* where civilization is, but cannot be for all; whoever helps the many, in their need, to acquiesce in the abundance of the few, will have done more for his kind than all the socialists. The conception of Ouida as a moralist of this magnanimous type is doubtless a humorous one, and any good she may do in this direction will probably be indirect and involuntary. The great, uninteresting middle class comes in for very little of her consideration; but of the lot of the extremely poor — the positively or possibly suffering poor — she is not ignorant nor forgetful, as I shall have occasion to show, by and by.

Meanwhile, it may be observed in her favor that at least she shows herself a better political economist than the far greater writer with whom we have just compared her. She does set some limit to the wealth even of her most opulent hero. After having handsomely endowed him with "home estates as noble as any in England, a house in Park Lane, a hotel on the Champs-Élysées, a toy villa at Richmond, and a summer palace on the Bosphorus," beside a yacht, "kept always in sailing order, and servants accustomed to travel into Mexico or Asia Minor at a moment's notice," she does, nevertheless, own him subject to the law which entails pecuniary ruin upon the man whose expenditure is exactly four times as great as his income; and he starves, when the time comes, with as much distinction as he had previously squandered. For Lothair, as for Monte Christo, no ruin is possible. Their investments are in the infinite. But then Disraeli and Dumas were not romanticists, merely, but idealists, while Ouida's imagination, vigorous though it be, and prolific, seldom rises to really poetic heights.

It is genuine imagination, however, and takes one well away from the "stiffness" of the mere society column, which is all the small-fry of the later school seem to aspire to. Let us take as a fair illustration of her earlier manner — of the period when she was wholly untrammelled by probability, and unvexed, apparently, by more than the very slightest experience of life, or a superficial knowledge of books — Idalia. In the first place, we have for a hero the penniless Scotch lord, in his mouldering tower: a man of kingly stature and falcon eye, of indomitable pride and immeasurable descent, and of unparalleled prowess in the pursuit and slaughter whether of beasts or men. A coarse variation upon Ravenswood, indeed, but infinitely better than that daft creature Macleod of Dare, in that he lives and breathes, has wits and uses them. It was a rather happy thought, also, to name him Ercildoune, after the Rhymer; and though we are half tempted to abandon him in disgust, when we meet him in a Paris café, "wringing the amber Moselle from his long mustaches," yet we are willing to believe, what is in itself a tribute to her creative power, that the vulgarity is the author's rather than her hero's, and we decide, upon the whole, that we would like to know more about him. And we are sincerely glad that we have done so, when it comes to following the gallant Scot in his wild night ride, as bearer of dispatches down the lonely Roumanian pass, and in that Homeric fight of his with the men who lay in ambush for him behind the fallen pine. The whole thing is magnificently described, and carries the reader along with something like the breathless credulity of his most tender years, up to the point where the queen's messenger flings his precious papers into the foaming stream, and bares his bosom to the bullets of six thoroughly armed foes. How could he have escaped death, since they all fired,

à bout portant? But escape he did, of course, though left for finished by his cowardly assailants; for are we not still in the first half of the first of the three mystic volumes? The dazzling creature, robed in Eastern silks and blazing with Golconda gems, who found him, and had him conveyed for treatment to the skillful sisters of the white convent upon the mountain side, was no Valkyria, come to unlock the warrior's paradise, but a living woman, very handsome, naturally, and altogether most interesting and extraordinary. I must confess to a weakness for Idalia. As the ubiquitous genius of the Revolution in Europe a generation ago, the airy and beautiful head-centre of countless republican plots, with millions at the beck of her fairy fingers, luring peoples to revolt, and nerving individuals to the most enthusiastic self-sacrifice, she seems to me far more boldly and successfully conceived than the renowned Mary Ann of the author of Lothair. Just what manner of woman Idalia was, personally, the author has been at such elaborate pains to tell us that it is somewhat difficult to determine. Here are a few of her "precious indications:" —

"The reverse of Eugénie de Guérin, who was always hoping to live and never lived, she had lived only too much and too vividly. She had had pleasure in it, power in it, triumph in it; but now the perfume and the effervescence of the wine had evaporated. There was bitterness in the cup, and a canker in the roses that crowned its brim, for she was *not free*. Like the Palmyrean queen, she felt her fetters underneath the roses. . . . At last she rose; she knew how many would visit her during the day, and she was, besides, no lover of idle dreams and futile regret. Brilliant as Aspasia and classically cultured as Héloïse, she was not one to let her days drift on in inaction. . . . No days were long for her, even now that she rebelled against the tenor and purport of her life."

The riddle of the Sphinx can have been nothing to that of a lady who is comparable, in the same breath, to Eugénie de Guérin, Zenobia, Aspasia, and Héloïse. Yet, somehow, as in the case of Ercildoune, with whom she is fairly and, in the end, happily matched, the creature is so instinct with life and emotion that we believe in her, in spite of this pompous and foolish description. The suggestion, for instance, that she was "not free" is proved, by the event of the story, to do her gross injustice. It is a particularly vile suggestion, in this case, and may serve as text for a few disagreeable remarks which must inevitably be made, sooner or later, by any one attempting a fair appreciation of Ouida. Her ideal of vice is as fantastic and exaggerated as all her other ideals. She appears to have the same sort of diseased *fancy* for it which some people have for strong and foul odors. She would seem early to have adopted into her theory of life the following principle, which she enunciates clearly enough somewhere in Chandos, and which contains just the grain of truth calculated to make it thoroughly pernicious :—

"The age rants too much against the passions. From them spring things that are vile, but without them life were stagnant and heroic action dead. Storms destroy, but storms purify."

Starting from this premise, and accompanied erelong, it must be confessed, by a goodly number of those who claim to constitute "the age," she proceeds to a sort of glorification of sensuality. She has the honor of having, to some extent, anticipated Zola. She is eager to inform us that all her very noblest heroes, even one who, like Chandos, is made capable of sparing and forgiving a most malignant foe, have been at one time or another "steeped" in degrading indulgence. Nor is ordinary sensuality sufficient for her. Adultery is often too pale, and she must needs hint at

something worse. She makes Idalia consent to pass for the mistress of her own father, and alarms Chandos with the ghastly idea that he may have been making love to a daughter of his. Doubtless her vaulting ambition to portray these ecstasies of crime o'erleaps itself, and suggests the idea that she may really be as ignorant of the world of men as she must be of that of letters, when she talks of poems "half Lucretian and half Catullan," and is reminded how Dante walked the streets of Florence "five hundred centuries ago." The apologists of Lord Byron have sometimes made a similar claim for him, namely, that his worst passages, his most utterly infamous intimations, were rather the freaks of a diseased fancy than the record of disgusting facts; but far distant be the time when it shall not seem specially monstrous for a woman to call for this kind of defense.

Let Idalia stand as the type of the half dozen voluminous tales which belong to the period when Ouida was a romanticist *pure et simple*. It is the ablest, upon the whole, although there may be those who prefer the buoyant and beaming naughtiness of Under Two Flags to the rather reckless display of lofty sentiments and grand heroics which marks the earlier volume. Taken altogether, these books reveal a truly remarkable wealth of invention and no mean constructive power; an ability, which may well challenge our admiration, to conceive an almost endless variety of striking figures and picturesque situations, combined with an independence of conventionalities, whether moral or literary, which moves one to something like awe. These books have, moreover, beside their intrinsic qualities, a certain interest in the history of fiction, as constituting, along with Lothair and perhaps My Novel and What Will He Do With It? as well as the earlier efforts of Ouida's direct imitators, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Wood, etc., the very last

of the strictly romantic novels which can have been written in entire good faith upon the author's part. The times were changing rapidly in the years when these tales appeared, and it was inevitable that a mind as active and impressionable as Ouida's should change its tune and method in them. She was born, like all the restless and imaginative souls of our day who remember the "forties," to the ardent and confident belief in a *cause*: and that was the cause of civil freedom, the propagation of the American idea, the emancipation of "Europe's oppressed peoples" from the supposed tyranny of their effete kings, — the cause of which Kossuth and Mazzini were the prophets, Lamartine the poet-laureate, and Garibaldi the doughty champion. That cause was by no means lost, still less was it admitted by its adherents to be lost, at the time when Ouida began to write. The "clouds of glory" which the century had "trailed" from its tumultuous infancy were still faintly rosy, but they were destined to be pretty thoroughly dissolved in the "light of common day" during its sixth and seventh decades. France kissed the rod of the unprincipled oppressor, and settled down, under her handsome new chains, to a season of material prosperity and physical comfort which she has secretly regretted ever since it came to its inevitable end. Hungary, the haughty and intractable, also seized her opportunity to sign, on advantageous terms, a compact with her mortal foe. Italy alone had apparently remained true to her vivid colors, had broken her yoke and ousted her foreign invader, and set up for a free and united nation, vowed to modern ideas. Incidents of the war of Italian independence are very effectively worked in with the *dénouement* of several of Ouida's earlier and more exuberant romances, *Idalia* among them. The authoress had, by this time, elected to make Italy her home, and in some sort of very sincere

fashion, albeit with much music and parade, had formally given her heart and plighted her troth to that endearing country. I believe the love which this queer genius bears to Italy to be an entirely genuine and disinterested sentiment, — as much so, perhaps, as any of which she is capable. Those books of hers which, like *Pascarel*, *Signa*, and *In Maremma*, may be classed under the head of Italian idyls do really teem with something resembling the large, lawless, unkempt, and yet impassioned beauty of the land itself, while the chronic and patiently borne misery of a large proportion of the Italian population fires her with a sort of wrathful pity, which in its turn moves her reader to honest sympathy with herself. Moreover, she feels the *picturesque* of Italy in every fibre; and if she is open to the charge of always writing more or less bad Ruskinian when she essays to depict it, which of us who were brought up on the Modern Painters can cast the first stone? There are real artistic verity and poetic feeling in such pictures as this of the Blue Grotto at Capri: —

"Perfect stillness, perfect peace, filled only with the low and murmuring sound of many waters; a beauty not of land nor of sea, sublime and spiritual as that marvelous azure light that seemed to still and change all pulse and hue of life itself; a sepulchre and yet a Paradise, where the world was dead, but the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."

And this, of the olive: —

"For the olive is always mournful. It is, amid trees, like the opal amid jewels. Its foliage, its flowers, its fruits, are all colorless. It shivers softly, as though it were cold, even on those sun-bathed hills. It seems forever to say, 'Peace, peace,' where there is no peace, and to be weary because that whereof it is the emblem has been banished from the earth, — because men delight in war."

And this, on the never-to-be-hackneyed subject of Rome:—

“Rome is terrible in her old age. It is the old age of a mighty murderess of men. About her there is ever the scent of death, the abomination of desolation. She was, in the days of her power and sorcery, a living lie. She called herself the mother of free men, and she conceived only slaves. The shame of her and the sin cling to her still, and the blood which she has shed makes heavy the air which she respires. Her head is crowned with ashes, and her lips, as they mutter of dead days, breathe pestilence.”

And this, of the region round Signa, and the stern aspect of winter upon the Tuscan hills:—

“There is wild weather in winter at Signa. The mountain streams brim over, and the great historic river sweeps out in full flood, and the bitter Alpine wind tears, like a living thing, over the hills and across the plain. Not seldom the low-lying fields become sheets of dull, tawny water, and the little hamlets among them are all flooded; and from the clock-towers the tolling bells cry aloud for succor, while the low, white houses seem to float like boats. In these winters, if the harvest before have been bad, the people suffer much. They have little or no bread, and they eat the raw grass, even, sometimes. The country looks like a lake when the floods are on; only for ships there are churches, and the light-houses are the trees, and, like rocky islands, in all directions, the village roofs and the villa walls gleam red and shine gray, in the rain. It is only a short winter, and the people know that when the floods rise and spread they will find compensation, later on, for them in the doubled richness of grass and measure of corn. Still, it is hard to see the finest steer of the herd dashed a lifeless, dun-colored mass against the foaming piles of the bridge; it is hard to see the young trees and the stacks of hay

whirled together against each other; it is hard to watch the broken crucifix and the cottage bed hurled like dead leaves on the waste of waters; it is hardest of all to see the little curly head of a dead child drift with the boughs, and the sheep, and the empty hen-coop, and the torn house-door, down the furious course of the river. . . . There are beautiful hills in this country, steep and bold, and formed chiefly of limestone and sandstone, covered all over with gum-cistus and thyme and wild roses and myrtle, with low-growing laurels, and tall cypresses, and boulders of stone, and old thorn-trees, and flocks of nightingales always, and the little sad-voiced owl that was beloved of Shelley. Bruno's farmstead was on one of these hills; half the hill was cultivated and the other half was wild, and on its height was an old, gray, mighty place, once the palace of a cardinal, and where there now dwelt the steward of the soil on which Bruno had been born. His cottage was a large, low, white building, with a red roof and a great arched door, and a sun-dial on the wall, and a group of cypresses behind and a big walnut-tree before it. There was an old well, with some broken sculpture; some fowls scratching under the fig-boughs; a pig hunting for roots in the bare, black earth. Behind it stretched the wild hillside, and in front a great slope of fields and vineyards; and far below them, in the distance, the valley, and the river, and the bridge, with the high crest of upper Signa and the low-lying wall-towers of the Lastra on either side of the angry waters. . . . When, now and then, a traveler or painter strayed thither, and said that it was beautiful, Bruno smiled, glad because it was his own country, — that was all.”

But Italy was destined to do more for Ouida, as an artist, in the larger sense of the word, than to satisfy her ideal of the beautiful in landscape. An experience was reserved for her there, or, more

probably, a series of experiences, which vastly enlarged her knowledge of living men and women, and corrected, rudely perhaps, but effectually, her notions of civilized human society in the nineteenth century. Whatever one may think of the spirit in which it is conceived, there can be no doubt that the book which goes by the sarcastic name of *Friendship* marks a distinct intellectual advance on the part of the author. In it she clears at one leap the bounds which divide the romantic from the realistic school, and comes down on her old Pegasus, indeed, and with plumes all flying, among the grim observers of our disillusioned latter day. *Friendship* is indubitably coarse and crude in parts, but there is no part of it which is not pre-eminently readable, and this is more than can be said of some of the innocuous "idyls." As for the identifications with real people, over which all tongues were busy, for a time, in the city where the scene of *Friendship* is supposed to be laid, the critic has absolutely nothing to do with them. He who will may see a bit of enraptured self-portraiture in the superfine figure of the peerless Étoile. Strictly speaking, the reader is concerned only with the fact that, though the painting is somewhat overcharged, the figure is really one of extraordinary grace; while there is a certain penetration and subtlety in the analysis of Étoile's nature to which, for whatever reason, the author had not previously come near attaining. How profoundly and unsparingly studied, how consummately, if maliciously, painted, are the figures of Lady Joan Challoner and Prince Ioris! Each is almost a new type for the jaded devotee of fiction, and each leaves behind a singularly vivid memory. The intimate mixture of love and scorn with which Ouida seems to regard the entire Italian people is raised to the power of a consuming passion in her portraiture of Ioris: the gentlest and most helpless of

aristocrats; the tenderest, falsest, and most worthless of lovers; the refined, sorrowful, indolent clairvoyant, — appealing and exasperating, fascinating and contemptible, representative of a thoroughly exhausted patrician stock. The picture drawn in *Friendship* of the foreign colony in a Continental city, its frivolity and irresponsibility, its meanness, moral and pecuniary, its prostrate subserviency to rank, and its pest of parasitic toadies and busybodies, is without doubt an ugly one: but it does resemble the real thing, alas! and is not *very* grossly caricatured; and if it have power to dissuade one individual, with strong home ties and affections and an appreciable stake in life, one who is not driven away by the positive compulsion of circumstances, from deciding to expatriate himself, it will not have been dashed off in vain.

The note of sound reality, which Ouida touches almost for the first time in *Friendship*, continues to vibrate more or less perceptibly through all her subsequent productions; checking their extravagance, reducing their feverish temperature, regulating by the laws, at least, of remote probability their often insane and occasionally indecent action, imparting form and unity to her facile and rapid compositions. Enamored of gold and purple she still is, and always will be, but she has evidently learned something of the beauty of *nuances* and the value of alloy. She has by no means ceased to dote upon princes and dukes, but she acknowledges them to be human. She fixes her eyes unwinkingly upon their glories, and dares even to analyze and to judge them. Her Othmars, her Wandas, her Princess Napraxines, endure the limitations and pay the debts of our common humanity. Often entangled in the snares of fine writing, still she succeeds in freeing herself wholly from them at times, and shows herself mistress, for pages in succession, of a clear, nervous, telling style. Om-

niscience is not quite as much her "foible" as formerly. Her mania for allusive and universal quotation has plainly, subsided; and her teeming ideas, whether caught from the reviews of books or the hearsay of learned conversation, have become so far clarified and classified that it would no longer be possible for her to write, —

"His eyes dwelt on Trevenna with a strange wistfulness, a look which mutely said, 'Is it *thee*, Brutus?'"

Or, —

"He glanced at his butterflies as he chattered, and saw that the *pin was entering their souls like iron.*"

Or, —

"In *physics* he did not believe; he never touched *them*. Air and sea-water were his sole physicians."

Or, —

"When a name is on the public mouth, the public nostril likes to smell a foulness in it." (!)

Yet more notably, however, does this really shrewd and many-sided writer show the corrective touch of an enlarged experience, the worth of serious observation and reflection upon palpable facts, in the development of what may be called her civic instinct; her power of appreciating the economic and political conditions which actually come under her eyes, and of estimating the probable results of their natural evolution. Already, in the flowery *épopée* of Idalia, amid the hymns and the *fanfares*, the alarums and excursions, and the generally light, scenic, and, so to speak, decorative treatment of a vast and blind popular upheaval, there had occurred the following bit of acute criticism on one of the time-honored traditions of international policy in Europe. It is when there is a question of pecuniary recompense to the sublime Ercildoune, for having all but lost his own life through saving the Queen's secret, in that fine scene in the Roumanian pass, to which allusion has already been made: —

"'If you'll pardon my saying so, I don't admire that system of *indemnification*,' pursued Ercildoune. 'A single scoundrel, or a gang of scoundrels, commits an insult, as in this case, on England, or some other great power, through the person of her representative, or perhaps merely through the person of one of her people. The state to which the rascals belong is heavily mulcted, by way of penalty. Who suffers? Not the guilty, but the unhappy multitude, peasants, traders, farmers, citizens, gentlemen, — all innocent, — who pay the taxes and the imposts. Of an outrage on a great power, if accidentally committed on a traveler by a horde of thieves, you take no notice whatever. If one were obviously done as a political insult, you would declare war. But when the thing happens in a small state, she is punished by an enormous fine, which half ruins her, for a crime which she could no more prevent than you could help, in Downing Street, the last wrecker's murder which took place in Cornwall. Pardon me again, but I fail to see the justice or the dignity of the system; and, for myself, when my own conviction is that the assassins who stopped me were not Moldavians at all, what compensation could it be to me to have the money wrung from a million or two of guiltless people, whose country the cowards chose to select as their field? If you want to avenge *me*, track these dastards, and give them into my power.'"

This is only a bit of reflex action, to be sure, the gleam of an uncommonly lucid interval, an involuntary cry of common sense; but it foreshadows the powers of sharp insight and independent judgment which Ouida was destined to develop, after her revolutionary revels were ended, and she had settled down to the face-to-face observance of the first results of political emancipation in her beloved Italy. She had expected to assist at an apotheosis; had dreamed of the brilliant exit from its dusty chrysalis

of a regenerated and rejuvenated nation ; of the triumph, self-decreed, of an entire people ; of a procession as long as Italy ; and of a laurel crown for her own flowing locks, very likely, upon the Capitol. She found herself partaker in a sordid and dismal disappointment. Loving the Italian lower class, especially in Tuscany, — as who can help loving who has ever lived among or been served by them ? — loving them with all their faults, and the better, almost, for the childlike character of a good many of their faults, she could not fail soon to perceive that they, at least, were no great gainers by the change which had transferred them from the mild, hap-hazard surveillance of the amiable last Grand Dukes to the hands of the fussy and rapacious bureaucracy which meddles with all their humble affairs in the name of United Italy. There were indications, both in Pascarel and in Signa, that her sympathy with these helpless and obscure victims of modern progress might, some day, get the better of her self-consciousness, and sharpen her busy pen to a more stinging point than that, even, which had recorded the treachery of Ioris and the despair of Étoile. Finally, in the Village Commune, she brings her formal indictment against the present Italian government, and a tremendous indictment it is. The sad and simple *intrigue* of the book, the story of the poor, insignificant folk, whose minute means of subsistence were destroyed, their hopes crushed, and their lives quite ruined, because their lot happened to lie in the pathway of the big, new governmental machine, is told with great terseness and simplicity, for Ouida. It merely illustrates and is quite subordinate to the political purpose of the Village Commune, which is, to say the truth, rather a pamphlet than a novel. Let the reader listen for a little to the erewhile flowery and languishing romanticist, in this new vein of hers. It will at least give him a respectful notion of her versatility.

“Tyranny is a safe amusement, in this liberated country. Italian law is based on the Code Napoleon, and the Code Napoleon is, perhaps, the most ingenious mechanism for human torture that the human mind ever constructed. In the cities, its use for torment is not quite so easy, because where there are crowds there is always fear of riot ; and besides, there are horrid things called newspapers, and citizens wicked and daring enough to write in them. But away in the country, the embellished and filtered Code Napoleon can work like a steam-plough ; there is nobody to appeal, and nobody to appeal to ; the people are timid and perplexed ; they are as defenseless as sheep in the hands of the shearer ; they are frightened at the sight of the printed papers and the carabinier’s sword ; there is nobody to tell them that they have any rights, and, besides, rights are very expensive luxuries anywhere, and cost as much to take care of as a carriage-horse.”

“The public creates the bureaucracy, and is eaten up by it : it is the old story of Saturn and his sons. Messer Gaspardo was a very insignificant item of the European bureaucracy, it is true, but he was big enough to swallow the commune of Vezzaja and Ghiralda. . . . Government, according to Messer Nellemane, — and many greater public men have thought the same before him, — was a delicate and elaborate machinery for getting everything out of the public that could be got. The public was a kid to be skinned, a grape to be squeezed, a sheep to be shorn ; the public was to be managed, cajoled, bullied, put in the press, made wine of, in a word, — wine for the drinking of Messer Nellemane. He was only a clerk, indeed, with a slender salary, but he had the soul of a statesman. When a donkey kicks, beat it ; when it dies, skin it : so only will it profit you. That was his opinion, and the public was the donkey of Messer Nellemane.”

"Messer Gaspardo Nellesmane stopped, espying, as I have said, that thing whose sight was beatitude and yet exasperation to him, — a *contravention*. He had made a code of little by-laws, all brand new and of his own invention. He thought administration should be persecution. If it did not perpetually assert itself, who would respect it? He had made everything punishable that could possibly be distorted into requiring punishment. Every commune has the right to make its own by-laws, and Messer Gaspardo had framed about three hundred and ninety; and the Giunta, sleepily and indifferently, had assented to them, and the worshipful Syndic Cavaliere Durellazzo had looked them over and said, '*Va bene; va benissimo!*' And so, in Santa Rosalia, all the secretary's regulations had been adopted and had become law. Quite recently, he had incorporated into these regulations the law that nobody should cut reeds in the Rosa without permission of and payment to the commune. *L'état, c'est moi*, and its pocket is mine, too, was always in the thoughts of Messer Nellesmane."

"So the fountain became a thing of the past, and the labor for its destruction was entered, for a considerable sum, in the communal expenses, under the head of 'Works for the salubrity and decoration of Santa Rosalia.' An ugly waste ground, filled with nettles and rubbish, was all the people got in its place; and as for the old stones, some people did say they were reërected in a rich Russian's villa, fifty miles away, Messer Gaspardo knowing the reason why. A gardener of the neighborhood swore to his neighbors that he had seen them there, and that he had heard they were the carved work of a great ancient sculptor. But Messer Nellesmane said they had all been broken up to mend the roads, and had been of no value for aught else whatever. And so the subject had dropped, as most inquiries into

public wrongs or the expenditure of public money do drop; and though Santa Rosalia mourned for its lost fountain, it mourned altogether in vain, and the Giunta unanimously considered that the piazza looked very much better bare. Both trees and fountain begat humidity, they thought, and why should they not do in Rosalia just what was doing in Rome?"

"The law should be a majesty, solemn, awful, unerring, just, as man hopes that God is just; and, from its throne, it should stretch out a mighty hand to seize and grasp the guilty, and the guilty only. But when the law is only a petty, meddlesome, cruel, greedy spy, mingling in every household act and peering in at every window-pane, then the poor, who are guiltless, would be justified if they spat in its face, and called it by its right name, a foul extortion. . . . The Inquisitors are dead, but their souls live again in the *Impiegati*."

This is a one-sided statement of the case, doubtless, but there is no denying that it is a remarkably able one. It is said to have had the result of adding a decided element of romantic insecurity to the audacious lady's own residence in Signa, and to have so exasperated the powers that be as to make them look back, with unavailing regret, to the summary way, with its assailants, of the *régime* which theirs has displaced. Other liberal-minded foreigners, long resident in Italy, not so sensational and impassioned as Ouida, and better instructed, perhaps, in the countless difficulties of practical administration, will admit that there is too much truth in the Village Commune, even while they smile at its extravagance, and point to the fact that if the Tuscan peasant was happy and contented in his poverty under the Grand Dukes, it was because his pet peccadilloes were all blandly overlooked, and none but political offenses were punished at all; while he lent his

foolish voice as loudly as any to the *plébiscite* which decreed their expulsion. My own impression is that in the more guarded and temperate re-affirmations of Ouida's appendix to the book in question, we come as near as may be to the real gist of the matter:—

“It is irritating to see the foreign press, which knows nothing, actually, of the condition of things, laying down the law on Italian affairs. The English press attributes all the official evils of New Italy to the transmitted vices of the old régimes. Now I did not live during the old régimes, and cannot judge of them, but this I do know, that the bulk of the people regret passionately the personal peace and simple plenty that were had under them. The vices of the present time are those of a grasping, swarming bureaucracy everywhere, and of the selfishness which is the worst note of the Italian character. . . . It is strange that, with the present state of Ireland before their eyes, the whole of the public men of Italy should be as indifferent as they are to the perpetual irritation of the industrious classes at the hands of the municipalities and their organization of spies and penalties. But indifferent they are. Whether Bismarck approve their Greek policy, or Gambetta do not oppose their doings at Tunis, is all they think about. The suffering of a few million of their own people is too small a thing to catch their attention. They think, like Molière's doctor, ‘Un homme mort n'est qu'un homme mort, et il ne fait point de conséquence, mais une formalité négligée porte un notable préjudice à tout le corps de médecins.’”

“No one can accuse me of any political prejudices. My writings have alternately been accused of a reactionary conservatism and a dangerous socialism, so that I may, without presumption, claim to be impartial. I love conservatism when it means the preservation of beautiful things, I love revolution

when it means the destruction of vile ones. What I despise in the pseudo-liberalism of the age is that it has become only the tyranny of narrow minds, vested under high-sounding phrases, and the deification of a policeman.”

Impressed, at all events, by the deep feeling and evident candor of the writer, and the almost total absence, in passages like these, of her wonted vanity and parade, we may cordially admit that there is matter here fit to atone for many literary and social sins, and to give this erratic and often reckless story-teller a plausible claim on the immunities promised to him “who considereth the poor.”

I have, I think, fulfilled my engagement to say all that can fairly be said in favor of one whose books are in many hands and whose name is on many lips, while it is wholly impossible to dissociate either books or name from a certain persistent odium. Power and variety are two very distinguished qualities in a writer, and these are possessed by Ouida in so large a degree that very few indeed of the female writers now living can rival her. Let it not be supposed, however, that fiction such as hers, even at its best, is claimed to represent the highest type. When I said that the romantic style, though illustrated by great and memorable names, was no longer the literary *mode*, I was far indeed from intending any disrespect to the school which has succeeded it. If we weary, sometimes, of the incessant occupation of the realist with every-day types of character, of the monotonous march of the action of his piece over the vast and melancholy levels of average human experience, we must needs revere his universal sympathies, his indifference to outside show and vulgar celebrity, his patient study of the springs of action and unflagging researches into the dim secrets of the human soul. Not every realist can be as George Eliot, or Daudet at his best, or the colossal

Russians; or even as those refined representatives of the new school, who have done so much to enhance, with the reading world, the reputation of American letters. But each, in his degree, may claim to have accepted the ideal, may appropriate something of the spirit of the greatest and weightiest of them all in his latest — may we not yet for a long time have to say the last — of his published utterances: —

“J’ai dit tout ce que je voulais dire, pour cette fois du moins: mais un doute pénible m’accable. Il aurait peut-être mieux valu se taire, car peut-être ce que j’ai dit est du nombre de ces vérités pernicieuses, obscurément enfouies dans l’âme de chacun, et qui, pour rester inoffensives ne doivent pas être exprimées; de même qu’il ne faut pas remuer un vieux vin, de crainte que le

dépôt ne remonte, et ne trouble la liqueur. Où donc, dans ce récit, voyons nous le mal qu’il faut éviter, et le bien vers lequel il faut tendre? Où est le traître? Où, le héros? Tous sont bons et tous sont mauvais. Ce n’est pas Kalouguine, avec son brillant courage, sa bravoure de gentilhomme, et sa vanité, principal moteur de toutes ses actions. Ce n’est pas Praskoukine, nul et inoffensif, bien qu’il soit tombé sur le champ de bataille, pour la foi, le trône, et la patrie; ni Mikhaïlof, si timide, ni Pesth cet enfant sans conviction et sans règle morale, qui pouvaient passer pour des traîtres ou des héros.

“Non, le héros de mon récit, celui que j’aime de toutes les forces de mon âme, celui que j’ai tâché de reproduire dans toute sa beauté, celui qui a été, est et sera toujours beau, — c’est le Vrai.”¹

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FOURTH.

XXXVII.

HALF an hour after Paul Muniment’s departure the Princess heard another rat-tat-tat at her door; but this was a briefer, discreeter peal, and was accompanied by a faint tintinnabulation. The person who had produced it was presently ushered in, without, however, causing Madame Grandoni to look round, or rather to look up, from an arm-chair as low as a sitz-bath, and of very much the shape of such a receptacle, in which, near the fire, she had been immersed. She left this care to the Princess, who rose on hearing the name of the visitor pronounced, inadequately, by her maid. “Mr. Fetch,” Assunta called it; but the Princess recognised without difficulty the little fat, rusty

fiddler of whom Hyacinth had talked to her, who, as Pinnie’s most intimate friend, had been so mixed up with his existence, and whom she herself had always had a curiosity to see. Hyacinth had not told her he was coming, and the unexpectedness of the apparition added to its interest. Much as she liked seeing queer types and exploring out-of-the-way social corners, she never engaged in a fresh encounter, nor formed a new relation of this kind, without a fit of nervousness, a fear that she might be awkward and fail to hit the right tone. She perceived in a moment, however, that Mr. Vetch would take her as she was, and require no special adjustments;

¹ Cte. Léon Tolstoï. Scènes du Siège de Sebastopol. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December 1, 1885.

he was a gentleman and a man of experience, and she would only have to leave the tone to him. He stood there with his large, polished hat in his two hands, a hat of the fashion of ten years before, with a rusty sheen and an undulating brim — stood there without a salutation or a speech, but with a little fixed, acute, tentative smile, which seemed half to inquire and half to explain. What he explained was that he was clever enough to be trusted, and that if he had come to see her that way, abruptly, without an invitation, he had a reason which she would be sure to think good enough when she should hear it. There was even a certain jauntiness in this confidence — an insinuation that he knew how to present himself to a lady; and though it quickly appeared that he really did, that was the only thing about him that was inferior — it suggested a long experience of actresses at rehearsal, with whom he had formed habits of ad-vice and compliment.

"I know who you are — I know who you are," said the Princess, though she could easily see that he knew she did.

"I wonder whether you also know why I have come to see you," Mr. Vetch replied, presenting the top of his hat to her as if it were a looking-glass.

"No, but it does n't matter. I am very glad; you might even have come before." Then the Princess added, with her characteristic honesty, "Don't you know of the great interest I have taken in your nephew?"

"In my nephew? Yes, my young friend Robinson. It is in regard to him that I have ventured to intrude upon you."

The Princess had been on the point of pushing a chair toward him, but she stopped in the act, staring, with a smile. "Ah, I hope you have n't come to ask me to give him up!"

"On the contrary — on the contrary!" the old man rejoined, lifting his

hand expressively, and with his head on one side, as if he were holding his violin.

"How do you mean, on the contrary?" the Princess demanded, after he had seated himself and she had sunk into her former place. As if that might sound contradictory, she went on: "Surely he has n't any fear that I shall cease to be a good friend to him?"

"I don't know what he fears; I don't know what he hopes," said Mr. Vetch, looking at her now with a face in which she could see there was something more tonic than old-fashioned politeness. "It will be difficult to tell you, but at least I must try. Properly speaking, I suppose, it's no business of mine, as I am not a blood relation to the boy; but I have known him since he was an urchin, and I can't help saying that I thank you for your great kindness to him."

"All the same, I don't think you like it," the Princess remarked. "To me it ought n't to be difficult to say anything."

"He has told me very little about you; he does n't know I have taken this step," the fiddler said, turning his eyes about the room, and letting them rest on Madame Grandoni.

"Why do you call it a 'step'?" the Princess asked. "That's what people say when they have to do something disagreeable."

"I call very seldom on ladies. It's a long time since I have been in the house of a person like the Princess Casamassima. I remember the last time," said the old man. "It was to get some money from a lady at whose party I had been playing — for a dance."

"You must bring your fiddle some time, and play to us. Of course I don't mean for money," the Princess rejoined.

"I will do it with pleasure, or any thing else that will gratify you. But my ability is very small. I only know vulgar music — things that are played at theatres."

"I don't believe that; there must be things you play for yourself, in your room, alone."

For a moment the old man made no reply; then he said, "Now that I see you, that I hear you, it helps me to understand."

"I don't think you do see me!" cried the Princess, kindly, laughing; while the fiddler went on to ask whether there were any danger of Hyacinth's coming in while he was there. The Princess replied that he never came, unless by pre-arrangement, but in the evening, and Mr. Vetch made a request that she would not let their young friend know that he himself had been with her. "It does n't matter; he will guess it, he will know it by instinct, as soon as he comes in. He is terribly subtle," said the Princess; and she added that she had never been able to hide anything from him. Perhaps it served her right, for attempting to make a mystery of things that were not worth it.

"How well you know him!" Mr. Vetch murmured, with his eyes wandering again to Madame Grandoni, who paid no attention to him as she sat staring at the fire. He delayed, visibly, to say what he had come for, and his hesitation could only be connected with the presence of the old lady. He said to himself that the Princess might have divined this from his manner; he had an idea that he could trust himself to convey such an intimation with clearness and yet with delicacy. But the most she appeared to apprehend was that he desired to be presented to her companion.

"You must know the most delightful of women. She also takes a particular interest in Mr. Robinson: of a different kind from mine — much more sentimental," and then she explained to the old lady, who seemed absorbed in other ideas, that Mr. Vetch was a distinguished musician, a person whom she, who had known so many in her day,

and was so fond of that kind of thing, would like to talk with. The Princess spoke of "that kind of thing" quite as if she herself had given it up, though Madame Grandoni heard her by the hour together improvising on the piano revolutionary battle-songs and pæans.

"I think you are laughing at me," Mr. Vetch said to the Princess, while Madame Grandoni twisted herself slowly round in her chair, and considered him. She looked at him leisurely, up and down, and then she observed, with a sigh —

"Strange people — strange people!"

"It is indeed a strange world, madame," the fiddler replied; and he then inquired of the Princess whether he might have a little conversation with her in private.

She looked about her, embarrassed and smiling. "My dear sir, I have only this one room to receive in. We live in a very small way."

"Yes, your ladyship *is* laughing at me. Your ideas are very large, too. However, I would gladly come at any other time that might suit you."

"You impute to me higher spirits than I possess. Why should I be so gay?" the Princess asked. "I should be delighted to see you again. I am extremely curious as to what you may have to say to me. I would even meet you anywhere — in Kensington Gardens or the British Museum."

The fiddler looked at her a moment before replying; then, with his white old face flushing a little, he exclaimed, "Poor dear little Hyacinth!"

Madame Grandoni made an effort to rise from her chair, but she had sunk so low that at first it was not successful. Mr. Vetch gave her his hand, to help her, and she slowly erected herself, keeping hold of him for a moment after she stood there. "What did she tell me? That you are a great musician? Is n't that enough for any man? You ought to be content, my dear gentleman.

It has sufficed for people whom I don't believe you surpass."

"I don't surpass any one," said poor Mr. Vetch. "I don't know what you take me for."

"You are not a conspirator, then? You are not an assassin? It surprises me, but so much the better. In this house one can never know. It is not a good house, and if you are a respectable person it is a pity you should come here. Yes, she is very gay, and I am very sad. I don't know how it will end. After me, I hope. The world is not good, certainly; but God alone can make it better." And as the fiddler expressed the hope that he was not the cause of her leaving the room, she went on, "*Doch, doch*, you are the cause; but why not you as well as another? I am always leaving it for some one or for some thing, and I would sooner do so for an honest man, if you *are* one—but, as I say, who can tell?—than for a destroyer. I wander about. I have no rest. I have, however, a very nice room, the best in the house. Me, at least, she does not treat ill. It looks to-day like the end of all things. If you would turn your climate the other side up, the rest would do well enough. Good-night to you, whoever you are."

The old lady shuffled away, in spite of Mr. Vetch's renewed apologies, and the Princess stood before the fire, watching her companions, while he opened the door. "She goes away, she comes back; it does n't matter. She thinks it's a bad house, but she knows it would be worse without her. I remember now," the Princess added. "Mr. Robinson told me that you had been a great democrat in old days, but that now you had ceased to care for the people."

"The people—the people? That is a vague term. Whom do you mean?"

The Princess hesitated. "Those you used to care for, to plead for; those who are underneath every one, every

thing, and have the whole social mass trampling on them."

"I see you think I'm a renegade. The way certain classes arrogate to themselves the title of the people has never pleased me. Why are some human beings the people, and the people only, and others not? I am of the people myself, I have worked all my days like a knife-grinder, and I have really never changed."

"You must not let me make you angry," said the Princess, laughing, and sitting down again. "I am sometimes very provoking, but you must stop me off. You wouldn't think it, perhaps, but no one takes a snub better than I."

Mr. Vetch dropped his eyes a minute; he appeared to wish to show that he regarded such a speech as that as one of the Princess's characteristic humors, and knew that he should be wanting in respect to her if he took it seriously or made a personal application of it. "What I want is this," he began, after a moment: "that you will—that you will"—But he stopped before he had got further. She was watching him, listening to him, and she waited while he paused. It was a long pause, and she said nothing. "Princess," the old man broke out at last, "I would give my own life many times for that boy's!"

"I always told him you must have been fond of him!" she cried, with bright exultation.

"Fond of him? Pray, who can doubt it? I made him, I invented him!"

"He knows it, moreover," said the Princess, smiling. "It is an exquisite organization." And as the old man gazed at her, not knowing, apparently, what to make of her tone, she continued: "It is a very interesting opportunity for me to learn certain things. Speak to me of his early years. How was he as a child? When I like people I want to know everything about them."

"I should n't have supposed there

was much left for you to learn about our young friend. You have taken possession of his life," the fiddler added, gravely.

"Yes, but as I understand you, you don't complain of it? Sometimes one does so much more than one has intended. One must use one's influence for good," said the Princess, with the noble, gentle air of accessibility to reason that sometimes lighted up her face. And then she went on, irrelevantly: "I know the terrible story of his mother. He told it me himself, when he was staying with me; and in the course of my life I think I have never been more touched."

"That was my fault, that he ever learned it. I suppose he also told you that."

"Yes, but I think he understood your idea. If you had the question to determine again, would you judge differently?"

"I thought it would do him good," said the old man, simply and rather wearily.

"Well, I dare say it has," the Princess rejoined, with the manner of wishing to encourage him.

"I don't know what was in my head. I wanted him to quarrel with society. Now I want him to be reconciled to it," Mr. Vetch remarked, earnestly. He appeared to wish the Princess to understand that he made a great point of this.

"Ah, but he is!" she immediately returned. "We often talk about that; he is not like me, who see all kinds of abominations. He's a tremendous aristocrat. What more would you have?"

"Those are not the opinions that he expresses to me," said Mr. Vetch, shaking his head sadly. "I am greatly distressed, and I don't understand. I have not come here with the presumptuous wish to cross-examine you, but I should like very much to know if I *am* wrong in believing that he has gone about with

you in the bad quarters — in St. Giles's and Whitechapel."

"We have certainly inquired and explored together," the Princess admitted, "and in the depths of this huge, luxurious, wanton, wasteful city we have seen sights of unspeakable misery and horror. But we have been not only in the slums; we have been to a music hall and a penny-reading."

The fiddler received this information at first in silence, so that his hostess went on to mention some of the phases of life they had observed; describing with great vividness, but at the same time with a kind of argumentative moderation, several scenes which did little honor to "our boasted civilization." "What wonder is it, then, that he should tell me that things cannot go on any longer as they are?" he asked, when she had finished. "He said only the other day that he should regard himself as one of the most contemptible of human beings if he should do nothing to alter them, to better them."

"What wonder, indeed? But if he said that, he was in one of his bad days. He changes constantly, and his impressions change. The misery of the people is by no means always weighing on his heart. You tell me what he has told you; well, he has told me that the people may perish over and over, rather than the conquests of civilization shall be sacrificed to them. He declares, at such moments, that they will be sacrificed — sacrificed utterly — if the ignorant masses get the upper hand."

"He need n't be afraid! That will never happen."

"I don't know. We can at least try!"

"Try what you like, madam, but, for God's sake, get the boy out of his mess!"

The Princess had suddenly grown excited, in speaking of the cause she believed in, and she gave, for the moment, no heed to this appeal, which broke

from Mr. Vetch's lips with a sudden passion of anxiety. Her beautiful head raised itself higher, and the deep expression that was always in her eyes became an extraordinary radiance. "Do you know what I say to Mr. Robinson when he makes such remarks as that to me? I ask him what he means by civilization. Let civilization come a little, first, and then we will talk about it. For the present, face to face with those horrors, I scorn it, I deny it!" And the Princess laughed ineffable things, like some splendid siren of the Revolution.

"The world is very sad and very hideous, and I am happy to say that I soon shall have done with it. But before I go I want to save Hyacinth. If he's a little aristocrat, as you say, there is so much the less fitness in his being compromised, entangled. If he does not even believe in what he pretends to do, that's a pretty situation! What is he in for, madam? What devilish folly has he undertaken?"

"He is a strange mixture of contradictory impulses," said the Princess, musingly. Then, as if calling herself back to the old man's question, she continued: "How can I enter into his affairs with you? How can I tell you his secrets? In the first place, I don't know them, and if I did — fancy me!"

The fiddler gave a long, low sigh, almost a moan, of discouragement and perplexity. He had told the Princess that now he saw her he understood how Hyacinth should have become her slave, but he would not have been able to tell her that he understood her own motives and mysteries, that he embraced the immense anomaly of her behavior. It came over him that she was incongruous and perverse, a more complicated form of the feminine character than any he had hitherto dealt with, and he felt helpless and baffled, foredoomed to failure. He had come prepared to flatter her without scruple, thinking that would

be the clever, the efficacious, method of dealing with her; but he now had a sense that this primitive device had, though it was strange, no application to such a nature, while his embarrassment was increased rather than diminished by the fact that the lady at least made the effort to be accommodating. He had put down his hat on the floor beside him, and his two hands were clasped on the knob of an umbrella which had long since renounced pretensions to compactness; he collapsed a little, and his chin rested on his folded hands. "Why do you take such a line? Why do you believe such things?" he asked; and he was conscious that his tone was weak and his inquiry beside the question.

"My dear sir, how do you know what I believe? However, I have my reasons, which it would take too long to tell you, and which, after all, would not particularly interest you. One must see life as one can; it comes, no doubt, to each of us in different ways. You think me affected, of course, and my behavior a fearful *pose*; but I am only trying to be natural. Are you not yourself a little inconsequent?" the Princess went on, with the bright mildness which had the effect of making Mr. Vetch feel that he should not extract any pledge of assistance from her. "You don't want our young friend to pry into the wretchedness of London, because it excites his sense of justice. It is a strange thing to wish, for a person of whom one is fond and whom one esteems, that his sense of justice shall not be excited."

"I don't care a fig for his sense of justice — I don't care a fig for the wretchedness of London; and if I were young, and beautiful, and clever, and brilliant, and of a noble position, like you, I should care still less. In that case I should have very little to say to a poor mechanic — a youngster who earns his living with a glue-pot and scraps of old leather."

"Don't misrepresent him; don't make him out what you know he's not!" the Princess retorted, with her baffling smile. "You know he's one of the most civilized people possible."

The fiddler sat breathing unhappily. "I only want to keep him — to get him free." Then he added, "I don't understand you very well. If you like him because he's one of the lower orders, how can you like him because he's a swell?"

The Princess turned her eyes on the fire a moment, as if this little problem might be worth considering, and presently she answered, "Dear Mr. Vetch, I am very sure you don't mean to be impertinent, but some things you say have that effect. Nothing is more annoying than when one's sincerity is doubted. I am not bound to explain myself to you. I ask of my friends to trust me, and of the others to leave me alone. Moreover, anything not very nice you may have said to me, out of awkwardness, is nothing to the insults I am perfectly prepared to see showered upon me before long. I shall do things which will produce a fine crop of them — oh, I shall do things, my dear sir! But I am determined not to mind them. Come, therefore, pull yourself together. We both take such an interest in young Robinson that I can't see why in the world we should quarrel about him."

"My dear lady," the old man pleaded, "I have indeed not the least intention of failing in respect or courtesy, and you must excuse me if I don't look after my manners. How can I when I am so worried, so haunted? God knows I don't want to quarrel. As I tell you, I only want to get Hyacinth free."

"Free from what?" the Princess asked.

"From some abominable brotherhood or international league that he belongs to, the thought of which keeps me awake at night. He's just the sort of little fellow to be made a cat's-paw."

"Your fears seem very vague."

"I hoped you would give me chapter and verse."

"On what do your suspicions rest? What grounds have you?" the Princess inquired.

"Well, a great many; none of them very definite, but all contributing something — his appearance, his manner, the way he strikes me. Dear madam, one feels those things, one guesses. Do you know that poor, infatuated phrasemonger, Eustace Poupin, who works at the same place as Hyacinth? He's a very old friend of mine, and he's an honest man, considering everything. But he is always conspiring, and corresponding, and pulling strings that lead away into God knows what. He has nothing in life to complain of, and he drives a roaring trade. But he wants folks to be equal, heaven help him; and when he has made them so, I suppose he's going to start a society for making the stars in the sky all of the same size. He isn't serious, though he thinks that he's the only human being who never trifles; and his machinations, which I believe are for the most part very innocent, are a matter of habit and tradition with him, like his theory that Christopher Columbus, who discovered America, was a Frenchman, and his hot foot-bath on Saturday nights. He has *not* confessed to me that Hyacinth has taken some secret engagement to do something for the cause which may have nasty consequences, but the way he turns off the idea makes me almost as uncomfortable as if he had. He and his wife are very sweet on Hyacinth, but they can't make up their minds to interfere; perhaps for them, indeed, as for me, there is no way in which interference can be effective. Only I did n't put him up to those devil's tricks — or, rather, I did, originally! The finer the work, I suppose, the higher the privilege of doing it; yet the Poupins heave socialistic sighs over the boy, and their peace of mind evidently is n't

all that it ought to be, if they have given him a noble opportunity. I have appealed to them, to a lively tune, and they have assured me that every hair of his head is as precious to them as if he were their own child. That does n't comfort me much, however, for the simple reason that I believe the old woman (whose grandmother, in Paris, in the Revolution, must certainly have carried bloody heads on a pike) would be quite capable of chopping up her own child, if it would do any harm to proprietors. Besides, they say, what influence have they on Hyacinth any more? He is a deplorable little backslider; he worships false gods. In short, they will give me no information, and I dare say they themselves are tied up by some unholy vow. They may be afraid of a vengeance if they tell tales. It's all sad rubbish, but rubbish may be a strong motive."

The Princess listened attentively, following her visitor with patience. "Don't speak to me of the French; I have never liked them."

"That's awkward, if you're a socialist. You are likely to meet them."

"Why do you call me a socialist? I hate labels and tickets," she declared. Then she added, "What is it you suppose on Mr. Robinson's part?—for you must suppose something."

"Well, that he may have drawn some accursed lot, to do some idiotic thing—something in which even he himself does n't believe."

"I have n't an idea of what sort of thing you mean. But, if he does n't believe in it, he can easily let it alone."

"Do you think he's a customer who will back out of an engagement?" the fiddler asked.

The Princess hesitated a moment. "One can never judge of people, in that way, until they are tested." The next thing, she inquired, "Have n't you even taken the trouble to question him?"

"What would be the use? He would

tell me nothing. It would be like a man giving notice when he is going to fight a duel."

The Princess sat for some moments in thought; then she looked up at Mr. Vetch with a pitying, indulgent smile. "I am sure you are worrying about a mere shadow; but that never prevents, does it? I still don't see exactly how I can help you."

"Do you want him to commit some atrocity, some crime?" the old man murmured.

"My dear sir, I don't want him to do anything in all the wide world. I have not had the smallest connection with any arrangement of any kind, that he may have entered into. Do me the honor to trust me," the Princess went on, with a certain dryness of tone. "I don't know what I have done to deprive myself of your confidence. Trust the young man a little, too. He is a gentleman, and he will behave like a gentleman."

The fiddler rose from his chair, smoothing his hat, silently, with the cuff of his coat. Then he stood there, whimsical and piteous, as if the sense that he had still something to urge mingled with that of his having received his dismissal, and both of them were tinged with the oddity of another idea. "That's exactly what I am afraid of!" he exclaimed. Then he added, continuing to look at her, "But he *must* be very fond of life."

The Princess took no notice of the insinuation contained in these words, and indeed it was of a sufficiently impalpable character. "Leave him to me—leave him to me. I am sorry for your anxiety, but it was very good of you to come to see me. That has been interesting, because you have been one of our friend's influences."

"Unfortunately, yes! If it had not been for me, he would not have known Poupin; and if he had n't known Poupin, he would n't have known his chem-

ical friend — what's his name? Muniment."

"And has that done him harm, do you think?" the Princess asked. She had got up.

"Surely: that fellow has been the main source of his infection."

"I lose patience with you," said the Princess, turning away.

And indeed her visitor's persistence was irritating. He went on, lingering, with his head thrust forward and his short arms out at his sides, terminating in his hat and umbrella, which he held grotesquely, as if they were intended for emphasis or illustration. "I have supposed for a long time that it was either Muniment or you that had got him into his scrape. It was you I suspected most — much the most; but if it is n't you, it must be he."

"You had better go to him, then!"

"Of course I will go to him. I scarcely know him — I have seen him but once — but I will speak my mind."

The Princess rang for her maid to usher the fiddler out, but at the moment he laid his hand on the door of the room she checked him with a quick gesture. "Now that I think of it, don't go to Mr. Muniment. It will be better to leave him quiet. Leave him to me," she added, smiling.

"Why not, why not?" he pleaded. And as she could not tell him on the instant why not, he asked, "Does n't he know?"

"No, he does n't know; he has nothing to do with it." She suddenly found herself desiring to protect Paul Muniment from the imputation that was in Mr. Vetch's mind — the imputation of an ugly responsibility; and though she was not a person who took the trouble to tell fibs, this repudiation, on his behalf, issued from her lips before she could check it. It was a result of the same desire, though it was also an inconsequence, that she added, "Don't do that — you'll spoil everything!" She

went to him, suddenly eager, and herself opened the door for him. "Leave him to me — leave him to me," she continued, persuasively, while the fiddler, gazing at her, dazzled and submissive, allowed himself to be wafted away. A thought that excited her had come to her with a bound, and after she had heard the house-door close behind Mr. Vetch she walked up and down the room half an hour, restlessly, under the possession of it.

XXXVIII.

Hyacinth found, this winter, considerable occupation for his odd hours, his evenings and holidays, and scraps of leisure, in putting in hand the books which he had promised himself, at Medley, to inclose in covers worthy of the high station and splendor of the lady of his life (these brilliant attributes had not then been shuffled out of sight), and of the confidence and generosity she showed him. He had determined she should receive from him something of value, and took pleasure in thinking that after he was gone they would be passed from hand to hand as specimens of rare work, while connoisseurs bent their heads over them, smiling and murmuring, handling them delicately. His invention stirred itself, and he had a hundred admirable ideas, many of which he sat up late at night to execute. He used all his skill, and by this time his skill was of a very high order. Old Crookenden recognized it by raising the rates at which he was paid; and though it was not among the traditions of the proprietor of the establishment in Soho, who to the end wore the apron with his workmen, to scatter sweet speeches, Hyacinth learned, accidentally, that several books that he had given him to do had been carried off and placed on a shelf of treasures at the villa, where they were exhibited to the members of the Crookenden circle who

came to tea on Sundays. Hyacinth himself, indeed, was included in this company on a great occasion — invited to a musical party, where he made the acquaintance of half a dozen Miss Crookendens, an acquaintance which consisted in his standing in a corner behind several broad-backed old ladies, and watching the rotation, at the piano and the harp, of three or four of his master's thick-fingered daughters. "You know it's a tremendously musical house," said one of the old ladies to another (she called it "'ouse"); but the principal impression made upon him by the performance of the Miss Crookendens was that it was wonderfully different from the Princess's playing.

He knew that he was the only young man from the shop who had been invited, not counting the foreman, who was sixty years old, and wore a wig so curly that it was in itself a qualification for festive scenes, besides being accompanied by a little frightened, furtive wife, who closed her eyes, as if in the presence of a blinding splendor, when Mrs. Crookenden spoke to her. The Poupins were not there — which, however, was not a surprise to Hyacinth, who knew that (even if they had been asked, which they were not) they had objections of principle to putting their feet *chez les bourgeois*. They were not asked, because, in spite of the place Eustace had made for himself in the prosperity of the business, it had come to be known that his wife was somehow not his wife (though she was certainly no one's else); and the evidence of this irregularity was conceived to reside, vaguely, in the fact that she had never been seen save in a camisole. There had doubtless been an apprehension that if she had come to the villa she would not have come with the proper number of hooks and eyes, though Hyacinth, on two or three occasions, notably the night he took the pair to Mr. Vetch's theatre, had been witness of the pro-

portions to which she could reduce her figure when she wished to give the impression of a lawful tie.

It was not clear to him how the distinction conferred upon him became known in Soho, where, however, it excited no sharpness of jealousy — Grugan, Roker, and Hotchkiss being hardly more likely to envy a person condemned to spend a genteel evening than they were to envy a monkey performing antics on a barrel organ: both forms of effort indicated an urbanity painfully acquired. But Roker took his young comrade's breath half away with his elbow, and remarked that he supposed he saw the old man had spotted him for one of the darlings at home; inquiring, furthermore, what would become, in that case, of the little thing he took to France, the one to whom he had stood champagne and lobster. This was the first allusion Hyacinth had heard made to the idea that he might some day marry his master's daughter, like the virtuous apprentice of tradition; but the suggestion, somehow, was not inspiring, even when he had thought of an incident or two which gave color to it. None of the Miss Crookendens spoke to him — they all had large faces, and short legs, and a comical resemblance to that stertorous elderly male, their father, and, unlike the Miss Marchants, at Medley, they knew who he was — but their mother, who had on her head the plumage of a cockatoo, mingled with a structure of glass beads, looked at him with an almost awful fixedness, and asked him three distinct times if he would have a glass of negus.

He had much difficulty in getting his books from the Princess; for when he reminded her of the promise she had given him at Medley to make over to him as many volumes as he should require, she answered that everything was changed since then, that she was completely *dépouillée*, that she had now no pretension to have a library, and that,

in fine, he had much better leave the matter alone. He was welcome to any books that were in the house, but, as he could see for himself, these were cheap editions, on which it would be foolish to expend such work as his. He asked Madame Grandoni to help him—to tell him, at least, whether there were not some good volumes among the things the Princess had sent to be warehoused; it being known to him, through casual admissions of her own, that she had allowed her maid to save certain articles from the wreck, and pack them away at the Pantechnicon. This had all been Assunta's work, the woman had begged so hard for a few reservations—a loaf of bread for their old days; but the Princess herself had washed her hands of the business. “*Chi, chi*, there are boxes, I am sure, in that place, with a little of everything,” said the old lady, in answer to his inquiry; and Hyacinth conferred with Assunta, who took a sympathetic, talkative, Italian interest in his undertaking, and promised to fish out for him whatever worthy volumes should remain. She came to his lodging, one evening, in a cab, with an armful of pretty books, and when he asked her where they had come from waved her forefinger in front of her nose, in a manner both mysterious and expressive. He brought each volume to the Princess, as it was finished; but her manner of receiving it was to shake her head over it with a kind, sad smile. “It’s beautiful, I am sure, but I have lost my sense for such things. Besides, you must always remember what you once told me, that a woman, even the most cultivated, is incapable of feeling the difference between a bad binding and a good. I remember your once saying that fine ladies had brought shoemaker’s bindings to your shop, and wished them imitated. Certainly, those are not the differences I most feel. My dear fellow, such things have ceased to speak to me; they are doubtless charming, but they leave me

cold. What will you have? One can’t serve God and mammon.” Her thoughts were fixed on far other matters than the delight of dainty covers, and she evidently considered that in caring so much for them Hyacinth resembled the mad emperor who fiddled in the flames of Rome. European society, to her mind, was in flames, and no frivolous occupation could give the measure of the emotion with which she watched them. It produced occasionally demonstrations of hilarity, of joy and hope, but these always took some form connected with the life of the people. It was the people she had gone to see, when she accompanied Hyacinth to a music hall in the Edgware Road; and all her excursions and pastimes, this winter, were prompted by her interest in the classes on whose behalf the revolution was to be wrought.

To ask himself whether she were in earnest was now an old story to him, and, indeed, the conviction he might arrive at on this head had ceased to have any practical relevancy. It was just as she was, superficial or profound, that she held him, and she was, at any rate, sufficiently animated by a purpose for her actions to have consequences, actual and possible. Some of these might be serious, even if she herself were not, and there were times when Hyacinth was much visited by the apprehension of them. On the Sundays that she had gone with him into the darkest places, the most fetid holes, in London, she had always taken money with her, in considerable quantities, and always left it behind. She said, very naturally, that one could n’t go and stare at people, for an impression, without paying them, and she gave alms right and left, indiscriminately, without inquiry or judgment, as simply as the abbess of some beggar-haunted convent, or a Lady Bountiful of the superstitious, unscientific ages who should have hoped to be assisted to heaven by her doles. Hyacinth never

said to her, though he sometimes thought it, that since she was so full of the modern spirit, her charity should be administered according to the modern lights, the principles of economical science; partly because she was not a woman to be directed and regulated, she could take other people's ideas, but she could never take their way. Besides, what did it matter? To himself, what did it matter to-day whether he were drawn into right methods or into wrong ones, his time being too short for regret or for cheer? The Princess was an embodied passion—she was not a system; and her behavior, after all, was more addressed to relieving herself than to relieving others. And then misery was sown so thick in her path that wherever her money was dropped it fell into some trembling palm. He wondered that she should still have so much cash to dispose of, until she explained to him that she came by it through putting her personal expenditure on a rigid footing. What she gave away was her savings, the margin she had succeeded in creating; and now that she had tasted of the satisfaction of making little hoards for such a purpose, she regarded her other years, with their idleness and waste, their merely personal motives, as a long, stupid sleep of the conscience. To do something for others was not only so much more human, but so much more amusing!

She made strange acquaintances, under Hyacinth's conduct; she listened to extraordinary stories, and formed theories about them, and about the persons who narrated them to her, which were often still more extraordinary. She took romantic fancies to vagabonds of either sex, attempted to establish social relations with them, and was the cause of infinite agitation to the gentleman who lived near her in the Crescent, who was always smoking at the window, and who reminded Hyacinth of Mr. Micawber. She received visits that were a

scandal to the Crescent, and Hyacinth neglected his affairs, whatever they were, to see what tatterdemalion would next turn up at her door. This intercourse, it is true, took a more fruitful form as her intimacy with Lady Aurora deepened; her ladyship practiced discriminations which she brought the Princess to recognize, and before the winter was over Hyacinth's services in the slums were found unnecessary. He gave way with relief, with delight, to Lady Aurora, for he had not in the least understood his behavior for the previous four months, nor taken himself seriously as a *cicerone*. He had plunged into a sea of barbarism without having any civilizing energy to put forth. He was conscious that the people were miserable—more conscious, it often seemed to him, than they themselves were; so frequently was he struck with their brutal insensibility, a grossness impervious to the taste of better things or to any desire for them. He knew it so well that the repetition of contact could add no vividness to the conviction; it rather smothered and befogged his impression, peopled it with contradictions and difficulties, a violence of reaction, a sense of the inevitable and insurmountable. In these hours the poverty and ignorance of the multitude seemed so vast and preponderant, and so much the law of life, that those who had managed to escape from the black gulf were only the happy few, people of resource as well as children of luck; they inspired in some degree the interest and sympathy that one should feel for survivors and victors, those who have come safely out of a shipwreck or a battle. What was most in Hyacinth's mind was the idea, of which every pulsation of the general life of his time was a syllable, that the flood of democracy was rising over the world; that it would sweep all the traditions of the past before it; that, whatever it might fail to bring, it would at least carry in its bosom a magnificent energy; and that it might

be trusted to look after its own. When democracy should have its way everywhere, it would be its fault (whose else?) if want and suffering and crime should continue to be ingredients of the human lot. With his mixed, divided nature, his conflicting sympathies, his eternal habit of swinging from one view to another, Hyacinth regarded this prospect in different moods, with different kinds of emotion. In spite of the example Eustache Poupin gave him of the reconciliation of disparities, he was afraid the democracy wouldn't care for perfect bindings or for the finest sort of conversation. The Princess gave up these things in proportion as she advanced in the direction she had so audaciously chosen; and if the Princess could give them up, it would take very extraordinary natures to stick to them. At the same time there was joy, exultation, in the thought of surrendering one's self to the wave of revolt; of floating in the tremendous tide, of feeling one's self lifted and tossed, carried higher on the sun-touched crests of billows than one could ever be by a dry, lonely effort of one's own. That vision could deepen to a kind of ecstasy; make it indifferent whether one's ultimate fate, in such a heaving sea, were not almost certainly to be submerged in bottomless depths or dashed to pieces on resisting cliffs. Hyacinth felt that, whether his personal sympathy should rest finally with the victors or the vanquished, the victorious force was colossal, and would require no testimony from the irresolute.

The reader will doubtless smile at his mental debates and oscillations, and not understand why a little bastard book-binder should attach importance to his conclusions. They were not important for either cause, but they were important for himself, if only because they would rescue him from the torment of his present life, the perpetual laceration of the rebound. There was no peace

for him between the two currents that flowed in his nature, the blood of his passionate, plebeian mother and that of his long-descended, supercivilized sire. They continued to toss him from one side to the other; they arrayed him in intolerable defiances and revenges against himself. He had a high ambition: he wanted neither more nor less than to get hold of the truth and wear it in his heart. He believed, with the candor of youth, that it was brilliant and clear-cut, like a royal diamond; but in whatever direction he turned in the effort to find it, he seemed to know that behind him, bent on him in reproach, was a tragic, wounded face. The thought of his mother had filled him, originally, with the vague, clumsy fermentation of his first impulses toward social criticism; but since the problem had become more complex by the fact that many things in the world as it was constituted grew intensely dear to him, he had tried more and more to construct some conceivable and human countenance for his father — some expression of honor, of tenderness and recognition, of unmerited suffering, or at least of adequate expiation. To desert one of these presences for the other — that idea had a kind of shame in it, as an act of treachery would have had; for he could almost hear the voice of his father ask him if it were the conduct of a gentleman to take up the opinions and emulate the crudities of fanatics and cads. He had got over thinking that it would not have become his father to talk of what was proper to gentlemen, and making the mental reflection that from him, at least, the biggest cad in London could not have deserved less consideration. He had worked himself round to allowances, to interpretations, to such hypotheses as the evidence in the Times, read in the British Museum on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon, did not exclude; though they had been frequent enough, and too frequent, his hours of hot re-

sentment against the man who had attached to him the stigma he was to carry forever, he threw himself, in other conditions, and with a certain success, into the effort to find condonations, excuses, for him. It was comparatively easy for him to accept himself as the son of a terribly light Frenchwoman; there seemed a deeper obloquy even than that in his having for his other parent a nobleman altogether wanting in nobleness. He was too poor to afford it. Sometimes, in his imagination, he sacrificed one to the other, throwing over Lord Frederick much the oftener; sometimes, when the theory failed that his father would have done great things for him if he had lived, or the assumption broke down that he had been Florentine Vivier's only lover, he cursed and disowned them alike; sometimes he arrived at conceptions which presented them side by side, looking at him with eyes infinitely sad, but quite unashamed — eyes which seemed to tell him that they had been hideously unfortunate, but had not been base. Of course his worst moments now, as they had always been the worst, were those in which his grounds for thinking that Lord Frederick had really been his father perversely, cynically, fell away from him. It must be added that they always passed, for the mixture that he felt himself, so tormentingly, so insolubly, to be could be accounted for in no other manner.

I allude to these divagations not because they belong in an especial degree to the history of our young man during the winter of the Princess's residence in Madeira Crescent, but because they were a constant element in his moral life, and need to be remembered in any view of him at a given time. There were nights of November and December, as he trod the greasy pavements that lay between Westminster and Paddington, groping his way through the baffled lamplight and tasting the smoke-seasoned fog, when there was more happiness in his

heart than he had ever known. The influence of his permeating London had closed over him again; Paris and Milan and Venice had shimmered away into picture and reminiscence; and as the great city which was most his own lay round him under her pall, like an immeasurable breathing monster, he felt, with a vague excitement, as he had felt before, only now with more knowledge, that it was the richest expression of the life of man. His horizon had been immensely widened, but it was filled, again, by the expanse that sent dim nightgleams and strange blurred reflections and emanations into a sky without stars. He suspended, as it were, his small sensibility in the midst of it, and it quivered there with joy and hope and ambition, as well as with the effort of renunciation. The Princess's quiet fireside glowed with deeper assurances, with associations of intimacy, through the dusk and the immensity; the thought of it was with him always, and his relations with the mistress of it were more organized than they had been in his first vision of her. Whether or no it was better for the cause she cherished that she should have been reduced to her present simplicity, it was better, at least, for Hyacinth. It made her more near and him more free; and if there had been a danger of her nature seeming really to take the tone of the vulgar things about her, he would only have had to remember her as she was at Medley to restore the perspective. In truth, her beauty always appeared to have the setting that best became it; her fairness made the element in which she lived, and, among the meanest accessories, constituted a kind of splendor. Nature had multiplied the difficulties in the way of her successfully representing herself as having properties in common with the horrible populace of London. Hyacinth used to smile at this pretension in his night-walks to Paddington, or homeward; the populace of London were

scattered upon his path, and he asked himself by what wizardry they could ever be raised to high participations. There were nights when every one he met appeared to reek with gin and filth, and he found himself elbowed by figures as foul as lepers. Some of the women and girls, in particular, were appalling — saturated with alcohol and vice, brutal, bedraggled, obscene. "What remedy but another deluge, what alchemy but annihilation?" he asked himself, as he went his way; and he wondered what fate there could be, in the great scheme of things, for a planet overgrown with such vermin, what fate but to be hurled against a ball of consuming fire. If it was the fault of the rich, as Paul Muniment held, the selfish, congested rich, who allowed such abominations to flourish, that made no difference, and only shifted the shame; for the terrestrial globe, a visible failure, produced the cause as well as the effect.

It did not occur to Hyacinth that the Princess had withdrawn her confidence from him because, for the work of investigating still further the condition of the poor, she placed herself in the hands of Lady Aurora. He could have no jealousy of the noble spinster; he had too much respect for her philanthropy, the thoroughness of her knowledge, and her capacity to answer any question it could come into the Princess's extemporizing head to ask, and too acute a consciousness of his own desultory and superficial attitude toward the great question. It was enough for him that the little parlor in Madeira Crescent was a spot round which his thoughts could revolve, and toward which his steps could direct themselves, with an unalloyed sense of security and privilege. The picture of it hung before him half the time, in colors to which the feeling of the place gave a rarity that doubtless did not literally characterize the scene. His relations with the Princess had long since ceased to appear to him to belong to the world

of fable; they were as natural as anything else (everything in life was queer enough); he had by this time assimilated them, as it were, and they were an indispensable part of the happiness of each. "Of each" — Hyacinth risked that, for there was no particular vanity now involved in his perceiving that the most remarkable woman in Europe was, simply, very fond of him. The quiet, familiar, fraternal welcome he found on the nasty winter nights was proof enough of that. They sat together like very old friends, whom long pauses, during which they simply looked at each other with kind, acquainted eyes, could not make uncomfortable. Not that the element of silence was the principal part of their conversation, for it interposed only when they had talked a great deal. Hyacinth, on the opposite side of the fire, felt at times almost as if he were married to his hostess, so many things were taken for granted between them. For intercourse of that sort, intimate, easy, humorous, circumscribed by drawn curtains and shaded lamp-light, and inter-fused with domestic embarrassments and confidences, all turning to the jocular, the Princess was incomparable. It was her theory of her present existence that she was picnicking; but all the accidents of the business were happy accidents. There was a household quietude in her steps and gestures, in the way she sat, in the way she listened, in the way she played with the cat, or looked after the fire, or folded Madame Grandoni's ubiquitous shawl; above all, in the inveteracy with which she spent her evenings at home, never dining out nor going to parties, ignorant of the dissipations of the town. There was something in the isolation of the room, when the kettle was on the hob, and he had given his wet umbrella to the maid, and the Princess made him sit in a certain place near the fire, the better to dry his shoes — there was something that evoked the idea of the *vie de province*, as he had

read about it in French works. The French term came to him because it represented more the especial note of the Princess's company, the cultivation, the facility of talk. She expressed herself often in the French tongue itself; she could borrow that convenience, for certain shades of meaning, though she had told Hyacinth that she did n't like the people to whom it was native. Certainly, the quality of her conversation was not provincial; it was singularly free and unrestricted; there was nothing one might n't say to her, or that she was not liable to say herself. She had cast off prejudices, and gave no heed to conventional danger-posts. Hyacinth admired the movement — his eyes seemed to see it — with which in any direction, intellectually, she could fling open her windows. There was an extraordinary charm in this mixture of liberty and humility — in seeing a creature capable, socially, of immeasurable flights sit dove-like, with folded wings.

The young man met Lady Aurora several times in Madeira Crescent (her days, like his own, were filled with work, and she came in the evening), and he knew that her friendship with the Princess had arrived at a rich maturity. The two ladies were a source of almost rapturous interest to each other, and each rejoiced that the other was not a bit different. The Princess prophesied freely that her visitor would give her up — all nice people did, very soon; but to Hyacinth the end of her ladyship's almost breathless enthusiasm was not yet in view. She was bewildered, but she was fascinated; and she thought the Princess not only the most distinguished, the most startling, the most edifying, and the most original person in the world, but the most amusing and the most delightful to have tea with. As for the Princess, her sentiment about Lady Aurora was the same that Hyacinth's had been: she thought her a saint, the first she had ever seen, and the purest specimen con-

ceivable; as good in her way as St. Francis of Assisi, as tender and naïve and transparent, of a spirit of charity as sublime. She held that when one met a human flower as fresh as that in the dusty ways of the world, one should pluck it and wear it; and she was always inhaling Lady Aurora's fragrance, always kissing her and holding her hand. The spinster was frightened at her generosity, at the way her imagination embroidered; she wanted to convince her (as the Princess did on her own side) that such exaggerations destroyed their unfortunate subject. The Princess delighted in her clothes, in the way she put them on and wore them, in the economies she practiced in order to have money for charity and the ingenuity with which these slender resources were made to go far, in the very manner in which she spoke, a kind of startled simplicity. She wished to emulate her in all these particulars; to learn how to economize still more cunningly, to get her bonnets at the same shop, to care as little for the fit of her gloves; to ask, in the same tone, "Is n't it a bore Susan Crotty's husband has got a ticket of leave?" She said Lady Aurora made her feel like a French milliner, and that if there was anything in the world she loathed it was a French milliner. Each of these persons was powerfully affected by the other's idiosyncrasies, and each wanted the other to remain as she was, while she herself should be transformed into the image of her friend.

One evening, going to Madeira Crescent a little later than usual, Hyacinth met Lady Aurora on the doorstep, leaving the house. She had a different air from any he had seen in her before; appeared flushed and even a little agitated, as if she had been learning a piece of bad news. She said, "Oh, how do you do?" with her customary quick, vague laugh; but she went her way, without stopping to talk.

Hyacinth, on going in, mentioned to

the Princess that he had encountered her, and this lady replied, "It's a pity you did n't come a little sooner. You would have assisted at a scene."

"At a scene?" Hyacinth repeated, not understanding what violence could have taken place between mutual adorers.

"She made me a scene of tears, of most earnest remonstrance—perfectly well meant, I need n't tell you. She thinks I am going too far."

"I imagine you tell her things that you don't tell me," said Hyacinth.

"Oh, you, my dear fellow!" the Princess murmured. She spoke absently, as if she were thinking of what had passed with Lady Aurora, and as if the futility of telling things to Hyacinth had become a commonplace.

There was no annoyance for him in this, his pretension to keep pace with her "views" being quite extinct. The tone they now, for the most part, took with each other was one of mutual derision, of shrugging commiseration for insanity on the one hand and benightedness on the other. In discussing with her, he exaggerated deliberately, went to fantastic lengths in the way of reaction; and it was their habit and their entertainment to hurl all manner of denunciation at each other's head. They had given up serious discussion altogether, and when they were not engaged in bandying, in the spirit of burlesque, the amenities I have mentioned, they talked of matters as to which it could not occur to them to differ. There were evenings when the Princess did nothing but relate her life and all that she had seen of humanity, from her earliest years, in a variety of countries. If the evil side of it appeared mainly to have been presented to her view, this did not diminish the interest and vividness of her reminiscences, nor her power, the greatest Hyacinth had ever encountered, of sketchy, fresh evocation and portraiture. She was irreverent and invidious,

but she made him hang on her lips; and when she regaled him with anecdotes of foreign courts (he delighted to know how sovereigns lived and conversed), there was often, for hours together, nothing to indicate that she would have liked to get into a conspiracy, and that he would have liked to get out of one. Nevertheless, his mind was by no means exempt from wonder as to what she was really doing in the dark, and in what queer consequences she might find herself landed. When he questioned her she wished to know by what title, with his sentiments, he pretended to inquire. He did so but little, not being himself altogether convinced of the validity of his warrant; but on one occasion, when she challenged him, he replied, smiling and hesitating, "Well, I must say, it seems to me that, from what I have told you, it ought to strike you that I have a title."

"You mean your engagement, your promise? Oh, that will never come to anything."

"Why won't it come to anything?"

"It's too absurd, it's too vague. It's like some silly humbug in a novel."

"Vous me rendez la vie," said Hyacinth theatrically.

"You won't have to do it," the Princess went on.

"I think you mean I won't do it. I have offered, at least; is n't that a title?"

"Well, then, you won't do it," said the Princess; and they looked at each other a couple of minutes in silence.

"You will, I think, at the pace you are going," the young man resumed.

"What do you know about the pace? You are not worthy to know," the Princess rejoined.

He did know, however; that is, he knew that she was in communication with foreign socialists, and had, or believed that she had, irons on the fire, that she held in her hand some of the strings that are pulled in great movements.

She received letters that made Madame Grandoni watch her askance, of which, though she knew nothing of their contents, and had only her general suspicions and her scent for disaster, now become constant, the old woman had spoken more than once to Hyacinth. Madame Grandoni had begun to have sombre visions of the interference of the police: she was haunted with the idea of a search for compromising papers; of being dragged, herself, as an accomplice in direful plots, into a court of justice, and possibly into a prison. "If she would only burn—if she would only burn! But she keeps—I know she keeps!" she groaned to Hyacinth, in her helpless gloom. Hyacinth could only guess what it might be that she kept; asking himself whether she were seriously entangled, were being exploited by revolutionary Bohemians, predatory adventurers who counted on her getting frightened at a given moment, and offering hush-money to be allowed to slip out (out of a complicity which they, of course, would never have taken seriously); or were merely coquetting with paper schemes, giving herself cheap sensations, discussing preliminaries which, for her, could have no second stage. It would have been easy for Hyacinth to smile at the Princess's impression that she was in it, and to conclude that even the cleverest women do not know when they are superficial, had not the vibration remained which had been imparted to his nerves two years before, of which he had spoken to his hostess at Medley—the sense, vividly kindled and never quenched, that the forces secretly arrayed against the present social order were pervasive and universal, in the air one breathed, in the ground one trod, in the hand of an acquaintance that one might touch, or the eye of a stranger that might rest a moment upon one's own. They were above, below, within, without, in every contact and combination of life; and it was no disproof of them to say

it was too odd that they should lurk in a particular improbable form. To lurk in improbable forms was precisely their strength, and they would doubtless exhibit much stranger incidents than this of the Princess's being a genuine participant even when she flattered herself that she was.

"You do go too far," Hyacinth said to her, the evening Lady Aurora had passed him at the door.

To which she answered, "Of course I do—that's exactly what I mean. How else does one know one has gone far enough? That poor, dear woman! She's an angel, but she is n't in the least in it," she added, in a moment. She would give him no further satisfaction on the subject; when he pressed her she inquired whether he had brought the copy of Browning that he had promised the last time. If he had, he was to sit down and read it to her. In such a case as this Hyacinth had no disposition to insist; he was glad enough not to talk about the everlasting nightmare. He took *Men and Women* from his pocket, and read aloud for half an hour; but on his making some remark on one of the poems, at the end of this time, he perceived the Princess had been paying no attention. When he charged her with this levity, she only replied, looking at him musingly, "How *can* one, after all, go too far? That's a word of cowards."

"Do you mean her ladyship is a coward?"

"Yes, in not having the courage of her opinions, of her conclusions. The way the English can go half-way to a thing, and then stick in the middle!" the Princess exclaimed, impatiently.

"That's not your fault, certainly!" said Hyacinth. "But it seems to me that Lady Aurora, for herself, goes pretty far."

"We are all afraid of some things, and brave about others," the Princess went on.

"The thing Lady Aurora is most afraid of is the Princess Casamassima," Hyacinth remarked.

His companion looked at him, but she did not take this up. "There is one particular in which she would be very brave. She would marry her friend — your friend — Mr. Muniment."

"Marry him, do you think?"

"What else, pray?" the Princess asked. "She adores the ground he walks on."

"And what would Belgrave Square, and Inglefield, and all the rest of it, say?"

"What do they say already, and how much does it make her swerve? She would do it in a moment; and it would be fine to see it, it would be magnificent," said the Princess, kindling, as she was apt to kindle, at the idea of any great freedom of action.

"That certainly would n't be a case of what you call sticking in the middle," Hyacinth rejoined.

"Ah, it would n't be a matter of logic; it would be a matter of passion. When it's a question of that, the English, to do them justice, don't stick."

This speculation of the Princess's was by no means new to Hyacinth, and he had not thought it heroic, after all, that their high-strung friend should feel her-

self capable of sacrificing her family, her name, and the few habits of gentility that survived in her life, of making herself a scandal, a fable, and a nine days' wonder, for Muniment's sake; the young chemist's assistant being, to his mind, as we know, exactly the type of man who produced convulsions, made ruptures and renunciations easy. But it was less clear to him what ideas Muniment might have on the subject of a union with a young woman who should have come out of her class for him. He would marry some day, evidently, because he would do all the natural, human, productive things; but for the present he had business on hand which would be likely to pass first. Besides — Hyacinth had seen him give evidence of this — he did n't think people could really come out of their class; he held that the stamp of one's origin is ineffaceable, and that the best thing one could do was to wear it and fight for it. Hyacinth could easily imagine how it would put him out to be mixed up, closely, with a person who, like Lady Aurora, was fighting on the wrong side. "She can't marry him unless he asks her, I suppose — and perhaps he won't," he reflected.

"Yes, perhaps he won't," said the Princess, thoughtfully.

Henry James.

AT THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

You sat in judgment on him, — you, whose feet
Were set in pleasant places; you, who found
The Bitter Cup he dared to break still sweet,
And shut him from your consecrated ground.

Come, if you think the dead man sleeps a whit
Less soundly in his grave, — come, look, I pray:
A violet has consecrated it.
Henceforth you need not fear to walk this way.

S. M. B. Piatt.

FAILURE OF AMERICAN CREDIT AFTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

At the close of the eighteenth century the barbarous superstitions of the Middle Ages concerning trade between nations still flourished with scarcely diminished vitality. The epoch-making work of Adam Smith had been published in the same year in which the United States declared their independence. The one was the great scientific event, as the other was the great political event, of the age; but of neither the one nor the other were the scope and purport fathomed at the time. Among the foremost statesmen, those who, like Shelburne and Gallatin, understood the principles of the Wealth of Nations were few indeed. The simple principle that when two parties trade both must be gainers, or one would soon stop trading, was generally lost sight of; and most commercial legislation proceeded upon the theory that in trade, as in gambling or betting, what the one party gains the other must lose. Hence towns, districts, and nations surrounded themselves with walls of legislative restrictions intended to keep out the monster trade, or to admit him only on strictest proof that he could do no harm. On this barbarous theory, the use of a colony consisted in its being a customer which you could compel to trade with yourself, while you could prevent it from trading with anybody else; and having secured this point, you could cunningly arrange things by legislation so as to throw all the loss upon this enforced customer, and keep all the gain to yourself. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all the commercial legislation of the great colonizing states was based upon this theory of the use of a colony. For effectiveness, it shared to some extent the characteristic features of legislation for making water run up-

hill. It retarded commercial development all over the world, fostered monopolies, made the rich richer and the poor poorer, hindered the interchange of ideas and the refinement of manners, and sacrificed millions of human lives in misdirected warfare; but what it was intended to do it did not do. The sturdy race of smugglers—those despised pioneers of a higher civilization—thrived in defiance of kings and parliaments; and as it was impossible to carry out such legislation thoroughly without stopping trade altogether, colonies and mother countries contrived to increase their wealth in spite of it. The colonies, however, understood the animus of the theory in so far as it was directed against them, and the revolutionary sentiment in America had gained much of its strength from the protest against this one-sided justice. In one of its most important aspects, the Revolution was a deadly blow aimed at the old system of trade restrictions. It was to a certain extent a step in realization of the noble doctrines of Adam Smith. But where the scientific thinker grasped the whole principle involved in the matter, the practical statesmen saw only the special application which seemed to concern them for the moment. They all understood that the Revolution had set them free to trade with other countries than England, but very few of them understood that, whatever countries trade together, the one cannot hope to benefit by impoverishing the other.

This point is much better understood in England to-day than in the United States; but a century ago there was little to choose between the two countries in ignorance of political economy. England had gained great wealth and power through trade with her rapidly

growing American colonies. One of her chief fears, in the event of American independence, had been the possible loss of that trade. English merchants feared that American commerce, when no longer confined to its old paths by legislation, would somehow find its way to France and Holland and Spain and other countries, until nothing would be left for England. The Revolution worked no such change, however. The principal trade of the United States was with England, as before, because England could best supply the goods that Americans wanted; and it is such considerations, and not acts of Parliament, that determine trade in its natural and proper channels. In 1783 Pitt introduced into Parliament a bill which would have secured mutual unconditional free trade between the two countries; and this was what such men as Franklin, Jefferson, and Madison desired. Could this bill have passed, the hard feelings occasioned by the war would soon have died out, the commercial progress of both countries would have been promoted, and the stupid measures which led to a second war within thirty years might have been prevented. But the wisdom of Pitt found less favor in Parliament than the dense stupidity of Lord Sheffield, who thought that to admit Americans to the carrying trade would undermine the naval power of Great Britain. Pitt's measure was defeated, and the regulation of commerce with America was left to the king in council. Orders were passed as if upon the theory that America poor would be a better customer than America rich. The carrying trade to the West Indies had been one of the most important branches of American industry. The men of New England were famous for seamanship, and better and cheaper ships could be built in the seaports of Massachusetts than anywhere in Great Britain. An oak vessel could be built at Gloucester or Salem for twenty-four

dollars per ton; a ship of live-oak or American cedar cost not more than thirty-eight dollars per ton. On the other hand, fir vessels built on the Baltic cost thirty-five dollars per ton, and nowhere in England, France, or Holland could a ship be made of oak for less than fifty dollars per ton. Often the cost was as high as sixty dollars. It was not strange, therefore, that before the war more than one third of the tonnage afloat under the British flag was launched from American dock-yards. The war had violently deprived England of this enormous advantage, and now she sought to make the privation perpetual, in the delusive hope of confining British trade to British keels, and in the belief that it was the height of wisdom to impoverish the nation which she regarded as her best customer. In July, 1783, an order in council proclaimed that henceforth all trade between the United States and the British West Indies must be carried on in British-built ships, owned and navigated by British subjects. A serious blow was thus dealt not only at American shipping, but also at the interchange of commodities between the States and the islands, which was greatly hampered by this restriction. During the whole of the eighteenth century the West India sugar trade with the North American colonies and with Great Britain had been of immense value to all parties, and all had been seriously damaged by the curtailment of it due to the war. Now that the artificial state of things created by the war was to be perpetuated by legislation, the prospect of repairing the loss seemed indefinitely postponed. Moreover, even in trading directly with Great Britain, American ships were only allowed to bring in articles produced in the particular States of which their owners were citizens,—an enactment which seemed to add insult to injury, inasmuch as it directed especial attention to the want of union among the thirteen States. Great indignation

was aroused in America, and reprisals were talked of, but efforts were first made to obtain a commercial treaty. In 1785 Franklin returned from France, and Jefferson was sent as minister in his stead, while John Adams became the first representative of the United States at the British court. Adams was very courteously received by George III., and presently set to work to convince Lord Carmarthen, the foreign secretary, of the desirableness of unrestricted intercourse between the two countries. But popular opinion in England was obstinately set against him. But for the Navigation Act and the orders in council, it was said, all ships would by and by come to be built in America, and every time a frigate was wanted for the navy the Lords of Admiralty would have to send over to Boston or Philadelphia and order one. Rather than do such a thing as this, it was thought that the British navy should content itself with vessels of inferior workmanship and higher cost, built in British dock-yards. Thirty years after, England gathered an unexpected fruit of this narrow policy, when, to her intense bewilderment, she saw frigate after frigate outsailed and defeated in single combat with American antagonists. Owing to her exclusive measures, the rapid improvement in American ship-building had gone on quite beyond her ken, until she was thus rudely awakened to it. With similar short-sighted jealousy, it was argued that the American share in the whale-fishery and in the Newfoundland fishery should be curtailed as much as possible. Spermaceti oil was much needed in England: complaints were rife of robbery and murder in the dimly lighted streets of London and other great cities. But it was thought that if American ships could carry oil to England and salt fish to Jamaica, the supply of seamen for the British navy would be diminished; and accordingly such privileges must not be granted the Americans unless

valuable privileges could be granted in return. But the government of the United States could grant no privileges because it could impose no restrictions. British manufactured goods were needed in America, and Congress, which could levy no duties, had no power to keep them out. British merchants and manufacturers, it was argued, already enjoyed all needful privileges in American ports, and accordingly they asked no favors and granted none.

Such were the arguments to which Adams was obliged to listen. The popular feeling was so strong that Pitt could not have stemmed it if he would. It was in vain that Adams threatened reprisals, and urged that the British measures would defeat their own purpose. "The end of the Navigation Act," said he, "as expressed in its own preamble, is to confine the commerce of the colonies to the mother country; but now we are become independent States, instead of confining our trade to Great Britain, it will drive it to other countries:" and he suggested that the Americans might make a navigation act in their turn, admitting to American ports none but American-built ships, owned and commanded by Americans. But under the articles of confederation such a threat was idle, and the British government knew it to be so. Thirteen separate state governments could never be made to adopt any such measure in concert. The weakness of Congress had been fatally revealed in its inability to protect the loyalists or to enforce the payment of debts, and in its failure to raise a revenue for meeting its current expenses. A government thus slighted at home was naturally despised abroad. England neglected to send a minister to Philadelphia, and while Adams was treated politely, his arguments were unheeded. Whether in this behavior Pitt's government was influenced or not by political as well as economical reasons, it was certain that a political purpose

was entertained by the king and approved by many people. There was an intention of humiliating the Americans, and it was commonly said that under a sufficient weight of commercial distress the States would break up their feeble union, and come straggling back, one after another, to their old allegiance. The fiery spirit of Adams could ill brook this contemptuous treatment of the nation which he represented. Though he favored very liberal commercial relations with the whole world, he could see no escape from the present difficulties save in systematic retaliation. "I should be sorry," he said, "to adopt a monopoly, but, driven to the necessity of it, I would not do things by halves. . . . If monopolies and exclusions are the only arms of defense against monopolies and exclusions, I would venture upon them without fear of offending Dean Tucker or the ghost of Dr. Quesnay." That is to say, certain commercial privileges must be withheld from Great Britain, in order to be offered to her in return for reciprocal privileges. It was a miserable policy to be forced to adopt, for such restrictions upon trade inevitably cut both ways. Like the non-importation agreement of 1768 and the embargo of 1808, such a policy was open to the objections familiarly urged against biting off one's own nose. It was injuring one's self in the hope of injuring somebody else. It was perpetuating in time of peace the obstacles to commerce generated by a state of war. In a certain sense, it was keeping up warfare by commercial instead of military methods, and there was danger that it might lead to a renewal of armed conflict. Nevertheless, the conduct of the British government seemed to Adams to leave no other course open. But such "means of preserving ourselves," he said, "can never be secured until Congress shall be made supreme in foreign commerce."

It was obvious enough that the sep-

arate action of the States upon such a question was only adding to the general uncertainty and confusion. In 1785 New York laid a double duty on all goods whatever imported in British ships. In the same year Pennsylvania passed the first of the long series of American tariff acts, designed to tax the whole community for the alleged benefit of a few greedy manufacturers. Massachusetts sought to establish committees of correspondence for the purpose of entering into a new non-importation agreement, and its legislature resolved that "the present powers of the Congress of the United States, as contained in the articles of confederation, are not fully adequate to the great purposes they were originally designed to effect." The Massachusetts delegates in Congress — Gerry, Holten, and King — were instructed to recommend a general convention of the States for the purpose of revising and amending the articles of confederation; but the delegates refused to comply with their instructions, and set forth their reasons in a paper which was approved by Samuel Adams, and caused the legislature to reconsider its action. It was feared that a call for a convention might seem too much like an open expression of a want of confidence in Congress, and might thereby weaken it still further without accomplishing any good result. For the present, as a temporary expedient, Massachusetts took counsel with New Hampshire, and the two States passed navigation acts, prohibiting British ships from carrying goods out of their harbors, and imposing a fourfold duty upon all such goods as they should bring in. A discriminating tonnage duty was also laid upon all foreign vessels. Rhode Island soon after adopted similar measures. In Congress a scheme for a uniform navigation act, to be concurred in and passed by all the thirteen States, was suggested by one of the Maryland delegates; but it was opposed by Richard Henry Lee

and most of the delegates from the far South. The Southern States, having no ships or seamen of their own, feared that the exclusion of British competition might enable Northern ship-owners to charge exorbitant rates for carrying their rice and tobacco, thus subjecting them to a ruinous monopoly; but the gallant Moultrie, then governor of South Carolina, taking a broader view of the case, wrote to Bowdoin, governor of Massachusetts, asserting the paramount need of harmonious and united action. In the Virginia assembly, a hot-headed member, named Thurston, declared himself in doubt "whether it would not be better to encourage the British rather than the eastern marine;" but the remark was greeted with hisses and groans, and the speaker was speedily put down. Amid such mutual jealousies and misgivings, during the year 1785 acts were passed by ten States granting to Congress the power of regulating commerce for the ensuing thirteen years. The three States which refrained from acting were Georgia, South Carolina, and Delaware. The acts of the other ten were, as might have been expected, a jumble of incongruities. North Carolina granted all the power that was asked, but stipulated that when all the States should have done likewise their acts should be summed up in a new article of confederation. Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Maryland had fixed the date at which the grant was to take effect, while Rhode Island provided that it should not expire until after the lapse of twenty-five years. The grant by New Hampshire allowed the power to be used only in one specified way,—by restricting the duties imposable by the several States. The grants of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Virginia were not to take effect until all the others should go into operation. The only thing which Congress could do with these acts was to refer them back to the several legislatures, with a polite

request to try to reduce them to something like uniformity.

Meanwhile, the different States, with their different tariff and tonnage acts, began to make commercial war upon one another. No sooner had the other three New England States virtually closed their ports to British shipping than Connecticut threw hers wide open, an act which she followed up by laying duties upon imports from Massachusetts. Pennsylvania discriminated against Delaware, and New Jersey, pillaged at once by both her greater neighbors, was compared to a cask tapped at both ends. The conduct of New York became especially selfish and blameworthy. That rapid growth which was so soon to carry the city and the State to a position of primacy in the Union had already begun. After the departure of the British the revival of business went on with leaps and bounds. The feeling of local patriotism waxed strong, and in no one was it more completely manifested than in George Clinton, the Revolutionary general, whom the people elected governor for nine successive terms. From a humble origin, by dint of shrewdness and untiring push, Clinton had come to be for the moment the most powerful man in the State of New York. He had immense influence with the mass of the people, and he has left behind him a reputation far beyond his real merit. So far as New York was concerned, he was a public-spirited man. He had come to look upon the State almost as if it were his own private manor, and his life was devoted to furthering its interests as he understood them. It was his first article of faith that New York must be the greatest State in the Union. But his conceptions of statesmanship were extremely narrow. In his mind, the welfare of New York meant the pulling down and thrusting aside of all her neighbors and rivals. He was the vigorous and steadfast advocate of every illiberal and exclusive measure, and the

most uncompromising enemy to a closer union of the States. His great popular strength and the commercial importance of the community in which he held sway made him at this time the most dangerous man in America. The political victories presently to be won by Hamilton, Schuyler, and Livingston, without which our grand and pacific federal union could not have been brought into being, were victories won by most desperate fighting against the dogged opposition of Clinton. Under his guidance, the history of New York, during the five years following the peace of 1783, was a shameful story of greedy monopoly and sectional hate. Of all the thirteen States, none behaved worse except Rhode Island. A single instance, which occurred early in 1787, may serve as an illustration. The city of New York, with its population of 30,000 souls, had long been supplied with firewood from Connecticut, and with butter and cheese, chickens and garden vegetables, from the thrifty farms of New Jersey. This trade, it was observed, carried thousands of dollars out of the city and into the pockets of detested Yankees and despised Jerseymen. It was ruinous to domestic industry, said the men of New York. It must be stopped by those effective remedies of the Sangrado school of economic doctors, a navigation act and a protective tariff. Acts were accordingly passed, obliging every Yankee sloop which came down through Hell Gate, and every Jersey market boat which was rowed across from Paulus Hook to Cortlandt Street, to pay entrance fees and obtain clearances at the custom-house, just as was done by ships from London or Hamburg; and not a cart-load of Connecticut firewood could be delivered at the back-door of a country-house in Beekman Street until it should have paid a heavy duty. Great and just was the wrath of the farmers and lumbermen. The New Jersey legislature made up its

mind to retaliate. The city of New York had lately bought a small patch of ground on Sandy Hook, and had built a light-house there. This light-house was the one weak spot in the heel of Achilles where a hostile arrow could strike, and New Jersey gave vent to her indignation by laying a tax of \$1800 a year on it. Connecticut was equally prompt. At a great meeting of business men, held at New London, it was unanimously agreed to suspend all commercial intercourse with New York. Every merchant signed an agreement, under penalty of \$250 for the first offense, not to send any goods whatever into the hated State for a period of twelve months. By such retaliatory measures, it was hoped that New York might be compelled to rescind her odious enactment. But such meetings and such resolves bore an ominous likeness to the meetings and resolves which in the years before 1775 had heralded a state of war; and but for the good work done by the federal convention another five years would scarcely have elapsed before shots would have been fired and seeds of perennial hatred sown on the shores that look toward Manhattan Island.

To these commercial disputes there were added disputes about territory. The chronic quarrel between Connecticut and Pennsylvania over the valley of Wyoming was decided in the autumn of 1782 by a special federal court, appointed in accordance with the articles of confederation. The prize was adjudged to Pennsylvania, and the government of Connecticut submitted as gracefully as possible. But new troubles were in store for the inhabitants of that beautiful region. The traces of the massacre of 1778 had disappeared, the houses had been rebuilt, new settlers had come in, and the pretty villages had taken on their old look of contentment and thrift, when in the spring of 1784 there came an accumulation of disasters.

During a very cold winter great quantities of snow had fallen, and lay piled in huge masses on the mountain sides, until in March a sudden thaw set in. The Susquehanna rose, and overflowed the valley, and great blocks of ice drifted here and there, carrying death and destruction with them. Houses, barns, and fences were swept away, the cattle were drowned, the fruit trees broken down, the stores of food destroyed, and over the whole valley there lay a stratum of gravel and pebbles. The people were starving with cold and hunger, and President Dickinson urged the legislature to send prompt relief to the sufferers. But the hearts of the members were as flint, and their talk was incredibly wicked. Not a penny would they give to help the accursed Yankees. It served them right. If they had stayed in Connecticut, where they belonged, they would have kept out of harm's way. And with a blasphemy thinly veiled in phrases of pious unction, the desolation of the valley was said to have been contrived by the Deity with the express object of punishing these trespassers. But the cruelty of the Pennsylvania legislature was not confined to words. A scheme was devised for driving out the settlers and partitioning their lands among a company of speculators. A force of militia was sent to Wyoming, commanded by a truculent creature named Patterson. The ostensible purpose was to assist in restoring order in the valley, but the behavior of the soldiers was such as would have disgraced a horde of barbarians. They stole what they could find, dealt out blows to the men and insults to the women, until their violence was met with violence in return. Then Patterson sent a letter to President Dickinson, accusing the farmers of sedition, and hinting that extreme measures were necessary. Having thus, as he thought, prepared the way, he attacked the settlement, turned some five hundred people out-of-doors, and burned

their houses to the ground. The wretched victims, many of them tender women, or infirm old men, or little children, were driven into the wilderness at the point of the bayonet, and told to find their way to Connecticut without further delay. Heart-rending scenes ensued. Many died of exhaustion, or furnished food for wolves. But this was more than the Pennsylvania legislature had intended. Patterson's zeal had carried him too far. He was recalled, and the sheriff of Northumberland County was sent, with a posse of men, to protect the settlers. Patterson disobeyed, however, and, withdrawing his men to a fortified lair in the mountains, kept up a guerrilla warfare. All the Connecticut men in the neighboring country flew to arms. Men were killed on both sides, and presently Patterson was besieged. A regiment of soldiers was then sent from Philadelphia, under Colonel Armstrong, who had formerly been on Gates's staff, the author of the infamous Newburgh addresses. On arriving in the valley, Armstrong held a parley with the Connecticut men, and persuaded them to lay down their arms; assuring them on his honor that they should meet with no ill treatment, and that their enemy, Patterson, should be disarmed also. Having thus got them into his clutches, the knave forthwith treated them as prisoners. Seventy-six of them were handcuffed and sent under guard, some to Easton and some to Northumberland, where they were thrown into jail.

Great was the indignation in New England when these deeds were heard of. The matter had become very serious. A war between Connecticut and Pennsylvania might easily grow out of it. But the danger was averted through a very singular feature in the Pennsylvania constitution. In order to hold its legislature in check, Pennsylvania had a council of censors, which was assembled once in seven years in order to in-

quire whether the State had been properly governed during the interval. Soon after the troubles in Wyoming the regular meeting of the censors was held, and the conduct of Armstrong and Patterson was unreservedly condemned. A hot controversy ensued between the legislature and the censors, and as the people set great store by the latter peculiar institution, public sympathy was gradually awakened for the sufferers. The wickedness of the affair began to dawn upon people's minds, and they were ashamed of what had been done. Patterson and Armstrong were frowned down, the legislature disavowed their acts, and it was ordered that full reparation should be made to the persecuted settlers of Wyoming.¹

In the Green Mountains and on the upper waters of the Connecticut there had been trouble for many years. In the course of the Revolutionary War, the fierce dispute between New York and New Hampshire for the possession of the Green Mountains came in from time to time to influence most curiously the course of events. It was closely connected with the intrigues against General Schuyler, and more remotely with the Conway cabal and the treason of Arnold. About the time of Burgoyne's invasion the association of Green Mountain Boys endeavored to cut the Gordian knot by declaring Vermont an independent State, and applying to the Continental Congress for admission into the Union. The New York delegates in Congress succeeded in defeating this scheme, but the Vermont people went on and framed their constitution. Thomas Chittenden, a man of rough manners but very considerable ability, a farmer and innkeeper, like Israel Putnam, was chosen governor, and held that position for many years. New Hampshire thus far had not actively opposed these measures, but fresh grounds of quarrel were soon at hand. Several

towns on the east bank of the Connecticut River wished to escape from the jurisdiction of New Hampshire. They preferred to belong to Vermont, because it was not within the Union, and accordingly not liable to requisitions of taxes from the Continental Congress. It was conveniently remembered that by the original grant, in the reign of Charles II., New Hampshire extended only sixty miles from the coast. Vermont was at first inclined to assent, but finding the scheme unpopular in Congress, and not wishing to offend that body, she changed her mind. The towns on both banks of the river then tried to organize themselves into a middle State, — a sort of Lotharingia on the banks of this New World Rhine, — to be called New Connecticut. By this time New Hampshire was aroused, and she called attention to the fact that she still believed herself entitled to dominion over the whole of Vermont. Massachusetts now began to suspect that the upshot of the matter would be the partition of the whole disputed territory between New Hampshire and New York, and, ransacking her ancient grants and charters, she decided to set up a claim on her own part to the southernmost towns in Vermont. Thus goaded on all sides, Vermont adopted an aggressive policy. She not only annexed the towns east of the Connecticut River, but also asserted sovereignty over the towns in New York as far as the Hudson. New York sent troops to the threatened frontier, New Hampshire prepared to do likewise, and for a moment war seemed inevitable. But here, as in so many other instances, Washington appeared as peacemaker, and prevailed upon Governor Chittenden to use his influence in getting the dangerous claims withdrawn. After the spring of 1784 the outlook was less stormy in the Green Mountains. The conflicting claims were

¹ A very interesting account of these troubles may be found in the first volume of Professor

McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*.

allowed to lie dormant, but the possibilities of mischief remained, and the Vermont question was not finally settled until after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Meanwhile, on the debatable frontier between Vermont and New York the embers of hatred smoldered. Barns and houses were set on fire, and belated wayfarers were found mysteriously murdered in the depths of the forest.

Incidents like these of Wyoming and Vermont seem trivial, perhaps, when contrasted with the lurid tales of border warfare in older times between half-civilized peoples of mediæval Europe, as we read them in the pages of Froissart and Sir Walter Scott. But their historic lesson is none the less clear. Though they lift the curtain but a little way, they show us a glimpse of the untold dangers and horrors from which the adoption of our Federal Constitution has so thoroughly freed us that we can only with some effort realize how narrowly we have escaped them. It is fit that they should be borne in mind, that we may duly appreciate the significance of the reign of law and order which has been established on this continent during the greater part of a century. When reported in Europe, such incidents were held to confirm the opinion that the American confederacy was going to pieces. With quarrels about trade and quarrels about boundaries, we seemed to be treading the old-fashioned paths of anarchy, even as they had been trodden in other ages and other parts of the world. It was natural that people in Europe should think so, because there was no historic precedent to help them in forming a different opinion. No one could possibly foresee that within five years a number of gentlemen at Philadelphia, containing among themselves a greater amount of political sagacity than had ever before been brought together within the walls of a single room, would amicably discuss the situation and agree

upon a new system of government whereby the dangers might be once for all averted. Still less could any one foresee that these gentlemen would not only agree upon a scheme among themselves, but would actually succeed, without serious civil dissension, in making the people of thirteen States adopt, defend, and cherish it. History afforded no example of such a gigantic act of constructive statesmanship. It was, moreover, a strange and apparently fortuitous combination of circumstances that were now preparing the way for it and making its accomplishment possible. No one could forecast the future. When our ministers and agents in Europe raised the question as to making commercial treaties, they were disdainfully asked whether European powers were expected to deal with thirteen governments or with one. If it was answered that the United States constituted a single government so far as their relations with foreign powers were concerned, then we were forthwith twitted with our failure to keep our engagements with England with regard to the loyalists and the collection of private debts. Yes, we see, said the European diplomats; the United States are one nation to-day and thirteen to-morrow, according as may seem to subserve their selfish interests. Jefferson, at Paris, was told again and again that it was useless for the French government to enter into any agreement with the United States, as there was no certainty that it would be fulfilled on our part; and the same things were said all over Europe. Toward the close of the war most of the European nations had seemed ready to enter into commercial arrangements with the United States, but all save Holland speedily lost interest in the subject. John Adams had succeeded in making a treaty with Holland in 1782. Frederick the Great treated us more civilly than other sovereigns. One of the last acts of his life was to conclude a treaty for ten

years with the United States; asserting the principle that free ships make free goods, taking arms and military stores out of the class of contraband, agreeing to refrain from privateering even in case of war between the two countries, and in other respects showing a liberal and enlightened spirit. This treaty was concluded in 1786. It scarcely touched the subject of international trade in time of peace, but it was valuable as regarded the matters it covered, and in the midst of the general failure of American diplomacy in Europe it fell pleasantly upon our ears. Our diplomacy had failed because our weakness had been proclaimed to the world. We were bullied by England, insulted by France and Spain, and looked askance at in Holland. The humiliating position in which our ministers were placed by the beggarly poverty of Congress was something almost beyond credence. It was by no means unusual for the superintendent of finance, when hard pushed for money, to draw upon our foreign ministers, and then sell the drafts for cash. This was not only not unusual; it was an established custom. It was done again and again, when there was not the smallest ground for supposing that the minister upon whom the draft was made would have any funds wherewith to meet it. He must go and beg the money. That was part of his duty as envoy, — to solicit loans without security for a government that could not raise enough money by taxation to defray its current expenses. It was sickening work. Just before John Adams had been appointed minister to England, and while he was visiting in London, he suddenly learned that drafts upon him had been presented to his bankers in Amsterdam to the amount of more than a million florins. Less than half a million florins were on hand to meet these demands, and unless something were done at once the greater part of this paper would go back to America protested.

Adams lost not a moment in starting for Holland. In these modern days of precision in travel, when we can translate space into time, the distance between London and Amsterdam is eleven hours. It was accomplished by Adams, after innumerable delays and vexations and no little danger, in fifty-four days. The bankers had contrived, by ingenious excuses, to keep the drafts from going to protest until the minister's arrival, but the gazettes were full of the troubles of Congress and the bickerings of the States, and everybody was suspicious. Adams applied in vain to the regency of Amsterdam. The promise of the American government was not regarded as valid security for a sum equivalent to about three hundred thousand dollars. The members of the regency were polite, but inexorable. They could not make a loan on such terms; it was unbusiness-like and contrary to precedent. Finding them immovable, Adams was forced to apply to professional usurers and Jew brokers, from whom, after three weeks of perplexity and humiliation, he obtained a loan at exorbitant interest, and succeeded in meeting the drafts. It was only too plain, as he mournfully confessed, that American credit was dead. Such were the trials of our American minister in Europe in the dark days of the League of Friendship. It was not a solitary, but a typical, instance. John Jay's experience at the unfriendly court of Spain was perhaps even more trying.

European governments might treat us with cold disdain, and European bankers might pronounce our securities worthless, but there was one quarter of the world from which even worse measure was meted out to us. Of all the barbarous communities with which the civilized world has had to deal in modern times, perhaps none have made so much trouble as the Mussulman states on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. After the breaking up of the great Moorish kingdoms of the Middle

Ages, this region had fallen under the nominal control of the Turkish sultans as lords paramount of the orthodox Mohammedan world. Its miserable populations became the prey of banditti. Swarms of half-savage chieftains settled down upon the land like locusts, and out of such a pandemonium of robbery and murder as has scarcely been equaled in historic times the pirate states of Morocco and Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, gradually emerged. Of these communities history has not one good word to say. In these fair lands, once illustrious for the genius and virtues of a Hannibal and the profound philosophy of St. Augustine, there grew up the most terrible despotisms ever known to the world. The things done daily by the robber sovereigns were such as to make a civilized imagination recoil with horror. One of these cheerful creatures, who reigned in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was called Muley Abdallah, especially prided himself on his peculiar skill in mounting a horse. Resting his left hand upon the horse's neck, as he sprang into the saddle he simultaneously swung the sharp scimitar in his right hand so deftly as to cut off the head of the groom who held the bridle. From his behavior in these sportive moods one may judge what he was capable of on serious occasions. He was a fair sample of the Barbary monarchs. The foreign policy of these wretches was summed up in piracy and blackmail. Their corsairs swept the Mediterranean and ventured far out upon the ocean, capturing merchant vessels, and murdering or enslaving their crews. Of the rich booty, a fixed proportion was paid over to the robber sovereign, and the rest was divided among the gang. So lucrative was this business that it attracted hardy ruffians from all parts of Europe, and the misery they inflicted upon mankind during four centuries was beyond calculation. One of their favorite practices was the kidnapp-

ing of eminent or wealthy persons, in the hope of extorting ransom. Cervantes and Vincent de Paul were among the celebrated men who thus tasted the horrors of Moorish slavery; but it was a calamity that might fall to the lot of any man or woman, and it was but rarely that the victims ever regained their freedom. Against these pirates the governments of Europe contended in vain. Swift cruisers frequently captured their ships, and from the days of Joan of Arc down to the days of Napoleon their skeletons swung from long rows of gibbets on all the coasts of Europe, as a terror and a warning. But their losses were easily repaired, and sometimes they cruised in fleets of seventy or eighty sail, defying the navies of England and France. It was not until after England, in Nelson's time, had acquired supremacy in the Mediterranean that this dreadful scourge was destroyed. Americans, however, have just ground for pride in recollecting that their government was foremost in chastising these pirates in their own harbors. The exploits of our little navy in the Mediterranean at the beginning of the present century form an interesting episode in American history, but in the weak days of the confederation our commerce was plundered with impunity, and American citizens were seized and sold into slavery in the markets of Algiers and Tripoli. One reason for the long survival of this villainy was the low state of humanity among European nations. An Englishman's sympathy was but feebly aroused by the plunder of Frenchmen, and the bigoted Spaniard looked on with approval so long as it was Protestants that were kidnapped and bastinadoed. In 1783 Lord Sheffield published a pamphlet on the commerce of the United States, in which he shamelessly declared that the Barbary pirates were really useful to the great maritime powers, because they tended to keep the weaker nations out of their share in the carry-

ing trade. This, he thought, was a valuable offset to the Empress Catherine's device of the armed neutrality, whereby small nations were protected; and on this wicked theory, as Franklin tells us, London merchants had been heard to say that "if there were no Algiers, it would be worth England's while to build one." It was largely because of such feelings that the great states of Europe so long persisted in the craven policy of paying blackmail to the robbers, instead of joining in a crusade and destroying them. In 1786 Congress felt it necessary to take measures for protecting the lives and liberties of American citizens. The person who called himself "Emperor" of Morocco at that time was different from most of his kind. He had a taste for reading, and had thus caught a glimmering of the enlightened liberalism which French philosophers were preaching. He wished to be thought a benevolent despot, and with Morocco, accordingly, Congress succeeded in making a treaty. But nothing could be done with the other pirate states without paying blackmail. Few scenes in our history are more amusing, or more irritating, than the interview of John Adams with an envoy from Tripoli in London. The oily-tongued barbarian, with his soft voice and his bland smile, asseverating that his only interest in life was to do good and make other people happy, stands out in fine contrast with the blunt, straightforward, and truthful New Englander; and their conversation reminds one of the old story of Cœur-de-Lion with his curtal-axe and Saladin with the blade that cut the silken cushion. Adams felt sure that the fellow was either saint or devil, but could not quite tell which. The envoy's love for mankind was so great that he could not bear the thought of hostility between the Americans and the Barbary States, and he suggested that everything might be happily arranged for a million dollars or so. Adams thought it better to fight than

to pay tribute. It would be cheaper in the end, as well as more manly. At the same time, it was better economy to pay a million dollars at once than waste many times that sum in war risks and loss of trade. But Congress could do neither one thing nor the other. It was too poor to build a navy, and too poor to buy off the pirates; and so for several years to come American ships were burned and American sailors enslaved with utter impunity. With the memory of such wrongs deeply graven in his heart, it was natural that John Adams, on becoming President of the United States, should bend all his energies to founding a strong American navy.

A government touches the lowest point of ignominy when it confesses its inability to protect the lives and property of its citizens. A government which has come to this has failed in discharging the primary function of government, and forthwith ceases to have any reason for existing. In March, 1786, Grayson wrote to Madison that several members of Congress thought seriously of recommending a general convention for remodeling the government. "I have not made up my mind," says Grayson, "whether it would not be better to bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of. I am, however, in no doubt about the weakness of the federal government. If it remains much longer in its present state of imbecility, we shall be one of the most contemptible nations on the face of the earth." "It is clear to me as A, B, C," said Washington, "that an extension of federal powers would make us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable, and powerful nations that ever inhabited the terrestrial globe. Without them we shall soon be everything which is the direct reverse. I predict the worst consequences from a half-starved, limping government, always moving upon crutches and tottering at every step."

John Fiske.

SIBYL THE SAVAGE.

THE little village of Deepgrove, in Western Massachusetts, has a tragical colonial history. Legends cluster around the ancient mansions of Queen Anne's War, of the surprise by the French and Indians and the long march to Canada through the winter snows. The Deepgrove people are tenacious of these memories, and have founded an antiquarian society for the preservation of objects of historical interest. Prominent in their museum is the Memorial Hall, devoted to mural tablets bearing the names of the captives. One of these stones bears the curt inscription,

SIBYL FORRESTER.

SHE MARRIED A SAVAGE AND BECAME ONE.

This brief legend stimulated my curiosity. What could have induced a gentle Puritan maiden to marry an Indian? I searched through all the records and papers belonging to the society for some clue, but could find no other relic of the girl than a bit of lace, finely wrought by Sibyl at the age of fourteen, and given to a member of the family at Hadley before the burning of the village; and a miniature, poorly painted, depicting a child with a high forehead and thoughtful eyes. The miniature and lace had been contributed to the museum by descendants of their first owners. The more I studied the pathetic face of this unknown girl, the greater became my interest in her. Other of the Deepgrove captives had married and settled among the Indians, but none were so held up to scorn as my poor Sibyl. I longed to find some excuse for her, and to defend her from the reproach of becoming "a savage." Later, her own defense fell into my hands in a somewhat remarkable manner.

I was spending the summer in Canada, and, always interested in what con-

cerned the history of the Deepgrove captives, I paid a visit to the Indian village of Caughnawaga, the home of the descendants of the very tribe which assisted the French in their raid on Western Massachusetts. I chatted with the kindly priest, with the taciturn chief, and the courteous surveyors. I wandered over the La Crosse grounds, watched the launching of canoes, bought bright bead-work, and asked every one for legends and stories and old writings. I was most unexpectedly rewarded by a rich discovery. The store-keeper had a quantity of paper, which I was welcome to examine. It had belonged to a former curé, but after his death, when his desk had been reviewed by the new incumbent, a bushel or so of trash had been turned out to the store-keeper as wrapping-paper. It had been slowly used all these years, brown paper being greatly preferred, as this was closely written over on both sides, and was not considered quite nice enough for lard and cheese. Prowling in the barrel brought from under the counter, I found several imperfect MSS. that greatly interested me. One of these was a neat little roll, closely written in English, and entitled *The Story of Sibyl Cœur de Femme*. Across it a manly goose-quill had scrawled in French and in red ink, "The said Sibyl Cœur de Femme left this paper with me at her death, praying that it be sent to her relatives in New England; but as we know not who or where they may be, I have seen fit to preserve it among my papers until called for. [Signed] ———, Curé."

At last "*Sibyl's Story*" was called for.

I know not [she wrote] whether any may miss me at home, for my father and mother were killed at the first onslaught, and my little brothers, who

were redeemed and returned, were of too tender an age to care greatly for me; and yet would I fain hear news of my old playmates, and since that may not be would have them know how I fare. And first I must go back to a day in summer before the taking of the town, when there came to my father's house two strangers appareled as Dutchmen, traveling, as they said, from Rensselaerswyck on the Hudson to Boston, and demanding shelter over night from the approaching storm. When we marveled that they should have undertaken such a journey on foot, they replied that their horses had escaped from them at their last camping place. Of the two men, one was young and handsome, in despite of his tanned face and one hand sadly scarred as by fire and torture of the barbarous savages. He held himself silent, but courteous, eating little and talking still less, and that in such outlandish English that none could understand. Supper had, the parson, coming in to see us, essayed some conversation, asking with which of the citizens of Albany they had acquaintance, upon which we understood the names of Schuyler and Van Rensselaer; and as it chanced that Parson Williams had some knowledge of John Schuyler, he was the better pleased, though disappointed to find they bore no letters. After the going of the parson the younger man did divert the children by imitating the cry and song of divers wild birds and little beasts. He also drew for us with a coal upon the hearth, so that we could scarce tear ourselves from him, and there was much clamor at our putting to bed.

Rising the next morning by candle, as our custom was, and having laid the trenchers for breakfast, my mother sent me to the cellar for provisions; where I found all in confusion and much good victuals carried away, namely, a ham, a jug of cider, two neat's tongues, with a baking of bread, a hog's harslet, and three dressed geese. When I made re-

port of this to my mother there was much dole and pother. My little brother, also, being sent to rouse our guests, made us to be still more consternated by the news that they were clean gone, having departed the house with our provender during the night. Nor was my mother greatly mollified when she found in one of her pans a paper addressed unto herself, containing a pass for one person on the Dutch ship Rhyneland, from New York to Rotterdam, signed by Johannes Schuyler. "For," quoth she, "though the reparation be greater than the damage, yet am I not likely soon to avail myself of this safe conduct, and we will find it but scanty eating in this large family."

After this, search being made along the bank of the river, a small boat or skiff which had been moored thereabouts was discovered to have been stolen; and parties following down the stream found the boat bottom upward on a rock, as though wrecked by the storm and the violence of the current. But the men, or their bodies, did they not find, so that it was never certainly known whether they were that night drowned, or whether they escaped safe to Canada; for it was now certainly believed that they were French spies.

This belief was confirmed later on in this fashion. Mr. Williams wrote to his friend, Mr. Schuyler, of Albany, to know if he had knowledge of these men. And he replied that the friendly Indians of the Five Nations, or Iroquois, had brought into Shinctady two prisoners, which they had taken on the shores of the great lakes; which prisoners had been in their power upwards of a twelvemonth, and had been very cruelly treated by them. One of these was a Jesuit priest, of note in Canada for his zeal for the conversion of the Indians and for his astonishing journeys. The other was a *coureur de bois*, as the French call the lawless traders who, without license from their governor, do

traffic with the savages for peltries, selling the same to smugglers. When Mr. and Mistress Williams had read thus far they were scandalized to think to what excess of villainy we had given harborage. Mr. Williams read on, how Mr. Schuyler had offered to buy these captives, and that the Iroquois were well pleased to barter the priest for a keg of rum, two Dutch cheeses, and a clock; for, said they, he is so great an eater, we had better charge ourselves with the famine or the pestilence. But the young trader was the property of a chief's widow, whose husband had been slain by the French. She at the torture of the prisoners had it in her power to say whether one of them should die or be given her as a slave. And she, seeing this man, by name Jacques Belœil, patiently endure all the malice of these wretches (nay, when she had herself suggested new tortures of more frantic cruelty, and had burned off two of his fingers in a heated calumet), was filled with so ardent an admiration for his heroism that she chose him, not as her slave, but as her husband; claiming that he should be adopted into the tribe to fill the place of the dead chief. But Jacques Belœil did steadfastly refuse to become her husband, declaring that he would die first, and calling upon the Indians to put him to death. But the woman would not suffer this, saying that if he would not be her husband, then should he be her slave, and in the bitterness of her resentment reserving him to the daily experience of every degradation and cruelty which her malice could invent. But when he fell sick, either from pity or the fear that he might by death escape her persecutions, she had him brought to the habitations of the Dutch, seeking physic and a surgeon to recover him of his illness. Mr. Schuyler said, moreover, that he did his endeavor to purchase Jacques Belœil from this woman, being greatly tendered in mind by his sad case; but she would

in no wise part with him, and the tribe set out for their country, carrying him with them. But in the middle of the night he was awakened by a tapping upon his window, and there found the young man demanding succor and hiding, having escaped his foes. Whereupon he in mercy secreted him, and when the Indians returned on the morrow stoutly denied his presence. The rage of the chieftainess, thus defrauded of her victim, was, he wrote, frightful to behold, she swearing that she would follow him to the confines of the other world,—yea, and into the hunting-grounds of the dead,—to wreak her revenge upon him. When the tribe finally departed, bearing this half-crazed woman with them, Mr. Schuyler related that he brought these escaped captives to Albany, and there, supplying both with clothes and money, did secure passage for them on a vessel bound for Rotterdam. This he did for that he counted it not safe for two unprotected men to journey through the wilderness to Canada, and for that these same Indians had brought tidings of unfriendly intentions on the part of the French, and a design of the late Count Frontenac, like to be carried out by his successor the present governor, the Chevalier Vaudreuil, of descending upon the unprotected frontier settlements of the English.

Scarce was the wonder of this event forgotten when Mr. Schuyler's fear was realized, the French overflowing us as a flood; burning, pillaging, and slaying. Separated from my kindred, I became the captive of a young brave, Woman's Heart: so called for his gentleness, and that he delighted not in cruelty and torture. The other Indians derided him also for his kindness to me; for, finding that my feet were half frozen, he dragged me on a sledge the whole of the toilsome way. Nevertheless, for all this, I gave him scant thanks, for my heart was full of bitterness. While on the

march I marked one of the French soldiers, whom methought I had seen elsewhere, so that I stared at him, until he was out of countenance, and, falling behind the others, he came to me and took my hand, and I saw that it was Jacques Belœil, whom we had harbored the summer before, and who repaid our confidence with such villainy. Notwithstanding, when he spoke me fair and kindly, I was in such a despair of misery that meseemed I had encountered a true friend, and I besought him with tears to rid me out of the power of my Indian master, which he promised to do; making me to understand that when we were come to Canada, where he could attain to his money, he would ransom me from the Indian, and see me safe returned to my people. After this he walked the whole of the way by my sledge, and I could see that he had learned more English words than formerly, for we made shift to understand each other passing well. He parted also his rations with me, and sang French chansons, and sometimes with his gun brought down a bird, which he would lay in my lap. Moreover, at night he stood guard before the wigwam of boughs which Woman's Heart built for my shelter; and though the Indian liked these attentions indifferently well, yet he suffered him, and they warmed themselves and cooked their food at the same camp-fire. And once Jacques Belœil spake of the victuals which he stole from our cellar, saying that he had never eat so good, and he was sorry that we had not served ourselves of the passage on the Dutch ship to escape these sorrows, for that this sortie was not of his liking, for he had himself been captivated, and liked it not. Then I told him what we had heard concerning him from Mr. Schuyler. At the mention of the chieftainness he crossed himself and looked behind, as though he felt her following. And verily at that time a strange Indian was walking si-

lently behind him, and this savage did not belong to the tribe of Mahogs [Mohawks], who were the allies of the French, but had come with them from whence none knew. He was an ill-favored man, deeply pitted in the visage of the small-pox, and no one companied with him. At times Jacques Belœil flung him a bone or a morsel of moose meat, and it was for this reason, methought, that he followed him like a shadow.

At last we came to a place where the commander, the Sieur Hertel de Rouville, divided the band, taking the soldiers with him to Canada by one way, and sending the Indians and captives another. At which parting it was made known to me that perchance I cared more for this French soldier than be-seemed mine own comfort. He too seemed loath to go, and promised me that he would make all speed to find me again. When the dividance was made the strange Indian feigned not to understand, and went with the army; but he was presently sent back, and joined us again, and so we all came to the dwellings of the Indians, called the village of Cagnawaga, on the right bank of the St. Lawrence, near to the city of Mount Royal. Here is a mission and a Jesuit priest, wherefore these Indians are called "praying Indians" by their neighbors. Here also, with the spray of the rapids blown in their faces, they pitch their lodges, and shoot the falls in their birchen boats. And surely I found kindness here, where I expected misery: for Woman's Heart gave me to his mother, an aged squaw, whom I served as slave; but she was old and bed-ridden, and could not beat me, so that what I did I did of my own free will, and seeing that I shirked not my tasks and strove to pleasure her, she treated me more daughter-wise. Woman's Heart too was brother-like, and gave me none occasion to bewail. But now something happened which caused me great uneasi-

ness ; not for myself, indeed, but for one for whom I cherished as great concern, namely, the young soldier, Jacques Belœil. The strange pock-marked Indian came often to our lodge, and with him others like him, who, Woman's Heart told me, were Iroquois, come from a far country as ambassadors, to treat with the French concerning certain captives which they wished returned to them ; and they had brought with them also their princess, a great woman in their country. This woman came to us one day, and my heart froze at the beholding of her, for never in my life had I seen so bloodthirsty a face, or one so devoid of all charitableness. I knew when I saw her that this was she who had so cruelly tortured Jacques Belœil, and I knew also by the famished look in her eyes that insomuch as she was capable of loving, if an insensate, tigerish passion be love, she loved that man. They talked some time in the Iroquois language, and Woman's Heart asked me if I knew where Jacques Belœil dwelt, and I was glad to tell him that I knew not. Then he spake still more with her, and I comprehended that he counseled her to wait patiently, for where I was Jacques Belœil would surely come, for he had promised it. Then was I in great fear, for meseemed to be the bait to draw my friend into this deadly trap and gin.

Woman's Heart bade me place meat before his guests, and I did so ; but the chieftainess discovered a long and sharp knife, hid in the folds of her robe and fastened about her neck by a cord, and she told us that as she hungered the knife hungered, and that she had vowed not to satisfy herself with flesh until this knife had eaten of Jacques Belœil's heart.

After they had left us I reproached Woman's Heart for aiding her murderous designs, when he said that he would fain have the Frenchman dead, seeing, if this were so, I might think kindly on

him. Then I understood for the first time that Woman's Heart cared for me, and was eaten with jealousy ; and I feared him, though he was gentle and gave me none affront by word or act.

And now spring was come, and the bateaux began to go up the river, laden with fur-traders, coureurs de bois, and adventurers ; and something said within my heart that he would soon come. One day, when the Iroquois Indians were hunting in the forest, and I had gone with some of the Indians to Mount Royal to barter goods, he did come.

When I returned that evening I found the Iroquois pulling to pieces their lodge and preparing to depart hastily. And when I asked Woman's Heart the meaning of this, he told me that while we were all away there arrived a bateaux of coureurs de bois, and that Jacques Belœil was with them ; that he sought the curé, and talked with him much, as also with Woman's Heart, and was in a great chafe that he could not find me ; but that his companions would not stay, and carried him presently away with them. The Iroquois were angry, when they returned, to have missed him, and their princess had given orders to follow by the first light. Then I fell on my knees before Woman's Heart, and caught his hand, and begged him to follow after, and if possible outstrip the Iroquois, and warn Jacques Belœil, and save him. But he made answer moodily, "Wherefore ? That you may be his squaw ?" Then my fear and despair were so great that I promised Woman's Heart that if he saved my friend from his enemies, for my sake, then would I renounce all white people and civilized life, and willingly become his wife.

With that he rose up quickly, quitted the lodge, and returned presently with two young braves, his friends, and an Indian wench, who, he said, should care for his mother during our absence ; for that I should go with them, to see the

business well done. At these tidings my heart leapt for joy, and I said, "We will save him,— we will yet save him!"

Now Jacques Belœil and his companions, being bound for Lake Nipissing, had gone by the way of Saint Anne's up the river Ottawa, and it was over this route that the Iroquois proposed to track them; but Woman's Heart was of the opinion that, being strangers to the country, they could never come up with the more experienced voyagers, by reason of the numerous portages, the dense forests and swamps, and the crookedness and blindness of the way. His counsel, therefore, was that we should not attempt to follow, when we should undoubtedly fall in with the Iroquois and excite their suspicions, but should rather go before, taking the longer but easier way up the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, the Lac Frontenac [Ontario], the Lac du Dauphin [Erie], and the Lac d'Orleans [Huron], and so come against him before he could be made subject to any villainy.

There was another reason why this decision of Woman's Heart was good and sensible: for that all along our route at convenient distances we found settlements, either of the French or Indians, where we put in to provision ourselves; whereas the Ottawa throughout its entire course is a houseless wilderness. Our first stopping was at Fort de la Gallette, where was the former mission of the Abbé Piquet; thence past thousands of islands to the well-garrisoned Fort Frontenac; and so by ways and villages whose names I do not now recollect,— I paddling often to aid the others, or fishing in the clear water to the portage of Toronto, and thence by a long portage past the great cataract of Niagara. And surely in all my life I have seen nothing so awful as these falls, coming straight down out of the hand of God, and filling the soul with amazement.

Then came we to the abandoned fort of Niagara, and here found we all in

good condition as left by the Chevalier de la Motthe; the great cross in the square, and the cabins empty, but not fallen in pieces. We entered into the bake-house, and I did bake bread in an oven the first time since my captivity, and it tasted exceeding good. It irked me also to leave these civilized habitations thus empty to the winds.

So journeyed we on to the *détroit* of the lake, where were fifty men who had made a trading post for beaver and other peltries, which they say they smuggle to the English, and that they create great havoc among the Indians by supplying them with Dutch rum and French brandy in exchange for their commodities; and indeed I liked not the manner of life of these men, for they were many of them drunken, and they quarreled loudly among themselves, and we got away with all speed. Thus by stages, which it would be tedious to describe, we came in June to the settlement of Indians, of the Squirrel tribe, on Lake Nipissing, where we had counted on lighting on Jacques Belœil. We heard, indeed, that he and his companions had been there, but not finding the beaver as abundant as they had hoped, they had departed only four days before us for Michilimakinac. The chieftainess, or her people, none had seen; it was therefore to be surmised that they were still upon the way. Glad at heart that we had at least outstripped them, we prepared to ascend the Lac d'Orleans, bound for Michilimakinac, which is a strait communicating between the Lac d'Orleans and the Lac des Illinois [Michigan]. But here a fresh disappointment awaited us, for we found that those we sought had descended the Lac des Illinois, with the intention of pushing across the country to the great river Colbert, or Mississippi. We therefore redoubled our exertions, striving most frantically to come up with them; for should they once attain the Mississippi, we feared lest they might pursue it to its very mouth, such

being the enticing stories brought back by the Chevalier La Salle and others, how it waters the English settlements of Virginia and Carolina, and empties into the Bay of Mexico.

By hard rowing and good fortune in travel we came up to the party before they had reached the great river. But here, also, a grievous disappointment befell us, for Jacques Belœil was not with them, having parted from them with one other at Michilimakinac, to go up the Lake Royal, or Superior, in search of ores of copper, which were said to abound at the head of this lake.

So had we all our journey across the Lac des Illinois for nothing, and as we then thought worse than nothing; for it was very possible that the Iroquois, arriving at Michilimakinac later than we, had obtained surer guidance, and were now far in advance of us. But it did not so chance; for as we returned we met them, bound, as we had been, for the country of the Illinois. When they saw us they challenged, and would know what we did in those waters; and Woman's Heart spoke them fair, but they were not satisfied. The chieftainess, also, when she saw me was the more suspicious, and would know if we had seen Jacques Belœil, and whither we were bound. To these questionings we replied with lies: that Jacques Belœil was gone down the Mississippi, and that we were on our way home. With that they pressed on out of our sight; but the next morning we perceived that they had altered their course, and were returning, whether because they had given up the chase, or were suspicious of our movements, we could not rightly guess. When we reached Michilimakinac again the summer was past, and the young braves who had come with us would go no further, but left us, and, with our boat, returned home. But though the water was stormy, by reason of the autumn gales, we procured another canoe and pressed on. When we turned into

the Sault Ste. Marie we perceived that there was a boat following us, nor had we gone far before it came alongside, and we saw the Iroquois. They spake not to us, as they easily outstripped us, and we made sure they had received some fresh information; and it turned out that so they had, and from our own men. Now were we in greater trouble than ever, for our enemies were in advance, and for lack of paddlers we could not keep pace with them. But the very winds favored us, for they presently encountered a storm, and were wrecked under the painted cliffs, where the Indians resort for pipe-stones and for colored earths for their war-paint. So that again we passed them, and came, just as winter was setting in, to a little settlement of the *Sieur Du Luth*, where was a Jesuit priest, ten Frenchmen, and a tribe of friendly Indians. These received us kindly, and told us that Jacques Belœil and his companion were gone into the hills with an Indian guide, in search of copper, but counseled us not to follow, as they would soon be back, for that now the ice was forming, and the snow would soon be upon us. It was plain that we must bide here the winter, but first I could not rest till we had found Jacques Belœil, and we set out the next day with Indians of that village upon his trail. And now the cold was very bitter, so that at night we had our noses frost-bit, and often I thought to have perished, suffering as much as ever I did on the march from Deepgrove to Canada. At times we found his camp-fires, or the hollows where they had been, and this cheered us to press on; but when we had nearly reached him the blinding snow came down, and we were compelled to wait. And while we waited, who should come up with us but the Iroquois! The chieftainess was very angry, for she saw plainly now that we were at cross-purposes; but there were so many of the friendly Indians with us that she dared

not give the word to her men to attack us. And there were we together, waiting the ceasing of the storm to go further. Right sure was I that none of us would sleep until it was over, but the snowing lasted four days, and we were fain to take rest by turns. At the last the Iroquois did get two hours' start, and were off on snow-shoes through the forest, and we after so fast that we soon came where we could hear the crackling of the branches which they broke in their march. Suddenly through all the forest there rang a yell so very hideous that I knew they had attained to the object they sought.

"It is their war-cry!" I said, my knees knocking together under me.

"Nay," replied Woman's Heart, "listen again: it is not the shout of braves, but the yell of one squaw;" and twice more that dreadful cry sounded, each time more distinct and frightful as we neared it.

And when we were come to a little cleared space we found the last camp of Jacques Belœil and his companions, under a shelving rock, where, having lost their means of making a fire, they had cowered together, and had all frozen to death in the storm. The Iroquois had brought out the bodies and stretched them upon blankets, and their chieftainess, standing over Jacques Belœil, was brandishing her knife in the air and singing. When she saw me she made at me, but Woman's Heart stood between, receiving a cut upon the arm; and she went back again, singing that we two had followed Jacques Belœil for hate and love many a league, but that hate was strongest, for whereas I must now pause, she would still follow through the hunting-grounds of the hereafter, there to find him and to do him deadly mischief. With that she stabbed herself with the knife, and sank down upon the body of Jacques Belœil, her men running forward to sustain her.

After that litters were made for the

four corpses, and we returned sorrowfully to the settlement. For though I had greatly feared, and even hated, this woman, yet her death made me to pity her; and was also a great wonder to me, I having heard of many who died for love, but never of one who destroyed herself for hate, and that her victim might not escape her. And surely I like not to think of that unhappy ghost still following where the spirit of Jacques Belœil may be; though the priest tells me that he being a good Christian, and she an unbaptized heathen, she can never reach him. So were they buried all by the lake shore at the settlement, with one cross to mark their graves; and meseemed that my heart was buried with Jacques Belœil, and the death of the chieftainess shamed me as though she had done somewhat for hate that I would not have done for love, though I knew that could my death have saved him I would have died gladly.

Woman's Heart and I were forced to bide at that place until the breaking up of the ice; and I served as laundress to the Frenchmen, and he made arrows and waited patiently the healing of his wound. And though he had not fulfilled his part of the bargain in saving Jacques Belœil from death, yet seeing that it was from no fault of his, and considering the many perils, dangers, and adventures which he had passed through for my sake, — yea, and his great patience, which claimed nothing, — my heart relented toward him, and when the spring came the priest united us in marriage, and we returned joyfully to our own home. There we found that his mother had died, and he made me sit on her mat as mistress of the lodge. And surely he has been a most kind and gentle husband, and our boys are bold and brave, but gentle-hearted also; and I would not have my life otherwise, for I am happy, save when I wake scared from my dreams, and think on the chieftainess and Jacques Belœil.

L. W. Champney.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE claims put forward by the Knights of Labor, and the means employed to enforce them, have roused and alarmed the American people, who have been at once perplexed and angered by the apparent organized determination to overthrow settled principles of business and industry, and to deny rights justly regarded as among the most fundamental and necessary to the existence of ordered society. That American citizens should ignore the elementary principles of the democratic system, and, apparently without suspecting the scope and meaning of their action, undertake to establish a tyranny subversive of their own laws and institutions, is perhaps what most surprises the public. But, happily for the country, the effect of the democratic spirit is to induce among thinking men a temperate and reasonable disposition; and the incongruity of the recent labor demonstrations with the social state which underlies them, instead of moving the American observer to sudden impatience and the desire to restore normal conditions forcibly, impels him to study the situation calmly, to the end that he may obtain a clear understanding of the causes of whatever is wrong or dangerous in it.

In the first place, it is to be remarked that the organization of labor for its own protection had proceeded so far, before the Knights of Labor appeared, as to embrace most skilled industry in nearly all occupations. It is also to be observed that all such organization involves and presupposes the establishment of a monopoly. The first appeal to a workingman to join a trades-union is put on the ground that he will thereby obtain some special privileges. At the beginning, the tendency of all these movements is to abuse the power which union gives. During half a century of trades-union-

ism this has been the general experience. In proportion to the ignorance and backwardness of the men the disposition to violence and tyranny has been exhibited. Self-interest being always one of the strongest influences in human society, and training of a special kind being required to develop perception of the reaction upon the agents of wrong done to others, the tendency to maintain one's own rights, or what seem to be such, regardless of the rights of others, is necessarily strongest when the reflective faculty is weakest. So in the infancy of labor organization strikes with violence were common. The non-union man was treated as an outcast. In England, more than in the United States, intolerance was displayed by trades-unions, and at Sheffield and Birmingham shocking barbarities were for a time practiced, in the attempt to maintain the power and monopoly of the organizations.

Serious injury has been inflicted upon trade and manufactures by these outbreaks, but labor itself has suffered most from them. First, because all strikes with violence are effectively strikes against labor quite as much as against capital; second, because, owing to imprudent management, most strikes have been made on a falling market, and so have put the employers in a position where it was less costly to suspend production than to yield. Gradually, workingmen have learned some useful lessons, though it will no doubt be long before they generally accept and abide by that principle of arbitration which offers the most hopeful solution, or accommodation, of the labor problem. It is, however, in skilled labor principally that an advance has been made; that is to say, among the most intelligent workingmen. If to-day there seems to be a revival of lawlessness in labor circles, it is partly

because for the first time an extensive organization of unskilled labor has entered the field. The apparent arrogance and unreasonableness of the Knights of Labor are in reality no new manifestations. They but follow the common law of development. All trades-unions began in the same way. Even the doctrine that employees may dictate to employers not alone the rate of wages, but the personality of the wage-earners, and may exclude from the enjoyment of the universal right to labor all who are not members of the union, is a comparatively old one, and is still enforced whenever and wherever the conditions are favorable.

The pretensions of the Knights of Labor have been given special prominence by the nature of their connection with the transportation system, and by the introduction, in aid of the strikes, of the boycott. For years we have been accustomed to hear of industrial strikes in which violence was employed. They have been so common in the Pennsylvania mining region as to excite little comment outside of the State where they occurred. But while these strikes have sometimes caused changes in the price of coal and other products, costing the public large amounts in the aggregate, they have not been so much in evidence as the recent disturbances. When a great railroad system is blocked by a lawless strike for weeks, the effects are serious and far-reaching. The South-western railroad strike, for example, has compelled the suspension of manufacturing, thus depriving thousands of workingmen of subsistence. It has caused food famines in several country towns, thus increasing the cost of living to other thousands. It has disturbed trade, both wholesale and retail, by the blockade of goods in transit. In other ways it has reacted widely, and therefore has attracted public attention in an unusual degree. When such a reckless attack upon the business of the country

is made for apparently no better reason than to display the power of the labor organization behind it, or, as has been said, to compel "recognition" of that organization by the railroad corporations, it is inevitable that the public should be interested, and natural that it should be somewhat alarmed. The use of the boycott has also tended to aggravate the feeling of uneasiness, and, viewed in connection with the demands of the Knights of Labor to exercise control over property they do not own, has created an impression that the situation is very serious. The boycott is undoubtedly an odious and despicable practice, and it has been so employed in this country as to emphasize its worst qualities. It is cowardly and cruel in principle: involving the combination of many against one; lending itself readily to purposes of private revenge and blackmail; and not merely un-American in spirit, but distinctly in violation of the laws of the country. Clearly, such an institution cannot be tolerated in the United States, and as clearly it never could have been invented or introduced by men possessing any comprehension of free institutions. Not the least disquieting feature of the labor case, indeed, is the obvious ignorance of a great many workingmen concerning the nature of the government of this country. But if this fact is not reassuring, it is at least a perfectly natural and inevitable result of the national policy. We have agreed to open the door wide to all the world, and all the world has accepted our invitation. We have relied confidently upon the tendency of our institutions, and above all upon our educational system, to counteract the disturbing effect of a continual influx of foreign ignorance. We have refused to adopt any precautions in the naturalization of foreigners, assuming that a brief residence in the country must bring full knowledge of the Constitution and laws. Under the circumstances, we

ought not to be surprised that the public schools fail to keep pace with the immigration; that we acquire every year many thousands of citizens who cannot speak English, and who have not the faintest apprehension of American institutions and governmental theories; that, in effect, the country is being colonized from Europe with people who bring here complete theories of life, many of which are utterly opposed to our form, or to any form, of civilization.

If the social and industrial conditions in the United States were to-day anything like those which existed when this national policy was adopted, perhaps there would be no reason to fear the results. But those conditions have undergone radical change. Little by little, as the country has filled up, as its resources have been developed, as its material wealth has increased, as its population has become denser, as its industrial centres have attracted larger numbers of operatives, as luxury has grown, the inequalities, grievances, jealousies, which stimulate socialism in the Old World, have come to the front here. The law of free development, which has done such mighty things for us, has also wrought us not a little mischief. With the expansion of our opportunities for the acquisition of wealth there has gone an abandonment to greed which has produced much evil. In the race of speculation, honor, integrity, equity, all sterling principles, have been often sacrificed. Fortune, got no matter how, has been the goal of the majority. The laws, framed to prevent the more obvious and common offenses, have proved powerless to punish audacious and flagrant crimes. Great corporations, in no way specially vicious, but prone, like all men, to abuse their power, have absorbed the public domain, obtained possession of enormous tracts, divided millions, and then sought to evade their responsibilities. Capital employed in the industries

has shown a greater stupidity than that of ignorant labor. It has acted with short-sighted rapacity and selfishness, has followed the principle of buying in the cheapest market to its most odious conclusions, has extinguished all sympathy between itself and the wage-earners.

It is true that the condition of labor is generally better than it ever was before. The assertion that the poor are growing poorer is emphatically untrue, and nowhere is it so destitute of foundation as in the United States. But it is equally true that the extension of luxury has been so great of late years as to heighten the contrast between wealth and decent poverty; so that, in comparison with the modern millionaire, a man whose condition fifty years ago would have been thought enviable appears little better than a pauper. These sharp contrasts sink into men's minds, and produce different impressions. When millionaires whose wealth has been obtained by sharp practice, by chicanery, by circumventing the laws, by monopolizing the national heritage, by gambling on the stock exchange, by making "corners" in food products, by wrecking railways, by watering stocks, flaunt their money in the faces of the poor, these latter may become either resentful or emulous. If they feel that they themselves have no vocation towards the enterprises which have produced this affluence; if they belong to the large class which lacks capacity to utilize opportunity; if they are at once intelligent and honest enough to perceive and revolt from the means employed, they will regard these evidences of prosperous audacity and knavery with indignation, and they will have a diminished respect for the system under which such triumphs can be obtained. If, on the other hand, the observers belong to the class from which so many modern rich men spring, they will carefully follow the careers of these pioneers, and will seek to catch the secret of their success, fully

prepared to employ it on their own behalf at the earliest opportunity.

When, however, the foreign immigrant, imbued with Old World socialism, lands here, he sees no new or unfamiliar conditions. He finds society ranging between the mansion and the tenement-house. He finds superfluous wealth at one extreme, and squalid destitution at the other. In the arrangement of the social machinery he sees less ceremony and form than in Europe, and marks an absence of nominal rank. But he soon perceives that rank is really present, if it is conventionally put in the background, and that at bottom American society is modeled upon that of Europe. Remember that the foreigner brings with him strong opinions, generally, upon the wrongs of his class; and remember that there is at present no class in existence which possesses anything like the solidity and catholic unity of the workingmen. Socialism has brought this about, and it is idle to imagine that socialism has nothing to do with the United States. Because the extremists, the reds and anarchists, appear to command little sympathy, it must not be inferred that socialism has obtained no footing in the ranks of American labor. The programme of the Knights of Labor to-day is almost identical with that which the French collectivists adopted in 1880, and there is more than a coincidence in the fact. The truth is that, in proportion as the workingmen feel the impassability of the gulf that separates them from the rich class, they tend to become discontented and disaffected; and as the struggle for existence grows harder in our centres of population with the increase of immigration and the fierceness of commercial and industrial competition, the chances of the average poor man to acquire wealth become smaller, thus putting him among the protestants against the existing situation, and, by consequence, among the prospective agitators and advocates of socialist theories.

The influence of socialism upon the present labor troubles must be recognized. It is less a direct than a reflex influence. The American workingmen certainly entertain no revolutionary purpose wittingly, but it is none the less evident that they have been affected by the sentiments which are in the air. We are apt to count confidently upon the latent patriotism of the citizen. Hitherto that trust has certainly been justified. But the student of his own times cannot afford to ignore the peculiar tendency of modern socialism to break down the love of country, and substitute for it a class feeling as broad as humanity. A very careful observer, M. de Laveleye, says, "It [socialism] has become a kind of cosmopolitan religion. It oversteps frontiers, it obliterates race antipathies, and, above all, it eradicates patriotism, and tries to efface the very idea of it. Fellow-countrymen are enemies if they are employers; foreigners are brothers if they live by wages." Of course this is intended to apply especially to the workingmen of Europe, but as the ranks of American labor are being continually recruited thence, the facts are not without significance for us. It is one among many tendencies having their influence upon the attitude of the labor unions just now so prominently before the public, and all these tendencies must be taken into account if a just comprehension of what is going on in the minds of the masses is to be obtained.

Socialist ideas, moreover, are propagated through a special literature, much of which is overlooked by men of business and politicians, but which has a considerable circulation. The theories advanced by those who quarrel with the existing condition of things are various and contradictory. Land nationalization appears, to the disciples of Henry George, the panacea for all evils. Others deny that the author of *Progress and Poverty* has found the true solution

of the problem. Paternal government, collectivism, communism, are in turn advocated. But all the revolutionary projects agree in these particulars; namely, that the poor are victims of injustice, and that poverty ought to be made impossible by legislation. That any form of socialism should be entertained in this country may seem strange to those who continue to believe in the popular ability to obtain, through the ballot, whatever is worth having. But such a belief has ceased to be general. Labor has tried politics, and is not satisfied with the results. It has found the politicians always eager to profess whatever is required, but when they had attained their ends it has not found them willing to fulfill their promises. In truth, the workingmen have often been the dupes of demagogues, who, by undertaking to frame and carry out impossible or mischievous measures, have at once stimulated unreasonable demands, and prepared a decline of faith in the practicability of relief through the suffrage. It has been one of the misfortunes of American labor that its political power has deprived it of candid advisers. It has been flattered by all parties, and no party has had the courage to tell it unpalatable truths. The possession of this political power has caused it to be courted with a sycophancy which has had anything but wholesome effects, and the general tendency of politics upon labor has consequently been to disillusionize the intelligent workingmen, and to encourage the unenlightened in extravagant pretensions and unworkable theories.

If labor is now unreasonable and disposed to tyrannize, it is only following in the footsteps of other classes. Not many years have elapsed since the farmers of the West made a similar experiment with the ballot. They had grievances against the railroads. The transportation problem presents some paradoxes which, to those who have not

studied it, are apt to look like inequities. They so appeared to the "Grangers," who forthwith went out to do battle for what they thought their rights. With political power in their hands, they controlled the law-making machinery. They hurried through measures intended to regulate the railroad business in the popular interest. They honestly believed that their unquestionable command of the political forces of the state enabled them to solve all problems. As they did not understand transportation, the laws made by them proved impracticable, and when put in operation injured the public, and had to be repealed. Before this stage of evolution had been passed, however, popular sentiment reacted upon the judicial machinery, and was reflected in some decisions which do not probably count for nothing in the growth of the tendency to ignore settled doctrines of property rights which alarm the public to-day.

It is worth while to examine this case with some care, for it may have a decided bearing upon current events. In the "Granger" agitation, the protest of the threatened corporations against regulative legislation was largely grounded upon the venerable axiom that ownership and control go together, and that they cannot be separated without a fatal invasion of property rights. Through a series of judicial decisions, culminating in those by the United States Supreme Court in the so-called Elevator Cases, this defense was wrenched away from the corporations. The doctrine was laid down that the legislature had a right to regulate the profits and general management of any business in the operation of which a "public use" could be shown. It was pointed out at the time by a dissenting member of the court that this doctrine might be extended so as to include almost any and every occupation in which men could engage; and that consequently it subjected not only corporate but private business to the lia-

bility of a legislative interference easily pushed, by ignorance or malice, to the point of confiscation. Actual experiment soon proved that the transportation question could not be satisfactorily settled by measures not based on careful and intelligent study, and subsequently it was discovered that complete publicity was a more effective reform agency than iron-clad statutes. But the new doctrine of legislative interference with property remained, and it cannot be doubted that it has exercised the influence upon public opinion to be expected from the utterances of so august a tribunal.

It is interesting to observe that the question of the ownership and control of property underlies the dispute between the Knights of Labor and their employers, just as it did the earlier quarrel between the Grangers and the railroad corporations. As the latter figure largely in the new disturbance, it may be thought that it is only a fresh phase of the old trouble; and in one sense this is true. It is not a long journey from the theory of legislative regulation of corporate property to the theory of public (say trades-union) regulation of both corporate and private property. If the legislature, which is merely the agent of the people, can regulate, why may not the people, if they choose, proceed, without the intervention of an agent, to enforce their will? Such an argument might appear both reasonable and forcible to an ignorant man, and it must be admitted that the way has been prepared for the development of some such idea by antecedent events. The Knights of Labor claim the right to settle the wages they are to receive, and they deny to their employers the right to determine whom they shall employ. This is to separate control from ownership, and in effect to transfer the latter by a method of disguised confiscation. The proposition, when put nakedly, is revolting and alarming. Business men every-

where appear to think that it involves so vicious a doctrine that to admit it would be to paralyze industry and commerce, and to arrest progress completely. Yet it is a fact that the doctrine, in a slightly different form, has been the watchword, the war-cry, of many States in the Union, and that even in its present shape it has been repeatedly accepted at the hands of labor organizations.

The exigencies of commerce, the pressure of competition, have compelled or induced many employers to submit to terms which they considered unjust and principles which they believed revolutionary. The selfish engrossment of the majority in their own affairs, reinforced by the feelings of jealousy and dislike which corporate prosperity and corporate abuses had aroused, caused the invasion of property rights consequent upon the Granger agitation to be viewed with indifference. Now, when propositions of the same kind are advanced in a broader field and a more conspicuous manner, the effect is startling, and it might be thought, from much of the comment, that the whole question was brand-new, and had never before been pressed upon public attention. There is, no doubt, a decided difference between the earlier and the later methods of presentation. The Grangers invoked the law. They acted through the recognized constitutional machinery. They obtained the sanction of the court of last resort to their demands. They were not amenable to the charge of violence and lawlessness. In many of the recent strikes the defiance of law has been conspicuous. The men have acted apparently upon the theory that they had a right to enter upon and seize the property of their employers, and to forcibly prevent non-union laborers from taking their places. But the Grangers were for the most part Americans. They understood the system of government under which they lived. They were familiar with the Constitution.

They knew that, possessing the ballot, they could control legislation. The Knights of Labor, on the other hand, are men of whom a large percentage are foreign born; who, representing unskilled labor, necessarily hold in their assemblies a considerable element of ignorance and deficient intelligence; who, like all ignorant bodies on first discovering the power of organization, are disposed to abuse that power; and who, therefore, naturally tend to seek by force that which better instructed people aim at through forms of law.

Nor is this the only distinction between the Knights of Labor and the Grangers. The former have compelled attention to the important fact that they are not warranted in assuming to represent American labor; that, indeed, they constitute but a very small portion of that labor; that they are a minority, — half a million as against eighteen millions of non-union workers; and that their contest is really far more against their own order than against capital. It is curious that they should inveigh against monopoly while they are endeavoring to set up the most odious and intolerable species of it, but there can be no doubt of the fact. The position they have taken is that no man who does not belong to their order has a right to work for his living, and that they are entitled to dictate to every American workingman for whom he shall labor and at what wages. It is only necessary to state these claims to perceive that they involve a despotism more intolerable than the most spiritless and abject people known to history ever endured; and, like all organized despotisms, the successful operation of this one demands the most servile submission on the part of the members. A typical illustration is the case of the Patterson silk-mill, all the hands in which were made to go on strike by a "walking delegate" who merely wished to show his authority. There was no

grievance against the employers. The hands were satisfied with their condition. But when the walking delegate (who was a cigar-maker, and knew nothing about the silk business) demanded the adoption of some absurd changes in the mode of work, and was refused, he "snapped his fingers" as he passed through the mill, on his way out, and all the hands, without asking a question, dropped their work and walked into the street. Afterwards that walking delegate was punished by his order, for he had no authority for his action. But the servility demanded by the Knights of Labor is shown most strikingly in the unhesitating obedience paid to this man's command by those who knew perfectly well that they had no cause of complaint, and that consequently a strike could not be justified.

So then it appears that while an outsider has no rights as against the Knights of Labor, a member of the order possesses no rights as against its officers and leaders. Its tyranny towards non-union men is not greater than its tyranny towards its own members. What an American citizen obtains by joining the order is, apparently, the suspension of almost every important right and immunity secured to him by the Constitution of the United States. He enters it a free man. He yields up his freedom thenceforth. He becomes a mere blind instrument in the hands of others, — of others whose ignorance and stupidity he might convince himself of by the slightest examination, yet whom he permits to control his destiny, and in whose incompetent hands he places his independence. Strange that men should bow their necks to so heavy a yoke in the search for greater liberty. Strange that it should be thought possible to secure broader liberties by abandoning those already enjoyed. The Knights of Labor, however, are ambitious. They aim at combining in their own persons the characteristics and functions at once of

tyrants and slaves. For the sake of depriving their neighbors of freedom they voluntarily relinquish their own, and that they may the better play the part of masters they reduce themselves to the condition of serfs.

What the Declaration of Independence terms the "unalienable right" to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is not recognized at all by these men. They practically assert that nobody who is not a Knight of Labor has any such right, and yet there are eighteen million workers in the country who do not belong to that order. The audacity, the irrationality, the subversive character, of the claims of this comparatively small number of law-breakers and revolutionists would perhaps justify amusement rather than alarm but for the manner in which their extraordinary attacks upon the structure of society have been received. For a considerable period it looked as though the trouble would be settled by general submission to their outrageous demands. When the impossibility of such a course became apparent, it was extremely doubtful for a time whether the local authorities would summon courage to do their duty. The instrumentalities for vindicating the law and keeping order were at hand, but those charged with setting them in motion were politicians, and they were manifestly afraid of offending the law-breakers. Only the steadily growing pressure of a public opinion the trend of which could not be mistaken at last compelled the adoption of decided and effective measures for the general protection.

Meantime the spectacle presented was humiliating. Governors of States were seen, not administering the laws with energy and firmness, but shutting their eyes to the rampant lawlessness that surrounded them, and talking about the desirability of "arbitration" between corporations whose property was being destroyed and the criminals who were de-

stroying it. It is perhaps the first time that a proposition of the kind has been made, and it will be well for the country if it is the last. The effect of this cowardice and unfaithfulness to duty was of course to confirm the strikers in the belief that they were within their rights in blocking traffic, "killing" engines, intimidating non-union men, and generally taking possession of the property of other people. The extent to which confusion of thought may be carried was further shown in the appearance of a disposition to regard the kind of lawlessness existing as different from the kinds already provided against by the law, and to speak as if some new legislation were required to deal with it. Of course the truth is that every unlawful act committed by the strikers and boycotters has long been fully met by statutory provisions, and that nothing was needed but the proper enforcement of existing law.

Perhaps the gradual growth of trades-unionism and the silent advance of its claims and pretensions may have contributed to this confusion, but the bold and sudden movement of the Knights of Labor has compelled the American people to realize that the tendency of modern labor organization is to create an *imperium in imperio*, — a government established on lines which at many points traverse those on which the republic stands, and which, if it succeeds in its avowed aims, must revolutionize the Union. What success by the Knights of Labor, as at present led and organized, would mean for the public generally may perhaps be conjectured pretty accurately from current events. In Lynn, Massachusetts, for example, the Knights undertook to compel a whole class of tradesmen to close their stores at six o'clock in the evening. The majority — to their discredit be it said — abjectly submitted to this impudent command. They had their reward. The Knights naturally pro-

ceeded further. They demanded next that the tradesmen submit their tariffs of retail prices, to the end that their profits should be regulated. Fortunately, one man in Lynn, George Tarbox, was an old-fashioned American citizen. He knew his rights, "and, knowing, dared maintain." He refused to obey the early-closing orders of the Knights of Labor. They threatened him with the boycott. He appealed to the public. The latter promptly responded, and the feeble folk who had bowed their necks to the yoke of the new tyrants gathered courage to rebel against the demand for the regulation of their price-lists. The lesson of this episode is important.

The organization of labor is inevitable and necessary. But the American people have a right to demand that when labor organizes it shall do so under and with due regard to the laws of the land, and that it shall not proceed as if society were in a chaotic state, and every man was at liberty to regulate his actions according to his individual fancies. What the public have most to complain of is that labor organizations ignore the laws, undertake to import principles antagonistic to them, employ their power in illegitimate ways, and do this with an air of complete innocence and as a matter of course. Even the older trades-unions, which have learned something by hard experience, by no means obtain from their organization the best possible results. They are not so prone to strikes as formerly, and they endeavor to avoid violence when they do strike. But they are not above resorting to the boycott, and they seek to maintain a monopoly which is a wrong to labor in the aggregate. There is another defect in their working. They put too much stress on *rights* and too little upon *duties*. The modern trades-unionist is a man very sure to know what is due to himself from his employer. He is not so sure to recognize what is due to his

employer from himself. Trades-unionism certainly has not done much to promote conscientiousness and excellence in the performance of work. Rather it has tended to put all workmen upon a dead level of perfunctory mediocrity. A system which aims at repressing individual superiorities in the avowed interest of the inferior workmen can have no other effect. A system which discourages enthusiasm in the employee, lest it should lead the employer to put his standard too high and expect too much, is distinctly debasing in its influence. It may secure work for a larger number, but it can do so only by the sacrifice of excellence, faithfulness, ambition, and individualism.

This is what most schemes of socialism demand and necessitate, indeed. They are, with scarcely an exception, framed in direct opposition to natural law. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest finds no acceptance with modern socialists. They seek to reverse all the processes of evolution in order to find equal subsistence for the undeserving and the deserving, for the incapable and the capable, for the lazy and the industrious, for the stupid and the bright, for the vicious and the virtuous. At every step in the application of such doctrines, however, fresh difficulties are encountered; and as self-interest almost invariably determines the course finally taken, many odd contradictions and anomalies are involved. In the social republic there is to be no monopoly at all. In trades-unionism monopoly is the chief object, and to maintain it not only is all outside labor discriminated against, but the prospects of the coming generation are deliberately injured by the strict limitation of apprenticeship. Founded on principles which seem to apply to all labor, these organizations inevitably resolve themselves into close corporations. Initiated for the legitimate purpose of resisting the selfishness and greed of capital, they have devel-

oped a rapacity of their own which is interfering seriously with production and industry generally, and which must be checked and brought within bounds before they can be what their founders hoped.

The organization of labor has hitherto been in the hands of unfit men, with too few exceptions. The leaders have been selfish, narrow-minded, or ignorant. The true way to utilize the strength of united labor is to develop the individual power of the members. By no other means have great nations ever been formed. An association, the effective strength of which depends upon the surrender of the rights and liberties of its members, may be a dangerous instrument for the use of adventurers and demagogues, but it cannot advance the interests of the men themselves. The most urgent want of labor to-day is self-control. In this free country no man endowed with average abilities need remain all his life poor. If he has thrift, self-restraint, perseverance, he will pass from the ranks of labor to the ranks of capital. It is the saving man who becomes the capitalist, — the man who has force to deny himself indulgences. What a lesson lies in the drink-bill of the American workingmen, for instance! At a moderate estimate, it amounts to between four and five hundred million dollars a year. While labor is throwing away that enormous sum annually, with what show of consistency can it lament its condition? One year's remission of that destructive self-indulgence would solve every labor problem extant; would provide a fund for the establishment of coöperative works, for the sustenance of the sick and aged, for the maintenance and education of orphans, for libraries and scientific schools, for all manner of helps.

At present the workingman can hardly make both ends meet. Is it not because he insists on creating capitalists out of the saloon-keepers, and, not con-

tent with that, on submitting all his rights of citizenship to the same objects of worship? The saloon in politics is the most hideous abuse of the day, but where would it be if the workingmen withdrew their support from it? It keeps them poor. It keeps our politics corrupt. It supplies a constant stream of base adventurers, who disgrace the American name at home and abroad. It makes the terms "public office" and "public plunder" synonymous. It stifles progress, fosters pauperism, brutalizes husbands and fathers, breaks women's hearts, puts rags on the workingman's back, disease in his body, and shame and despair in his heart. Yet when labor is most disturbed, when the demand for advanced wages is loudest, when strikes are most frequent, when hunger and misery are most rife in the homes of the poor, the saloon flourishes still. There may be no bread at home, but there is always beer and whiskey at the bar, and the men who consider themselves the victims of circumstances or the "thralls" of capital squander their earnings, spend their savings, in these dens. Can there be a serious labor question while this state of things continues? Can workingmen talk gravely of their wrongs while it is plain to all the world that if they only saved the capital they earn they would be comfortable?

This aspect of the case has not been sufficiently examined, and for reasons which will probably occur readily to the reader. But it is really the key to the situation. When we see on the one side a yearly waste of between four and five hundred millions of dollars, and on the other side a body of men, the squanderers of this vast fund, complaining that they have not sufficient opportunities, we cannot long be at a loss to comprehend the true nature of the existing dissatisfaction. It is clear that labor has been incited to seek from without the relief which ought to be sought from

within. The socialist theory of a paternal state system which provides everybody with work and wages is a mischievous fallacy. It simply encourages indolence and dependence. The first duty of labor is to demonstrate its capacity for self-government. At this moment its drink-bill is an impeachment of that capacity. No man who spends half his earnings at a saloon can get on in the world, or has the least right to expect to get on. Nor can any body of men follow the same course with better results. Prosperity is the reward of persevering, temperate, ungrudging work. In these days there is, however, a great wind of new doctrine. We are asked to believe that it is possible to succeed in very different ways: that the less a man works, for example, the more he ought to receive; that national prosperity can be advanced by diminishing production; and many other equally hard sayings. But it may be confidently affirmed that these new theories are destined to be short-lived, and that the world will have to be managed eventually upon pretty much the old lines.

Labor has got upon the wrong track. That is the truth. It has been misled by incompetent advisers. It has, no doubt, great opportunities before it. Organization under better management may lead it to a successful solution of the coöperative problem, will certainly give it adequate protection, and is capable of developing the best that its capacities can offer. But it is not by pursuing chimeras that the question can be settled satisfactorily, nor by ignoring duties and insisting upon rights. Thrift and temperance and reasonableness are three indispensable requisites to a forward movement. There can, however, be no thrift or temperance so long as a handful of ignorant men are permitted to throw scores of thousands of workmen out of employment; so long as the saloon rules labor and handles it in politics; so long as the money that

would carry comfort and decency to every laboring man's home in the land is diverted to enrich brewers and whiskey distillers and the keepers of their retail places. There can be no reasonableness so long as labor takes its arguments from the mouths of its worst enemies, and starves itself to feed fat a crowd of chattering demagogues, who have only their own mean and sordid interests at heart, and neither understand nor care to understand the things which really concern their clients. It is necessary to dwell strongly upon these considerations. The man who cannot govern his own appetites must fail in the battle of life. The man who cannot deny himself must remain poor. No outside conditions can compensate for want of force of character. No regulation of the hours of labor, no increase in wages, no monopoly of work, no trades-union rules, however cunningly contrived, can change the laws of nature. While the world lasts there will be fit and unfit men, and the former will prosper and the latter will fail, — will fail because they are not adapted to their environment. It may be possible to conceive of a world in which the present incapable should succeed; in which sloth and intemperance and defective intelligence should lead to fortune. But it would have to be a world radically different from this, and therefore it is that the unfit ones whom we have with us must continue to fail to the end. The workingmen do not seem to have considered these primary matters much as yet, but they are in greater present need of self-discipline than of anything else; and until they perceive this, and undertake to educate themselves, using their organization as a means to self-help rather than as an offensive weapon wherewith to attack trade and industry, they are likely to do themselves and the country more harm than good.

Unfortunately, the steady progress of such an educational process in the United

States is seriously interfered with by the constant addition of an ignorant element to the labor population. Since this influx has for many years consisted largely of foreigners from the continent of Europe, who do not speak English, moreover, and who bring to us ideas of social growth often wholly antagonistic to American views, the difficulty has increased. It is not merely total ignorance of our laws and governmental system that we have to contend with, but independent beliefs about government and the state which are opposed to our own altogether. One result of this is the conversion of labor organizations into socialist propaganda, and the gradual introduction to labor agitation of socialist ideas and propositions. The extension of secret societies, ostensibly organized for mutual protection and help, thus involves a pressure upon the political machinery liable to become more dangerous and subversive as the numerical strength of the societies grows. This, however, is but one of the embarrassing consequences of the national hospitality. A country possessing a homogeneous population, and depending for the increase of that population upon natural multiplication, may have to pass through many trials before it attains the stability of settled civilization; yet it will, as a rule, proceed steadily from one experiment to another, and will profit by its various lessons. But if a country is continually adding to its population from without; if it is compelled to educate a large percentage of its adult citizens, as well as its children; if at every critical juncture it has to deal with a formidable element which has no past experiences to guide it, the result must be that the same hard lessons will have to be learned again and again, and that much friction and loss of time will have to be endured.

It may be that eventually we shall conquer these difficulties; that complete assimilation will take place at last. But

before that can happen we shall be, for an indefinite period, so far as can now be seen, subjected to periodical disturbance and disquietude from this cause, and the national progress will be checked while we are laboriously and painfully recommencing the instruction which, under normal conditions, might have been necessary only once. The time is also approaching when our saturation point will have been reached, and when the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence will constitute as grave a problem as it has long been in Europe. If foreign immigration is to continue unchecked, not many years more of indifference to the implications will be permitted to our politicians, and from present indications it seems anything but certain that they will be prepared to meet the problem intelligently and successfully. But in the absence of any pronounced or organized public opinion on the subject of immigration, the only course open is to consider the existing conditions as settled, and to make the best of them. It is indeed curious that no protest has yet been heard from American labor on this head, if we except that from the Pacific coast against the Chinese; for, logically considered, the spirit of trades-unionism ought to be strongly opposed to any further increase of the labor element, and experience has shown that in such cases foreigners are generally the first to manifest hostility to new-comers.

Importing ignorance and socialism freely as we do, however, we cannot reasonably complain of the results. If of late they have been more disagreeable than usual, we must remember that the whole world is agitated by the labor question. It seems possible that we could have escaped dangerous agitation of the problem by pursuing a more conservative policy; by insisting more, for instance, upon America for Americans. Perhaps we have not sufficiently realized that even the largest continent must be filled

in time. But we must lie upon the bed as we have made it, and since we are already face to face with revolutionary theories of the social system and the relations between capital and labor, we must endeavor to secure the ultimate preponderance of American over exotic doctrines; unless, indeed, we are prepared to indorse the superiority of the latter.

As to that, no doubt, probably, need be entertained. The largest liberty compatible with the maintenance of equal rights has been the national maxim since the foundation of the republic, and it has worked well, on the whole. A system which carefully provides for the free development of individuality is necessarily open to abuses. Where the respect for individual liberty coexists with a feverish pursuit of wealth, excessive greed will occasionally be evolved, and mischievous and demoralizing aggregations of capital will occur. But these are the exceptions, not the rule. In the aggregate the democratic system has been vindicated. The advance of national prosperity, in despite of many and grave drawbacks, has been so great as to excite the wonder of all other nations. The increase in the popular standard of comfort has been, if not so rapid as it might have been, certainly quicker and greater than in any other country. If we have produced a small number of millionaires, we have created millions of well-to-do citizens. The reports of our savings-banks show a substantial condition of society in the middle and lower grades. Notwithstanding their waste of capital in self-indulgence, the poor are better off than at any former time, or in any other part of the world. Thanks to our liberal institutions, there is no barrier between our workingmen and capitalists. Any laborer with health and pluck and judgment may become rich, and thousands do. It is not, then, to be expected that Americans will give up the advantages

which they believe inhere in their system of government, to adopt methods which demand the extinction of individuality, the surrender of freedom of action, and the conversion of the great republic into a sort of compromise between a military despotism and a scheme of national pauperism.

All such notions are idle fantasies. This country will proceed on the lines hitherto pursued and approved by sufficient experience. But it does not follow that there is not ample room for improvement in many things, and, among others, in the relations between capital and labor. Of late much has been said on behalf of arbitration. No doubt arbitration is a good thing, and courts of conciliation are good; in fact, anything is good which puts reason before main strength and passion, and which compels both parties to a dispute to discuss it coolly before an impartial and mutually friendly council. But before arbitration is adopted it is necessary to determine just where the opportunity for it begins, and recent events have shown the existence of a good deal of confusion on this point. It may be laid down as an essential preliminary that arbitration is only in order when both parties are within their rights. If a body of workmen have struck, and are resting quietly, refraining from all interference with the property of their employers, the case is one for arbitration. But if the strike has been followed by violence and lawlessness, arbitration is out of place. The case is then one for the police to deal with, and, if necessary, the militia. No doubt as to this can be permitted. Arbitration presupposes mutual fair play and forbearance. Of course the question involved goes to the very bottom of that of the rights of strikers. Those rights begin and end with the right to refuse to work for a given wage. If, after so refusing to work, the striker undertakes to prevent any one else from working in his place, he puts himself in

the wrong, and he must recede from that false position before arbitration can be applicable. Whenever this is fully realized by the workmen the strike will be abandoned; and this is a change to be hoped for, inasmuch as it is fatally defective as an aid to labor. It can only succeed when it is impossible to replace the striking element. As such occasions are comparatively rare in a country where the organized labor forms so small a percentage of the whole, it follows that a lawful strike can seldom succeed; once undertaken, however, the temptation to proceed to violence is great,—so great that when the strikers are unskilled laborers it is found almost impossible to withstand it. In effect, when a lawful strike has any prospect of success arbitration would be better. When it has no prospect of success it is very liable to degenerate into crime. In any case, it is clumsy, uncertain, and dangerous.

Whatever constitutes a motive for a strike is cause for arbitration. But arbitration, to be respected, must be respectable. President Cleveland's message on the subject, and the law framed in Congress to carry his suggestion into effect, do not appear to meet the requirements of the case. It is extremely doubtful whether anything can be expected from professional arbitrators politically appointed. Every dispute between labor and capital involves special points, understood, as a rule, only by the men concerned on both sides, or by other men engaged in the same kind of business or manufacture. These are natural arbitrators, and their decisions carry weight, but no such respect is likely to be paid the judgments of politicians. As to compulsory arbitration, it is a contradiction in terms, and the very idea involves the most revolutionary tendencies. To propose that the decision of an arbitrator shall be binding, without any regard to its reasonableness or even its legality, is to propose to change the

relations between men so radically that the Constitution and the laws would thenceforth be practically little better than dead letters. If capital and labor are both disposed to be reasonable, they can and will find common standing-ground. The older trades-unions are already regarding the strike with distrust. The policy recently outlined by Mr. Arthur, the head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, represents the most advanced views on this subject. Mr. Arthur does not believe in strikes, and keeps his order out of them as much as possible. One result is that his organization is powerful and respected, and that when it has grievances little difficulty is experienced in getting them removed.

Labor, of course, often has just cause of complaint. Capital is greedy and hard in too many instances, and tries to get the most possible service for the least possible pay. Employers who look on their employees merely as machines cannot expect to be regarded with affection. Great corporations that screw their men down to the lowest notch in wages will never enlist the sympathy of the public. Selfishness and rapacity when manifested by rich men are even more odious than when the poor exhibit those evil qualities. If, when violence has been offered corporate property, the expression of public indignation has been less than the circumstances seemed to demand, the prevailing lukewarmness was undoubtedly attributable to want of sympathy with employers believed to be heartless and ungenerous to their servants. Sometimes these beliefs are ill-founded. There are corporations that treat their employees kindly and considerately. But it is to be regretted that there are very few of them, and that in the majority of cases the relations are those of mutual distrust or indifference.

It is questionable whether, in the absence of esteem or liking of any kind,

better relations can be established. Certainly the tendencies of labor organization are away from closer connection between employer and employed at present. The movement toward stronger demands for labor menaces whatever *entente* exists, and if the policy of the unions continues to be grasping and one-sided the effect upon capital must be serious. Most serious, however, for labor; for capital can always wait and can always subsist, while labor can do neither. Precisely because capital is realized labor it is stronger than labor. It represents the extent to which its possessors have advanced, in accumulating savings, beyond those who have to work for their daily bread. Capital, moreover, can always move, while labor is not free to go where it pleases. In a contest of strength between the two forces, labor must always succumb, and this no matter what numerical strength the latter possesses. The more extensive and the fiercer the conflict, the sooner must it end, for its extension can only involve rapid exhaustion of the material resources of labor.

But all the friends and advisers of the workingman should warn him against entrance into such a strife. It is not that he is altogether wrong, or that he is not entitled to demand certain improvements in his condition. It is that, no matter what his equities, he cannot obtain them by unreasonable methods. A strike upon a falling market may appear just as to its surface propositions, but it is doomed to failure. A demand for increased wages or reduced working hours, or both, during a period of industrial depression is hopeless. As to the proposal for a shorter working-day, it is impossible to believe that those who make it at all understand what they are doing, for their success would be a calamity to them. This, however, is a graft from the tree of socialism, and as incongruous as most of the theories with which those wrong-headed people have filled the air,

in these days of audacious and lawless speculation. Perhaps it is necessary that actual experiment should be had, to convince those whose reasoning powers are slight that if production generally is diminished, the production of the wage-fund also must be reduced; and that if the same amount of work is to be performed, but by an increased number of hands, the average payments to labor will be smaller. When the impossibility of obviating either of these results is comprehended, there will probably be less disposition among workingmen to believe that problems of wages and hours of labor can be determined by *fiat*.

There is a question connected with the labor issue which insists upon prompt determination, and which cannot be allowed to drift. It is the question, recently brought home to the country in startling ways, of anarchism. The general demand is naturally for stern repressive measures, and, the situation being what it is, they are necessary. But when the anarchists of to-day have been put down, how are we going to protect ourselves against the anarchists of to-morrow? It is a very grave consideration. These men form precisely the element from which modern civilization has most to apprehend. They are at odds with society from the foundations upward. They deny the justice and the desirability of any existing institutions. They are proletarians, having no property stake anywhere. They believe in destruction, and not in conservation. They are wholly unapproachable by reason. In short, they live in society only for the purpose of injuring, and if possible overthrowing, civilization. Such men, insane with the insanity produced by unbalanced speculation upon defective intelligence, upon those anæmic brains which the deadly vices of great capitals curse the world with,—such men must, be it admitted, suffer the full penalty of declaring open war upon the existing order of things,

when they are taken *flagrante delicto*. But does it follow that this is the only or the best way of protecting society against them? Has the nation no responsibility that admits, without question, these perverted creatures; that allows them to establish their propaganda; that looks on indifferently while they are educating their dupes to lust after riot and massacre and anarchy; that leaves them free to do mischief until they have advanced from incendiary words to incendiary acts?

Such a policy renders rigorous suppression ultimately unavoidable. But where is the boasted freedom of speech and action, when it can only be enjoyed on such conditions? Perhaps it is time to acknowledge that freedom of speech is never more than relative, and that if we are to avoid the necessity of putting down anarchist riots we must see to it that the dissemination of anarchist doctrine is prevented. We have here a new problem. The anarchists are not to be regarded as fair material for citizenship. They hate American democracy as cordially as European absolutism. As one of them frankly declared at Chicago recently, they are against all laws and all governments, against the whole social and political system, against organized labor as much as capital. They have no sentimental associations with this republic. They come from the Old World's revolutionary muckheap, and all their instincts and tendencies are aggressive, subversive, and destructive. From their first appearance here they form an element of danger, a rallying-point for all the foes of society to gather around. All the influence exercised by them is sinister. They corrupt those workmen who speak their language. They encourage and play into the hands of the criminal class. To permit all this, however, is deliberately to prepare the way for the forcible repression which such a course always compels, and this is to vitiate our sys-

tem of government radically. Being what it is, anarchism should be prevented from germinating, instead of being permitted to grow, and then cut down with pain and difficulty when it is ripe. It has no more justification for free play among us than a cult of piracy would have, or such an academy of larceny as Fagin the Jew kept. The safety of the state, which is not less a supreme law than in the days of Roman dominion, demands that every propaganda of iniquity be extirpated. There cannot be two opinions among sane men as to the character of anarchist doctrine, and the danger of permitting such doctrine to be taught ignorant foreigners, who have no saving familiarity with American principles, has been too plainly manifested already for any doubt to be entertained on that point. Anarchism, therefore, ought to be taken at the beginning, not at the end. Humanity, policy, alike justify this view. If we permit these people to sow, we cannot complain at the character of the crop left to us to reap. We can prevent the sowing, and that is our plain duty in the future, both to ourselves and to the anarchists.

The labor question will slowly work itself into a more hopeful condition, if not too much interfered with. The experiments lately undertaken in the line of transferring the ownership of property by forcible confiscation have resulted so discouragingly for the experimenters that they have probably learned some fundamental truths in connection with the actual power of labor organization.

Unfortunately for human progress, it usually requires some such painful demonstration to convince the masses that there is a wide distinction between the possession of force and the power to compass economic ends. If the Knights of Labor have learned some useful lessons, however, the employers of labor have perhaps received some instruction also. The generality of labor organi-

zation at present tends to quicken the equitable tendencies of capital. The employer reflects more deeply upon the rights of labor when he realizes its ability to check or stop production. There is room for concession on both sides, and if only time is given, capital and labor may come closer together. The chief danger lies in the hot-headedness of the least educated labor elements. Thus far they have been unable to control themselves at difficult junctures, and have shown a disposition to resort to illegitimate weapons, which they will have to abandon.

In the end reason and equity must rule, and we may be sure that, under the system of free development which the republic of the United States offers to all its citizens, the workingmen will obtain and enjoy every right and advantage which it is proper and lawful for them to possess: and while this does not imply that they are entitled to one right other or more than their fellow-citizens can claim, it does imply that they have more to hope from temperate and rational action than they can possibly secure in any other way.

George Frederic Parsons.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XVII.

ALETHEA stood motionless for some little time, still leaning on the fence. A stalk of golden-rod, brown and withered, its glory departed, touched the rails now and then. Its slight, infrequent swaying was the only intimation of wind, except that the encompassing smoke, filling the vast spaces between heaven and earth, shifted occasionally, the dense convolutions silently merging into new combinations of ill-defined shapes, — colorless phantasmagoria, dimly looming. It might have seemed as if all the world had faded out, leaving only these blurred suggestions of unrecognized forms, like the vestiges of forgotten æons.

Even the harvesters did not maintain always a human aspect. Through the haze they were grotesque, distorted, gigantic; their hands vaguely visible, now lifted, now falling, in their deliberate but ceaseless work. They looked like vagrants from that eccentric populace of dreams, given over to abnormal, inconsequent gestures, to shifting similitudes, to preposterous conditions and facile

metamorphoses of identity. Alethea felt a strange doubt, in recognizing Sam Marvin, whether it were indeed the moonshiner whom she saw.

An insistent silence possessed the air, broken only by the rustle of the crisp husks as the three dim figures pulled the corn. Suddenly there sounded a mad, scuttling rush, shrill canine yelps, and a series of nimble shadows vaulted over the fence. The coon ran up a tree, while the moonshiner's dogs ranged themselves beneath it, with upturned heads askew, and gloating, baffled eyes, and moans of melancholy frustration, punctuated ever and anon with yaps of more poignant realization of the coon's inaccessibility. Tige, irresolute, showed fight at first to the strangers; then he too sat down, and with quivering fore-paws and wagging tail wheezed and yelped at his fireside companion, as if he had had no personal acquaintance with the raccoon, had held with him no relations of enforced amity, and could not wait one moment to crunch his bones.

The half-grown girl, desisting from her work, turned her head in the direction of the noise, and caught a glimpse

of Alethea. She had an excited eye, high cheek-bones, and a thin, prominent nose. Her face looked peculiarly sharp inside her flabby sun-bonnet. She was at the "growing age," and her frock was consequently very short for the bare, sun-embrowned legs which protruded from it. Her bare feet were long and bony. She seemed to be growing lengthwise only, for her shoulders were narrow, her arms slim. She had a callow, half-fledged look, not unlike a Shanghai pullet. Her manner was abrupt and fluttered, and her voice high and shrill.

"Laws-a-massy!" she exclaimed, jumping precipitately backward on her long, attenuated legs, "yander's Lethe Sayles!"

Both the man and the woman started violently, — not because of the matter of the disclosure, but of its manner, as was manifested in his rebuke.

"By Gosh, Sereny! ef ye ain't mighty nigh skeered me ter death!" he cried angrily. "S'pose it air Lethe Sayles!" He bowed his body grotesquely amidst the smoke, as he emphasized his reproof. "Air she ennything so powerful oncommon ez ye hev ter jump ez sprightly ez ef ye hed stepped on a rattlesnake, an' squeeched out that-a-way? Howdy, Lethe," he added, with an odd contrast of a calm voice and a smooth manner, as if Alethea were deaf to these amenities. "Thrivin', I s'pose?"

Alethea faltered that she was well, and said no more. The imperative consciousness of all that she had done against him, of all for which she feared him, prevailed for a time. She knew that it would have been wiser to venture some commonplace civility, and then go. But that insistent conscience, strong within her, forbade this. She was all unprepared now for the disclosure of her testimony in the court-room, but the fact that she had ever intended to warn him made it seem as if this were due. She felt as if she had missed a certain fortification of her courage in that she

had not had the privilege of trembling over the prospect, of familiarizing herself with it, of approaching it slowly, but none the less surely, by lessening degrees of trepidation. She wondered that he did not look at her with more of the indignation which she knew he must feel toward her. Bitterness, however, was acridly manifested in the woman's manner, her averted head, her sedulous silence. She continued industriously pulling the corn, as if no word had been spoken, no creature stood by. The gallingaceous girl, silent too, returned to her work, but often looked askance at Alethea over her shoulder.

The man spoke presently. His face and figure were blurred now in the smoke. It was as if a shadow had purloined a sarcastic voice. Alethea's nerves were unstrung by the surprise of the meeting, and the fact that she could see only this elusive suggestion of his presence harassed and discomposed her.

"Waal, Lethe, I dunno ez I be s'prised ter see ye. I hev seen ye sech a many times whenst I never expected ye, — startin' up yander at Boke's barn ez suddint ez ef ye hed yer headquarters in the yearth or the sky. An' jes' at this junctry, whenst we air a-tryin' ter steal our *own* corn away from hyar, ye kem a-boundin' out'n the smoke, like ye hed no abidin' place more 'n a witch or that thar Herder on Thunderhead, or sech harnts. I never see yer beat ez a meddler. Satan ain't no busier with other folkses' souls."

She made no reply. The shifting vapor hid the tree where the bright-eyed coon hung fast by his claws, and the wheezing yapping of the foiled dogs besieging his stronghold seemed strangely loud and near since they were invisible.

The shucks rustled sibilantly. The ears of maize fell with a monotonous sound upon the heaps in the turn row.

"What did the revenuers do when they kem up the mounting?" Marvin asked suddenly. His tone was all alert

now with curiosity. He could reserve his rebukes till his craving for gossip should be satisfied. Conversation, a fine art elsewhere, assumes the dignity of a privilege in these sparsely settled wilds, where its opportunities are scant.

"They ain't never kem, ez I knows on," said Alethea tremulously. They might come yet, and here he was still unwarned and at the mercy of accident. She had climbed the fence, springing lightly down on the other side, and had mechanically begun to assist them in their work, — the usual courtesy of a guest in the mountains who finds the host employed.

"Slip-shuck it, Lethe," he remarked, calling her attention to the fact that the outer husks were left upon the stalks, and the ear, enveloped merely in its inner integuments, was thrown upon the heap. "I hates powerful ter be obleeged ter leave all this hyar good roughness;" he indicated the long rows of shucks upon the stalks. "My cattle would be mighty thankful ter hev sech fedded ter 'em. But the corn itself air about ez much ez I kin haul so fur" —

"Don't ye tell her wharabouts we-uns lives nowadays," broke out the woman.

She was standing near Alethea, and she turned and looked at her. The girl's fresh and beautiful countenance was only more delicate, more sensitive, with that half-affrighted perturbation on it, that piteous deprecation. The elder woman's face was furrowed and yellow in contrast; her large, prominent eyes, of a light hazel color, were full of tears, and had a look as if tears were no unfamiliar visitants. She wiped them away with the curtain of her pink sun-bonnet, and went on pulling the corn.

"I dunno whar Sam Marvin lives, myself," the moonshiner declared, with reckless bravado. "I don't go by that name no mo'."

He straightened up and set his arms akimbo, as he laughed.

"Ye need n't send no mo' o' yer spies, Lethe, arter me," he declared. "My neighbors 'way over yander dunno no sech man ez Sam Marvin."

Alethea's lifted hand paused upon the shuck on the sere stalk. As she turned half round he saw her face in the smoke; her golden hair and fresh cheek, and the saffron kerchief tied beneath the round chin. He was not struck by her beauty; it always seemed a thing apart from her, the slightest incident of her personality, so much more forceful were the impressions of her character, so much more intimately her coercive opinions concerned those with whom she came in contact. But in her clear eyes he detected a surprise which he hardly understood at the moment. And he paused to look at her, wondering if it were only simulated.

Her heart throbbed with a dull and heavy pain. So angry were they because she would not promise to keep their secret. She shrank from their rage when she should tell that she had voluntarily disclosed it.

"Ye'll be pertendin' ez 't war somebody else ez sent the spy ter make sure o' the place whar we kep' our still. I know ye!" He wagged his head in more active assertion that her machinations could not avail against his discernment.

"I never sent no spy," faltered Alethea.

"Thar, now! What did I tell ye!" he broke out, laughing disdainfully; the woman added a high, shrill, unmirthful refrain; even Serena the pullet, stepping about in the smoke on her long, yellow feet and in her abbreviated garments, cackled scornfully.

"Ye may thank yer blessed stars," cried the woman scathingly, — she could hold silence no longer, — "ez ye done nuthin' agin we-uns. An' the revenuers never raided our still, nor got nare drap o' our liquor, nor tuk nuthin' o' ourn. Yer bones would be a-bleachin' on the

hillside ef they hed! Jes' afore yer spy kem them white-livered men — Sam, thar, an' the t'other distillers — war a-talkin' 'bout how they could make ye hesh up yer mouth, ez ye would n't keep it shet yerse'f. They 'lowed it never seemed right handy ter them ter shoot a woman same ez a man, an' I jes' up-ed an' tole 'em ez ye desarved no better 'n a bullet through that yaller head o' yourn, an' they could git a shot at ye enny evenin' whenst ye war a-drivin' up the cow. An' I 'lowed ez whenst a woman went a-meddlin' an' informin' like a man, let her take what a man hev ter take. Naw, sir! but they mus' run away, 'count o' a meddlin' hussy like you-uns, an' go live somwhar else! An' I hed ter leave my home, an' the three graves o' my dead chill'n, yander on the rise, ez lonesome an' ez meagre-lookin' ez ef they war three pertater hills."

She burst into a tumult of tears. The smoke wafted down, obscuring her, — there was commotion in its midst, for the wind was astir, — and her sobs sounded from out the invisibility that had usurped the earth as if some spirit of grief were abroad in it.

"Shet up, M'ria! Ye talk like ye hed no mo' sense 'n a sheep. The chill'n ain't in them graves," Marvin said, with the consolations of a sturdy orthodoxy.

"Thar leetle bones is," said the spirit of grief from the densities of the clouds.

And he could not gainsay this.

She wept on persistently for the little deserted bones. He could not feel as she did, yet he could understand her feeling. His under jaw dropped a little; some stress of melancholy and solemnity was on his face, as if a saddened retrospection were evoked for him, too. But it was a recollection which his instinct was to throw off, rather than to cherish as a precious sorrow, jealously exacting for it the extremest tribute of sighs and tears.

"Lethe," he said suddenly, with a cheerful note, "bein' ez they never cotch

us, did they pay ye ennything ez informer? I ain't right sure how the law stands on that p'int. The law 'pears ter me ter be a mighty onstiddy, contriwise contrivance, an' the bes' way ter find ennything *sartain sure* 'bout'n it air ter 'sperience it. Did they pay ye ennything?"

"I never informed the revenuers," declared Alethea, once more.

He turned upon her a look of scorn.

"I knowed ye war a powerful fool, a-talkin' 'bout 'what's right,' an' preachin' same ez the rider, an' faultin' yer elders. But I never knowed ye war a liar an' a scandalous hypocrite. The Bible say, 'Woe ter ye, hypocrites!' I wonder ye ain't hearn that afore; either a-wrastlin' with yer own soul, or meddlin' with other folkses' salvation." It occurred to him that he preached very well himself, and he was minded, in the sudden vanity of the discovery, to reiterate, "Woe unto ye, hypocrite!"

"What makes ye 'low ez I gin the word ter the revenuers?" demanded Alethea.

"Kase the spy kem up thar with yer name on his lips. 'Lethe Sayles,' he sez, — 'Lethe Sayles.'"

The girl stared wide-eyed and amazed at him.

Marvin's wife noted the expression. "Oh, g'long, Lethe Sayles!" she cried, impatiently; "ye air so deceivin'!"

"The spy!" faltered Alethea. "Who war the spy? I never tole nobody 'bout seein' ye at Boke's barn, nor whenst I war milkin' the cow, nuther, till a few weeks ago. Ye hed lef hyar fur months afore then."

The woman, listening, with an ear of corn in her motionless hand, turned and cast it upon the heap with a significant gesture of rejection, as if she thus discarded the claims of what she had heard. She sneered, and laughed derisively and shrill. The pullet, too, broke into mocking mirth, and then both fell to pulling corn with a sort of flouting energy.

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Marvin, with a feint of sharing their incredulity. But he held his straggling beard in one hand, and looked at Alethea seriously. To him her manner constrained belief in what she had said. "Why, Lethe," he broke out, abruptly, "'twar n't a week arter that evenin' whenst I seen ye a-milkin' the cow when the spy kem. We-uns war a-settin' roun' the still, — we kep' it in the shed-room, me an' my partners, — an' we war a-talkin' 'bout you-uns, an' how ye acted; an' M'ria, she war thar, an' she went agin ye, an' 'lowed ez we hed better make ye shet yer mouth; an' some o' the boys were argufyin' ez ye war jes' sayin' sech ez ye done ter hear yerse'f talk, an' feel sot up in yer own 'pinion. They 'lowed ye 'd be feared ter tell, sure enough, but ye hankered ter be begged ter shet up. 'Twar a powerful stormy night. I never hear a wusser wind ez war a-ca-vortin' round the house. An' the lightnin' an' thunder hed been right up an' down sniptious. A lightnin' ball mus' hev bust up on Piomingo Bald, kase nex' day I see the ground tore up round the herder's cabin, though Ben Doaks war n't thar, — hed gone down ter the cove, I reckon. Waal, sir, it quit stormin' arter a while, but everything war mighty damp an' wet; the draps kep' a-fallin' off'n the eaves. We could hear the hogs in the pen a-squashin' about in the mud. An' all of a sudden they tuk ter squealin' an' gruntin', skeered mighty nigh ter death. An' my oldest son, Mose, he 'lowed it war a varmint arter 'em; an' he snatched his gun an' runned out ter the hog-pen. An' thar they war, all jammed up tergether, gruntin' an' snortin'; an' Mose say he war afeard ter shoot 'mongst 'em, fur fear o' hittin' some o' them stiddier the varmint. An' whilst he war lookin' right keerful, — the moon hed kem out by then, — he seen, stiddier a wolf, suthin' a-bowin' down off'n the fence. An' the thing cotch up a crust o' bread, or a rind

o' water-million, or suthin', out o' the trough fur the hogs, an' then sot up ez white-faced on the fence, a-munchin' it an a-lookin' at him. An' Mose 'lowed he war so plumb s'prised he los' his senses. He lowed 'twar a harnt, — it looked so onexpected. He jes' flung his rifle on the groun' an' run. It's mighty seldom sech tracks hev been made on the Big Smoky ez Mose tuk. We-uns ain't medjured 'em yit, but Mose hev got the name 'mongst the gang o' bein' able ter step fourteen feet at a stride."

He showed his long, tobacco-stained teeth in the midst of his straggling beard, and as he talked on he gnawed at a plug of tobacco, as if, being no impediment to thought, it could be none to its expression.

"Mose lept inter the house, declarin' thar war a harnt a-settin' on the fence. Ye know Jeb Peake? — hongry Jeb, they useter call him." Marvin broke off suddenly, having forgotten the significance and purpose of the recital in the rare pleasure of recounting. Even his wife's face bore only retrospective absorption, and Serena had lifted her head, and fixed an excited, steadfast eye upon him. "Waal, hongry Jeb war a-settin' thar in the corner, an' bein' toler'ble sleepy-headed he hed drapped off, his head agin the chimbley. An' when Mose kem a-rampagin' in thar, with his eyes poppin' out, declarin' thar war a harnt settin' on the fence, eatin', — '*Eatin' what?*' sez hongry Jeb, a-startin' up. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Jeb ain't never forgot the bottom o' the pot yit," chimed in the wife.

"I ain't a-grudgin' him ter eat, though," stipulated the moonshiner, "nor the harnt, nuther. I jes' 'lowed ez that thar white-faced critter a-settin' on the fence, a-thievin' from the hog, mought take up a fancy ter Mose's rifle, lef' onpertected on the ground. So I goes out. Nuthin' war n't settin' on the fence, 'ceptin' the moonlight an' that

thar onregenerate young tur-rkey ez nuthin' could hender from roostin' on the rails o' the hog-pen, stiddier on a limb o' a tree, 'longside o' the t'other tur-rkeys."

"An' thar a fox cotch her afore day-break," interpolated Mrs. Marvin, supplying biographical deficiencies.

"I always *did* b'lieve 'twar them thar greedy old hogs," said Serena.

Marvin went on, disregarding the interruption:—

"I picked up Mose's gun, an' in I kem. I barred up the door, an' then I sot down an' lighted my pipe. An' Jeb, he tuk ter tellin' tales 'bout all the folks ez he ever knowed ter be skeered haffen ter death"—

"Nare one of 'em war Jeb," remarked the observant Mrs. Marvin, seizing the salient trait of the romancer. "In all Jeb's tales *he* comes out'n the big e-end o' the hawn."

"An' ez I sot thar, jes' wallin' my eyes round the room, I seen suthin' that, ef the t'others hed said they seen, I'd hev tole 'em they war lyin'. 'Twar a couple o' eyes an' a white face peekin' through the holes in the chinkin' o' the walls, whar the daubin' hed fell out. 'Twar right close ter me at fust,—that war how I kem ter see it so plain. I 'lowed ter jes' stick my knife right quick inter one o' them eyes. I 'lowed 'twar a raider. 'Fore I could move 'twar gone! Then all of a suddenty I seen the face an' eyes peekin' in close ter the door. I jes' flew at it that time,—war n't goin' ter let nuthin' hender"—

"I war 'twixt him an' the door, an' he jes' run over me," interpolated the pullet. "Knocked me plumb over, head fust, inter a tub o' beer. Hed ter set in the sun all nex' day fur my hair ter dry out, an' I smelt like a toper."

Sam Marvin not ungenially permitted his family thus to share in telling his story. He resumed with unabated ardor:—

"An' I jumped through the door so quick that the spy jes' did see me, an' war steppin' out ter run when I cotch him by the collar. I don't reckon thar ever war a better beatin' 'n I gin him. I hed drapped my knife a-runnin', an' I hed no dependence 'ceptin' my fists. His face war so bloody I did n't know him a-fust, when I dragged him in the house, with his head under my arm. An' when I seen him I knowed he never kem of hisself, but somebody had sent him. An' I say, 'What did ye kem hyar fur?' An' he say, 'Lethe Sayles.' An' I say, 'Who sent ye?' An' he say, 'Lethe Sayles.'"

"Now, Lethe, see what a liar ye hev been fund out ter be!" said the woman, scornfully. "Lord knows I never 'lowed ye would kem ter sech. I knowed ye whenst ye war a baby. A fatter one I never see. Nobody would hev b'lieved ye'd grow up sour, an' preachified, an' faultin' yer elders, an' bide a single woman, ez ef nobody would make ch'ice o' ye."

Alethea looked vaguely from one to the other. Denial seemed futile. She asked mechanically, rather than from any definite motive, "Did ye hear o' enny revenuers arter that?"

"Did n't wait ter," said Marvin. "We hed hearn enough, knowin' ez ye hed tole, an' the word hed got round the kentry, so ez the spy hed been sent up ter make sure o' the place. We-uns war too busy a-movin' the still an' a-hus-tlin' off. Ef thar hed been time enough fur ennything, I reckon some o' them boys would hev put a bullet through that thar sandy head o' yourn. But the raiders never kem up with we-uns, nor got our still an' liquor,—we-uns war miles an' miles away from hyar the night arter Tad kem a-spyin'."

Alethea stood staring, speechless. "Tad!" she gasped at last. "*Tad!*"

They all stopped and looked at her through the wreathing smoke, as if they hardly understood her.

"Lethe, ye air too pretensified ter be healthy!" Mrs. Marvin exclaimed at last.

"O' course ye knowed, bein' ez ye tole him," said the moonshiner. He did not resume his work, but stood gazing at her. They were all at a loss, amazed at her perturbation.

Her breath came fast; her lips were parted. One lifted hand clung to the heavily enswathed ear of corn upon the tall, sere stalk; the other clutched the kerchief about her throat, as if she were suffocating. Her face was pale; her eyes were distended.

"I would n't look so pop-eyed fur nuthin'," remarked the pullet, in callow pertness; she might not have been suspected of laying so much stress on appearances.

"I'm tryin' ter think," said Alethea, dazed, "ef that war afore Tad war drowned or arterward."

Marvin turned, and leered significant-ly at his family.

"Mus' hev been afore he war drowned, I reckon," he said satirically.

"Lethe Sayles," observed Serena reprehensively, "ye air teched in the head."

She tossed her own head with a conviction that, if not strictly ornamental, it was level. Then, like the sane fowl that she was, she went stepping about on her long, yellow feet with a demure, grown-up air.

"Oh," said Alethea, fixing the dates in her mind, "it mus' hev been afterwards" —

"Likely," interrupted Sam Marvin.

— "kase that very evenin' arter I seen ye at the cow-pen Elviry Crosby kem an' tole ez how Reuben Lorey hed bust down old man Griff's mill, an' his nevy Tad war in it, an' war drowned in the river."

"Laws-a-me!" exclaimed Mrs. Marvin, clutching her sun-bonnet with both hands, and thrusting it backward from her head, as if it intercepted the news.

"Waal, sir!" cried the moonshiner, amazed.

"Oh," cried Alethea, clasping both her hands, "ef I hed called ye back that evenin', an' promised not ter tell, like I war minded ter do" —

"Ye lowed 't war n't right," suggested the moonshiner.

— "ye would hev knowed ez Tad war n't no spy, but war jes' vagabondin' round the kentry, a runaway, houseless an' hongry; an' ye would hev tuk him back ter old man Griff, an' Reuben would n't hev been tried fur killin' him!"

"Shucks, Mink war n't tried fur sech sure enough," said Marvin, uneasily. His face had changed. His wife was turning the corner of her apron nervously between her fingers, and looking at him in evident trepidation.

"He hev been in jail fur months an' months," said Alethea. "An' when he war tried, I tole on the witness stand 'bout glimpsin' Tad one night whenst I kem from camp, — mus' hev been the same night whenst he went up the mounting ter yer house, kase thar war a awful storm. An' when I seen him suddint I screamed, bein' s'prised; an' I reckon that war the reason he said 'Lethe Sayles.' An' at the trial they 'lowed I hed seen nuthin' but Tad's harnt, an' the jury disagreed."

"An' — an' — an' air Mink in jail yit?" demanded the moonshiner, his jaw falling in dismay.

"The rescuers tuk him out," said Alethea.

"Waal, sir," he exclaimed, with a long breath. "Ye see," — he seemed to feel that he must account for his excitement and interest, — "bein' hid out, I hain't hearn no news, sca'cely, sence we-uns lef'."

"Whar be Tad now?" Alethea asked suddenly, realizing that here was the man who had seen him last.

He glanced quickly at her, then in perplexed dubitation at his wife. Like

many women, she was willing enough to steer when it was all plain sailing, but among the breakers she left him with an undivided responsibility. She fell to pulling corn with an air of complete absorption in her work.

He made a clumsy effort at diversion. "By Gosh," he declared, waving his hand about his head, "ef this hyar smoke don't clar away, we-uns 'll all be sifflicated in it."

But the smoke was not now so dense. High up, its sober, dun-colored folds were suffused with a lurid flush admitted from the wintry sunset. The black, dead trees within the inclosure stood out distinctly athwart the blank neutrality of the gray, nebulous background. The little house on the rise was dimly suggested beyond the corn-field, across which skulked protean shapes of smoke, — monstrous forms, full of motion and strange consistency and slowly realized symmetry, as if some gigantic prehistoric beasts were trembling upon the verge of materialization and visibility. The wind gave them chase, for it was rising. It had lifted its voice in the silences. Like a clarion it rang down the narrow ravine below. But Sam Marvin, expanding his lungs to the freshened air, declared that he felt "plumb sifflicated."

"Whar be Tad now?" persisted Alethea.

He spat meditatively upon the ground. "Waal, Lethe," he said at last, "that's more 'n I know. I dunno whar Tad be now."

She detected consciousness in the manner of the woman and the girl. She broke out in a tumult of fear: —

"Ye did n't harm Tad, did ye?" with wild, terrified eyes fixed upon him. "Ye did n't kill Tad fur a spy? — kase he war n't."

"Shet up, ye blatant hussy!" exclaimed Mrs. Marvin, "layin' sech ez that at we-uns's door."

"An' shet up yerse'f, M'ria. Least

said, soonest mended," Marvin interposed. "Look-a-hyar, Lethe Sayles, ye hev done harm enough; it may be kase it war right. Take sech satisfaction ez ye kin in yer notion. It never turned out right, — turned out mighty wrong. I ain't goin' ter answer ye nare nuther word. I hev got a question ter ax you-uns right now. Who war it ye tole 'bout findin' out 't war me a-moonshin-in'?"

She detailed tremulously the scene in the court-room, and the impression it produced was altogether at variance with her expectations. Perhaps, however, it was only natural that Sam Marvin should feel less interest in the belated disclosure, which he had thought was made months previous, than in the circumstances of the trial, Peter Rood's death, the imprisonment of the jury, and the riot of the rescuing mob. As to his wife, she was chiefly shocked by the publicity attaching to testimony in open court.

"An' ye jes' stood up thar, Lethe Sayles, ez bold-faced ez a biscuit block, an' lifted up yer outdacious voice afore all them men? Waal, sir! Waal! I dunno what the wimmin air a-comin' ter!"

"I war obligated ter tell sech ez I knowed," Alethea contended against this assumption of superior delicacy. "I never felt no more bold-faced than in tellin' 'speriunce 'fore the brethren at camp."

"Oh, child!" cried Mrs. Marvin. "It's the spirit o' grace movin' at camp, but at court it's the nimbleness o' the devil."

Alethea argued no further, for conversation was impeded by the succeeding operations of gathering the crop. Marvin was leading the team of the great wagon from one to another of the heaps of corn. The huge creaking wheels crushed the ranks of stalks that fell in confusion on either side; the white canvas cover had been removed from the hoops, in order to facilitate the

throwing of the corn into the wagon. Through the wreaths of smoke appeared the long ears of a pair of mules. Sam Marvin had apparently found his new home in a thirstier locality than his old, for he was evidently thriving. The pair of mules might have been considered a sorry team in point of appearance: their sides were rubbed bare with the friction of the trace-chains; they were both unkempt, and one was very tall and the other small, but they were stalwart and sure-footed and fleet, and a wonderful acquisition in lieu of the yoke of slow oxen she remembered. The continuous thud, as the ears of corn were thrown into the wagon, enabled Marvin to affect not to hear Alethea's reiteration as to Tad's fate.

"I wisht ye'd tell me suthin' bout'n Tad," she said piteously. "I wisht I knew ye hed n't hurt him, nor — nor" —

She paused in the work, looking drearily about her. The wind tossed her garments; she was fain at times to catch her bonnet by the curtain, to hold it. The smoke had taken flight; dragons, winged horses, griffins, forgotten myths, all scurrying away before the strong blast. And still they came and went, and rose once more, for the wind that lifted the smoke fanned the fire. The flames were in sight along the base of Big Injun Mounting, writhing now like fiery serpents, and now rising like some strange growth in quivering blades; waving and bowing, appearing and disappearing, and always extending further and further. They seemed so alive, so endowed with the spirit of destruction, so wantonly alert, so merciless to the fettered mountain that tossed its forests in wild commotion, with many a gesture of abject despair, and spite of all could not flee. Their strong, vivid color contrasted with the dull garnet of the myriads of bare boughs and the deep, sombre green of the solemn pines. The smoke carried from the fire a lurid reflection, fading presently in the progress across

the landscape of the long, dun-colored flights. The wintry sunset was at hand. The sky was red and amber; the plains of the far west lay vaguely purple beneath. On Walden's Ridge, rising against the horizon, rested the sun, from which somehow the dazzling fire seemed withdrawn, leaving a sphere of vivid scarlet, indescribably pure and intense, upon which the eye could nevertheless gaze undaunted.

Pensive intimations there were in its reduced splendors; in the deep purple of Chilhowee, in the brown tints of the nearer ranges. Something was gone from the earth, — a day, — and the earth was sad, though it had known so many. And the night impended and the unimagined morrow. And thus the averted Future turns by slow degrees the face that all flesh dreads to see. The voice of lowing cattle came up from the cove. The fires, in the solitudes burned apace.

"I hev axed ye time an' agin, Sam Marvin, whar Tad be. Ef ye don't tell, I'll be bound ter b'lieve ye moonshiners hev done suthin' awful ter him."

They were about to depart on their journey. Already Serena was on her uneasy bed of corn in the ear. But the pullet's life had been made up chiefly of rough jouncing, and never having heard of a wagon with springs, she was in a measure incapable of appreciating her deprivation. She had wrapped a quilt of many colors about her shoulders, for the evening air was chill, and she looked out of the opening in the back of the canvas-covered wagon in grotesque variegation. Mrs. Marvin was climbing upon the wheel to her seat on the board in front. The moonshiner stood by the head of one of the mules, busy arranging the simple tackling. He looked with a sneer at Alethea over the beast's neck.

"An' I hev tole ye, Lethe Sayles, ez I dunno whar Tad be now. I'm a mighty smart man, sure enough, but 't would take a smarter one 'n me ter

say whar Tad be now, an' what he be a-doin'."

He looked at his wife with a grin. She laughed aloud in tuneless scorn. The girl, gazing out of the back of the wagon as it jolted off, echoed the derision in a shrill key. And as the clumsy vehicle went creaking down the precipitous slope, beyond the crest of which could be seen only the flaming base of the opposite mountain, all luridly aflame in the windy dusk, they seemed to Alethea as if they were descending into Tophet itself.

XVIII.

For a long time that night Alethea sat on the cabin porch in Wild-Cat Hollow, absently watching the limited landscape seen through the narrow gap of the minor ridges superimposed upon the great mountain. The sky was dark but for the light that came from the earth. The flames were out of sight behind the intervening ranges. Weird fluctuating gleams, however, trembled over the cove below, and summoned from the darkness that stately file of peaks stretching away along the sole vista vouchsafed to the Hollow. Sometimes the illumination was a dull red suffusion, merging in the distance into melancholy gradations of tawny yellow and indeterminate brown, and so to densest gloom. Again it was golden, vivid, fibrous, divergent, like the segment of a halo about some miraculous presence, whose gracious splendor was only thus suggested to the debarred in Wild-Cat Hollow. The legions of the smoke were loosed: down in the cove always passing in endless ranks what way the wind might will; along the mountain side marshaled in fantasies reflecting from the fires subtle intimations of color, — of blue and red and purple; deploying upward, interposing between the constellations, that seemed themselves upon the march. There were clouds in the sky; the night

was chill. Alethea gathered her shawl over her head. Now and then Tige, who sat beside her, wheezed and glanced over his shoulder at the door ajar, as if to urge her to go in. Sometimes he ran thither himself, looking backward to see if she would follow him. Then, as she continued motionless, he would come and sit beside her, with a plaintive whine of resignation. Tige was pensive and humble to-night, and was making an edifying show of repentance. On the homeward walk he had been disposed to follow the example of the moonshiner's dogs and harass the coon, thereby becoming acquainted with the teeth of the smiling creature, and incurring Alethea's rebukes and displeasure.

It was a cheerful scene within, glimpsed through the half-open door, contrasting with the wild, dark world without, and its strange glares and fluctuating glooms and far-off stars and vast admeasurements of loneliness. The old woman knitted and nodded in her rocking-chair; Jessup and Mr. Sayles smoked their pipes, and ever and anon the old man began anew to detail — the pipe-stem between his teeth — the legends that his grandfather had learned from the Indians of the hidden silver mines in these mountains, found long ago, and visited stealthily, the secret of the locality dying with its discoverer, who thus carried out of the world more than he brought with him. Their eyes gloat-ed on the fire as they talked, seeing more than the leaping yellow flames or the white heats of the coals below. It might seem as if the craving for precious metal were a natural appetite, since these men that knew naught of the world, of the influence of wealth, of its powers, of its infinite divergences, should be a-hungered for it in their primitive fastnesses, and dream of it by night.

"On the top of the Big Smoky Mountings, on a spot whar ye kin see

the Tennessee River in three places at once," said the old man, repeating the formula of the tradition.

Jessup puffed his pipe a moment in silence, watching the wreathing smoke. "I know twenty sech spots," he said presently.

The old man sighed and shifted his position. "Me too," he admitted. "But thar it be," he observed, "fur the man ez air a-comin'."

They fell silent, perhaps both projecting a mental ideal of the man of the future, and the subservient circumstance that should lead him to stand one day on these stupendous heights, with sunshine and clouds about him and the world at his feet, and to look upon the mystic curves of the river, trebly visible, strike his heel upon the ground, and triumphantly proclaim, "It is here!"

The dogs lay about the hearth; one, a hound, in the shadow, with his muzzle stretched flat on the floor between his paws, had saurian suggestions, — he was like an alligator. Leonidas and Lucinda had gone to bed, but the baby was still up and afoot. The fiat of nursery ethics that gentry of his age should be early asleep had been complied with only so far as getting him into his night-gown, which encased his increasing plumpness like a cylinder. He wore a queer night-cap, that made him look incongruously ancient and feminine. He plodded about the puncheon floor, in the joy of his newly acquired powers of locomotion, with reckless enthusiasm. His shadow accompanied him, magnified, elongated, — his similitude as he might be in years to come; he seemed in some sort attended by the presentiment of his future. The energy, however, with which he had started on his long journey through life would presently be abated. In good sooth, he would be glad to sit down often and be still, and would find solace in perching on fences and whittling, and would know that hustling through this world is not what

one might hope. He had fallen under the delusion that he could talk as well as walk, and was inarticulately loquacious.

Alethea's errand outside was to gather chips from the wood-pile hard by, to kindle the morning's fires. It had been long since rain had fallen, but the routine of spreading them upon the hearth, to dry during the night, was as diligently observed as if the reason that gave rise to the habit now existed. The splint baskets, filled and redolent of the hickory bark, stood at her feet, yet she did not move.

She was solitary in her isolated life, with her exalted moral ideal that could compromise with nothing less than the right. She had known no human being dominated by a supreme idea. The reformers, the martyrs, all who have looked upward, sacrificed in vain for her — not even as a tradition, an exemplar might they uphold when she failed. Religion was vague, distorted, uncomprehended, in the primitive expoundings to which she was accustomed. Her inherent conscience prevailed within her like some fine, ecstatic frenzy. It was of an essence so indomitably militant that in her ignorant musings it seemed that it must be this which marshals the human forces, and fights the battle of life, and is unconquered in death, and which the stumbling human tongue calls the soul. And yet so strange it was she thought that she could not always recognize the right, — that she must sedulously weigh and canvass what she had done and what she might have done, and what had resulted.

She dwelt long on the moonshiner's story. She was heart-sore for the hungry idiot, filching from the hogs, — and what forlorn fate had he found at last! She drew her shawl closer about her head, and shivered more with her fears than with the wind. She was very tired; not in body, for she was strong and well, but in mind and heart and life. Some-

how, she felt as if she were near the end, — surely there was not enough vitality of hope to sustain her further, — the frequent illusion of sturdy youth, with the long stretches of weary years ahead. There was even a certain relaxation of Mink's tyrannous hold upon her thoughts. It was not that she cared for him less, but she had pondered so long upon him that her imagination was numb; she had beggared her invention. She could no more project scenes where he walked with all those gentler attributes with which her affection, despite the persistent contradictions of her subtler discernment, had invested him. She could no longer harass herself with doubts of his state of mind, with devising troublous reasons why he had avoided her, with fears of harm and grief menacing him. She had revolted at last from the thrall of these arid unrealities. She felt, in a sort of grief for herself, that they were but poor delusions that occupied her. He must come, and come soon, her heart insistently said. And yet so tired was her heart that she felt in a sort of dismay that were he here to-night there would be no wild thrill of ecstasy in her pulses, no trembling joys. All that she had suffered — despair, and frantic hope that was hardly less poignant, and keen anxieties, and a stress of care — had made apathy, quiet, rest, nullity, the grave, seem dearer than aught the earth could promise.

"He oughter hev kem afore," she said to herself, in weary deprecation.

And then she thought that perhaps now, since he was at liberty again, he was happy with Elvira, and she experienced another pang to know that she was not jealous.

The clouds had obscured the few stars. The wind was flagging; the smoke grew denser; the forest flames emitted only a dull red glow; the file of peaks that they had conjured from the blackness of night was lost again in densest gloom.

She was roused suddenly to the fact that it was intensely quiet in-doors. She could even hear the sound of the fire in the deep chimney-place; it was "treadin' snow," the noise being very similar to the crunch of a footfall on a frozen crust. She rose, looking upward and holding her hand to the skies; the glow from within fell upon her fair face, half hooded in the shawl, and upon her wide, pensive eyes. Flakes were falling; now, no more; and again she felt the faint touch in her palm.

Her first thought was of Mrs. Jessup, and the impediment that a snow-storm might prove to her return; and thus she was reminded that the pedestrian within was still, for she no longer heard the thud of his bare feet on the floor. He had fallen asleep in a corner of the hearth, with a gourd in one hand, and in the other a doll made, after the rural fashion, of a forked twig arrayed in a bit of homespun. Tige watched him as he was borne off to his bed with an envy that was positively human.

It was for the baby's sake that Mrs. Jessup returned the next day, despite the deep snow that covered the ground. She had had a dream about him, she declared, — a dreadful dream, which she could not remember. It had roused all the maternal sentiment of which she was capable. She had endured some serious hardship in coming to assure herself of his well-being, for she was obliged to walk much of the way up the mountain, — the snow and ice making the road almost impracticable, and rendering it essential that there should be as little weight as possible in the wagon; to a woman of her sedentary habit this was an undertaking of magnitude. After her wild-eyed inquiry, "Air Ebenezer well ez common?" she seemed to hold him responsible for the deceit of her dream, as if he were in conspiracy with her sleeping thoughts, and to be disappointed that the trouble which she had given herself was altogether unnecessary.

"Ye fat gopher!" she remarked, contemptuously, eying his puffy red cheeks. "Don't lean on me. I'm fit ter drap. Lean on yer own dinner. I'll be bound Lethe stuffed ye ez full ez a sassidge."

She addressed herself to bewailing that she had curtailed her visit, having enjoyed it beyond the limits which the lugubrious occasion of the funeral might seem to warrant.

"Mis' Purvine war mighty perlite an' sa-aft spoken. I never see a house so fixed up ez hern air, — though I don't b'lieve that woman hev more'n two or three hogs ter slarter fur meat this year, ef that. I slep' in the bedroom; 't war mighty nice, though colder 'n 't war in the reg'lar house, through hevin' no fire. I reckon that's what sot me off ter dreamin' a pack o' lies 'bout that thar great hearty catamount, fairly bustin' with fatness. I wisht I hed bided in the cove! Mis' Purvine begged me ter bide. We-uns went ter the fun'el tergether, an' the buryin', an' we went round an' seen my old neighbors, an' traded ter the sto'. An' I spun some fur Mis' Purvine."

"Mighty little, I'll bet," declared her husband inopportunely, "ef what ye do hyar be enny sign."

Whereupon Mrs. Jessup retorted that she wished she had made an excuse of the snow to have remained with Mrs. Purvine until the thaw, and retaliated amply by refusing to tell what hymns were sung at the funeral, and to recite any portion of the sermon.

This resolution punished the unoffending members of the family as severely as Jessup himself; but it is a common result that the innocent many must suffer for the guilty unit, — justice generally dealing in the gross. The old man's lower jaw fell, dismayed at the deprivation. He had relinquished sorting his "lumber," and roused himself to listen and note. The details would long serve him for meditation, and would gradually combine in his rec-

ollection in dull mental pictures to dwell on hereafter, and to solace much lonely vacant time. Mrs. Sayles was irritated. Alethea had looked to hear something from Mink, and Jessup was unexpectedly balked.

Nothing could be more complete than Mrs. Jessup's triumph, as she held her tongue, — having her reason. Her opaque blue eyes were bright with a surface gleam, as it were; there was a good deal of fresh color in her face. She was neater than usual, having been smartened up to meet the folks in the cove. Her snuff-brush, however, was very much at home in the corner of an exceedingly pretty mouth. As they all sat before the fire, she took off the socks which aunt Dely had lent her, and which she had worn up the mountain over her shoes, because of the snow; and she could not altogether refrain from remark.

"Ef these hyar socks hed n't been loant ter me," she said, holding one of them aloft, "I could n't help noticin' how Mis' Purvine turned them heels, knittin' 'em. I do declar, ef these hyar socks fits Jerry Price, he hev got a foot shaped like Buck's, an' no mistake."

It jumped with her idle humor to keep them all waiting, uncertain whether or not she would relent and disclose the meagre gossip they pined to hear. Nothing was developed till Jacob Jessup, retaliating in turn, flatly refused to go and feed Buck, still harnessed in the wagon.

Alethea rose indignantly.

"I don't lay off ter do yer work ginerally, but I ain't goin' ter let the steer go hongry," she said, "kase ye air idle an' onfeelin'."

"Don't ye let him go hongry, then," said Jessup, provokingly.

It had ceased to snow. When Alethea opened the door many of the traits of Wild-Cat Hollow were so changed amidst the deep drifts that one who had seen it only in its summer garb might

hardly recognize it. Austere and bleak as it was, it had yet a symmetry that the foliage and bloom, and even the stubble and fallen leaves of autumn, served only to conceal. The splendid bare slope down the mountain, the precipitous ascent on either side of the deep ravine, showed how much the idea of majesty may be conveyed in mere lines, in the gigantic arc of a circle. The boles of the trees were deeply imbedded in drifts. On the mountain above, the pines and the firs supported great masses lodged amongst the needles. Sometimes a sharp crack told that a branch had broken, overburdened. The silence was intense; the poultry had hardly ventured off their roosts to-day; the gourds that hung upon a pole as martin-house were whitened, and glittered pendulous. Once, as Alethea stood motionless, a little black-feathered head was thrust out and quickly withdrawn. Down in the cove the snow lay deep, and the forests seemed all less dense, lined about as they were with white, which served in some sort as an effacement. Through the narrow gap of the ridges was revealed the long mountain vista, with the snowy peaks against the gray sky. Very distinct it all was, sharply drawn, notwithstanding that it lacked but an hour, perhaps, of the early nightfall. For a moment she had forgotten her errand; the next she turned back in surprise. "Whar's Buck an' the wagin?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Jessup, still serenely casual, "he's a-keemin' up the mounting along o' Ben Doaks. I met Ben, an' I 'lowed ez I did n't know how I'd make out ter drive sech an obstinate old steer up the mounting in all this snow. Buck hev fairly tuk ter argufyin' 'bout the road ter go, till ye dunno whether ye air drivin' the steer or the steer air drivin' you-uns. I mos' pulled off his hawns sence I been gone. So Ben, he 'lowed he'd like ter kem an' spen' a few days along o' we-uns, ennyhow."

"Why n't ye tell that afore?" de-

manded her mother-in-law angrily. "Ye want him ter 'low ez we air a-grudgin' him victuals. Lethe, put in some mo' o' them sweet taters in the ashes ter roast, an' ye hed better set about supper right now."

For Mrs. Sayles had been accounted in her best days a good housekeeper, for the mountains, and she cherished the memory of so fair a record. Perhaps her reputation owed something to the fact that she entertained a unique theory of hospitality, and made particularly elaborate preparations when the guests were men. "Wimmen don't keer special 'bout eatin'. Show 'em all the quilts ye hev pieced, an' yer spun truck, an' yer gyardin, an' they'll hev so much ter study 'bout an' be jealous 'bout ez they won't want nuthin' much ter eat."

Now she proceeded to "put the big pot into the little pot," to use a rural expression, singularly descriptive of the ambitious impossibilities achieved. She did it chiefly by proxy, directing from her seat in the chimney corner Alethea's movements, but wearing the absorbed, anxious countenance of strategy and resource. The glory of the victory is due rather to the head that devised than to the hands that executed; as in greater battles the pluck of the soldiery is held subordinate to the science of the commander.

It was no mean result that smoked upon the table when the sound of Buck's slow hoofs was heard on the snow without, and a warm welcome was in readiness besides. A cheerful transition it was from the bleak solitudes: the fire flared up the chimney; the peppers and the peltry hanging from the rafters might sway in draughts that naught else could feel; the snow without was manifested only by the drifts against the batten shutters, visible in thin white lines through the cracks, and in that intense silence of the muffled earth which appeals to the senses with hardly less insistence than sound.

Ben's aspect was scarcely so negative, so colorless, as usual, despite his peculiarly pale brown hair and beard. The sharp sting of the cold air had brought a flush to his face; his honest, candid gray eyes were bright and eager. His manner was very demure and propitiatory, especially to Mrs. Sayles, who, in her turn, conducted herself with an ideally motherly air, which was imbued with many suggestions of approval, even of respect.

"Howdy, Ben, howdy. We-uns air mighty glad ter see ye, Ben."

"Don't ye git too proud, Ben," said Mrs. Jessup, roused from her inertia by the unwonted excitements of her journey to the cove, and, since she was not too lazy to exercise her perversity, thoroughly relishing it. "They'd be jes' ez glad ter see ennybody,—it air so beset an' lonesome up hyar. They fairly tore me ter pieces with thar questions whenst I kem."

And this reminded old man Sayles that the details of the funeral could be elicited from Ben Doaks. Upon request the young man lugubriously rehearsed such portions of the sermon as he could remember, prompted now and then by Mrs. Jessup, who did not disdain to refresh his recollection when it flagged; he even lifted his voice in a dolorous refrain to show how a certain "hyme chune" went. But his attention wandered when supper was over, and he observed Alethea, with a bowl of scraps in her hand and a shawl over her head, walking toward the door.

The dogs ran after her, with voracious delight in the prospect of supper, and bounded up against the door so tumultuously that she had difficulty in opening it.

"Goin' ter feed the dogs, Lethe?" said Ben Doaks, seizing the opportunity. "I'll keep 'em back till ye kin git out."

He held the door against the dogs, and when he shut it he too was on the outer side. It was not yet quite dark;

the whiteness of the snow contended with the night. The evening star showed through the rifts in the clouds, and then was obscured. The dogs were very distinct as they ran hither and thither on the snow at Alethea's feet, while she leaned against the post of the porch and threw to them scraps from the bowl.

Ben knew that his time was short. "Lethe," he said, with a truly masculine tact, "I hearn ez how ye hev done gin up waitin' fur Mink."

Her lustrous eyes seemed all undimmed by the shadows. The sheen of her hair was suggested beneath the faded shawl, drawn half over her head. What light the west could yet bestow, a pearly, subdued glimmer, was on her face. She said nothing.

He lifted his hand to the low, shelving roof of the porch,—for he was very tall,—and the motion dislodged a few flakes that fell upon her head. He did not notice them.

"I hearn Mis' Purvine 'low ye air all plumb outdone with Mink, an' would n't hev him ef he war ter ax ye,—an' I reckon ye won't see him no mo'. 'Tain't likely, ye know. An' Mis' Purvine 'lowed ye hed been mightily streck with a man in Shaftesville,—a town cuss" (with acrimony), "ez war mighty nigh demented 'bout yer good looks an' sech. Now, Lethe, ye dunno nuthin' 'bout'n them town folks, an' the name they hev got at home, 'mongst thar neighbors."

She looked steadily at him, never moving a muscle save to cast more scraps to the dogs, who, when their tidbits became infrequent, or were accidentally buried in the snow by inopportune movements of their paws, gamboled about to attract her attention; rising upon their hind legs, and almost dancing, in a manner exceedingly creditable to untrained mountain dogs.

"An' I 'lowed I war a tremenjious fool ter hev kep out'n the way 'count o' Mink,—jes' kase ye seemed ter set so much store by him. T'other folks mought

kem in whilst I war a-holdin' back. Nobody ain't never goin' ter keer fur ye like I do, Lethe. Mink don't,—never did. An' my house air ready fur ye enny day ye 'll walk in. I got ye a rockin'-cheer the t'other day, an' a spinnin'-wheel. It looks like home, sure enough, down thar, Lethe. I jes' gazed at that thar rockin'-cheer afore the fire till I could fairly see ye settin' in it. But shucks, I kin hear ye callin' chickens roun' thar, — "Coo-chee, Coo-chee!" — enny time I listens right hard." He laughed in embarrassment because of his sentimentality. "I reckon I mus' be gittin' teched in the head."

It was snowing again. From those stupendous heights above the Great Smoky Mountains down into the depths of Piomingo Cove the flakes steadily fell. Myriads of serried white atoms interposed a veil, impalpable but opaque, between Wild-Cat Hollow and the rest of the world. Doaks looked about him a little, and resumed suddenly:—

"I ain't purtendin' I'm better 'n other men. I never *could* git religion. I ain't nigh good enough fur ye,—only I think mo' of ye. I'm mean 'bout some things. I could n't help but think, whenst I hearn 'bout Mink, ez now ye'd gin him up. I war n't *bodaciously* glad, but I could n't *help* thinkin' 't war better fur ye an' me. Ye'd be happier married ter me, Lethe, than ter him, enny time."

"I ain't never goin' to marry you-uns, Ben," she said drearily. "An' now ye hev hed yer say, an' thar's no use a-jawin' no mo' 'bout'n it."

She turned to go in. Tige was already scratching at the door, as eager for the fire as he had been for his supper. She glanced at Ben over her shoulder, with some appreciation of his constancy, some commiseration for his disappointment.

"Ye hed better go make a ch'ice 'mongst some o' them gals in the cove," she suggested.

He cast a glance of deep reproach

upon her, and followed her silently into the house. Their return was the occasion of some slight flutter in the circle, in which had prevailed the opinion that the young folks out in the cold "war a-courtin'."

All relics of the supper were cleared away; the fire leaped joyously up the chimney. L'onidas and Lucindy were asleep. The baby in his night-gown, all unaware that he cut an unrepresentable figure before company, pounded up and down the floor, unmolested. The pipes were lighted. As Ben Doaks leaned down to scoop up a coal from the fire, his face was distinct in the flare, and Mrs. Jessup noted the disappointment and trouble upon it. Mrs. Sayles too deduced a sage conclusion. A glance was exchanged between the two women. Then Mrs. Jessup, with a view to righting matters between these young people, whom fate seemed to decree should be lovers and only human perversity prevented, asked, "Did ye tell Lethe the news 'bout Mink?"

"Naw," he responded, somewhat shortly. "I 'lowed she knowed it long ago."

"Naw, she don't," said Mrs. Jessup; "none o' we-uns hyar on the mounting knowed it."

She paused to listen to the wind, for it was astir without. A hollow, icy cry was lifted in the dark stillness,—now shrill and sibilant, now hoarsely roaring and dying away in the distance, to be renewed close at hand. The boughs of trees beat together. The pines were voiced with a dirge. The porch trembled, and the door shook.

"Why, Lethe," resumed Mrs. Jessup, turning toward the girl, as she sat in a low chair in the full radiance of the fire-light, "Mink ain't out'n jail. The rescuers never tuk him out."

The color left Alethea's face. Her doubting eyes were dilated. Mrs. Jessup replied to the expression in them.

"Mis' Purvine, she 'lowed ez she an'

you-uns hearn everybody sayin' the rescuers tuk him out afore ye lef' town that mornin'. That war town talk. But 't war n't true. The jailer an' the sher'ff tied an' gagged him, an' tuk him out tharse'fs in the midst o' the dark, whenst nobody could see 'em. Makes me laff ter think how they fooled them boys! They jes' busted up the jail so ez 't war n't safe ter try ter keep him thar no mo', an' the nex' day the dep'ty an' two gyards tuk him down ter the jail at Glaston, — an' thar he's safe enough."

Alethea was thinking, with vague, causeless self-reproach, that she had let Sam Marvin, who had seen Tad since the disaster at the mill, go in the belief that Mink had been released. But how could she have detained him? And would he, a moonshiner, suffer himself to be subpoenaed as a witness, and thus insure his own arrest?

Her lips moved without a sound, as if she were suddenly bereft of the power to articulate.

"Glaston, that's a fac'," reiterated Mrs. Jessup, noticing the demonstration, "kase I see 'Lijah Miles, ez war one o' the gyards. He kem up ter the cove ter the fun'el, bein' ez his wife war kin ter the corpse. She war one o' the Grinnells afore she war married, — not the Jer'miah fambly, but Abadiah's darter; an' Abadiah's gran'mother war own cousin ter the corpse's mother" —

"I dunno 'bout'n that," said Mrs. Sayles, following this genealogical detail with a knitted brow and a painstaking attention.

"Corpse war 'bleeged ter hev hed a mother wunst, ef ever he war alive," said Mrs. Jessup recklessly.

"I reckon I know *that*," retorted Mrs. Sayles. "But 'Lijah Miles's wife's father's grandmother war the aunt o' the corpse, stiddier his mother's cousin," — she tossed her head with a cheerful sense of accuracy, — "sure ez ye air a born sinner."

Mrs. Jessup paused in her recital,
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leaned her elbows on her knees, and fixed her eyes on the fire, as if following some abstruse calculation. In the silence the wind outside swept about the house and whistled down the chimney, till even Tige roused himself, and lifted his head to listen and to growl.

"Waal, hev it so," said the young woman, unable to contradict. "Howbeit he war kin ter the corpse, he kem ter the fun'el, an' arterward, ez he war goin' back ter Shaftesville, he stopped at Mis' Purvine's an' stayed all night. An' he tole us 'bout'n takin' Mink ter jail in Glaston. An' 't war the fust Mis' Purvine knowed ez Mink war n't out. But she 'lowed she'd miss him less in jail 'n out."

"I reckon everybody feels that a-way 'bout Mink," interpolated Mrs. Sayles. "Folks never knowed what *could* happen onexpected an' upsettin' till Mink's capers l'arned 'em."

"Waal, none o' his capers ever war like this las' one o' his'n," said Mrs. Jessup, nodding seriously. "They tuk him ter Glaston, an' 'Lijah Miles war one o' the gyards. They tuk him on the steam-kyars."

"I'll be bound Mink war fairly skeered by them steam-kyars!" exclaimed Mrs. Sayles, with all the assumption of superior experience, although she herself had never had a glimpse of them.

"Waal, I reckon not, from the way he kerried on 'cordin' ter 'Lijah," said Mrs. Jessup, clasping one knee as she talked, eying the fire. "'Lijah 'lowed he never seen sech a fool. Mink got ter talkin' ter the gyards an' dep'ty 'bout this hyar Jedge Gwinnan" —

"Need n't tell me nuthin' 'bout Jedge Gwinnan. 'Jeemes' air what they call him over yander in Kildeer County. An' 'Jim,' too. I knowed a woman ez knowed that man's mother whenst he war a baby."

"Waal, he's changed some sence then. He ain't a baby now. Mink

kep' a-talkin' ter his gyards 'bout Gwinnan, an' swearin' Gwinnan had spited him in the trial, — put Pete Rood on the jury an' sent 'em ter jail, an' tole the sher'ff ter look arter his prisoner or he'd escape the night Pete Rood fell dead, an' tole 'em how ter keep the crowd from rescuin' him, an' all sech ez that. An' what d' ye reckon Mink 'lowed Gwinnan hed done it fur? Kase Gwinnan hed tuk a notion hisself ter Lethe Sayles, an' 'lowed Mink war n't good enough fur her."

The incongruity of the idea impressed none of them. They all looked silently expectant as Mrs. Jessup went on: —

"Waal, Mink swore ez some day he'd git his chance, an' he'd kill Gwinnan, sure. An' 'Lijah, he seen ze Mink war a-lookin' at Jedge Gwinnan, — the jedge, he war a-goin' down on the train ter Glaston, an' then out ter wharever he war a-goin' ter hold court, an' he war a-smokin' in the 'smokin'-kyar,' 'Lijah say they call it, whar they hed Mink. An' 'Lijah say Mink looked at Gwinnan with his mouth sorter open, an' his jaw sorter drapped, an' his eyes ez set ez ef he war a wild beastis."

Once more the wind, tumultuous, pervasive, with all the vast solitudes given over to it, swept down the mountain with shrill acclaim.

"Goin' ter hev some weather arter this, — ye mind my words," said Mrs. Sayles, listening a moment.

"Waal, 'Lijah never thunk nuthin' mo', an' Mink kep' his eyes ter hisself the rest o' the way. When they got ter Glaston the gyards sorter waited fur the t'other folks ter git out fust, an' then they started. Waal, 'Lijah say the dep'ty, he jumped off'n the platform fust, an' tole Mink ter kem on. An' the dep'ty, — 'Lijah say the dep'ty set a heap o' store by Mink, — he war a-tellin' Mink ter look how many tracks an' locomotives an' sech thar war in the depot, an' not noticin' Mink much. An' 'Lijah say he seen Mink dart ter one side;

he 'lowed Mink war makin' a bust ter git away. Naw, sir! Gwinnan hed stopped by the side o' the kyar ter speak ter a man. 'Lijah say he felt like he war a-dreamin' when he seen Mink lift up both his handcuffed hands an' bring the irons down on the jedge's head, — jes' like he done the dep'ty when he war arrested. 'Lijah say him an' the dep'ty an' the t'other gyard hed thar pistols out in a second. But they war feared ter shoot, fur the jedge, stiddier drappin' on the groun', whurled roun' an' grabbed the man ez hit him. He got Mink by the throat, an' held on ter him same ez a painter or sech. He nearly strangled Mink ter death, though the jedge war fairly blinded with his own blood. Mink writhed an' wriggled so they could n't tell one man from t'other. The gyards war feared ter shoot at Mink, kase they mought kill the jedge. They tore Mink loose at last. They 'lowed his face war black ez ef he hed been hung. He won't tackle Gwinnan agin in a hurry. Ye 'lowed Gwinnan war a feeble infant, mother; he ain't very feeble now. Though he did faint arterward, an' war hauled up ter the tavern in a kerridge. They hed ter hev some perlice thar ter help keep the crowd off Mink, takin' him ter jail. Waal, 'Lijah say they dunno whether the jedge will live or no, — suthin' the matter with his head. But even ef he do live, 'Lijah say we ain't likely ter see Mink in these parts no mo' fur a right smart while, kase he hearn thar ez assault with intent ter c'mit murder air from three ter twenty-one year in the pen'tiary. An' I reckon enny jury would gin Mink twenty" —

"Yes, sir, he needs a good medjure!" exclaimed the negative Mr. Sayles, with unwonted hearty concurrence.

"Mink will be an old man by the time he do git back," computed Mrs. Sayles.

"Now, Lethe," argued Mrs. Jessup, "ain't ye got sense enough ter see ez Mink ain't nobody ter set sech store on,

an' ef ye like him it's kase ye air a fool?"

The girl sat as if stunned, looking into the fire with vague, distended eyes. She lifted them once and gazed at Mrs. Jessup, as if she hardly understood.

"Look-a-hyar, Lethe, what sorter face air that ye hev got onter ye?" cried Mrs. Sayles. "Ye better not set yer features that-a-way. I hev hearn folks call sech looks 'the dead-face,' an' when ye wear the 'dead-face' it air a sign ye air boun' fur the grave."

"Waal, that's whar we all air boun' fur," moralized old man Sayles.

"Quit it!" his wife admonished the girl, who passed her hand over her face

as if seeking to obliterate the noxious expression. "Ye go right up-steers ter bed. I'm goin' ter gin ye some yerb tea."

She took down a small bag, turning from it some dried leaves in her hand, and looked at them mysteriously, as if she were about to conjure with them.

The girl rose obediently, and went up the rude, uncovered stairs to the roof-room. After an interval Mrs. Jessup observed the jowring baby pointing upward. Among the shadows half-way up the stairs Alethea was sitting on a step, looking down vacantly at them. But upon their sudden outcry she seemed to rouse herself, rose, and disappeared above.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

TWO AMERICAN NOVELS.

THE failure of a piece of fiction which attempts much is another word, sometimes, for success. Mr. Hardy hangs out a sign from Spinoza over the door to his house of entertainment,¹ which reads: "They who believe that they can speak, or keep silence, in a word, act, in virtue of a free decision of the soul, dream with their eyes open." It is from this text that he preaches his romance, and the application is in the words of his hero, at the end of the book:—

"All we think and feel is but this world of movement, of mass and atom unable to control their own motions, and steeped in a sea so tremulously responsive that your faintest breath breaks on infinite shores. You do not dare to move? . . . You cannot help it! Nothing moves of itself since the dance began; nothing swerves but by collision. Others thou shalt drive, and they thee;

but thyself never. I, myself, capable for an instant of unifying the past and the present, am but one of these atoms, swept on by its own inertia, and disappearing as it came, a portent and a wonder. Do you know what effect all this produces upon me? To create a faith so necessary in a Being so transcendent, that the inventions of men become puerilities."

If we seem to place the philosophy of this romance in the foreground, it is because the author himself, by his method, incites one to question his meaning. There are, so to speak, eight principal persons in the book, arranged in five pairs: these are the atoms that move in the dance; it is upon them that the wind of destiny blows; and the author, while he invites his readers to follow the movements of his characters, is a chorus that finds expression through pantomime. In other words, the author is so impressed by the profound meaning which underlies his story that, without direct intimation, he conveys to the

¹ *The Wind of Destiny.* By ARTHUR SHERRARD HARDY, author of *But Yet a Woman*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

reader something of the same impression, and keeps him in a questioning mood. At first one asks, What is the story? But at last it dawns upon him that there is no story, properly speaking, and he finds himself asking, What is the meaning of the book? He is present at a drama of souls, and the dress in which they act their parts, the scenery with which the play is set, all the paraphernalia of the stage, are of little consequence. It is the indestructible personality, under the countless influences of life, that one must follow; and when the author of the drama is called for, one discovers that it is no less a person than God himself.

Now the value of any romance undoubtedly depends upon the psychological truth which is at the base, and the more the writer is penetrated by this truth, the more confidently will he guide the movements of its exponents; he must see the end from the beginning, he must look into the depths. But given this profound perception, this strong conception, there yet remains the necessity for a constructive art which shall reproduce the truth in characters and action that seem free and spontaneous. Mr. Hardy has undertaken to interpret, through the means of a romance, one of the deepest riddles of life, but unfortunately all his characters are conscious of this riddle. He has not succeeded in showing us people whose action upon each other is apparently self-determined, but really governed by Destiny; he has disclosed those moments in the lives of his characters when they are themselves aware of the uncontrollable forces. The consequence is that the reader feels oppressed by the atmosphere of the book; it is charged too highly with impending elements, and the simplest action or word has a sort of undeveloped dynamic potency.

It is possible that if Mr. Hardy had essayed to write a novel, that is, if he had resolved to use the ordinary events

of a workaday world for the machinery of his philosophic thought, the necessity of sharply defined incident, action, and dialogue might have imposed healthful restrictions upon his tendency to subtlety. As it is, there is little ballast of realism. The dialogue is helpful to the spiritual plot, but it is not often in the language of the people; it is allusive, superintelligent, epigrammatic. The history of the persons engaged in the story is learned indirectly and by parenthesis. The action is of the kind which makes little account of time: the lovers meet, and their fate is instantaneously settled; a row on the river, a walk in the woods, and all is done.

These characteristics belong to the romance, and not to the novel; they serve the purpose of a writer who is intent upon the spiritual commerce of his personages, and is not disturbed by any difficulty which his readers may find in the geographical distribution of the scenes; Dinant does well enough for a localization of the foreign scenes, but when the persons remove their domicile, the change may be to England as much as to America, so far as any identification of places goes. It is interesting thus to see how much better the earlier portion of the book is than the latter. The background of foreign life serves an admirable pictorial purpose; and the romantic scenes projected from it have thereby a greater solidity and value. The background of native life, on the other hand is only a faint landscape; there are no striking subordinate figures, there is no suggestion of common life, and, as a consequence, the scenes projected from this background have a certain unreality fatal to the highest romantic effects. The most significant romances are those which rise out of a familiar, common experience, and have their spiritual force heightened by the contrast.

It is clearly as a romance that Mr. Hardy's book will be judged. It will be

read with great pleasure simply as an artistic relief from the somewhat ignoble realism which prevails in fiction. It will be read also, in spite of the structural faults which we have noted, for the peculiarly noble air which pervades it, the extreme beauty of many of its passages, the revelation of life flashed occasionally as from a diamond of light, and perhaps more than all for the very subtle charm which hangs over the whole movement of the story. The early pages are exquisite with this grace, and one never wholly loses the sense of what we can almost call the perfume of the book. But distillation of high potencies of life is a delicate business, and therefore, with all our admiration for what Mr. Hardy intended to do, we are still obliged to confess his book a noble failure as a piece of art.

There could hardly be a greater contrast in fictitious writing than that suggested by a comparison of Mr. Hardy's book with Mr. Stockton's first novel.¹ *The Wind of Destiny* is a serious work, and deals with great problems of human life; the form of fiction is used because it gives the author wider scope and freer power than biography, for instance, or history, would permit. The *Late Mrs. Null* is also fiction, but unadulterated by any serious purpose whatsoever. It is too much to say that the book marks a new departure in fictitious literature, although Mr. Stockton's peculiar style is already finding imitators, but it has an individuality which separates it in kind from current novels. It is not easy to say in a word in what this individuality consists, but any one who has read Mr. Stockton's ingenious short stories will understand us when we speak of his novel as a many-jointed short story. There is the same caprice, the same unexpected turn, the same drollery of situation rather than of language, and the same absence of sentiment and moral

purpose. The book is delightfully unmoral. The characters go their several ways, undetermined by any noble ends or high designs; they behave like ordinary mortals in a world which is not troubled by the strainings of conscience; there are dilemmas, but they are not the dilemmas of a moral universe; there is a logic, but it is the logic of circumstance, and rewards and punishments are served out by a justice so blind as not to know her left hand from her right.

The gravity and matter-of-fact air with which Mr. Stockton relates his tale heighten the effect of the whim that governs in the conduct of his characters. He introduces a negro girl, whom, with the slightest irony in the world, he dubs good little Peggy; and this inimitable creature has a way of inventing facts with incredible agility, and reporting them with entire seriousness. She plays an insignificant part in the story, though she is a sort of Ariel done in charcoal, but she stands really as a type of Mr. Stockton's genius. Good little Peggy manufactures a situation out of the slightest possible material, uses it for her own purposes as if it were one of the commonplaces of life, and goes her way with a clear consciousness of virtue. Everybody believes her for the time, because her manner carries conviction. So we follow the ins and outs of the *late Mrs. Null* and her fellow-characters with scarcely any incredulity or sense of the absurdity of their relation to each other, chiefly because Mr. Stockton, with his innocent air, never seems to be aware of any incongruity in their conduct.

The drollery, as we have said, is a structural drollery, and not often one of language. Yet the quaintness which runs through all of this writer's work begins to show itself very soon when he sets about any mere piece of description, and the particularity of any enumeration of details is pretty sure to end in a quip and quirk. It is, however,

¹ *The Late Mrs. Null*. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

when dealing with negro life that Mr. Stockton shows himself at his best. He fairly revels in this side-show of the world's circus, and takes an almost childish delight in the exhibition of negro character and life. We suspect that the figure in the book which will linger longest in the reader's mind is that of Aunt Patsy, and the description of the Jerusalem Jump, with Aunt Patsy's exit from the world upon the occasion, is one of the most carefully written, as it is one of the most effective, passages in the book. It is not strange that Mr. Stockton should feel at home with the negroes. They offer him precisely that happy-go-lucky type of character which suits the world of his imagination. They save him the necessity of invention, and he can abandon with them that extreme gravity of demeanor which he is obliged to assume in order to give an air of reasonableness to his white characters.

We are disposed to think that the book will suffer at the hands of many by being read as novels are apt to be read, at one or two sittings. It should have appeared as a serial, since the amusement which one extracts from it is largely due to the turns which the story takes, and not to any continuity of narrative. The improbability of situations and persons cannot be covered for any length of time by any mere reasonableness of manner, and one who sees through the thin disguise of Mrs. Null's marriage long before the revelation comes is apt to get a little impatient at mere ingenuity, and not to be quite appeased by the indefinite promise of further complications. In other words, the book is so ineffective as a novel that the hardened novel-reader might easily undervalue its wit and casual quaintness, whereas, if he helped himself to a little at a time, he would be likely to enjoy the queer bits as if he were reading so many short stories. So habituated is the author to this form of fiction that he sets about a new story

within a dozen pages of the end of the book, and, instead of producing a climax to his story, furnishes a sort of annex.

We recall only one other instance in literature where genuine humor is so entirely wanting in its obverse, pathos. The extremely slight expression of this quality in the account of Aunt Patsy's death, and the hurried manner in which the somewhat pivotal scene of the finding of the shoes is passed over, serve to render the absence of it elsewhere more noticeable. Every one feels that the author's instinct is right, and that there would be an incongruity in the display of much feeling. But it is not pathos alone that is wanting; all sentiment is left out. Lawrence Croft, the principal lover, is laid up with a sprained ankle, and has recourse to some novels sent in to him by Mrs. Null. "These books Lawrence looked over with indifferent interest, hoping to find one among them that was not a love story, but he was disappointed. They were all based upon, and most of them permeated with, the tender passion, and Lawrence was not in the mood for reading about that sort of thing. A person afflicted with a disease is not apt to find agreeable occupation in reading hospital reports upon his particular ailment." So when the author of *The Late Mrs. Null* finds himself under the necessity of bringing his two lovers to a final understanding, he does it in a gingerly fashion, and with a certain reluctant air that seems to be almost a protest against the indecorum into which he is forced. Mark Twain is equally wanting in pathos, if we except his *True Story*, but Mr. Stockton's humor has a reserve and a quality of ingenuousness which are his own. It is idle business trying to analyze the peculiar nature of this writer's charm, and one may be needlessly acute, but we suspect that in this case, as in many others, we owe something to the deficiencies of Mr. Stockton's intellectual make-up, and that one reason why we enjoy his novel

is that he is not a novelist. Humor which lurks so slyly in incident even more than in phrase can dispense with many of the conventionalities of the

novelist's art, and we are too glad to get what Mr. Stockton alone has, to quarrel with him for not giving what plenty of other writers can produce.

NEEDLEWORK IN ART.

THERE is a singular fascination in the history of the tools of men. In a certain sense they are the starting-point in which our knowledge of the past begins; and as one looks at some great museum that earth-mounds and shell-heaps have given up to the spade of the archæologist, — such a one, for instance, as that in the cabinets of Bologna, — the imagination is touched almost pathetically by those relics of the infancy of the race, that bear sometimes so humorous a resemblance to the instruments of war and industry that our jackknives used to fashion. To follow the development of the plough or the loom, the arrow or the ship, is to read the great book of civilization in the simplest and perhaps the most useful way; for these and the other real elements of universal life are its true alphabet. They outlive the nations they establish and bind together, and the advance in their adaptation and application is a better gauge of progress than the rise and fall of empires. They are very like the forces of nature in moulding the destiny of mankind, and more powerful than human laws; they have determined, one might say, the physique of castes in India, and, if modern speculation is to be believed, they may be thought to have affected, through inheritance, the arrangement of the brain-cells in the skilled artisans of Italy and Flanders. The history of a tool, in fact, if told in full, involves the successive stages of politics, art, and culture; to know it is to know what man has done.

Such reflections may seem to be too vast in range to stand, like the innumerable angels of the scholastic doctor, on the point of a needle; but the lady who has written this richly made volume¹ would not think so. The needle is one of the oldest of tools, and from the time when it was shaped from a bone, and used to fasten the skins of beasts with sinews, down to the present age of the Kensington school, it has much to tell of its deeds. Of its mere utilitarian value, the great industry of clothing the race, little is said by the author; she considers the needle only in its works of art. One wonders whether its early use for ornamentation may not have been due to its being preëminently the woman's tool. Certain it is that seams hardly began to be before they were adorned. From the moment when the sense of beauty was first pleased with the needle's work, however rude, it became the minister of art, and through all the ages it continued in an alliance with the ideal part of man's nature. It has been thought — and no one can say nay to the theory — that the needle was in reality the source of art; that paintings on the brick of Nineveh and Babylon and in Egypt, that bas-reliefs on the temples of Greece, and all artistic work in wood, or clay, or stone, or metal, were in the first instance nothing more than imitations, in more durable materials, of the woven and wrought hang-

¹ *Needle-Work as Art.* By LADY M. ALFORD. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1886.

ings of the most ancient temples, such as were used in the tabernacles of the Orientals. To the latest times of paganism these precious stuffs, of which the peplos of Athene is the highest type, were retained in worship of the gods, and also in the festivals of monarchs, as at Alexander's marriage feast in the marvellous tent of his Asian spoils; and do they not at the present hour robe the altars and priesthood of the larger part of Christendom, though secular fêtes have lost such splendid shows of tapestries in our age of cotton prints and broadcloth?

But whether or not needlework may justly claim to have been the parent of the arts, it has been of the family, and in its long course it has reflected the spirit of man in many phases and pictured his life, as the other prouder arts have done. It is astonishing, therefore, only to one who does not reflect, to find the author of this volume somewhat embarrassed by the richness of the materials, the variety and historic sweep of her subject; and amid it all it is interesting to observe how simple and universal are the laws of art, so that, as truly as all of gravitation was said to be in the fall of the apple, all of art seems to be in the management of the stitch. Just as in books of philosophy nowadays we come upon the eternal formulas of Spencer, on homogeneity, differentiation, and heterogeneity, and the rest, so in this work we find the *sententiæ* of Ruskin, that the material must determine the design, and the like. The result is that the volume gives a curiously mixed impression of orderliness when theory is under discussion, and of bewilderment when facts are being registered. In dealing with the laws of the art the author is entirely at home, and her decisions clear and cogent; perhaps in the field of history a limitation of the view, particularly in the department of archæology, might have given a definiteness and compact-

ness of which the unlearned reader may possibly feel the lack.

The multitude of things referred to, however, is one of the charms of the book, and suggests, as nothing else could, the infinite number of ways in which the simple tools of man's craft have affected his civilized life, to which we have already alluded. One reason for the breadth of subject is that nearly all works of the needle in ancient times have perished; a few examples on leather or linen have survived in a more or less dilapidated state, but for the most part the handiwork of antiquity in this art must be studied from the monuments, from sculptured or painted representations, or from those literary descriptions, such as Homer's, which are the best record we possess of the character of the embroidered stuffs which filled the wardrobes and palaces of Asiatic cities, and were borne to other lands by the commerce of the Phœnicians. One must go to archæology for the history of the ancient art, perforce; and if one pushes the research farther, and asks what was the origin and meaning of the old patterns, such as the wave or wickerwork, and traces backward the conventional forms to the symbolism of the lotus of Egypt, the daisy of Assyria, and the immemorial tree of life with the yoked animals, and furthermore must include a type so distant from these as is the serpentine of the Lindisfarne Gospels, it is easy to see what an *omnium gatherum* of doubtful and prehistoric facts must result. The subject of crosses alone, from the *schwastika*, or crossed sticks of the worship of fire (if that be its derivation), to the meaning combinations of mediæval times, is large enough to require a volume to itself. The division of these patterns, not many in number, into their classes opens another wide field, and in their passage from naturalism into symbolism, and thence into conventionalized forms, one may stop to study one of

the movements common to all art from birth to extinction; while at the end the mathematical patterns with the Saracenic arabesque still remain to be treated. The way in which all these were transmitted from country to country and from age to age, the great highways of commerce by which they passed, the market-points at which they met, such as Sicily in the mediæval times, must also be considered. The mere materials used, wool, flax, silk, and cotton, to mention no others, have each an interesting history, which cannot be wholly disregarded; and the schools of design which the needlework of each period reflected, from the Egyptian to the Italian, are to be touched on in a way that shall recall the motives, characteristics, and temper of the whole history of art. Thus, before one gets to so important a department as lace-work, his eye begins to get wearied with the survey in which so many matters have called for attention, and he may be excused if a sigh for system, a more rigid system, at times escapes him.

That portion of the volume in which the examples are described with some detail, and in many cases are profusely illustrated, does not lie open to any similar objection. The mind rests on these, and lets go of the general history of the centuries and the problems of archæology. These examples naturally are mainly mediæval or Renaissance, and the greater portion are ecclesiastical. They are beautiful to look at and delightful to read about. The chapter

upon the school of English embroidery is an excellent study of a special subject, and stands by itself, like a book within a book. The author has here a thorough knowledge of the period and the work, and is not hampered by the necessity of leaning on the monographs of learned scholars, as in the more general parts of her narrative. She is mistress of this particular branch of the English art, and of the theory of how it should now be practiced under the conditions of its modern revival. Her account of the Kensington school, though brief, is interesting, and her advice to her fellow-workers in the attempt to bring needlework back to the artistic purpose it served before the days of sewing-machines is of the best. To have written such a book on one of the minor arts is to have filled an empty place in the great English library with practical effect. The illustrations, by their number, excellence, and range, make it admirable for reference, and justify its title; for it is not the history of the art of needlework which is written, but rather the great works of the needle are viewed with reference to the general artistic expression of the race. The efforts of Lady Marian Alford and her coadjutors, both in England and this country, to restore to the needle its office in domestic and church decoration have the sympathy of those who respect beauty and the adornment of the common life; and all such will give her volume — a very difficult work to write — their good wishes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHAT is the best thing to do with the mind when listening to music? "Do nothing with it," some one may reply; "let it take care of itself." But this

implies a mistaken idea as to its ways. It seldom does, in point of fact, take care of itself. It is bound to follow the successive suggestions either of certain

outside impressions, or of certain inner impressions which also had originally an external source. One may as well choose a little among these. Surely we might better direct the mental panorama by some voluntary choice than to have it directed by the accidental sight of a grotesque face in the audience, or the odd bowing of some one of the second violins. Does it make the sailing of a summer sea any the less idly luxurious to touch the helm lightly from time to time?

Now there are several ways open to choice in the management of the mind's delicate steering apparatus, on such an occasion as the hearing of fine music. The worst way, no doubt, is to gaze fixedly at the performers, and so let the eye cheat the ear out of half its enjoyment. This is the besetting temptation of the "distinguished amateur," who is inclined to give his whole attention to the visible handling of whatever instrument he himself may happen to play. At a recent concert I noticed that my neighbor riveted his interest, during a whole splendid movement of the symphony, on the agile gymnastics of one of the double-basses. But this is not so ill-advised as the trick some people have of staring at a singer, and even with an opera-glass, during a whole song. What can they carry away in the memory but a visual image of a wonderful openness of countenance, a kind of labio-dental display?

I have always liked to close my eyes during any passage of orchestral music to which I wished to lend special attention. It is surprising what sensitiveness and grasp this instantly gives to the auditory power. Sometimes, in a dark corner under the gallery, one may indulge himself in the luxury. But on Kant's immortal doctrine that one should do only those things which all may do, this closing of the eyes at a concert hardly seems proper in the body of the house. Would it not look queer if we all sat

that way? ("Look queer to whom, if everybody's eyes were shut?" Well, to the gentlemanly ushers; and the reporters, whose eyes are always open; and the cornet and the bassoon, in their lucid intervals.) It is not necessary, however, actually to close the outward eye. We may select some peg on which to hang it, so to speak, where no distracting image will interrupt our reverie. The middle of the back of some quiet person in front of us will generally do. Or we may happen to have that convenient faculty, possessed by so many, of fixing the bodily eye on a given point, while the mind's eye is gradually withdrawn leagues and leagues behind it.

There are two opposite ways, in particular, open to the mind for its excursions during music. It may either let itself become engaged in dreams of one's own personal destiny, memories of the past, fantastically intermingled, or dreams of "what hath never been, and what can never be;" or it may go out of itself into the life-dramas of others. Which is the better way? For example, in listening to one of those orchestral duets of Rubinstein's, one may either disregard the composer's indication in the title, weaving his own personal episodes at will from the changes of the chords; or he may occupy his imagination with the relations of the suggested Toreador and Andalousse; or he may hear only the far-off voices of well-known mortals and their perplexing fates; or, finally, the music may but breathe an ethereal essence of human life universal, too elusive for any individual incarnation. The question is like that which confronts the poet: Shall he sing his own joys and woes, or shall he create exterior dramatic idyls? Shall he follow the method of Byron, or of Browning?

"I am never merry," said Jessica, "when I hear sweet music;" and her Lorenzo was no philosopher, and could give but the shallowest explanation of

the fact. Rossetti's Monochord, if she could have waited so long for it, might have helped her to a better one : —

"Is it the moved air or the moving sound
That is Life's self and draws my life from me,

That 'mid the tide of all emergency
Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea
Its difficult eddies labor in the ground ?

"Oh ! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to
flame,
The lifted shifted steeps and all the way ? "

No doubt it is the first instinct, with all of us, to let the "eternal passion, eternal pain," of great orchestral music interweave themselves with the past, the possible, or, more often, the dear impossible, of our personal life-story. We are, for the time being, subjects of what Rossetti has noted, in his own private copy of the poem from which I have just quoted, as "that sublimated mood of the soul in which a separate essence of itself seems, as it were, to oversoar and survey it." But would it not be nobler in the soul if its survey were wider ? Would it not be better for the will, in its renunciation and vows of service, that these inchoate worlds of musical harmony, these swaying tides of mysteriously organizing sound, an audible chaos of multitudinous emotions over which a creative breath is hovering and calling life, with all its tragedies and comedies, into being, should be identified to the imagination with the fates of other men than ourselves ?

There are persons, I am beginning to discover, who have but a very imperfect power of visual imagination. An intimate friend writes me, after only three years of separation, "I have completely forgotten you. Or, rather, I remember nothing *but* you, and not at all your outward aspect. Face, form, manner, have altogether faded, and cannot by any effort of will be recalled." But I can shut my eyes and see this friend — form, features, color, a hundred particular ways of gesture and manner — more

distinctly than any photograph could possibly present him. I could draw his profile on this paper ; not composing it, but simply tracing it from my mental image, as if it were a silhouette laid down and followed mechanically with the pencil.

Those of us who possess this common enough power might at least always give some fitting *mise en scène* to a symphony, removing it from its incongruous situation in an ugly hall packed with monotonous rows of frivolous bonnets and sand-papered heads. We do not need Wagner's aid to obliterate the musicians and fill the stage with impressive scenery. In a moment, at will, we are reclining in a stately pine forest on a solitary mountain-side. Behind us tower great crags with fluted columnar front, like nature's organ-pipes. Below and to the left hollows a piny gorge, blue with misty depth, up whose slope, from round the mountain's enormous flank, swells the sound of falling torrents. Beyond the granite ridge to the right goes down a broken foot-path to a hidden valley, where some momentous human passion-play begins now to be enacted.

Or we are drifting on the ocean, and a storm is subsiding. All night we have driven before the tempest, and now at the first glimmer of dawn we strain our sight into the darkness, and listen for the roar of breakers. Suddenly the sound of all sweet and powerful instruments rises and mingles, as if from the very depths of the rolling sea. Have the forces of nature become audible in their battling together ? Or have we drifted into the midst of a strife of mortal destinies, and is this the prelude to a mighty drama of the nations on the shores of some new world ?

— Some competent person should write an essay on the bright side of human ignorance. That ignorance has its bright side might perhaps be established on *a priori* grounds, since it would seem a kind of blasphemy to suppose

that anything so natural and universal could be altogether a curse. A condition into which we are all born, and out of which the best of us can never escape, must somehow be advantageous; unless, indeed, this world does really belong to the devil, — an hypothesis which I, for my own part, steadfastly refuse to entertain, in spite of the theories of some of my brethren and the practices of others.

But without going into such profundities (leaving questions of this sort for the competent essayist aforesaid), it is open to the least discerning of us to see that much of the interest of human life, no matter how commonplace, is dependent upon the element of uncertainty. It may fairly be accounted one of the few compensations of extreme poverty that the most trivial and prosaic details — the question of to-morrow's dinner, even — must often be attended with something of that peculiar relish which nothing but the feeling of suspense can produce, and which more fortunate persons are fain to seek in trials of skill or in games of chance. To take a very different illustration, what would village or club gossip be worth if we knew the exact truth about our neighbors; if we could no longer surmise, put this and that together, and draw our own inferences? — inferences not highly valuable for their truth, it may be, but interesting for their diversity and originality. What we all crave is a problem on which to exercise our ingenuity. We inherit a passion for riddles, and spend our days in solving them. Indeed, throughout the course of our intellectual development we are simply handed on, as we may say, from one class of enigmas to another, while others and still others stretch away before us in endless progression.

Amid the numerous attempts which have been made to define concisely the distinction between ourselves and our four-footed relatives, it seems strange

that no one has ever hit upon this: Man is the only animal that loves a puzzle.

It is this liking for a doubt, this appetite for the mysterious, which makes, in great part at least, the fascination of novels. What are four or five hundred pages of moderately good print when a plot is to be unraveled? How nimbly do we turn the leaves as curiosity pricks us on, chapter after chapter, till a sound of marriage bells announces the long-desired consummation! Herein, also, is to be found the peculiar attractiveness of new stories, as compared with older and possibly better ones. We are already in the secret of Henry Esmond; the book is a guessed conundrum, as it were (I speak as a — novel-reader); now for the latest "Henry" or "Lucy," the narrative of whose love affairs is just off the press.

It is abundantly affirmed, I am aware, that the new fiction is intrinsically superior to the old; but on that point I must confess to a measure of skepticism. Perhaps I am not an unprejudiced judge; at my time of life it may be expedient to make some allowance for early prepossessions. At all events, the claim of the moderns has before now put me in mind of one of Charles Lamb's whimsicalities. Somebody had boasted rather loudly of being a matter-of-fact person (realistic, as the present word is), when Lamb gave a sudden twist to the conversation by remarking, — no doubt in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone, — "Now, I value *myself* on being a matter-of-lie man."

Probably most of us have some time or other tried to imagine how it would seem to know everything. For one, however, I am bound to admit that I have never been able to gain any very clear conception of such a state. It is impossible for me to conjecture what it would be like to know all about myself, even, letting alone the remainder of the world. Yet why do I speak with this

meaningless limitation? For of course I could not understand all about myself without possessing the same comprehensive acquaintance with everything else. Perfect knowledge of myself must of necessity include perfect knowledge of all with which I am in any sort of relation. In other words, — and to make the statement general, — it is only omniscience that knows everything about anything.

And if I really did know everything! Should I not forthwith begin to bewail the loss of my former estate? With no longer anything before which I could stand in awe; with nothing to pique the curiosity, nothing to be studied! Would not such a condition be like reading the same old novel over and over, — yea, like downright stagnation and death, — to a creature who had once tasted the delights of growth and acquisition?

And yet, could one know everything without knowing the feeling of ignorance and the pleasures of research? Here we are getting lost, as we always must when we seek to compass the infinite. Speculations like these are vain; some will perhaps call them sacrilegious. Let us keep within bounds, and, meanwhile, await the coming of the better equipped author whose good offices in this matter we bespoke at the outset.

— There are two insuperable objections, in my private and heretical opinion, to the so-called “reformed” spelling. One is that it would increase the already too great similarity in words. Syllables that are at present identical only to the ear would then become alike to the eye also. Now the true theory of a visible and audible language demands that *the symbols of ideas should differ as much as the ideas*. *Rite, right,* and *write* are three wholly distinct ideas, and their symbols ought to be correspondingly distinct. In the natural and undisturbed development of a language they would differ both to ear and to eye; but our present tongue is the re-

sult of confusing influences, and the sounds of our speech have been allowed in many instances to lose their differentiation. The eye, however, being a more intellectual organ than the ear, has refused to permit the visible symbols to break down into this indistinguishable similarity. If we cannot have every idea represented by a different symbol to the ear, at least let us not throw away, at the command of a false notion, whatever difference remains to the eye. *Mete, meat, meet; night and knight; sight, site, cite; mind and mined; aisle and isle; by, bye, buy; sent, scent, cent; sell and cell; wait and weight; all and awl,* and a great number of other such pairs or triplets, would lose what little is left of their individual identity. Depend upon it, this difference of spelling has not been a result of accident. It has been retained because of a felt instinct of the usefulness of keeping things separate in appearance which are separate in fact. Any one who has dabbled in phonography knows that the fatal defect of all short-hand systems of writing, for any but those who make a long-continued specialty of their use, is the extreme similarity of the signs, especially when combined in words and phrases. The advantage of our alphabet lies in the ingenious diversity of its forms, enabling the eye to seize on the special characteristic of each letter, even in hurried script. This is the secret of its having been retained unchanged through so many generations of men.

My second objection to phonetic spelling is that it would petrify any language in the forms which it happened to have at the moment of adopting the “re-form.” Now I feel sure, whatever certain eminent philologists may say, that the language-making instinct is by no means extinct in us. So far as the iron grip of the dictionaries will let it, language tends to move and change. And this, too, not at hap-hazard, but in obedience to a felt congruity between sound and

sense. One or two examples are as good as a hundred to illustrate this. Why do children, and all persons not standing in awe of the dictionary, incline to say *tinny* or *teeny*, for a minute object, instead of *tiny*, if not that the littleness of the sound is more suited to the littleness of the thing? And why do so many persons show a reluctance to pronouncing the *o* in the name of the Deity short, as in *dog* or *fog*? If a fixed phonetic spelling, backed up by all the power of the more and more tyrannical dictionaries, is allowed to paralyze all the instincts of growth and change in the language, throwing it into a dead and fossil condition before its time, there will be no longer possible such progress as, for example, that from the old English *ic* to the modern I. *It* was too insignificant a sound for the whole weight of the first person, and that, too, in its nominative case of willing and acting. The idea needed (and once had) a more fitting sound-symbol, and at last found it again in this noble vowel, a compound whose first tone is *ah*, that broadest and fullest utterance in any language.

—The consequences of ungaurded and over-hasty speech are a matter of common lament; the mischief of repressed and laggard speech is of another sort, less obvious, less widely deplored, but none the less real. An odd, smile-and-tear-compelling volume will be that entitled *Humor and Pathos of the Unsaid*, even if it comes to be written. Somewhere among its visionary pages I seem to see a text that originally fell from the lips of an old friend of mine, who is in her ninetieth year. Having written a letter at her request, I laid down the pen, remarking, "I have told J—— all the things we said in our pleasant talk of him." "Is that all?" she inquired, in a tone plaintive and reproachful. "You should have told him the things we *meant to say*." These words have since gathered a significance never dreamed of in their first utterance.

To my mind they embody a very subtle kind of regret and self-dissatisfaction which we all at times feel, yet are at a loss to characterize. Why, as soon as a friend has withdrawn his presence, do we begin to see so many lost opportunities in the conversation we have just had with him? Why do we, in dramatic retrospect, set ourselves to round out every elliptical construction, to reduce to devout simplicity every possible ambiguity in our speech, to enrich every feeble or halting expression thereof, and so (in dramatic retrospect) arrive at a better understanding, fuller and sweeter confidences, stronger assurances of faith and loving service? Poor, tardily ingenious Soul, why said you not the thing you meant to say, — the word that would have conciliated one inestimably dear, who now, for lack of that word timely uttered, pursues estranged ways?

Our grief for the dead has perhaps no keener edge of pain than that which cuts with the recollection of foregone privileges of communication. Had we but said this or that, which, surely, we wished to say, and had they but left us the comfort of their responses!

Even as regards the minor concerns of our social life, some regret of this sort is perpetually turning a thorn in our consciousness. The apt rejoinder, the happy acknowledgment of a favor received, the graceful word that would have relieved an awkward situation, have a singular trick of coming post-fact to the exigency.

"Beware of Had I wist," advises an old-time writer. Of all our resident genii or visiting spirits, there is not another so eloquent, so plausible, so torturous as the Angel of the Afterthought, — an incomparable illustrator and teacher of amenities, tact, appeal, and mastery. "All these things which I have told you," observes the gently derisive angel, "are the things you 'meant to say'!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science and Nature. The fifty-first volume of the International Scientific series (Appleton) is Physical Expression, its modes and principles, by Francis Warner. The basis of observations for this book was largely in children, and Dr. Warner employed for this purpose both sound and imbecile children; he invented and applied a number of ingenious mechanical contrivances for registering expression, and he reached many interesting results. It is a discussion of the subject from a physiologist's point of view. — The fifty-second volume of the same series is devoted to Anthropoid Apes, by Robert Hartman, and is an interesting study of these poor relations in their home as well as in captivity. An introductory chapter gives the history of our knowledge of them. — The Mammalia in their relation to primeval times, by Oscar Schmidt. (Appleton.) The fifty-third volume of the International Scientific series. "It will be found," says the author, "to contain proofs of the necessity, the truth, and the value of Darwinism as the foundation for the theory of descent, within a limited field, and is brought down to the most recent times." — Upland and Meadow, a Poetiquissims Chronicle, by Charles C. Abbott, M. D. (Harpers.) Dr. Abbott, who is well known as a specialist in paleontology, shows himself in this volume as an agreeable traveler within that limited area which can be reached from one's door-step in a day's walk or paddle. It is a pleasure to welcome another to the select company which looks up to White of Selborne as master. — Discussions on Climate and Cosmology, by James Croll. (Appleton.) Mr. Croll makes this volume in part a defense of his positions as laid down in his previous well-known writings. He has carried his investigations farther and has enlarged the scope of his work. — An Apache Campaign, by John G. Bourke (Scribners), though ostensibly a record of military experience in 1883, is, by the way, a lively picture of the Apache Indians and the country traversed by them. — The Putnams have brought out a popular edition of Roosevelt's capital Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. — Brattleborough in Verse and Prose is a little book compiled and arranged by Cecil Hampden Howard. (Frank E. Housh, Brattleborough, Vt.) The larger part of this souvenir is occupied by verse, while H. H., T. W. Higginson, and Fanny Fern are drawn upon for prose sketches. — Persia, the Land of the Imams, a narrative of travel and residence, 1871-1885, by James Bassett. (Scribners.) Mr. Bassett was a missionary in Persia, and in the larger part of his book gives an account of his tours through the country: but his views are not merely those of a missionary; he writes like a good observer and an intelligent man. In the latter part of the book he gives the result of his general judgment of the country as gathered from nearly fifteen years' residence. A map accompanies the volume, and there is a bibliography

and a table of distances and altitudes, but no index. — Evolution of To-Day, by H. W. Conn. (Putnams.) This is not, as the title might indicate, a philosophical account of how to-day was one of the possibilities of yesterday, but is "a summary of the theory of evolution as held by scientists at the present time, and an account of the progress made by the discussions and investigations of a quarter of a century." The author goes about his task in a spirit of fairness. — Charles F. Deems, on the contrary, in a tractate entitled Evolution, a Scotch verdict (John W. Lovell Co.), gathers a number of isolated dicta by scientific men in the true spirit of a polemic, and is plainly more desirous of having his side beat than of reaching the truth in the matter. — The twenty-third Bulletin of the United States National Museum contains a bibliography of publications of Isaac Lea, preceded by a biographical sketch, by Newton Pratt Scudder. — Burma, as it was, as it is, and as it will be, by James George Scott. (Redway, London.) A sketch of the new dependency of Great Britain by an Englishman who knows the country and takes a very rosy view of his subject. — Signs and Seasons, by John Burroughs (Houghton), contains a baker's dozen of out-door sketches which are always new and always old. That is, Mr. Burroughs never wearies of Nature, and his stories of her seeming and doing are always fresh, but it is nothing but the good old world that he tells us about always.

Poetry and the Drama. Tecumseh, a drama, by Charles Mair. (Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.) Mr. Mair writes with precision and dignity, but makes little attempt at preserving the qualities of the Indian. Tecumseh and the Prophet might be Englishmen or Frenchmen. — Verses, Translations from the German and Hymns, by W. H. Furness. (Houghton.) It is worth while to have in so agreeable a form Dr. Furness's unrivaled translation of Schiller's The Song of the Bell, a translation so close as to be perfectly adjusted to the music written for the original. The other verses have the grace and sweetness which characterize this scholar and divine. — Songs of Old Canada, translated by William McLennan. (Dawson Brothers, Montreal.) Fourteen French songs are given, with the translation on opposite pages. The translation is spirited and faithful, and the songs are worth preserving. — Zita Kii, or Songs from Silence, by Owen E. Longsdorf. (Scholl Brothers, Williamsport, Pa.) The poet handsomely refers the inspiration in his poems to a graven image which was dug up in one of the Ohio mounds. In a sort of Hiawatha measure we have a good deal of theosophic bosh. — Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued the concluding four volumes of the works of Thomas Middleton, the second author in Mr. Bullen's group of English Dramatists. The lover of choice books is reminded that only three hundred and fifty copies

of each work are printed, and that the type is then distributed. This admirably edited edition of the old English playwrights will soon be very difficult to obtain. — *The Outcast*, and other poems, by Walter Malone. (Printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge.) Here is a volume of three hundred pages, written, the author advises us in his preface, for the most part between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. If he is a true poet, and should have kept this volume in manuscript say for ten years more, we wonder how many of the three hundred pages would ever find their way into print. — *Idle Rhymings*, a collection of thoughts jotted down in leisure moments, by John H. Mackley. (Jackson, Ohio.) Not a jot of poetry, however. — *Translations from Horace*, etc., by Sir Stephen E. De Vere, Bart. (George Bell & Sons, London.) The etc. which curls itself upon the title-page is simply an anacreontic, rendered from Walter Mapes, and a couple of short poems. The translations have vigor and compactness, but the loftier odes suffer less in the rendering than the lighter lyrics. — *Summer Haven Songs*, by James Herbert Morse. (Putnams.) The refined work and play of a man of letters who has pure sentiment, a varied form of expression, and excellent taste. — *The Poet Scout*, a Book of Song and Story, by Captain Jack Crawford. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Why is it that sentiment of the most melting character seems to well up most fluently from the Rocky Mountains? — *An Italian Garden*, a Book of Songs, by A. Mary F. Robinson (Roberts Bros.), is a dainty volume of verse, much of which has an exquisite lyrical quality. — *Saint Gregory's Guest*, and *Recent Poems*, by John Greenleaf Whittier (Houghton), contains eighteen poems, some of which have been seen already by readers of *The Atlantic*, who will therefore wish the volume. There is a delicate bit of irony in Mr. Whittier's preface, which poets who are egged on by their friends will not enjoy. One finds great satisfaction in holding in one bunch flowers which separately are so fragrant and so beautiful.

Art and Illustrated Works. The second volume has been published of the *History of Painting*, from the German of the late Dr. Alfred Woltmann and Dr. Karl Woermann. It is occupied with the *Painting of the Renaissance*, and is translated by Clara Bell, and published in America by Dodd, Mead & Co. The value of the work is greatly increased by the illustrations, which do not profess to be works of art, but are excellent diagrams. Those which have the intention of pictures are defective in printing, which may be due to poor electrotypes. The translator has in some cases abridged the original and has added bracketed passages, indicating the English home of certain pictures. The work is rather one of reference than reading. — *Etching in America*, with lists of American etchers and notable collections of prints, by J. R. W. Hitchcock. (White, Stokes & Allen.) An interesting little etching, the first produced by the oldest of our etching clubs, forms the frontispiece,

and the entire volume, of less than a hundred pages, is a readable and pointed *brochure*. In spite of the slight air of business about the lists at the end, the book strikes an unprofessional reader as impartial and candid. — *National Academy Notes* and complete catalogue to the sixty-first spring exhibition. (Cassell.) This catalogue, now in its sixth year, is edited by Charles M. Kurtz, and is a useful memorandum, since it contains photolithographic reduced reproductions of many of the pictures, brief notes regarding the artists, and much general information concerning the Academy and its members. — *Woman in Music*, by George B. Upton (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), is an interesting little monograph, treating not only the general question implied in the title, but indicating also the personal relations of women to the great composers. — *My Journal in Foreign Lands*, by Florence Trail (Putnams), has its place here, since the author devotes most of her attention to picture galleries. The book is not an important one, but it is naive. — *A Stroll with Keats*, illustrated by Frances Clifford Brown. (Ticknor.) The uninformed reader would naturally suppose that this was a poem, so entitled, written by a lover of Keats, and illustrated. It is, in reality, excerpts from Keats's poem beginning,

"I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,"

with illustrations reproduced apparently by some process. It is too late to pronounce upon Keats, and too soon, let us gently hope, to pronounce on the artist. — We are in receipt of the current numbers of *L'Art* and *The Portfolio*, two publications that are without rivals in their own especial lines.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Mr. Horace Howard Furness has brought his new variorum edition of Shakespeare to the sixth volume, which is occupied by *Othello*. (Lippincott.) The great value which the edition has is enhanced by the editor's decision in this volume to print the text of the first folio with scrupulous accuracy, and to make all corrections and proposed emendations in the text. An interesting feature is the use which he makes of actors' comments, and the reader is delighted to find how Booth and Fechter interpret character and scene. The editor's own human interest is constantly intimated, and the work is far removed from a mere dry-as-dust treatment. — Mr. W. D. O'Connor, under the title of *Hamlet's Note Book* (Houghton), criticises Mr. Grant White's criticism of Mrs. Pott's *Promus of Bacon*, which was itself in effect a criticism of the Shakespearean authorship. All this stays us from attempting a criticism of W. D. O'Connor. Quis custodes custodiet? The one contribution which he appears to make to the Shakespeare stew is the suggestion that Raleigh wrote the sonnets. — The New York Shakespeare Society issues its third paper, *William Shakespeare and Alleged Spanish Prototypes*, by Albert R. Frey, who examines the question of Shakespeare's indebtedness to Lope de Vega.

FULY, 1886

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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AND COMPANY



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1886

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S
LITERARY BULLETIN.

The Wind of Destiny.



EVERYBODY will read Professor Hardy's new story, of course. Many will read it because they read with interest his previous novel, "But Yet a Woman;" and not a few will read it, weeks hence perhaps, when they shall have learned that it is by no means a continuation, much less a repetition, of that successful and remarkable story, but that it is a novel quite out of the common range, vigorous, thoughtful, and with a decided purpose. Yet the story is no whit less entertaining that it

means something, stands for something, and appeals powerfully to the finest sympathies and the profoundest sense of responsibility in the reader.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says :—

"The Wind of Destiny" sparkles with epigrams, clever sentences, and neatly turned phrases. It is vastly suggestive. It is the author's apparent aim to indicate not too sharply, or by lines too clearly defined, how close is human misery to human joy, how shadowy and evanescent the dividing line between good and evil, mirth and sorrow, life and death; to paint the "almostness" of an earthly existence; to show how vain and slight a

chance—a whim, a nod, a breath, a puff of wind—may change the course of an immortal life, and turn the prospect of ineffable bliss to the blackness of eternal agony. Such a picture could not well be clear-cut and distinct; it would be too painful. Its power and its pathos lie in the hazy and mysterious indefiniteness that come of broad strokes and a general design.

Old Salem.

Readers of *The Atlantic* have within the last two years been charmed by occasional articles on subjects relating to Salem, Mass. The writer, who called herself Eleanor Putnam, was so familiar with what is unique and characteristic in the traditions, customs, and peculiar people of that old city in a past generation, and wrote of them in so fresh and engaging a style, that her essays were justly regarded as among the most delightful of recent magazine articles. Since her untimely death her husband, Mr. Arlo Bates, has gathered these papers, all too few, into a little book, which has just appeared under the title "Old Salem," to which he has prefixed a brief Introduction. The book has not only the pathetic interest of a rich promise unfulfilled, but is in itself thoroughly attractive and enjoyable.

The Westminster Review on John Burroughs.

Apropos of the publication of Mr. Burroughs's "Fresh Fields" in Great Britain, by Mr. David Douglas, the *Westminster Review* said, —

Mr. Burroughs is *sui generis* as a writer. Many men write about pleasant things, and discuss them more or less pleasantly. But we know no one who has at once such thoughts to express as Mr. Burroughs and such a felicitous power of expression. His thought is infinitely varied. He is by turns philosophic, descriptive, critical, whimsical, and humorous; and his language is an instrument of the most astonishing flexibility, compass, power, and sweetness. It is like the violin in the hands of a master. He has the enviable

gift of expressing his exact thoughts, even to the finest *nuance*, and always in a manner that charms a critical reader. His chapters on English rural scenes are inimitable; his topographical descriptions are almost like seeing the places described. The latter part of the volume ("A Sunday in Cheyne Row") is devoted to a critique on Carlyle, which, while glowing with enthusiastic admiration, is yet the closest, the most truly critical, and the most adequate of any we have yet seen.

All this, so far as thought and expression are concerned, is no less applicable to Mr. Burroughs's latest book, "Signs and Seasons," just published. It is peculiarly suited for summer reading.

Burglars in Paradise.

The title Miss Phelps has chosen for her story, which opened the Riverside Paper Series for this season, would be quite startling if her last year's story had not prepared us by its account of "An Old Maid's Paradise." It is altogether a story of *this* world, including the buying of a horse, a *bona fide* burglary, "interviews," detectives, and a great deal of humor. The Boston *Transcript* says it "is worth half a dozen of the ordinary society novels, and whoever neglects to read it loses a good thing." The Salem *Gazette* remarks: "The satire on the ways of police and detectives, in their attempts to ferret out burglars and their magnifying the significance of trifling clues, is quite diverting."

The Cruise of the Alabama.

This book, which appears in the Riverside Paper Series, is no romance, but the authentic story of the famous vessel which at one time played so important a part in the War for the Union; of its officers and crew; of its movements, and the short and sharp contest off Cherbourg which ended its career. A map of the cruise, a chart of the conflict, and a picture of the Alabama add much to the interest and completeness of the story. This is not a reprint of a brief article written by Mr. Haywood for *The Century*, but has a much wider scope and is very much fuller than that.

Mrs. Piatt's Select Poems.

Mrs. Piatt seems likely to win a European reputation quite as enviable as her poems won for her in America years ago. Speaking of her volume of "Select Poems," the Dublin *Evening Mail*, the leading Conservative paper of Ireland, remarks:—

If Mrs. Piatt's "Irish Garland" contains poetry like that in the volume before us, it ought to be placed forthwith in the best hundred Irish books. . . . America may be proud of Mrs. Piatt, and we believe is so.

Of her new volume, "In Primrose Time," the London *Literary World* observes : —

We know by this time what to expect from this talented lady, who sings with a freshness and sweetness that lift her verses well above the level of average modern poetry. . . . "An Irish Fairy Story" and "The Legend of Monkstown" are excellent.

Taswell-Langmead's Constitutional History.

Mr. Taswell-Langmead has just completed a very thorough revision of his excellent "Constitutional History of England, from the Teutonic Conquest to the Present Time," and a new edition has been published. The London *Academy* remarked of the previous edition : —

Mr. Taswell-Langmead has thoroughly grasped the bearings of his subject. It is, however, in dealing with that chief subject of constitutional history — parliamentary government — that the work exhibits its great superiority over its rivals.

Notes and Queries, of London, observes : —

For conciseness, compactness, and clearness, we do not know of a better modern book than Mr. Taswell-Langmead's English Constitutional History.

A Thoroughly Wholesome Novel.

"High-Lights," which appeared last year anonymously, has attracted far more attention than many a novel brought out with all the aid of a popular author's name. *Unity*, of Chicago, says : —

"High-Lights" is a novel of the thoroughly wholesome sort. It is a novel without a villain. The people who live in it are bright, good, and earnest, with noble life-plans and true aspirations. They are not at all "goody-goody" people, but they live through the three hundred pages of beautiful summer, of sorrow and joy and soul-growth, in a manner that other folks in and out of books, might follow with advantage. It is a story to read with delight, and to lend a friend with the assurance that he will thank you for it, or at least that he ought to.

The Congregationalist, of Boston, pronounces it "one of the few novels which the reviewer reads with keen interest and increasing delight." *The Critic* says that "the style and tone of the book quite lift the familiar material out of the ruts, and it is pleasant to record so refined a story."

Bacon's Dictionary of Boston.

Three years ago Mr. Edwin M. Bacon prepared a Dictionary of Boston, which was received with marked favor. He has now made a very thorough revision of the book, so that it is virtually re-written, and in all respects is brought down to date. It treats of all the facts in the current life of Boston, and the alphabetical arrangement of topics and numerous cross-references enable one to find any given subject without delay. The book treats of famous buildings, localities, and historical landmarks of the city, but also of its ecclesiastical, literary, and social arrangements: its clubs, their locality, organization, and whatever is distinctive in their character; the various churches, their origin, vicissitudes, and present condition; the various libraries, hospitals, notable buildings of a public character, — the custom-house, the post-office, the railroad stations; the wharves and the islands which dot the harbor. Indeed, the multiplicity of objects and institutions and associations and organizations referred to in the book is almost bewildering: yet Mr. Bacon's treatment of them is so perfectly clear, and he confines himself so strictly to the facts, that the book is a remarkably compendious and every way satisfactory dictionary of Boston.

Hutchinson's Diary and Letters.

The first volume of the Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, proved so acceptable to students of American history that the editor, Mr. Peter Orlando Hutchinson, has prepared another volume, concluding the work, and just now published. The Diary narrates events and debates of importance both in England and America, and discusses the movements and abilities of leading English generals and admirals during the Revolutionary War. Additional matter is given from the Diary of Chief Justice Peter Oliver, who left Boston on its evacuation by the British, and went to Halifax, and thence to England.

Royce's California.

Dr. Royce's book, says the Worcester *Spy*, is "a remarkable contribution to the series of American Commonwealths," and it adds:—

Through the confusion of those strange early years of California life Professor Royce traces the process by which a new and great community came to a true consciousness of itself,—the process which begins with the doings of influential individuals, and ends when the community is, as it should be, all-important as against individual doings and interests.

Professor Royce has studied, as a philosopher and moralist, the growth of self-gov-

ernment and the social evolution of California. He is himself a Californian, and he knows the marked strength and weakness of his own people, who too often love mere fullness of life, and lack reverence for the relations of life. . . .

The book is an interesting study, strong and manly; it is intensely alive with human emotions and human prejudices, and is inspired by a sound vigorous faith in righteousness and divine law.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* pronounces the book "brilliant, and in many respects worthy its place in this high-ranking series."

The *Christian at Work*, of New York, says it is "admirably written, and is one of the most attractive, interesting, and valuable studies of American character yet presented in this incomparable series of books on the States."

John Brown's Life of Bunyan.

The New York *Evening Post* pronounces this "the first comprehensive and accurate life of Bunyan," and adds: "He [Bunyan] was a master of prose, and wrote a book that neighbors the Bible in our homes. Whence he derived his skill, how he built his book, are questions which this biography does not explicitly answer, but some help toward an understanding of his exceptional success is given. . . . Bunyan's memory is singularly agreeable. . . . The two great elements of his work—the homely quality and the Christian quality—were deep-seated in his nature and give him charm."

The London *Academy* says of this work:—

Mr. Brown is to be praised, not only for giving us a life of Bunyan so good that it is not likely to be superseded, but also because he shows on almost every page that he has

acquired an accurate and unprejudiced knowledge of the times in which his hero flourished.

A Remarkable Book.

Mr. John Fiske's little volume on "The Idea of God" has received many very remarkable tributes, but perhaps none more noteworthy than that in

the *Day Star*, of New York, which is made luminous by the discourses of the Rev. Heber Newton. It says:—

We cannot do justice to this great production by any review of it. It compresses into the smallest possible compass the great historical facts of religious evolution; it contains a condensed reference to the leading features of material progress; it reviews the wonderful discoveries of science within the present century; and, in brief, it presents in two or three short chapters the wonderful growth of modern knowledge in a masterly manner.

The profound learning of the writer is manifest from his first to his last word. The

accuracy and beauty of his simple and direct style add much to the charm and power of his writing. Whoever begins to read will not be satisfied until the last page has been finished. Herein is shown the master mind and the ripe scholar. We know of no work of the kind that so deeply impresses the reader with the truth of the matters presented. The book is having a wide reading, and its influence upon the thought of mankind cannot be other than beneficent and lasting in the highest degree.

A Most Engaging Biography.

The Life of Agassiz attracts very marked attention, both for the charm with which it is written and for the wonderful career it describes. The *Church Review* says:—

We get, in this Life of Agassiz, a gratifyingly complete and satisfactory picture of the man as he was,—of his energy, of his unflagging devotion to his large and unselfish purposes, of his generous abolishment of himself in the pursuit of higher aims, of his big, warm heart, of his genial, lovable personality, of his rounded life, concordant and agreeing in all its parts; and Mrs. Agassiz deserves

the thanks of all who, through her, have made acquaintance with the noble character of her husband; for no reader can possess himself of the narrative of this fine life, which she tells with such perfect sympathy and understanding, with such modesty and reserve, and yet with such fullness, and fail to feel himself the richer for the knowledge of it.

The *Chicago Journal* remarks:—

The work is written in such a captivating style that the reader seems to almost see Agassiz, the boy, catching the fishes and studying their movements in the old stone tank near the Swiss parsonage where he was born. Sympathy is felt for the youth threatened with blindness, but still so intent upon his chosen pursuits that he studies fossils in a darkened room, using his tongue to feel out the impressions when his fingers are not sensitive enough. Enthusiasm is aroused when

the young man exploits his glacial theory, which, opposed by Buckland and other scientists, afterward makes converts of them all. Wonder fills the mind as it grasps the wide extent of the researches of the professor, the different branches pursued almost simultaneously, and the great amount of personal labor performed. Every one will turn the last page with regret that the narrative is ended, and will join the throng who sincerely mourned the death of the great Agassiz.

The Andover Review

For June contains three articles which should be read by all who are interested in the current discussion of methods and aims in education. "The Group System of College Studies in the Johns Hopkins University" is treated by President Gilman, of the University. Professor G. H. Howison, now of the University of California, discusses "The Harvard New Education;" and Dr. John H. Denison writes of "Individualism in Education." The *Boston Daily Advertiser* remarks of this number:—

The *Andover Review* comes to us this month with a collection of articles on topics of educational, historical, social, and religious interest, that for able treatment, suggestiveness, and timely value may take a foremost

rank among the best products of our periodical literature. . . . The book reviews are fully up to the high standard of critical work in this monthly.

The *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* remarks:—

This is in every sense of the word a periodical of sterling excellence; it is never poor in tone or quality, and as a rule gives the

reader the best there is to give of modern thought, criticism, scholarship, and research.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Riverside Paper Series. New issues for the Summer of 1886. The success of this Series during the Summer of 1885 has led the publishers to announce a second Series for this year. The stories which make up its thirteen numbers are by the best American authors, and the volumes combine excellence of typography and attractiveness of appearance with small cost. They appear as follows:—

- May* 15. **Burglars in Paradise.** By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
 " 22. **A Perfect Adonis.** By MIRIAM COLES HARRIS.
 " 29. **Stories and Romances.** By H. E. SCUDDER.
June 5. **A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.** By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Illustrated.
 " 12. **The Man who was Guilty.** By FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.
 " 19. **The Guardian Angel.** By O. W. HOLMES.
 " 26. **The Cruise of the Alabama.** By P. D. HAYWOOD.
July 3. **Prudence Falgrey.** By T. B. ALDRICH.
 " 10. **Pilot Fortune.** By MARIAN C. L. REEVES and EMILY READ.
 " 17. **Not in the Prospectus.** By PARKE DANFORTH.
 " 24. **Choy Susan, and Other Stories.** By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.
 " 31. **Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories.** By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illus.
Aug. 7. **A Chance Acquaintance.** By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Illustrated.

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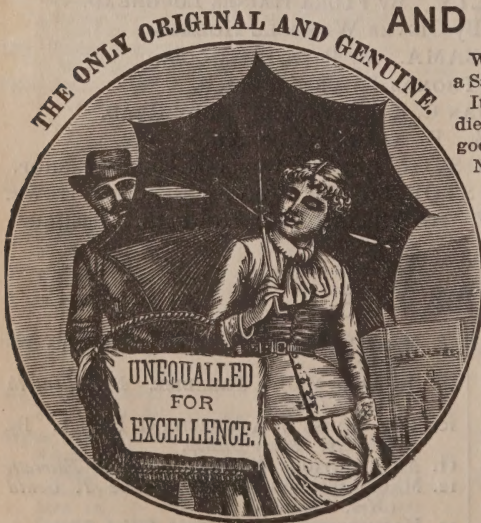
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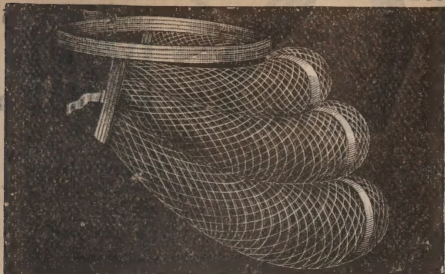


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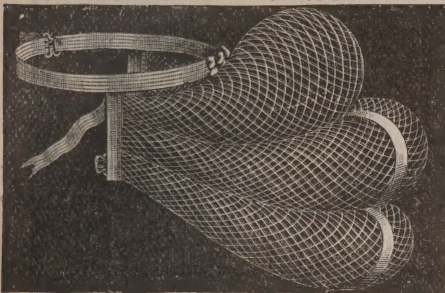
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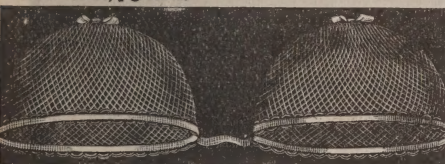
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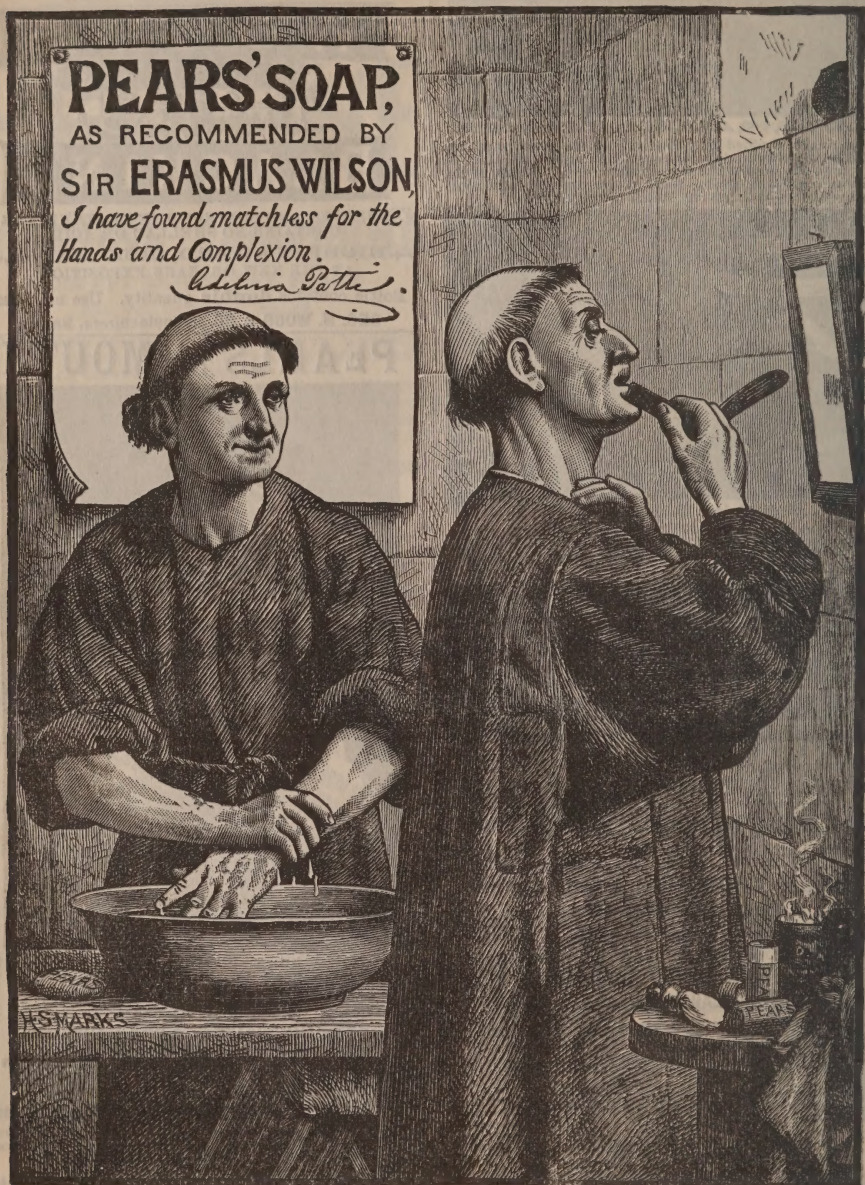
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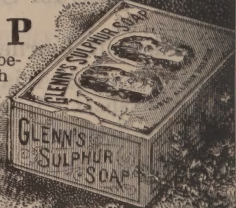
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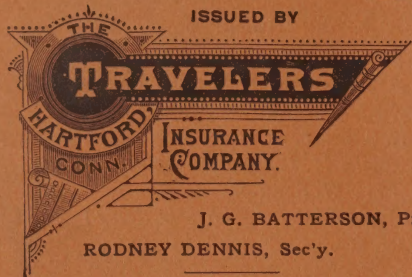
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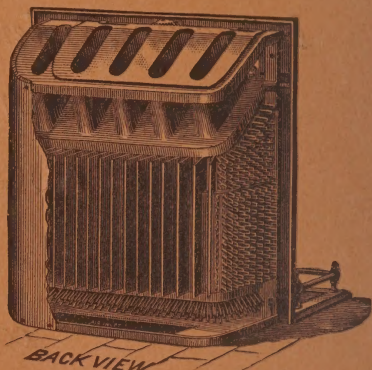
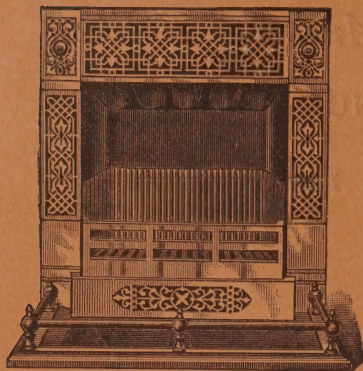
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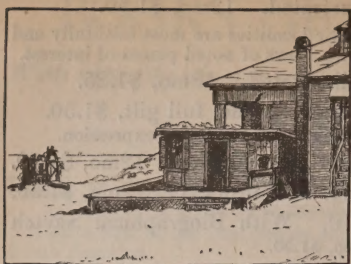
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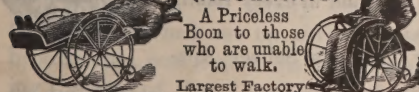
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THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

VII.

A RANDOM PROPHECY.

SOMEWHAT like the notable Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, Barclay aspired also "to grow acquainted with all who had anything unusual in their fortune or conduct." The many foreign nationalities represented in the place appeared to him a considerable source of interest. Recollections of their scenery and traditions at home invested even the poorest of them with a touch of romance, whereas he found the common order of Americans looking down upon all alike with an ignorant prejudice and disdain.

He went to the German theatre, and an amateur play at the Bohemian Turnhalle. He passed, in his observing way, among the small, neat shops and cottages of the German quarter, tenanted by a most industrious and thrifty population. A part of this district was on the way to the factory. The sign "English spoken here" was sometimes seen, and pots of flowers in the cottage windows showed that humble striving after beauty amidst adverse surroundings that appeals to the kindly heart. A broom-maker had set up three crossed brooms on a post before his door, recalling the sign of that Dutch admiral who swept the seas. Next him, an ancient lightning-rod and weather-vane maker

exhibited, in his small window, gilded yachts, birds, and fishes, the famous Dexter trotting at full speed, leaping stags, short-horn cows, and a profusion of other specimens of his handiwork.

Barclay, having occasion to order something connected with the lightning-rods of his factory, entered this latter establishment. He found the proprietor to be a Dane, one Ole Alfsen, a garrulous old fellow, who professed to be a weather-prophet, and was much inclined to boast of his exploits of former days. A son of his, William Alfsen, came in while Barclay was there, to bid his father good-by. He was just setting off, as it appeared, for a voyage in his own sloop, the South Side Belle.

"I have try first to make that boy a mechanic," said the father, taking the pains incidentally to explain some traits of this son, "but I have to give it up; he bin a natural-born sailor. It come by his mother's family. William used to sail round with his uncle, what was a captain and brother of my wife, in the old country, when he was a small kid; and once he was a couple o' years in one o' them navy-yards, workin' round the big guns."

"He's a strong, manly-looking young fellow," said Barclay. "I trust he is successful."

"Well, he was pooty successful at first, but not so good now. He used to

go over, with a load o' small goods, to them Fox and Manitou Islands and Boy Blank [Bois Blanc] way, and Grand Traverse Bay, and Point Betsey, you know, what got no stores on 'em. He would blow his horn when he come in, and all them folks would come down to the dock and buy everything what he bring."

"That was an interesting business."

"Yes, but he lose his vessel; he went to help some other fellers, and his boat got away from him and foundered. Since then he got awful hard times. I lose my money in her, too, what I saved up, but I don't say nothing about that."

The next day, Barclay, being obliged to drive down towards the Polish quarter, saw the same young man walking before him, and recognized him from the peculiar impression he had made. He had not yet sailed, then?

The Polish settlement consisted of an area of yet poorer and more sparsely scattered shops and cottages than those of the Germans, which they adjoined. It was grouped around a few tall, unpainted wooden tenement-houses, containing many families each, and a solid, rather imposing ecclesiastical edifice of yellow brick, the church of St. Stanislaus, which had twin steeples, terminating in little domes covered with shining tin, in the Muscovite manner. Near the border-line, where the two nationalities overlapped, began a small ravine, with neither grading nor sidewalks, but dignified with the name of Sobieski Street. Upon this irregular site, driven to it by the stress of economy, immigrants had pitched their poor huts and cabins. Among them ran a variety of meandering paths, the right of way on which was disputed with human beings by the goats, geese, and swine. At the top of the ravine, where it joined a civilized thoroughfare again, stood a neat cottage of two stories, the lower unpainted, which gave a suggestion as of a cellar above ground, — the residence of

our worthy friend Ludwig Trapschuh. Barclay chanced to see William Alfson steal cautiously up Sobieski Street, and disappear in the neighborhood of this dwelling.

This Polish immigration, he recalled, as he drove on, was the outgrowth chiefly of the later Russian persecutions, dating from about 1864. Partly as the last arrived, and partly on account of the uncouthness of their speech, they were generally rated lower than any others in the social scale. They were for the most part but common laborers. There were to be seen pouring forth from this district, every morning, a swarm of men, who proceeded to Market Square to wait for jobs of wood-cutting, or to distribute themselves on the railroads and public works of the city. They wore something like a uniform of military-looking homespun frock-coats, full in the skirts, big top-boots, round caps bordered with astrakhan, and, if it were cold, comforters and thick mittens. They had been serfs, or something very near it, at home, and still retained their thoroughly peasant-like aspect. They had constituted here, in a small way, an untrammelled new Poland: they came not from Russia alone, but from Prussia, and also that Austrian Galicia where Metternich had boasted that he had secured "fifty years of tranquillity by three days of blood." But the oppressors who had partitioned their country had contrived to partition their spirits as well. They were found full of violent prejudices and ancient localisms: the Warsaw man fell out with him of Cracow, and the peasant of Lithuania with the peasant of Podolia or Ukraine.

William Alfson entered a poorer cottage than that of Ludwig Trapschuh, the rear of which it adjoined. A considerable piece of back-yard intervened between the two. He greeted there a heavy, dull-looking woman, who was Susanka Kraska, the mother of his tow-headed cabin-boy, Nicodem Kraska.

"Nick a good boy, make good sailor!" he bawled, for Susanka was deaf.

"You don't let it get drown?" she bawled in return. Her English was very defective, and even at its best had to be supplemented with some words of German.

"No, I don't let him get drowned." And with little more ado he went and sat down at a window which commanded the back-yard before mentioned. He presently saw appear there a person for whom he sought, — Stanislava Zelinsky. She no longer wore the trim dress in which he was wont to see her, but a linsey-woolsey petticoat and a bright handkerchief over her bosom. There rested on her shoulders a heavy wooden yoke, with a water-pail at either end, which she was going towards the well to fill.

He hurried out, and ensconced himself, as furtively as possible, behind a tall pile of wood, whence he whistled and called in a way to attract her attention. The girl discovered him.

"I didn't know you was here. I thought you was sailed away," she said; refraining, after a first startled glance, from looking towards him, so as to betray her recognition of his presence.

"I want to see you once more, Stanislava. I got something to say with you. I make believe go off. I sail through the bridge in big style, so your father and Barney think I gone away; then I tie up the boat down by the harbor mouth, leave Nicodem take care of her, and come here. You must come right away out and take walk."

"Wait till I make done my work and get good excuse. They don't watch me now, because they think you was gone."

They arranged to meet at the corner of a certain vacant lot, on distant Wind-lake Avenue. Alfsen waited patiently till she had finished her household tasks, and sallied forth; then he stole down the ravine again, and joined her at

the trysting-place. If the dull Dame Kraska regarded this manœuvre at all, possibly she thought it only a part of the necessary business of employing her lazy son Nicodem as a cabin-boy, or possibly she winked at it because she had no great love for her neighbor, Ludwig Trapschuh.

"What happen you, Stanislava?" asked Alfsen, at once. "Why you wear that kind o' dress?"

"I got to; I must, all time, do house-work now."

"And you don't like milliner business no more? Why you leave Morgenroth's store?"

"I guess I was too sassy. When they say something against the Polanders, I say something back again, and they turn me out."

"Oh, no, you could n't be too sassy, Stanislava. Was that, sure, the reason?"

"Well, my uncle and aunt don't want me to do no more such work," she admitted. "They stop me from everything. Once, you know, I was setting types in a German paper, and once I was painting them canisters in the Stamped-Ware factory, and once —"

"I don't forget paintin' them canisters. Did n't I first see you when I used to work there, too?" broke in the young mariner, interrupting her. "But, Stanislava, you have that money what you get from Governor Lane to pay your board. You must not pay your board and work so like a servant, too."

"They got big expenses, and they was my family," she answered, simply.

"By jinks! that was a swindle. I would keep that money, if it was me, or I would do what I please."

"How I can keep it? My uncle get it himself; I never get it in my hands."

"I would tell Governor Lane, then. Or I would tell Mrs. Varemberg; you say she's such a nice lady."

"It was my uncle and my aunt," reiterated the girl; alleging this in a

naïve way, as if it were so convincing a reason that nothing could by any possibility be urged against it. "I wonder what he give me that money for, any way?" she added, presently.

"Oh, he got plenty." Alfsen was little enough troubled on this score, to which, indeed, he had never paid an instant's attention. "I had something very partiklar to say with you, Stanislava," he began anew, hesitatingly. "What I got to say is, I guess you must give me up, Stanislava."

"Give you up, Willie?" she cried, as with sudden horror.

"Yes; you must get married with some smart feller what can take care of you. I got no good luck any more, — no better luck that last trip as before. So I go down the lower lakes to look for some new kind o' job, and perhaps I stay there, and don't never come back. What's the use?"

"Willie, you must come back!" she exclaimed, in frightened protest. "I don't give you up, — you und'stand? I don't give you up."

"But if I'm no good no more?"

"I keep company with you, all the same," she persisted obstinately.

Reassured by this display of constancy, he next broached, in a sheepish way, another matter he had been turning over in his mind.

"We might get married — right away — by Pastor Freitag," he suggested, "and no one know nothing about it. Then if they was to treat you too bad I could stop it. I would try to take you away the soonest possible."

The girl seemed startled this time in a different way.

"I would n't be married by no Pastor Freitag," she responded, with a decided toss of the head, in spite of her recent avowal of affection. It was evident that she cherished a feminine ideal of something very much more elaborate in the way of a wedding than a clandestine ceremony by Pastor Freitag.

This was a little man, a minister of the Lutheran sect, who lived a bachelor existence — doing all his own cooking — in the basement of his chapel, on one of the minor side streets. He was very latitudinarian in his theology, and accommodating in all his views; offering, for instance, to marry a couple "either with or without a God." His chapel was, as it were, a local Gretna Green, and no small part of his scanty income was derived from expediting wedlock for persons disposed to be slightly informal in their arrangements.

But little further time was allowed for the discussion of Pastor Freitag or anything else. The pair, who had wandered, Jenny and Jessamy fashion, quite at their ease, and sometimes hand in hand, were suddenly confronted by a formidable apparition. It was no less than Ludwig Trapschuh. He had left his bridge, again, for one of his expeditions to see South Side aldermen, and the like, and found himself at the moment in precisely that part of the town. The sight struck consternation to their souls. His niece gave a faint, involuntary shriek, while Alfsen could only affect a dogged sort of smile.

"Didn't I tell you I won't let it?" cried Trapschuh, in a choking fury, addressing himself first to the young girl. Then, turning to Alfsen, he said, "So-o-o you walk yourself with my niece-of-law? If I catch it again, I guess I knock you over the heels by the head."

Before any violence could be done, however, Paul Barclay once more appeared upon the scene. Though he was but passing by, driving homeward, his presence no doubt acted as a restraining influence. It was evident to him that a drama of some kind was in progress: the young sailor had a defiant air, Stanislava was downcast and tearful, and Ludwig Trapschuh made the most typical of stern, low-comedy fathers. Barclay unavoidably gave it his attention through his recognizing the partici-

pants. As if this were only a signal for their breaking up, the little group, immediately after, dispersed. William Alfsen hurried down to the port, this time to cast off and put to sea without further artifice; Stanislava was dragged home by her irate guardian, and, arrived there, scolded roundly again, and all but beaten, by him and her aunt. The occurrence, however, sank deep into her recollection; Alfsen's advice had its effect, and she manifested for the first time, shortly after, a spark of something like the true American independence. When pressed hard, she threatened to go to David Lane, say to him that she was able and anxious to earn her own living, and have the stipend stopped.

"Don't do it, Stanislava," begged Trapschuh, in great alarm. "We got big expenses, and we could n't bring you up without that money. Remember I was a poor man, and I was your uncle."

"You must give me freedom, then; I must do what I like."

Her uncle was thus in some degree brought to book. She utilized her privilege by exchanging the rude, domestic drudgery in which she had been engaged for occupations more congenial to her taste. She appeared at the Stamped-Ware Works, to solicit once more the stenciling of patterns on light boxes and canisters, which she had formerly done, — a kind of work sometimes to be taken home with her, and sometimes done at the shop; and Barclay, to whom she addressed herself, was glad enough to accede to her request. He had a pleasant word more than once for this flower of the Polish settlement, partly as Mrs. Varemberg's *protégée*, and partly through the more pensive recollection, to which his mind sometimes wandered, of the association of their progenitors together in the same untimely fate.

The rigorous northern winter came on, and set its seal of ice on the naviga-

tion of the Great Lakes, not to be opened again till another spring. The last belated vessels came skurrying into port; some were embargoed at places where the sudden freezing up of the harbors found them. The storm-flag was flying almost constantly on its high perch, on the roof of the building of the Keewaydin Insurance Company. This square of vivid scarlet up in the gray sky indicated now snow-storms that blocked the railroads, now wind at forty miles an hour, and now blizzards of extreme cold that swept down into the streets, often driving all human life in-doors, and putting a stop to business transactions. The windows of the shops were sometimes as thickly covered by hoar frost as if by plates of zinc. The lake, impressive in every aspect, was frozen as far as the eye could see, and no one could say how much farther. What mysterious dramas were enacting in the long, dead winter out amid the winds and currents of that great deserted sea? Amid its roughened and broken ice could be seen here and there forbidding channels of lead-colored green or purple water. On the farther verge, as it vanished under the brooding sky, there seemed great breakers tossing, and icebergs moving in slow procession.

The South Side Belle did not return to port, even among the belated craft, but some time afterwards the boy Nick Kraska made his way homewards, and related that she had been lost off the rough upper Michigan shore. Alfsen was laid up in hospital over there with various injuries, including a broken arm. He had been injured in going back after Nicodem, — who was afraid to strike out alone, — through a heavy sea full of floating lumber; keeping thus the promise made to the mother to look after the boy's safety.

"The sloop was as rotten as an old pumpkin," said a critic of the occurrence, at the Johannisberger House. "She was loaded with a cargo of boards, and

these thrashed around, broke through her sides, and scuttled her by themselves the very minute a good thumping sea set in."

Later on, William Alfsen appeared, one day, in person, at the Stamped-Ware Works, pale and emaciated, his arm still in a sling, and accompanying Stanislava, whom he had met, on some errand connected with her work.

Foreman Akins pointed him out, and described the case to Barclay.

"There's a feller that used to be a smart hand to work," said he. "He never 'd orter left; he did n't know when he was well off."

"Why not give him his place back again?"

"That arm o' his would n't let him be no use now. Unless, may be, it was some light job in the packin'-room," he added.

In due time, however, Barclay stopped, on his way up town, to offer the son of the aged weather-vane maker some light work in the packing-room. The young man was rather disposed to resent it at first, as savoring of charity, but he was made to feel that his services were really in demand.

During the interview, old Alfsen took occasion, as usual, to air his views on the weather and other topics.

"I make predictment," said he, "that this is not a easy windter, but a strong, cold, and enduring one."

Lightning-rods were the favorite subject of his discourse. It appeared that he was fond of assembling the children of the neighborhood round him to hear his stories of the mysterious element with which he had had so much to do. He would tell of the shattering of the masts of vessels by lightning. Once, he said, a great wheel of St. Elmo's fire as large as a millstone had come rolling along the waves and pierced a ship in three places. Again, a ball of blue flame as large as a man's fist had leaped from an electrometer and killed its op-

erator, leaving a red mark on his forehead and his shoes burnt from his feet.

"Some will be believing rods to be no use, because bringing down more lightning as what they can carry off," he said, in his odd dialect, "but I beg to differ much with the believings of said persons."

"Your experience has taught you differently, then?" said Barclay, not unwilling to lead him on a little.

"Sure; only they must be good put up. How much power you think got one o' them clouds 'bout ten thousand acres big, eh? All rod joints must be tight and not rusty, and the ends must be branched out in the ground, with plenty charcoals around it, else everything get tore up."

"You have no doubt done some very important work in that line, yourself?"

"I was the best lightnin'-rods feller what you never see," returned the old man boastfully. "I did ought to put up all that big work on the city hall, too, when it was build, but I did n't get enough politikle influence."

"And it took political influence for that, even when you were so good a workman?"

"I bet you it take it; if you got no alderman on your side, you get no job. When I was mad about it, they give me a small, little box to make, to put some papers in, in that statue; that job did n't amount to nothing at all. I bet you see her come down some day, and scatter them papers all round."

"You think the figure is not secure?"

"I make predictment what she come down. Yes, sir, plenty times already see I her shake in the wind."

"Oh, anything shakes in a high wind."

"Well, but I guess the lightning some time hit her, any way. Them other fellers what put up the rods on the big dome and along that golded statue of Justice don't know nothing about it," he

said, still cherishing his resentment of years before. "I was the best feller for fixing up the right kind o' rods, and if she don't got 'em, of course she must come down."

William Alfsen proved a faithful person in the minor duties assigned him, and an intelligent one as well, from whom Barclay gathered many useful opinions about the needs and views of the working class in which he was interesting himself. He made friends with him by degrees, and took him, more or less, as a companion and guide in what Mrs. Varemberg was pleased to call his ethnographic explorations among the different races and conditions of men.

They went together, one night, to a meeting of rabid socialists and unifiers of labor, held in the district somewhere near the factory. There was a speaker who had a strange way of perking out his chin, and appeared about to choke with each sentence, — a huge man, who made but mild suggestions. There was another, a diminutive man, in an overcoat with ragged edges, and wide pantaloons flapping over little feet like a woman's, who proposed, in a piping voice, the most sanguinary measures. Hoolan, from the factory, was present, among others, and made a speech. Remarking Barclay in the audience, he addressed to him personally some questions intended to be posers of a very crushing sort. It was much out of Barclay's line, but he rose, nevertheless, and answered these and some other of the dangerous fallacies he had heard. He displayed before them in a few well-chosen, forcible words some economic doctrines, of the simple elementary sort, but novel and original enough in an assembly like that, little given to considering more than one side of a question. There were groans and hisses, but Hoolan stood by him; on the whole, they gave him fair play, and he derived from this incident a reputation for oratory, as he had already for courage.

And yet again Barclay went with Alfsen to a Polish ball, of which the latter had apprised him. It was a celebration of the military company, and was held in a rude wooden building, in a grove of leafless trees, dignified with the name of a "park," near the southern city limits. It was on a clear winter's night. As they drew near the place, the moon shone down upon the Polish quarter, touching with a sparkle the bright tin domes of the church of St. Stanislaus, and gleaming white on the fields of driven snow all round about it, with much such an effect as might have been presented at the same moment by an actual village of the steppes.

Within, the Sobieski Guards moved about, resplendent in their uniforms of blue and red; and young women, with hands and wrists roughened by work, sat in rows on benches, while their hats and shawls depended from pegs behind them. Stanislava Zelinsky was there, very charming in white muslin, with blue ribbons in her hair. So jealously guarded was she by her uncle, assisted in his vigilance by the rowdy Barney, that William Alfsen could only look at her from afar with longing and disconsolate eyes. Ludwig Trapschuh, to tell the truth, cherished no peculiar prejudice against Alfsen; he would have felt the same way towards any other who threatened to take away from him his niece and source of revenue. But precautions as to others were needless, for she showed them no favor.

Barclay, however, was a visitor who was treated with august consideration by his pleasing young employee, among the rest, and he talked with her at considerable length. She could tell him something of the traditions of her country: the wolf-hunting in the Carpathians; the ancient serpent-worship in marshy Lithuania; the tarantass with a trotting and two galloping horses harnessed abreast; the *wodka*, or potato brandy; and a certain famous plum jam, made in great ket-

gles set in the ground, and stirred about with wooden shovels. Finally, she induced the musicians to play for his especial benefit the sweet and plaintive Kalina and some other national airs.

The dancing was marked by great zest and facility.

"Why, indeed, should it not be?" remarked Barclay, as he went back to join his companion. "Where, allowing for the rudeness of the company, should we expect to find more grace and spirit than here? Do we not owe them all the modern dances? What is Polka but the word that means 'a Polish woman'? The Mazurka was the native dance of the Mazours, the Cracovienne that of Cracow, and the Varsovienne that of Warsaw."

He paused, as he was leaving the place, to watch a waltz, in which the couples separated at a given signal, pointed mocking fingers at each other, clapped hands and stamped feet, then joined again and went on as before, all in harmonious rhythm. On the way home Alfsen deferentially confided to him his feelings about Stanislava, of which his listener had already heard something. "Some o' the girls gets married because they're tired o' workin', and often gets a harder time than what they had before," said he. "I don't want any o' that; I don't want any girl what marries me to be scrubbin' all the time at the wash-tub." He took so dark a view of his own prospects that no one was readier to admit the justice of the opposition of Trapschuh than himself.

"But your arm will soon be well again," returned his employer sympathetically; "then you can get your old place back, earn good wages, and things will go all right with you."

"Yes, but I don't know if I can make good mechanic any more," hesitatingly. "I'm better on some kind of a boat. Only when a man lose his boat — and I lose two — he don't easy get no good place on any other one. If I could

get on that revenue cutter, I like it," he added wistfully. "Them government jobs pay pretty good, and you're sure you get your pay."

"On the Florence Lane? What sort of a place would you want?"

"Well, may be to watch around her, while she's laid up for the winter; and, after that, to work on her most any way, — I could learn all. I would n't care much whether it was sailin' or takin' care o' the guns; I understand most all that kind o' business."

Barclay began to speculate whether there was any reason why he should not get a deserving fellow, with a taste for the work, a government appointment on a revenue cutter. He apparently found none, for he said, —

"I'll speak to Lieutenant Gregg about it."

But it so happened that peculiar circumstances arose to prevent his speaking to Lieutenant Gregg about it in person, and to lead him to turn the matter over to other hands, instead.

VIII.

A MEETING AT THE FOOT OF THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

Barclay had first his popular period, then something very like an unpopular period, in the social life of Keewaydin. Looked upon as a person of exceptional distinction, he was bidden to all the usual entertainments and many especially devised in his honor. Keewaydin, like most other American towns, did not frankly engage in pleasure for pleasure's sake; there was generally an apologetic air about it. Still, somebody coming or somebody going, a notable stranger in town, a charitable object to be furthered, furnished occasion for sufficient gayeties.

"The typical occasion, I should say," Mrs. Varemberg explained to him, "is

the visit of some young girl who was formerly school-mate, say, of a friend residing in the place. As soon as it is known that such a person has arrived, all the acquaintances of the family hasten to the house, and steps begin at once to be taken for her entertainment."

"This inter-visiting of school friends, now that railroad fares are cheap, and the remotest points are really but a few days apart, seems one of the great North American agencies for unifying civilization," said Barclay, as if philosophically. "The boarding-school ought to be set upon a lofty pedestal of honor, as a leading factor in the modification of types and the settlement of race problems. What is the frequent upshot of these visits? The young stranger, flattered and fêted, appears at her best. The young men are taken with the novelty; some one of them asks her to marry him, and she stays. She has been blown afar and taken root, just as the seeds of exotic plants are blown by the winds to spring up on coral islands."

"You are undoubtedly correct. But how beautifully poetical you are getting, in these late days!"

"Oh, I have to be rather poetical, as a relaxation from the factory. Besides, I am a bit of the drift from distant shores, myself."

"Then we must have you follow the usual career. Who is to be the happy agent of your taking root and flowering on our coral reef? Naturally Miss Telson, our greatest fortune, whose money will be useful to you in your philanthropic enterprises. A philanthropist, you know, can never have too much."

Barclay objected to Miss Telson. She was the daughter of the leading capitalist of the place, — for others, in the mean time, had surpassed David Lane. She was a particularly dull, uninteresting girl; it was said of her even now that she did not know how to spend her income.

"Miss Shadwell, then," said Mrs. Var-

enberg. This young woman, a granddaughter of Shadwell of the Navigation Company, and probably the second in the list of fortunes, was a little midget scarcely out of her teens, with a face that already resembled a withered apple. She had a rather terrific reputation; she was a law unto herself, and was in the habit of making very pert and mischievous remarks. A Miss Minford, who came third in the trio of heiresses, mistakenly endeavored to render herself attractive by an elegant fragility; she thought it charming to profess to be utterly unable to do about everything anybody would have liked to have her do.

"No," said Barclay decisively, "I should not take kindly to so much invalidism. I could not quite sink out of sight my ideal of blooming health."

"You do not like invalids, then?" said Mrs. Varenberg, with sadness in her voice.

"Not the amateur kind; all my sympathy and admiration are reserved for the real article," he returned, with cheerful promptness, endeavoring to atone for his stupid slip of the tongue.

"Ah, I see your desideratum is beauty, not money," she rattled on, when she had recovered from this shock, or hidden her feeling. She affected to survey the field next from this point of view.

She pretended many times thereafter, in a teasing way, to consider him a person who was sagely and maturely deliberating upon the choice of a wife from among the eligible candidates. She would affect to send him forth as a champion to the fray, to equip him with her best counsels, comfort him in his disappointments, and the like. She represented his heart as wavering in the direction now of this fascinating fair one, now of that. But when, after a considerable time, no results appeared from the campaign, she accused him of phlegmatic insensibility. She said he had a

heart made in compartments, like those of an ocean steamer; one or more of them might be broken with impunity, leaving the organ practically as good as ever.

"You will find a great deal of good blood in Keewaydin," said Mrs. Clinton, taking her part also in his social education. "Many young men of the best families of New York and New England came here, in the early times, to better their circumstances or benefit their health. My brother was one of them. You naturally belong to this congenial element, and I would advise you to confine your acquaintanceship as much as possible within it. Of course we know your father's name well, but your mother was a Ridgewood. The moment I heard your mother's name was Ridgewood, I knew all about you."

"We are very remarkable on the mother's side, also," said Mrs. Varemberg. "We are Bushwicks. The Bushwicks—let me see: they all married and had large families. Oh, yes, they were very extraordinary. There is a book about them; I am going to read it some time."

"Florence!" protested Mrs. Clinton severely.

"Well, we shall not let Mr. Barclay have *all* the glory."

"I hardly supposed such distinctions much obtained here," said Barclay.

"They do not," insisted Mrs. Varemberg. "There are really none except those of the pocket-book. Whoever has made his fortune is given a little time, it is true, to wash off the dust of the conflict, but he is not kept out of any of the rewards of it." Again the aunt protested.

"You two are such a pair of radicals and scoffers," said she, classing them together. But to be classed with Mrs. Varemberg in any category was subtly grateful to Barclay.

There proved to be quite distinctions enough, however, of one sort and an-

other. To supplement the rest, the sectional divisions of East and West Sides and the like were carried into social life; each assumed to be all but sufficient to itself, and representatives of the one went to the other only on the occasion of some notable funeral or wedding.

A "society paper" and "society columns" in the regular papers recorded the doings of a Shakespeare Club,—a highly accomplished one, devoted to private theatricals. Clubs for the cultivation of music of many varieties especially flourished. The inspiration seemed to come in the first place from the large German population, so gifted in this art; and it might have been remarked that it was through a common interest in music that the two races began to overcome their early estrangement, and to intermingle and marry. The leading troupes of performers of all kinds, on their travels, were wont to play a night or two at the Grand Opera House or the Academy of Music. Neither theatre was quite so grand as its name. Barclay went to some houses where were played "rhyming crambo" and like games, in a half-romping way, often pleasanter than the more set entertainments. There were many interiors fitted up with charming taste, and these had inmates who showed themselves nervously anxious to keep at the level of the latest acquirements in literature, art, and general culture. They lamented their small advantages as compared with the favored denizens of the metropolis, but they often have given the best of these latter, who are apt to be distracted from reading, study, and most that is useful by too great a whirl of affairs, in their complex life, a wholesome lesson, instead.

Barclay had the simplest, most unostentatious of manners, wherever he moved, and it was by no means his own fault if he became a centre of attraction. The young women were perhaps

a little overawed at first by his unusual eligibility, accomplishments, and good looks. Even the more reserved had their sweetest blandishments for him, while others threw themselves daringly at his head. All alike proved without avail; they found him impervious, and, after what was deemed a sufficient attempt, they drew off in despair.

Justine DeBow assumed, on the strength of their early acquaintance, a closer intimacy with him than most of the others, — an assumption which he, to a certain extent, conceded. "Are you never coming to see me?" she had asked him, more than once. He made short visits of ceremony and "party calls," visiting large, handsome houses, where the young hostesses — for it was the young, for the most part, who conducted all these matters — came down to receive him. They sat with hands crossed in their laps, talked of Wachtel's concert, Ristori, their European tours, and their trips to New York and to the Eastern seaboard in summer, liking to compare with his own. In time he dropped in at Justine DeBow's, among the rest. She lived in a large wooden house, nearly square, painted in brownish tones. In the low fence, surrounding its door-yard, was a gate swinging both ways, which clicked complacently to itself for some time after one had passed through.

Barclay courteously asked after her mother, and received the reply that she would have come down, but her health was far from good, and she rarely saw visitors.

"What are your impressions of *Keweenaw now*?" his young entertainer asked him, hastening to change the subject.

"I still find it highly interesting."

"My idea of an interesting place would be something very different," she returned, with an almost offended air. "It would be a long way off, for one thing, and it would furnish rather more

to keep one from dying of utter stagnation."

"I have not stagnated yet, with all my Germans and miscellaneous foreigners to explore. I've been round the world a second time, as it were, since my arrival. But perhaps I am still too much in my first enthusiasm to advance any opinions of consequence."

She looked at him in surprise. "We don't see anything of the Germans," she said. "Some of the young men go to the Germania Society, though, I believe, on Sunday nights, to see the beautiful Jewess, Rosa Blumenthal — I would, if I were they; I would do most anything to keep alive."

In this mood she was not at all like the formal little person he had first met on the steamer.

"She is pretty, as we have agreed," said Barclay, reporting the visit afterwards to Mrs. Varemberg, "but I have not often seen a greater budget of discontent in so small a compass."

"Which means that she interests you. I recollect an unusual character or situation was always sure to do it."

"Ah, well, my interests are so vast and varied nowadays that some of them will have to be neglected."

The verdict that Barclay was indifferent, and even incorrigible, in the sentimental way, was first rendered at St. Bartholomew's Guild, a charitable association of select young ladies of the place, and was confirmed at the Saturday Morning Club, a society, after the Boston model, devoted to their intellectual improvement.

"Oh, he is fastidiously polite, and all that; no one could be more so. He looks at you in an appreciative way, and gives the most careful attention to all you say," pronounced a fair speaker, more frank than the rest, at the Guild, removing a score of pins from her mouth, to be the more untrammelled in the expression of her opinion. "But what does it all amount to? You feel, some-

how, always kept at a distance. He is thoroughly cold; it is probably constitutional."

"I could never *conceive* of his falling in love," said another; "he is the kind of man to whom it would be impossible."

It was measurably certain that he had not fallen in love with any of them, and yet Justine DeBow held her peace. Neither was this authoritative judgment pronounced till forbearance had, as it were, ceased to be a virtue. Ample time had been allowed for revision of judgment, and the decision, coming from such a source, might be considered final.

Paul Barclay also ran the gauntlet, with like imperturbability, of a "married set," which had lately introduced, as something of a novelty in Keewaydin, certain "fast" practices of enjoying life, derived from New York and foreign models, and carried into effect, as is often apt to be the case with imitations, in even exaggerated form. Barclay had seen the world, and was considered amply eligible for this set, which was inclined to look upon him as a marked acquisition, and made him gracious overtures. It was noted for dashing little suppers with plenty of champagne; the calling of one another, by the members, by their first names; and the dancing of attendance upon the wives of others by gallant cavaliers, while the husbands showed the most agreeable complaisance in the world. A certain Mrs. Rycraft, a siren of the buxom sort, by no means without good looks, took the lead in the overtures to Barclay. Perhaps in order to be beforehand with the others, she carried them to notable lengths. She talked in a pensive way of the unsatisfactoriness of life, and confided to him that, gay as she seemed, she was often oppressed by moods of melancholy. He found her woes but a curious parody of the real and poignant ones of Mrs. Varemberg.

She permitted herself a good deal of

sympathy, she said, for men who are sometimes spoken of as bad men; they were often very much maligned, and they had many redeeming traits. She thought men ought not to marry; if she were a man, she would never think of it.

"But perhaps you make too little allowance for the human nature and the weakness of the masculine heart," said Barclay, affecting to humor her.

"Oh, he should fall in *love*. I would not put any countermand upon that," she rejoined, as in a kind of consternation.

"Nothing is easier — as I have heard — than to fall in love a little with each successive pretty woman; but in falling in love, as some philosopher says, the first thing to do is to foresee the end. Perhaps it is not always so easy to get out of it. Have you any recipe to cover that?"

"Oh, don't ask *me* for recipes. You must find the right person, and then you will not *want* to get out." And she left it a transparent mystery who the right one was.

Not long after this, he received a very agitated-looking note, signed only with an initial. It was couched somewhat in these terms: —

"Such a strange, unaccountable feeling has taken possession of me. It is so pleasant to think of your being here — How dare I write this? — I will not send it — yes, I *will*. But you must forget that it was ever written. Never speak of it, never think of it, I *adjure* you."

Paul Barclay extricated himself from this entanglement with all the discretion possible, though perhaps no amount of discretion is ever sufficient, in such cases, to avoid making an enemy, — who has but the greater power for harm, the more consideration that is used.

After a varied collection of such small experiences, he inclined to withdraw himself altogether from the social

arena. But for the frigid atmosphere created by her father, he would have gone more and more often to Mrs. Var-emberg's. Even as it was, his visits began to attract comment. Why had those two so much to say to each other? Did they hold themselves aloof in assumed superiority? the gossips asked. And this Barclay, had he none of the natural impulses of his youth, that he showed no eyes and ears for the conceded beauties of the place? There were some, in truth, to win an anchorite, but they failed to attract him.

As to all this, even the young man was often sorely puzzled at his own state of mind. A warm and impulsive blood really ran in his veins; few had a quicker eye than he for any beauty of face or form, a readier appreciation of all the attractions that go to make up the surpassing feminine charm. But, in some strange way, all virtue seemed to have gone out of him now. It pleased him to associate only with this weak and crippled existence; all other women had grown hardly more than tolerable to him.

"Am I not," he would ask himself, in trying to account for it, "the widower of buried hopes, and is not my past of such a sort that I have no right to the ordinary present, and the future is no longer open to me?" And, "Why should I not use what is left to me as I choose?" he added.

A chivalrous ideal of remaining always at her side, without hope of change or reward, began to frame itself vaguely in his mind. Why might he not make a career of such disinterested friendship? He would let no word or act of his trouble her peace of mind; the most perfect prudence should guard her against any aspersion by evil tongues; he would only wait, wait indefinitely, and offer such poor solace as his presence might afford.

"Do you never go to see any people? Do you take no part in these fes-

tivities at all?" he was moved to ask her, after a time.

"I? How can I? How should I act if I did? If I were gay, the malicious would say I did not appreciate the gravity of my situation; if I were sad, that I was posing for their sympathy, — or, worse yet, some of the kind-hearted would give it to me, and *that* I could not endure."

"Not even that of your Radbrooks, of whose life you have given me such attractive accounts? I have seen something of them myself, by the way, and think you are right. Only, after all, another person's happiness seems a tame affair, compared to what one pictures for himself."

"To such places I can go least of all; they bring the tears to my eyes. Shall I confess to you that it is one of my peculiarities to weep at the sight of happiness? I cannot bear it. I have often turned away from happy couples, out-of-doors, and taken a different street to avoid them. You will laugh at a person so weak and ridiculous, will you not?"

But Barclay was far indeed from any disposition to merriment. At this rare admission that her suffering was mental as well as physical, he had no little pains to disguise his own emotion, which brought a decided lump into his throat. Yet, as there seemed nothing of permanent avail to be done, it became his rôle to save her in some way from herself, to aid her to pass her days more cheerfully. He sometimes tried a raillery like her own. As she had called him Wat Tyler and Gracchus, he dubbed her the Exile, the Prisoner of the Lake, the Captive, and by many similar high-sounding titles.

"You must watch some spider, day by day, spinning its web in a corner of your cell; some little flower peeping up through a joint in the paving-stones, for your comfort, — like various of your illustrious prototypes," he said.

"As to the cobweb," she returned, "I hardly think our tidy Swedish housemaids will have left one, but the conservatory is the most likely place for the flowers. Let us go and look."

Perhaps the prismatic glitter of all these conservatories did more than any other feature to give the ordinary passer-by his idea of the magnificence of David Lane and the unclouded happiness that must necessarily prevail in so splendid an establishment. But the ordinary passer-by, unfortunately, is not an accurate judge of the realities of things from their appearance; he does not always know sufficient of the wants of him who appears to want the least, and how, after all the needs of the body are gratified, there may yet remain the even more imperious needs of the heart and mind.

Mrs. Varemberg, pretending to seek the proper flower, culled one here and there, and then formed them all into a bouquet for her companion. How charming, he thought, was the touch of her light, deliberate hand upon them; how privileged the object, inanimate or animate, that might receive the benison of her caress!

"All this is rather my father's taste than my own,—the room for orchids, particularly," said she. "A conservatory is not greatly to my liking."

"Nor to mine either, to tell the truth. This heaven of glass instead of the blue sky, this tepid, enervating atmosphere instead of the free air of nature, are but poor substitutes for the originals."

"The plants, in their artificial existence, so carefully screened from every draught and inequality, remind me too much of my own. They too have a cowed and disconsolate air."

"You must give me some of the bolder of them, when I begin my landscape-gardening, to see what they will do out-of-doors."

"Your landscape-gardening?"

"Yes; I have been waiting to break

it to you. Barclay's Island is going to be 'a bower of roses by Bendermeer's stream.' And the planing-mill 'sings round it all the day long,' he added. Oh, I assure you, you won't know it."

He outlined for her some of his proposed innovations: he meant to paint the buildings, let in the honest light of day at the windows unimpeded by the time-honored cobwebs and grime, put up an ornamental stone gateway at the entrance to the grounds, clear away all the rubbish, and replace the slag and cinders by grass-plats varied with some few flower-beds,—about all that could be done without tearing down the whole establishment.

"You will be the most original of manufacturers."

"Oh, no; they do these things in Mexico and Central America," he responded. "It is charming, the way they have of caressing their industrial establishments which are the source of their wealth, down there. A man is no more ashamed to live alongside his cotton-mill or foundry than if it were a model stock-farm with us. As you ride along, you come, all at once, upon some imposing, castellated affair, with its gardens, terraces, fountains, statues, and mediæval-looking chapel, and find it to be simply a sugar-refinery or ore-reducing works, with the proprietor's residence added."

"And you propose to introduce all this here?"

"Oh, we can't expect to equal the Central Americans all at once, but we shall probably work up to it by degrees."

"But—Paul, you know—and an island, and such a paradise," broke in his companion, as if struck by a sudden reflection, "it is quite idyllic. You ought to have some sort of a Virginia, also. You must find some beautiful maiden of the island, who will go about clad in coarse stuffs of Bengal, and Paul must bring her bird's-nests, and shelter her from the rain under a huge banana leaf."

"And we must tell the seasons only by their fruits and flowers, and the hours of the day only by the shadows passing over," added Barclay, readily entering into the spirit of it. "Will you not deign to be our Virginia, for the time being?"

He drew down over her head the leaf of a large plantain they chanced to be in close proximity to at the moment, after the manner of the well-known picture.

David Lane had entered his conservatory, to walk briefly, as he was given to doing, among his orchids, that poised their curious shapes of butterfly and bird in the air like living things, and was a witness of this scene. It seemed to him to show a peculiarly intimate relationship between the pair. It was at last time for him to act, unless he would abandon all without a struggle. He scowled darkly by himself, but when they came up to him made a lame pretense of civility. When Barclay had gone, he took his daughter aside, and, without any reference to his real motive, spoke to her earnestly of her health, and strongly advised her to go at once on a visit to New York that had been before proposed. He himself would go with her. Her physicians had recommended it, for the benefit of the change, even if it should be only a short one. Her inertia was at last overcome. It is supposable, too, that the absence may, for certain reasons, have appealed to the better judgment of Mrs. Varemberg as desirable. Those two, accordingly, soon departed.

There came about, however, a friendly correspondence, of a desultory sort, during the separation. It was sometimes grave, sometimes gay. The little fiction of Paul and Virginia, originating as described, was further continued. Mrs. Varemberg had a ready gift in the humorous way with her pencil, and she drew in the corners of her notes little caricatures, to which Barclay — more

rudely — responded in kind as best he could. She showed the island, with its palms and plantains, always standing in the conventional conservatory tubs; Paul as a barefoot little urchin, with a very wise and knowing look, surrounded by his storks and turtles; old Fahrenstock as the faithful negro Domingo; and Virginia a most demure and innocent little maiden in a striped cotton gown. Barclay, on the other hand, in his sketches, endeavored to make her something of an arrant little coquette.

The thousand miles of distance intervening between them seemed to make the expression of certain sentiments easier; they sometimes wrote more freely than they had talked.

"I want to say to you," wrote Barclay, "that your friendship, your intelligent sympathy with my plans, have been a great assistance and happiness to me. I do not know what I should have done without you. I think it has been more your kind encouragement than anything else that has made me go on."

In one letter he described to her a new plan for a pension fund for his workmen that he was endeavoring to put into practice. The fund was to be made up of a small sum reserved from the earnings of each week, supplemented by a beneficent provision arranged by the management. Then, when a man had completed his labors, he would have something to take care of him in his old age. "But these are mere fag ends and side issues," he complained. "Why am I not thoughtful? Why do I not make the grand discovery that will produce for all a robust and plentiful happiness? You will think so poorly of a person who can do no better than this. You will cross him off your books in disgust."

"Were your achievements greater than those of Wilberforce, or Adam Smith, or Peter Cooper, — I don't know but I am making up a rather mixed catalogue," — she replied, "I shall al-

ways like the man better than the philanthropist. It seems to me already a great discovery that you have found out how a master can add to the comfort of individuals under him — But perhaps these are only the simple ideas of the poor, untutored mind of —

“VIRGINIA.”

She wrote him once from New York of meeting his sisters at a reception.

“They opened on me with quite a fire of questions about you,” she said. “Is it possible that you have told me more of your affairs than you have them? I am, naturally, much flattered at the suggestion. I was prepared to preserve your confidence as much as possible, but we were dragged apart by the crowd, — and meantime, if I meet them again, what am I to tell them?”

“Do not tell them anything, too ingenuous Virginia,” he wrote back in alarm. “The fact is, they are of rather an interfering turn. I will tell them, myself, as much as is for their good, when I get around to it.”

He sent once a rude sketch as of Virginia, in this new life, surrounded by admirers, who vied for the honor of holding their respective banana leaves above her head, while Paul sulked on the island, with his own trailing idly beside him, and the tortoises and flamingoes looking on in sympathy at his dejection.

David Lane, in this absence, would have had her be gay, amused, as different as possible from her usual self. It would have pleased him to see her accept the small attentions of new admirers. As to his own objection to her divorce, to tell the truth, it would have been by no means insuperable, could he have been sure that, after her release, she would marry any other than Paul Barclay. His wish was but poorly gratified. She was offered dinners, flowers, opera boxes, by old friends and new. “But what humor am I in for all this?” she asked. She could not adapt herself to distrac-

tions. Her depression was increased, too, by some fresh news concerning her husband from an authentic quarter. Under the immediate influence of this, she poured herself out to Barclay with a poignant sadness (and yet with an effort at self-repression) that wrung his heart with compassion for her sufferings.

“I am glad I am not with you, to heap the burden of my sorrows on you, in my selfish way, even more heavily,” her words ran. “Oh, I was made for happiness, and cannot reconcile myself to life without it. I must have been wrong from the first; why have I not tried to be good instead of to be happy?” Thus she accused herself, — she whom he thought the best of human beings in every thought and impulse. “I suppose such as I are needed as an example to the others of the evils of ill-assorted marriage, just as the helots of Sparta were made drunk and shown to the patrician youth, as a warning against intemperance.”

She had heard that Varemberg had gone — sometimes under assumed names, sometimes retaining his own — to Algiers, South Africa, Tonquin, and finally the Pacific Islands, and carried with him everywhere his reckless and abandoned courses. She seemed afflicted at length with something almost like nostalgia; it was evident that her sojourn was doing her no good, and David Lane, having no excuse for detaining her away indefinitely, brought her home.

Barclay was privileged to see her almost immediately on her return. Three days later he saw her again, under peculiar circumstances. A break had occurred in the machinery at the factory, and while this was being repaired he was not in active demand, and set out, one morning, to gratify a curiosity he had long felt to penetrate to the interior of the city hall, opposite, climb to the dome, — a favorite point of view with strangers, — and visit the Golden Justice at close quarters. The myste-

rious green weather-doors of the city hall were continually on the swing. They admitted a motley group of officials, attorneys, hangers-on about all the departments, teachers to see the superintendent of schools, citizens to pay or protest against their taxes, aldermen with their characteristic air of importance, and, once a month, the county supervisors, who left their rusty-looking wagons, with rusty buffalo-ropes thrown over the seats, at the curb-stones, all day long; and this movement was in progress to-day as usual.

There had been a day and night of successive rain, hail, thaw, renewed freezing, and then a light snow-fall. It was one of those occasions when Nature has produced from her simplest materials effects of dazzling splendor that surpass the fable of Aladdin's cave, or any bowers of enchantment whatever. The trees, encased in a panoply of ice to their most infinitesimal twigs, were woven together in exquisite traceries, as of crystal, pearl, and silver. A sky of pure, deep blue stretched overhead its canopy, in rich harmony with the rest. A brief truce had been struck with the rigors of winter, and the atmosphere was of an almost balmy mildness.

Within the square, on the diagonal path crossing it, Barclay suddenly met with Mrs. Varemberg. She, too, had been drawn forth by the fascination of the morning, and was taking a short walk for exercise. Barclay involuntarily noted her elegantly simple restraint of dark cloth, fitted close to her figure, and a small bonnet of like material, a pompon at the side of which supplied the only touch of bright color. She was cut out sharply against the carpet of snow behind her. The air and exercise, with perhaps also the excitement of the unexpected meeting, gave her cheek an unwonted color, her spirits an unusual animation. An extraordinary change was already manifest, in the short interval since her return. It im-

pressed Barclay somewhat as when the light is suddenly kindled in one of those oriental lanterns that, without illumination, are dull and opaque. The fountain in the centre of the square, standing by, frozen in the natural shapes of its running water, assisted at their conference, like some afrite out of a fairy tale. Broken icicles, fallen from the trees, crackled under the small heels of the approaching friend. Barclay asked her gallantly, referring to these, —

"Are you the princess who scattered from her lips a shower of the most valuable brilliants, as often as she spoke and wherever she moved?"

"Can you doubt it? I have been talking to myself as I came along," she rejoined, laughing. "But these are only a poor affair: had I known the prince, in person, would be abroad this morning, there should have been some far more worthy of him."

"The prince was about to explore the city hall and mount to the dome, — a point of view much recommended to novices in the sights of Keewaydin, I hear. Will you not go up, too, and chatter a little there, for the benefit of your subjects, and to keep the Golden Justice in countenance? It must be long since you have seen each other."

"I feel quite capable of it on such a glorious morning, but I — think it would hardly do. Besides, I was on my way to my father's office."

"Then perhaps the prince may go, too, as far as your father's office."

"No," she objected hesitatingly. "I fear it would be rather conspicuous, our walking together in the public streets. To speak frankly, — it is naturally not at all an agreeable subject to talk about, — some unpleasant comments have been made. I heard them even before I went away. They come principally, I believe, from a Mrs. Rycraft, the pleasure of whose acquaintance I do not possess."

Barclay raged inwardly at this evidence of the lurking malice of Mrs. Ry-

craft. "But life is too short," he exclaimed, "to let our conduct be regulated by nonentities and busybodies. They have no rewards, worth the having, to bestow, even if we conform; not one of them would step out of his way a hair's breadth for one's real pleasure or benefit. It is simply that if we do not conform, their energy is actively devoted to trying to make us uncomfortable.

"Even a sentiment founded on so unreasonable a basis, I suppose, ought to be more or less deferred to," his hearer replied. "'A man ought to know how to defy opinion, a woman to submit to it.' It is the old problem, mooted in Delphine, you know."

"Bah!" ejaculated Barclay, at first; but he soon endeavored to check the expression of his discontent, for in his heart he knew she was right.

Mrs. Varemberg — though this too was perhaps rather conspicuous — let him stroll with her to the posts at the corner where the path took its exit upon the public streets.

"How lovely it all is!" she broke off in a rhapsody. "It is as if Nature had powdered her hair, in the Pompadour fashion, — you see I must use feminine comparisons, — and put on all her laces and diamonds."

"And you, too, — it makes you look so well, so strong and blooming, one entirely forgets" —

"I will not be told I look well," she interrupted saucily; "that implies that at some former time I have not looked so well, and no self-respecting princess who drops jewels from her lips can be expected to admit that."

"At any rate, I shall always find it difficult hereafter to believe that there is anything really serious in your illness."

"It is only coming home," she said more seriously. "It is only a little temporary rally. Even my exile here somehow seems now preferable to anything else; the captive hugs her chains.

Traveling tired me; I seemed to get all of its discomforts and none of its pleasures. You must know I have had flattering doctors tell me I might even get well, if I were at peace with myself, at rest within. But that is a very practical recipe, is it not? They might as well recommend me to get the moon."

"And you wear your life out in this cruel way for what? It makes me think of the millions spent to maintain the great standing armies in peace, especially if they never come to a conflict." But he discreetly checked with this his far-off reference to a form of relief he had once before proposed to her.

"I am reliably informed," said Mrs. Varemberg, as they parted, "that you have been a misanthrope and recluse during my absence. You do not go near the people who have been polite to you. This will never do; I shall be held partly responsible for it. We must put a stop to it."

"The reproach shall be no longer deserved; a proper consideration for the feelings of Mrs. Rycraft alone demands it," responded Barclay. With that his charming companion went on, smiling at his sarcasm, which she did not look upon as severe, while he disappeared within the echoing, marble-paved corridors of the city hall.

Its two principal corridors crossed each other at right angles, and their junction was a rotunda, open to the dome above, from which it was somewhat too obscurely lighted. Over the first door encountered in the rotunda, to the right, was to be read the sign, "Mayor's Office." Through open doors down the long halls were seen the officials nonchalantly at work, or idle. The comptroller came out, in his shirt-sleeves, with a budget of vouchers, and entered the office of the county clerk, — for the county, also, had its share in the costly building. A knot of contractors were gathered about the door of the Board of Public Works, discussing a disagreeable

circumstance, and Barclay heard, in passing, some part of their discourse. It seemed that Keewaydin was a city that had enacted a prohibition against the increase of its municipal indebtedness beyond a certain per cent. of its total property valuation, and it had been suddenly discovered that this limit was already reached. A paralyzing doubt had been set afloat by the press, whether further expenditure of any kind would be lawful till another year's taxes were in.

Ives Wilson now came out of the city attorney's office, and gave Barclay his hand, in his bustling way, as he cheerfully accosted the waiting group.

"There'll be no letting of contracts to-day, boys," said he. "You may as well go home, and make yourselves comfortable. I have it from the mayor and the city attorney; they'll tell you themselves presently. There's no money in the treasury, and there isn't going to be any, so you'll have to get your healths without it." He seemed to have a familiar acquaintance with all these men, Irish, German, or American, as the case might be, and to be as much at home in this stratum of society as any other.

"But we heard that Lane, or Jim DeBow, or some o' them rich fellers, would put up the money till the next taxes was in," said the German contractor, Klauserman, eagerly.

"So they have. David Lane offered to do it, but Jim DeBow got in ahead of him. But that is to be used for necessary expenses; without it we might have had to turn off the gas and water, discharge the police, and shut up the public schools. There's no telling whether he'll ever get his money back, either."

"It's yeer paper, so it was, that sprung it on us, and made all the hullabaloo!" cried one Donlan, emphatically. "If yez had left it alone, nobody would have known the limit was up."

"Of course it was," assented the

journalist gleefully. "When you want the news, come to the Index. The rest of them will give you your ancient history and dead languages. The Index deals in facts of the present day."

"Stop my paper, ye divil!" said Donlan, a contractor of leading importance.

"We could n't think of it, John. We would n't let you do yourself a damage you'd never recover from."

The circle, though indignant, remained perhaps but the more imbued with the mysterious reverence with which the common mind invests the newspaper profession. Ives Wilson and his Index — which were, besides, clearly in the right of it in the present case — were by no means to be judged by common rules.

Barclay had sent to the janitor for the key, but now learned that it was already in use. It had been taken by some other visitor or visitors, who had preceded him to the dome. He set out, therefore, on his climb up the broad, principal iron staircase. He reached first the story of the handsome council chamber, the county court, where one Moses Levy was on trial for the firing of his store, to get the insurance money; and the circuit court of coördinate jurisdiction, where a recess was being taken to procure the attendance of a witness. He had to ascend next a narrower, more winding staircase, of iron also. He passed through a great attic, where the ribs and braces of the construction plainly showed, and, opening, finally, a small door, stepped out into a sudden glare of light, and to a narrow balcony and promenade extending around the dome.

When he had recovered his eyesight and taken his bearings a little, he was disappointed to find himself still so far remote from the *Golden Justice*. He had not been able to estimate its height while climbing, and this level, to which the general public were restricted, was at a long remove even from the lowest

part of her pedestal. He looked down at the view, and again upward to catch some clearer glimpse of the details of the figure. Passing slowly round the promenade in this way, he came upon a figure leaning on the railing, with that musing air of a superior intelligence that a figure in a balcony always tends to assume, and recognized, with a start, David Lane.

But the elder man was far more startled than he, and wore almost a detected, guilty air. Barclay had never seen him quite thus before. His presence here was extraordinary; a person of his sort would by no means be expected to bring up hither the weight of his age and infirmities, and at such a season of the year, for his own pleasure. Yet strange as it was, the wonderment of Barclay was not so extreme as to give it its impressiveness; it was the trouble in his own guilty conscience.

They two were alone on the dome, with but small probability of being interrupted by any others. David Lane aimed to recover his usual composure, but, even when he had done so, to re-assume his ordinary churlishness was out of the question.

"I had some business with the mayor on this financial imbroglia, and when that was over the notion took me, for once in a way, to come up here, for — for the benefit of the exercise. I am not beyond the need of a bit of exercise yet," he explained.

It was thus he endeavored to disguise the promptings of an uneasy mind that sometimes drew him to the place, as the murderer is drawn to revisit the scene of his crime. He had been, too, if Barclay did but know it, to a very much higher level than this at which they now stood; he had climbed by a steep and recondite way, with many a gasp and breathing spell, to see that the lower fastenings of the Golden Justice seemed, at least, still secure.

"The financial difficulty you speak

of has interested me very much," said Barclay affably, puzzled by, yet trying to ignore, the apparent confusion of the other. "I have come to realize, I think for the first time, that there may be over-sanguine, improvident, bankrupt cities, as well as people."

"Yes, there are many of them in the West, and I believe they are not unknown in the East. There is a notable instance in this vicinity of a town so mortgaged to railroads (that have never been built, by the way) that it has for years been subject to be sold out under the hammer, only no legal body could be found to serve the papers on. As soon as there is any move of the sort the city council disbands, or holds its meetings in hiding."

"And was it some flagrant piece of corruption that caused Keewaydin to adopt its present provision?"

"No, it was mainly a piece of prudent forethought, derived from the experience of others. I do not think Keewaydin has ever been a very corrupt place. The many rival elements keep too strict a watch on each other for that. We have our talk of 'rings' and 'bosses,' it is true, but I sometimes fancy our papers only borrow the terms from others, and even use them with a certain pride, to give us a more metropolitan air."

They were now looking down on the city, and they exchanged some few comments about it. Its masses looked smaller than usual, reduced to their lowest terms, as it were, by being cut out against the interspaces of snow. The telegraph wires connected all parts of it together, like the exposed nerves of some living organism. From the white streets the faint jingle of sleigh-bells came up to them; on the afternoon of such a day all the world would be on runners. Barclay could contemplate his own lodgings in the square below; at a distance could be discerned the chimneys of his factory, and elsewhere David Lane's

house. The mysterious lake spread its expanse afar, with here and there some bank of mist or low-lying cloud upon it, out of which came an occasional twinkle of the ice, as if a celestial lance had shivered in the midst of it.

"And you," said David Lane, — "what brings you up so high, if one may ask?"

"This view, which alone repays one, but still more, to speak frankly, the *Golden Justice*. She had allured me from a distance, and I had just been saying to myself, when I met you, how disappointed I was not to find myself nearer; I had hoped to come out at her very foot."

Oh, fatality! to see the *Golden Justice*? Alas, that he should be met with here on such an errand!

"This is as high as one can get," said David Lane coldly. "A special permit is needed to go further, and even that is of no avail. It is a painful climb, and there is no egress but by a trap-door, nor any means of approaching the statue, after that, unless one should use a scaling ladder."

In secret, no one knew better than he whereof he spoke.

"And why has the *Golden Justice* allured you?" he went on to ask.

"I have an eye for the decorative, and she appealed to me as a pleasing object, shining so golden yellow against her field of deep blue; but when I heard that the features were those of Mrs. Varemberg I found my interest at last fully accounted for."

Barclay was not averse to bringing on an explanation of the anomalous condition of affairs, since the time and circumstances were favorable for it. David Lane seemed to incline in the same direction.

"Mrs. Varemberg still much occupies your thoughts, then?" he asked, gravely attentive.

"You know how much she once occupied me. Well, all that is past and

gone; destiny was opposed to it, and, with time, my views have changed. Since she honors me with her friendship, I trust there is nothing in what has passed to make me withhold from her the tribute of my most respectful esteem, admiration, and sympathy, and my desire to be of service to her in any or all the troubles with which she may meet."

Barclay dwelt with emphasis on the high-minded, disinterested character of his regard, hoping to vindicate himself from suspicions that he sometimes thought might be at the bottom of the opposition of David Lane. Possibly the latter knew him better than, at this time, he knew himself.

"Yes, the features are those of my daughter Florence," said the ex-governor. "We did not know, and were not wholly pleased with the resemblance at first; it was the artist's eccentric way of paying us a compliment." He answered soberly, but not resentfully. He was in fact in a sort of daze, and made no offer to continue the conversation. An awkward pause ensued.

Barclay looked up again at the huge bulk of the figure, from the drapery of which broad reflected rays glinted down into their eyes.

"It seems she was utilized somewhat like a corner-stone," said he, in the most cursory way. "I have been told that some documents were sealed up in her."

Lane was as if thunderstruck. He fell to trembling, with an agitation such as even he had rarely known, and to hide it he altered his position, moving a little further along by the railing.

"It is a curious instance; I don't know that I ever heard of one before," pursued Barclay, in the same easy tone. "It seems reserved for Keewaydin to do original things, in a number of ways. The whole matter of deposits in corner-stones sometimes impresses one curiously. We leave dispatch-boxes along the roadside, as it were, to be opened by those

who come after us, to give them news of us and our times. It is a little odd, however, considering all the corner-stones that are dedicated, how rarely you hear of one being opened. Is it because it is too soon yet for our buildings to have begun to tumble down, flimsy as so many of them are? Or is there really no interest in the contents, these being so very trite when reached?"

"No doubt it is due to the comparative unimportance of the matters generally on deposit," replied David Lane, in a voice scarcely audible, struggling manfully to retain the mastery of himself.

"It would be more considerate, though, if one generation would arrange little surprises for the next. What was it, for instance, you put into the Golden Justice?"

Oh, fatality! fatality! Was it not enough that this young man, of all others in the world, should have found them out in Europe, and become a suitor for his daughter's hand? Was it not enough that avoidance of this should have precipitated such lamentable unhappiness? No, he must follow them here, establish himself in the place, even interest himself in the statue, mount to the dome, and be met with to-day under its very ægis. Nor this alone; for now at last, with an innocence that but made it the more startling, he must put the finger of speculation on the very box and its contents, on the confession itself. To what but one fatal result could all this concentration of events, all these successive approaches, this remorseless narrowing of the circle, be tending? The utmost efforts had availed to hinder no single step of its progress.

"It was a very long time ago," replied David Lane. "At this distance of time it is not easy to remember,—reports, statistics, the newspapers, I suppose; they could hardly have been anything of great moment."

"Alfsen, an old weather-prophet in

my vicinity, told me about the box, the other day, and predicted that the Golden Justice would come down, and I should see the deposit scattered about my feet. I shall naturally be on the lookout for it with interest."

"He predicts that the Golden Justice will fall?" repeated the elder man in horror. He involuntarily cast another glance up at the mammoth figure towering above them. She was certainly secure enough at present.

"Oh, a piece of garrulous nonsense. He keeps up some old grudge for not having been allowed to do all the work he wanted to on the city hall. Even prophecy, it appears, cannot free itself from the bias of personal injury."

David Lane made something like a half circuit of the short promenade, then turned back upon his track, with a very altered bearing: as well as one so much troubled in mind and so reserved by recent habit could do so, he assumed towards the young man an open and friendly demeanor.

"I am glad to have met you here," he began. "This situation, apart by ourselves, and free from danger of interruption, gives me, almost for the first time, an opportunity of welcoming you to the place. I seem to have seen far too little of you since your arrival. I trust it is not too late to express the real interest I feel in you and your affairs, and to ask if there is any way in which I can be of service."

"I confess I had sometimes thought your feelings towards me were quite of an opposite sort," returned Barclay, much surprised.

"Oh, no; why should you think so? Why should it be so? You are a young man, and I an old one. I have often many cares and troubles, and perhaps, sometimes, an unfortunate manner."

Had Barclay desired to justify his opinion, he would have cited the rejection of his suit together with a long course of marked coldness. But of what

avail? And what warrant had he, after all, for questioning a father's disposition of his daughter's hand, in the supposed interest of her happiness, even at the expense of a certain subterfuge? To re-open the subject, furthermore, he feared might arouse distrust anew, and defeat the greater freedom of action that seemed promised him.

"Will you tell me about your enterprise and your present prospects?" asked David Lane.

Barclay, thus encouraged, proceeded to give a brief, orderly account of the whole, from the first. This statement added to Lane's sense as of an inevitable fatality pursuing him. It impressed him as an investment such as might have commended itself to the judgment of any shrewd cool-headed man of business. It was no mere pretext for remaining, and the circumstances were such that, given Barclay's peculiar requirements, it would have been almost reprehensible not to have entered into it.

They descended the stairs together. Lane offered Barclay his hand, at parting, with a cordiality in which, however, was an indescribable shrinking.

He wished him to come and dine, but it happened that day that Barclay could not. Thereafter, for a considerable time, it was not alone Mrs. Varemberg's invitations and friendly offices he accepted, but her father's as well. The two men were seen amicably together on the street and on 'Change, and the wise business head of David Lane even offered counsels that brought profit to the Stamped-Ware Works.

And what did it all mean? Why, simply this: that when the hapless Montezuma knew that the invading Spaniards, the Children of the Sun, destined to be the destroyers of himself and his people, had landed on his coasts, he sent costly presents, to endeavor to turn them aside from their march to his capital. So David Lane haplessly aimed to propitiate the messenger by means of whom Destiny seemed stretching forth a long arm for his destruction. It was not that he was more reconciled to his fate than before, or saw clearly, as yet, the means of its accomplishment; but in the mood in which he found himself for the time being, further struggle, further resistance, seemed useless.

William Henry Bishop.

THE INDIAN QUESTION IN ARIZONA.

IN the last five years, the raiding parties of the Apaches in Southern Arizona have been so active and constant in their work of murder and pillage that there has been no security for either life or property outside of the few towns. In that time more than a thousand citizens have been murdered, with all the accompanying barbarities of savage warfare, and an immense amount of property has been stolen or destroyed. Meanwhile, all industries in this region—trade, grazing, mining, and agriculture—have suffered partial or total pa-

ralysis. The government seems powerless to protect its citizens or to maintain its peace and dignity against these outlaws.

The press has been loud in its comments on the subject, but these do not usually go beyond the statement of the murders and depredations which have been committed, with an occasional aspersion on the efficiency of the regular army. They do not attempt to trace the causes of the evil, or to suggest a remedy for it, further than to express the simple opinion that the army should catch and

kill the Indians who may chance at the time to be on the war-path.

The parties engaged in this bloody tragedy, which is being perpetually enacted, may be divided into four general classes: the Indian, the Frontiersman, the Army, and the Government.

THE INDIAN.

The Indian is no exception to the general law of cause and effect. That he is a murderer and a bandit can surprise no one who will reflect on what has been his treatment for the last twenty years.

In 1871, in order to open certain parts of Arizona to civilized occupation, about eight thousand Indians were placed on the San Carlos reservation, a region a hundred miles square. The agency is situated on the Gila River, in a low, hot, dirty, unhealthful spot. Some of the tribes now forced to dwell there were mountain Indians. In their native haunts, they enjoyed one of the most delightful climates in the world. At San Carlos they endure one of the most abominable. There they suffer from long and extreme heat, bad water, fever and ague, and ophthalmia. They must appear at the agency on the weekly ration day. If they stay away, they get no rations. In going through the camps of the Chiracalmas and Warm Springs, I have been struck by the misery of their condition. It is these mountain Indians who have caused the most serious trouble. So far as I know, no successful effort has ever been made to instruct or assist them in agriculture. The government feeds them, and the agents have not, as a rule, considered it the policy of their craft to make the Indian self-supporting. The game in that locality is nearly exhausted, so his occupation as a hunter is gone. There he exists, in a hot, sandy camp, on the banks of a low, sickly stream, without amusement, without hope, with no incentive to any good or useful labor.

But he has one agreeable relaxation from his wretched imprisonment on the reservation, that of raiding the surrounding ranches. These raids are to him the most delightful diversion conceivable. The pleasure of killing and plundering, with the very slight risk of capture and punishment, renders this the ideal pastime in the Indian's estimation.

Let us imagine a few young "bucks," utterly tired of their dreary camp life on the Gila. They talk over their position, and organize a raiding party. They easily supply themselves with arms and ammunition, which most frontier traders will sell them in any quantity. They tell their chief that they are going out; or, if he chance to disapprove of such expeditions, they say that they are going on a hunt to the northern part of the reservation, about Camp Apache and Mount Ord. Then, having determined the first ranch to be attacked, they quietly leave their camp, and move by easy marches on the doomed family. They reach the place. One or two creep forward and carefully reconnoitre. All the party assume their positions in the rocks or grass, and patiently wait until they can take the family at the greatest disadvantage. For, though devoted to the sport of killing others, the Apaches are very much opposed to taking the slightest chances against their own lives. The looked-for opportunity arrives, and they spring from their concealment. They kill every human being about the place, unless they can manage, with perfect safety to themselves, to capture some of the ranchmen alive, in which case they will have the opportunity of enjoying an Indian's favorite amusement, — that of watching a white man die by slow degrees under the most inhuman tortures which savage ingenuity can invent. This entertainment completed, they help themselves to whatever pleases their fancy in the house, and then set it on fire. Finally, they

collect all the horses, and, mounting the best, drive the others before them.

The ball is now open. They will move with great rapidity, and will promptly agree on the destruction of another ranch, a hundred miles or more distant. Away they go, now galloping, now trotting, and subsiding into a walk only when the trail is very steep and rough. During this rapid march, they show great skill in keeping the loose horses ahead of them on the trail. An Indian can ride a tired horse from ten to twenty miles farther than can a white man. When a horse is entirely exhausted, his rider calmly dismounts, and proceeds to kill him, usually by stabbing him many times with a long knife. It is very seldom that he will waste a precious cartridge on such an occasion, but under no circumstance will he leave a living horse behind him.

Now, if the party be in the humor for a meal, they build a small fire, cut slices from the dead horse, cook them a little, and eat their fill. Thus, in the stolen horse is combined both the means of transportation and the commissary. In this, the Indian possesses a vast advantage over his soldier pursuer, who must ride one horse through an entire campaign, and whose rations and spare ammunition must be carried with him on pack-mules. In this way the raiding party can easily cover a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, while a company of cavalry, with its indispensable pack-train, can with difficulty accomplish more than thirty, in that rough, roadless country.

With the second ranch, the programme of the first is repeated. The Indians murder the inhabitants, plunder and burn the house, and drive off the horses.

After this, the party may be seized with a desire to witness the effect of their escapade on the neighboring military posts. If so, they climb to some commanding elevation on Mount Gra-

ham, or about Helen's Dome. From this vantage-ground, they can survey the surrounding country for a long distance, and their practiced eyes can easily detect, by the clouds of dust in the valleys, the approach of a column of troops twenty or thirty miles away. If they can see several of these columns on the march, they enjoy all the delights of a successful practical joker; for they are confident of their own safety, and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have put into the field several hundred troops.

If their appetite for murder and plunder is still unsatisfied, they may go into Old Mexico, and continue their tactics of rapid transit, ambuscade, and pillage. But it is probable that they will now be content with the results of the expedition. They will break up the loose organization of the party, and traveling singly, by night, individually make good their retreat to the camp on the Gila.

The return of an Indian from such an expedition is a proud day in his life. He is a hero, he is a rich man. He has several good horses, and money, clothes, arms, and ammunition. He enjoys the approval of the old men of his tribe, the envy of the young ones who stayed in camp, and the boundless admiration of all the squaws. On the next ration day, he presents himself at the agency, and calmly resumes the enjoyment of the bounties of the government. If he has been missed, — which is not probable, — and is asked to give an account of himself, he says that he has been hunting on the reservation, or that he has been looking for some ponies which had strayed away from his camp. Every Indian in his tribe would sooner die than utter a syllable to throw a ray of light on the case.

Here you have the picture of the Apache, his home life and his amusements. He is born a warrior and a robber. Before the white man became his

neighbor and his prey, he exercised his bloody proclivities on the surrounding Indian tribes. There is no law to punish him, even could his crimes find him out, for he is a citizen or subject of a nation with whom our government has entertained treaty relations; and the acknowledgment of the treaty-making power has always been held to be the most complete admission of the autonomy of a people. He is supposed to live under the restraints of tribal law. But what is tribal law? The Apache code will occupy but a few lines. Here it is:—

Theft committed in the tribe is punished promptly and often severely.

Murder in the tribe is a personal affair, to be settled by the payment of an indemnity or by retaliation.

All crimes successfully committed against the persons and property of individuals outside of the tribe are commendable achievements. The Chiricahua, for instance, who kills and robs a white man, or an Indian of another tribe, is looked upon by his people very much as we regard a hunter who kills a deer, eats his flesh, and takes his skin, — merely as a successful sportsman.

There, among the people of Arizona, dwelling about their ranches, their farms, and their mines, our government quarters, feeds, and looses this outlaw, who is swift as the eagle, cruel as the hungry wolf, and who,

"Fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
Knows but the law of his moods."

THE FRONTIERSMAN.

The frontiersman who settles in Arizona or New Mexico belongs to one of two classes. Either he is a poor man, who goes West to conquer a home from the vast and unoccupied public domain; or he is a rich man, taking his capital to new fields, where it will be more remunerative than in the already crowded industries of the East. In either case, if he succeeds in creating tax-paying property from what was formerly an unpro-

ductive waste, he is a public servant and benefactor. He has accepted the invitation of the government to make his home on the public domain. He has complied with all the forms of law. He is putting forth his labor, his enterprise, his capital, to increase the national wealth, and the government is under the most sacred obligation to exhaust all its wisdom and power to insure him perfect security for life and property. That the richest and most numerous civilized nation under the sun is unable to afford its citizens absolute protection from the murderous incursions of a few hundred savages is a proposition too absurd to deserve a moment's consideration.

When the frontiersman, year after year, sees his neighbors, his friends, his relations, fall an easy prey to the unrestrained Apaches, and when he sees no laws enacted, no adequate means devised, to protect them, he has a right to consider that the government has utterly failed in its obligations to him. Not only has it failed to protect him, but it has actually placed his enemy in a city of refuge, in easy striking distance of his home and family, and is further responsible for a system which enables that enemy to prey upon him with almost complete immunity from punishment.

In May, 1882, I followed the trail of an Apache war-party from near San Carlos to San Simon, New Mexico, and counted forty-two men, women, and children murdered in mere savage caprice, and, when time and opportunity permitted, murdered with accompanying barbarities which curdle the blood and sicken the heart.

It is clearly the imperative and immediate duty of Congress to devise some effectual means of protecting the frontier citizens and restraining the Indians. In default of an Indian code vigorously enforced, the Apache in his present condition must be exterminated. Let every man judge for himself which horn of

the dilemma is humanity, and which is barbarism.

THE ARMY.

The army represents the strong arm of the government for controlling the Indian and protecting the frontiersman. How inadequate are the means to the end is conclusively shown by the fact that, on the war-path, the relative speed of the Indian and the soldier is three to one. This is no aspersion on the efficiency of our cavalry. They are ready and willing to do all that brave men can do, but the task imposed upon them is simply impossible. I do not believe that there is a body of cavalry in the world that can keep in sight of a raiding party of Apaches, after they have plundered a few ranches, and provided themselves with several spare horses to the man.

The treatment of the army by the government in Indian affairs is both discouraging and unjust. Let us assume for the moment that the various Indian tribes are really nations, possessing treaty power,—the power to declare war and to make peace. One of these nations makes war on the United States. Both powers put their forces into the field. The Indians utterly disregard all the laws of civilized warfare. There is no such thing as an exchange of prisoners. If a wounded soldier falls into their hands, he is invariably put to death, after being subjected to the most cruel and savage tortures which it is possible to invent,—and the originality and ingenuity of the Indian in this respect is vast and varied. In short, they fight under the black flag.

Now, one of the most firmly established rules of international law is that known as the *lex talionis*, the law of retaliation. This principle, applied to the treatment of prisoners, demands that they be treated with like consideration by both contending parties. If your enemy murders his prisoners, as a simple act of self-defense you are bound to retaliate by putting to death an equal

number of your prisoners. To fail to do this is not only encouraging him in his atrocities, but it is an injustice to the men whom you send to fight him.

The Indian invariably makes a rigorous application of this law in his wars with other tribes, and he fully appreciates the great advantage which he possesses over an enemy who persistently declines to apply it to his own protection. I have talked with several Apaches on the subject, and they have expressed surprise, not unmixed with contempt, at our policy of non-retaliation.

Now let us look at the position of the soldier in his relations with the hostile Indian.

Every officer of the army, before he receives his commission, is supposed to be instructed in international law and the laws of war. He makes the acquaintance of the *lex talionis*, and reads General Orders No. 100 of 1863, being the rules for the government of the armies of the United States in the field, compiled by Francis Lieber, LL. D., a manual still in force with us, and which is considered so able a treatise on the subject that it has been translated and adopted by nearly every civilized nation. Note the following extracts from General Orders No. 100:—

Article 27. "The law of war can no more wholly dispense with retaliation than can the law of nations, of which it is a branch. Yet civilized nations regard retaliation as the sternest feature of war. A reckless enemy often leaves his opponent no other means of securing himself against the repetition of barbarous outrage."

Article 59. . . . "All prisoners of war are liable to the infliction of retaliatory measures."

Article 62. "All troops of the enemy, known or discovered to give no quarter in general or to any portion of the army, receive none."

After learning his lesson from books, the young officer passes his examination,

receives his appointment, and is assigned to a regiment in the West. Let us suppose that, in the course of time, he is ordered to take part in an expedition against hostile Indians. In following the trail of the war-party, he sees burned ranches, and the mutilated corpses of men, women, and children. During the campaign there is a brush with the enemy. The advance guard comes upon them strongly posted among the rocks. A skirmish line is deployed, and their position attacked. During the encounter several soldiers are wounded, and that part of the line, being hotly pressed, gives way before reinforcements can come up. The Indians rush down and carry off the wounded men. Meanwhile, the whole command has come up and been deployed for action. The Indians beat a hasty retreat, and night stops the pursuit.

The next day the young lieutenant comes upon the remains of the captured men. They have been staked out upon their backs, and hundreds of small pieces of wood, sharpened at one end, have been stuck into their flesh. The bits of wood have then been lighted and allowed to burn until they have extinguished themselves in the victims' blood. The charred bodies are buried, and the command moves on.

At last, after hundreds of miles of marching, some of the Indians are captured. They are brought into camp, and turned over to the commanding officer.

Now, thinks the young officer, if ever there was an occasion that justified the prompt application of the *lex talionis*, and Articles 27, 59, and 62 of General Orders No. 100, it is here. In breathless interest he approaches the commanding officer, who sends for the officer of the day, who comes up and salutes. The commander says, "Sir, you will take charge of these prisoners, and place over them a strong guard in the centre of the camp. First, you will

take every precaution to prevent their escape; second, you will see that none of the guides, scouts, or frontiersmen with the command approach within a hundred paces of them, for some of these men have had friends and relations killed by these very Indians, and I fear that the sight of the murderers of their people may so inflame their grief and resentment that they will attempt to kill them while in my keeping. This I am determined to prevent. You will notify the command that any person offering violence to the prisoners will be promptly and severely punished. That is all, sir."

The young officer is immensely surprised at these instructions. He had expected to bear the order for the execution of the prisoners. He had even gone so far as to make surmises on the probability of his having command of the firing party. But when he hears careful directions given for their safe preservation, his astonishment is so great that he even ventures to interrogate his commanding officer on the subject. "Sir," he says, "will not these prisoners be either hanged or shot, in retaliation for the atrocities which they have committed on citizens and prisoners?"

The commanding officer turns and regards in silence his interrogator for some seconds, while his surprise at the question and the earnest manner of him who puts it gives way to an appreciation of the fact that this is the youngest lieutenant in the regiment, that it is his first campaign, that he is fresh from theories, books, and orders, that he knows little of the practical methods of handling the Indian question on the frontier, and that he does not yet appreciate the difference that often exists between the national statutes and the national practice. Then he says, gravely and kindly, "Young man, I would rather go through a dozen Indian fights than kill one of those prisoners."

"But, sir," says the lieutenant, "of what force, then, are the *lex talionis*, and Articles" —

"I know all that," interrupts the commanding officer. "They are in the books; but the sentiment of the East will not stand it. If I should retaliate on these prisoners, I should expect to be ignominiously relieved from my command, and perhaps never get another. I should in all probability be either court-martialed, or investigated by a committee of Congress. The Eastern press would denounce me as an assassin and a monster of cruelty. I am now a major, after twenty-five years of hard service in the late war and on the frontier. In a short time I expect my promotion as lieutenant-colonel. But if I followed your very just and natural suggestion I should be so reviled by the press that my confirmation by the Senate would probably be contested and defeated, and my career would be blasted in the profession to which I have devoted my life. An officer must regard the dominant prejudices of the day as well as the laws of war and General Orders. We serve in the people's army, and we must be careful of their feelings. I might tell you more than one incident in the lives of officers whom I have known, who have acted in the manner indicated by the International Code and the Orders you quote with just such a result, — an interrupted career, popular indignation, obloquy."

After vouchsafing this explanation the older officer turns away, leaving the lieutenant to reflect on the intricacies of the profession of arms and the complicated nature of the Indian problem, both of which he had considered as very simple, and entirely mastered by himself, when he joined his regiment six months ago.

The main body of the hostiles soon dissolves into small parties, which, scattering in the mountains, leave behind such slight trails that pursuit is imprac-

ticable. The command of soldiers then breaks up, and the various companies return to their garrisons. Our young officer watches with interest the fate of the prisoners. They are sent to the nearest post, where they are kept under guard, each receiving the daily ration of a soldier. Finally, they are formally turned over to their agent. Just what he does with them is a mystery. Probably he administers a severe lecture. Possibly he grants them pardon and absolution. At all events, they are soon at liberty on the reservation, enjoying the pleasures of camp life and government rations, and receiving the same treatment as the Indians who have spent the summer peacefully at home.

Perhaps some readers will say that this is merely a romance. But every incident in my hypothetical case has been repeatedly true in the lives of many officers now in the service. Indeed, most of it is my own experience in the campaign against the Bannocks, in 1878.

The experience of the civilized world shows conclusively that in extreme cases capital punishment is a just, necessary, and eventually a humane expedient. It acts as a protection to the good, and as a restraint upon the bad members of society. On the same principle, any reflecting person will appreciate how terribly our system of dealing with our wild Indians is in need of an act of Congress, or an order from the President or Secretary of War, reviving and enforcing the law of retaliation in Indian wars. Such an order would have a civilizing and humanizing effect upon the Indian himself, for it would deprive him of a great temptation to indulge his savage proclivities for torturing and murdering his prisoners, — the knowledge that he can do so with impunity. It is also nothing more than an act of simple justice and humanity towards our army, in its struggles with a barbarous foe, to allow it to protect itself against

his nameless atrocities by taking advantage of this natural and fundamental law.

THE GOVERNMENT.

In reflecting on that lawless and bloody chaos known as our Indian policy, now existing over a large portion of our frontier, the unprejudiced observer will be struck with the fact that the government and the nation owe themselves, the Indian, and humanity a solemn debt, — a debt until now almost entirely unpaid. If public sentiment has now brought sufficient pressure to bear to cause the government to really desire to abandon its long-continued practice of applying ineffectual means to solve a great problem, then it must promptly and vigorously do two things :

First, enact an Indian code, establish Indian courts, and enforce their judgments by a machinery of law especially adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the case.

Second, give the Indians land in severalty, and encourage them to become self-supporting, independent farmers. If, after allowing them a fair trial, they will not work, then punish them under the Indian code as vagrants, having no visible means of support.

The condition as regards laws and morals on the San Carlos reservation I can best illustrate by two incidents.

The Apaches make from fermented corn a liquor called by them *tizwin*. By a judicious use of this, after from one to two days' fasting, they can get very drunk. *Tizwin* is to them what whiskey is to the white man. One Sunday in August of 1882, a report was brought into Fort Apache that there was a *tizwin* party and fight in progress among some Indians in camp across the river from the fort. The commanding officer, fearing that some of the Indian scouts belonging to the post, and hence temporarily under his jurisdiction, might be involved, ordered that the combatants should be brought to him. The guard

found lying around a blanket, strewn with cards and red and white beans, one Indian alive and unhurt, another dead, with a ball through his heart, and two more rapidly bleeding to death from several deep cuts which they had mutually dealt each other. These were the remains of an Apache *tizwin* and card party.

The living man was brought to the commanding officer, who asked him if he had killed a man in the camp across the river. The Indian answered that he had. The commanding officer then asked if he did not know that he had committed a great crime, and that he was a bad Indian, to which he laughingly replied, "No, no. I not a bad Indian. I play cards with boy. He lose. He lose more. He no money — he no pay — he no good. So I kill him. That's all right."

The commanding officer, perceiving that the Indian was too drunk to be safely left at liberty, ordered him to be confined in the guard-house. The next morning, after he was perfectly sober, he was released, and ordered to leave the post. The commanding officer had no right to keep him in the guard-house after he ceased to be a dangerous person by reason of his intoxication. Had he been sent to the agent at San Carlos, still there would have been no law under which to proceed against him. Or had the agent delivered him over to his chief, to be punished according to tribal law, the chief would have considered a murder over cards as a purely personal matter, and have taken no notice of it. So much for tribal government among the Apaches.

Again, I know an Indian named Chappo, who deliberately killed his own father, and received as the price of this most unnatural crime ten cartridges. Both the Indian and the crime are well known in Arizona. But there is no law to reach such cases. Perhaps Chappo's chief considered the laborer worthy of

his hire. And so the matter ended in Apache ethics.

When we know the recklessness with which Indians kill each other, can we wonder at the levity with which they sometimes kill white men?

I quote the facts concerning the major crime of murder. The same deplorable state of affairs exists in regard to lesser crimes and misdemeanors. In view of this, no humane and just man can deny the immediate necessity of putting them under the restraint and protection of a code of laws. This code should be administered by a judge appointed by the President, for they are not sufficiently advanced to appreciate the jury system.

The next step is to do away with the ration system, and make the Indian self-supporting. The practice of issuing rations, though seemingly charitable and humane, is in the end demoralizing and degrading to the last degree. To be self-supporting under the conditions of our civilization, he must be a farmer. To be a farmer, he must have land; and to feel any security in the permanence of his condition, or any hearty interest in his work, the land must belong to him. To this it may be objected that he is not sufficiently advanced to have land in severalty. This is true. But if we wait for him to advance by nature's slow process from the condition of the huntsman to that of the husbandman, he will be exterminated long before he is ready for his land.

In looking to the ultimate settlement of the Indian question, it is practically useless to set aside a reservation for a tribe. Such acts are merely temporary. We know, and the Indian knows, that the government has been, and probably will continue to be, powerless to insure any tribe in the peaceful possession of a reservation after white settlers have once determined to take it for farms. But if the titles were in severalty, instead of tribal, as now, and could not

be conveyed within the period of ninety-nine years, it is possible that each Indian might then be able to hold enough land on which to earn his living.

Look at the history of the Delawares, at peace with us since Braddock's defeat, in 1755, many of them our allies in the Revolution. Yet they have been pushed across the country from Pittsburgh to the Indian Territory, and in their retreat have had five separate reservations "solemnly secured to them forever."

Many of the Indians at San Carlos are anxious to become independent by farming. But to raise anything on their land, irrigating ditches are necessary; and to construct an irrigating ditch requires much labor and some slight knowledge of engineering. An officer, who once acted as agent for a short time, told me a pathetic story of a tribe—I think the Chiracalmes—who have furnished so many murders of late. They went to work, under a medicine man as engineer, to make a ditch to irrigate some land upon which to raise corn and vegetables. They worked hard for several weeks, but when their work was done the water did not flow into the head of their ditch by three feet. Their engineer's calculations were at fault, and their labor was lost. It is probable that their disappointment at the failure of their laudable endeavor resulted in several raids on neighboring ranches. If the government gives these Indians land, and encourages farming, it should also construct the irrigating ditches for them. The saving in rations would in a short time more than pay for the ditches.

So much for the peaceable Indian with his laws and his lands.

Now for a method of dealing with the bad Indians.

The code which I contemplate would punish major crimes—murder, rape, arson—with death, and lesser offenses with fine and imprisonment. Leaving

the limits of the reservation would for a long time have to be regarded as a serious misdemeanor. The public safety in the West imperatively demands this restriction, at least in regard to the Apaches. To make the system practicable, it would be well to introduce a feature of the French law. In France, in all prosecutions for offenses except those punishable with death or imprisonment for life, it is not necessary that the offender be present at his trial. He is indicted and notified that on a certain day he will be tried for a certain offense. If he sees fit to flee the country, the trial proceeds without him. The witnesses are called and testify, the case is thoroughly investigated, and finally the sentence is duly pronounced and recorded. This may strike the American mind very unfavorably; yet if France, one of the foremost civilized nations, adopts this method of procedure in her courts, we may certainly afford to use it, at least for a time, in enforcing the laws with our criminal Indians. The judge must have ample powers to employ posses to enforce the sentences of his court; otherwise, the law will promptly fall into contempt. There is nothing which seems more despicable to the Indian than weakness or failure in any endeavor.

The law thus equipped is ready to deal with offending Apaches. When an Indian has been tried and convicted, if he is not present to receive his sentence, the judge should have authority to send in pursuit of him several posses from tribes other than that of the criminal. In cases where the sentence is death, they will be authorized to deliver the culprit dead or alive at the agency. In other cases, he must be brought in

alive, and no undue severity used in his arrest. It will be left to the discretion of the judge to determine in what extreme cases to employ the expedient of trial in the absence of the prisoner. The posse, consisting of five or six Indians, who capture the absconding criminal should be paid one thousand dollars. This would be about a just remuneration. Some statistician has worked out the problem, and asserts that every Indian killed on the war-path, with our present methods, costs the government \$100,000, not counting the lives of citizens and soldiers constantly lost. If these figures are correct, here is a murderer brought to justice, society avenged, and the law vindicated at a saving to the government of \$99,000.

It may be claimed that this is an autocratic measure. In some respects it is, when regarded by the Anglo-Saxon mind, resting its ideas of legal procedure and personal privilege on *Magna Charta* and the Bill of Rights. But it must be remembered that our wild Indians are to-day distant at least a thousand years from even the threshold of these great ideas of civil organization and personal liberty. It is the height of folly to attempt to apply our riper institutions to his crude morality. If we give him a code, we must shape it to fit his requirements.

This solution of the problem makes the Indian a person before the law, which at present he is not, any more than is the buffalo or the wolf. It gives him a code to protect and restrain him. It gives him land and a home, and makes it possible for him to become the independent, self-supporting, productive, and useful rear-guard of our civilization.

Robert K. Evans.

ON THE BENEFITS OF SUPERSTITION.

"WE in England," says Mr. Kinglake, "are scarcely sufficiently conscious of the great debt we owe to the wise and watchful press which presides over the formation of our opinions, and which brings about this splendid result, namely, that in matters of belief the humblest of us are lifted up to the level of the most sagacious; so that really a simple cornet in the Blues is no more likely to entertain a foolish belief in ghosts, or witchcraft, or any other supernatural topic, than the Lord High Chancellor or the leader of the House of Commons." This delicate sarcasm, delivered with all the author's habitual serenity of mind, is quoted by Mr. Ruskin in his *Art of England*; assentingly, indeed, but with a half-concealed dismay that any one could find it in his heart to be funny upon such a distressing subject. When he, Mr. Ruskin, hurls his satiric shafts against the spirit of modern skepticism, the points are touched with caustic, and betray a keen impatience darkening quickly into wrath. Is it not bad enough that we ride in steam-cars instead of post-chaises, live amid brick houses instead of green fields, and pass by some of the "most accomplished pictures in the world" to stare gaping at the last new machine, with its network of slow-revolving, wicked-looking wheels? If in addition to these too prominent faults, we are going to frown down the old appealing superstitions, and threaten them, like naughty children, with the corrective discipline of scientific research, he very properly turns his back upon us forever, and distinctly says he has no further message for our ears.

Let us rather, then, approach the subject with the invaluable humility of Don Bernal Dias del Castillo, that gallant soldier who followed the fortunes of Cortés into Mexico, and afterwards

penned the *Historia Verdadera*, an ingenuous narrative of their discoveries, their hardships, and their many battles. In one of these, it seems, the blessed Saint Iago appeared in the thickest of the fray, mounted on a snow-white charger, leading his beloved Spaniards to victory. Now the *conquistador* freely admits that he himself did not behold the saint: on the contrary, what he *did* see in that particular spot was a cavalier named Francisco de Morla, riding on a chestnut horse. But does he, on that account, puff himself up with pride, and declare that his more fortunate comrades were mistaken? By no means! He is as firmly convinced of the presence of the vision as if it had been apparent to his eyes, and with admirable modesty lays all the blame upon his own unworthiness. "Sinner that I am!" he exclaims devoutly, "why should I have been permitted to behold the blessed apostle?" In the same spirit honest Peter Walker strained his sight in vain for a glimpse of the ghostly armies that crossed the Clyde in the summer of 1686, and, seeing nothing, was content to believe in them, all the same, on the testimony of his neighbors.

Sir Walter Scott, who appears to have wasted a good deal of time in trying to persuade himself that he put no faith in spirits, confesses quite humbly, in his old age, that "the tendency to belief in supernatural agencies seems connected with and deduced from the invaluable conviction of the certainty of a future state." And beyond a doubt this tendency was throughout his life the source of many pleasurable emotions. So much so, in fact, that, according to Mr. Pater's theory of happiness, the loss of these emotions, bred in him from childhood, would have been very inadequately repaid by a gain in scientific knowl-

edge. If it be the true wisdom to direct our finest efforts towards multiplying our sensations, and so expanding the brief interval we call life, then the old unquestioning credulity was a more powerful motor in human happiness than any sentiment that fills its ground to-day. In the first place, it was closely associated with certain types of beauty, and beauty is one of the tonics now most earnestly recommended to our sick souls. "Les fions d'aut fais" were charming to the very tips of their dewy, trembling wings; the elfin people, who danced in the forest glades under the white moonbeams, danced their way without any difficulty right into the hearts of men; the swan-maiden, who ventured shyly in the fisher's path, was easily transformed into a loving wife; even the mara, most suspicious and terrible of ghostly visitors, has often laid aside her darker instincts, and developed into a cheerful spouse, with only a tinge of mystery to make her more attractive in her husband's eyes. Melusina combing her golden hair by the bubbling fountain of Lusignan, Undine playing in the rain-drenched forest, the nixie dancing at the village feast with her handsome Flemish lad, and the mermaid reluctantly leaving her watery home to wed the youth who captured her magic seal-skin, all belong to the sisterhood of beauty, and their images did good service in raising the vulgar mind from its enforced contemplation of the sordid troubles, the droning vexations, of life.

Next, the happy believers in the supernatural owed to their simplicity delicious throbs of fear, — not craven cowardice, but that more refined and complex feeling, which is of all sensations the most enthralling, the most elusive, and the most impossible to define. Fear, like other treacherous gifts, must be handled with discrimination: a thought too much, and we are brutalized and degraded; but within certain limits it enhances all the pleasures of life. When

Captain Forsyth stood behind the tree, that sultry summer morning, and saw the tigress step softly through the long jungle grass, and the affrighted monkeys swing chattering overhead, there must have come upon him that sensation of awe which alone makes courage possible.¹ He knew that his life hung trembling in the balance, that all depended upon the first shot he fired. He respected, as a sane man would, the mighty strength of his antagonist, her graceful limbs instinct with power, her cruel eyes blinking in the yellow dawn. And born of the fear which stirred but could not conquer him came the keen transport of the hunter, who feels that one such supremely heroic moment is worth a year of ordinary life. Without that dread, not only would the joy be lessened, and the glad rebound from danger to a sense of safety lost forever, but the disciplined and manly courage of the English soldier would degenerate into a mere brutish audacity, hardly above the level of the beast he slays.

In children this delicate emotion of fear, growing out of their dependent condition, gives dignity and meaning to their courage when they are brave, and a delicious zest to their youthful delinquencies. Gray, in his chilly and melancholy manhood, years after he has resigned himself to never again being "either dirty or amused" as long as he lives, goes back like a flash to the unlawful delight of a schoolboy's stolen freedom: —

"Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy."

And who that has ever watched a party of children, listening with bright eyes and parted lips to some weird, uncanny legend, — like that group of little girls, for instance, in Mr. Charles Gregory's picture *Tales and Wonders*, — can doubt for a moment the "fearful joy" that ter-

¹ The Highlands of Central India. By Captain James Forsyth.

ror lends them? Nowadays, it is true, their youthful ears are but too well guarded from such indiscretions until they are old enough to scoff at all fantastic folly, and the age at which they learn to scoff is one of the most astonishing things about our modern progress. They have ceased to read fairy stories, because they no longer believe in fairies; they find Hans Andersen silly, and the Arabian Nights stupid; and the very babies, "skeptics in long-coats," scorn you openly if you venture to hint at Santa Claus. "What did Kriss Kringle bring you this Christmas?" I rashly asked a tiny mite of a girl; and her answer was as emphatic as Betsey Prig's, when, with folded arms and a contemptuous mien, she let fall the ever memorable words, "I don't believe there's no sich a person."

Yet the supernatural, provided it be not too horrible, is legitimate food for a child's mind, nourishes its imagination, inspires a healthy awe, and is death to that precocious pedantry which is the least pleasing trait that children are wont to manifest. While few are willing to go as far as Mr. Ruskin, who, having himself been brought up on fairy legends, confesses that his "first impulse would be to insist upon every story we tell to a child being untrue, and every scene we paint for it impossible," yet a fair proportion of the untrue and the impossible should enter into its education, and it should be left to the enjoyment of them as long as may be. Those of us who have been happy enough to believe that salamanders basked in the fire and mermaids swam in the deeps, that were-wolves roamed in the forests and witches rode in the storm, are richer by all these unfading pictures and unforgettotten memories than our more scrupulously reared neighbors. And what if we could give such things the semblance of reality once more, — could set foot in spirit within the enchanted forest of Broceliande, and enjoy the tempestuous gusts of fear that shook the

heart-strings of the Breton peasant, as the great trees drew their mysterious shadows above his head? On either side lurk shadowy forms of elf and fairy, half hidden by the swelling trunks; the wind whispers in the heavy boughs, and he hears their low, malicious laughter; the dry leaves rustle beneath his feet, — he knows their stealthy steps are close behind; a broken twig falls on his shoulder, and he starts trembling, for unseen hands have touched him. Around his neck hang a silver medal of Our Lady and a bit of ash wood given him by a wise woman, whom many believe a witch; thus is he doubly guarded from the powers of evil. Beyond the forest lies the open path, where wife and children stand waiting by the cottage door. He is a brave man to wander in the gloaming, and if he reaches home there will be much to tell of all that he has seen and felt. Should he be devoured by wolves, however, — and there is always this prosaic danger to be apprehended, — then his comrades will relate how he left them and went alone into the haunted woods, and his sorrowing widow will know that the fairies have carried him away, or turned him into stone. And the wise woman, reproached, perhaps, for the impotence of her charms, will say how with her own aged eyes she has three times seen Kourigan, Death's elder brother, flitting before the doomed man, and knew that his fate was sealed. So while fresh tales of mystery cluster round his name, and his children breathe them in trembling whispers by the fire-side, their mother will wait hopefully for the spell to be broken, and the lost given back to her arms; until Pierrot, the charcoal-burner, persuades her that a stone remains a stone until the Judgment Day, and that in the mean time his own hut by the kiln is empty, and he needs a wife.

But superstition, it is claimed, begets cruelty, and cruelty is a vice now most rigorously frowned down by polite so-

ciety. Daring spirits like Mr. Besant may still urge its claims upon our reluctant consideration, Mr. Andrew Lang may pronounce it an essential element of humor, or a purely speculative genius like Mr. Pater may venture to show how adroitly it can be used as a help to religious sentiment; but every age has pet vices of its own, and, being singularly intolerant of those it has discarded, is not inclined to listen to any arguments in their favor. Superstition burned old women for witches, dotards for warlocks, and idiots for were-wolves; but in its gentler aspect it often threw a veil of charity over both man and beast. The Greek rustic, who found a water-newt wriggling in his gourd, tossed the little creature back into the stream, remembering that it was the unfortunate Ascalaphus, whom the wrath of Demeter had consigned to this loathsome doom. The mediæval housewife, when startled by a gaunt wolf gazing through her kitchen window, bethought her that this might be her lost husband, roaming helpless and bewitched, and so gave the starving creature food.

"O was it war-wolf in the wood?
Or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man, or vile woman,
My ain true love, that misshaped thee?"

The West Indian negress still bestows chicken-soup instead of scalding water on the invading army of black ants, believing that if kindly treated they will show their gratitude in the only way that ants can manifest it, — by taking their departure.

Granted that in these acts of gentleness there are traces of fear and self-consideration; but who shall say that all our good deeds are not built up on some such trestle-work of foibles? "*La vertu n'iroit pas si loin, si la vanité ne lui tenoit pas compagnie.*" And what universal politeness has been fostered by the terror that superstition breeds, what delicate euphemisms containing the very soul of courtesy! Consider the

Greeks, who christened the dread furies "Eumenides," or "gracious ones;" the Scotch, who warily spoke of the devil as the "good man," lest his sharp ears should catch a more unflattering title; the Dyak, who respectfully mentions the small-pox as "the chief;" the East Indian, who calls the tiger "lord" or "grandfather;" and the Laplander, who gracefully alludes to the white bear as "the fur-clad one," and then realize what perfection of breeding was involved in what we are wont to call ignorant credulity.

Again, in the stress of modern life, how little room is left for that most comfortable vanity which whispers in our ears that failures are not faults! Now we are taught from infancy that we must rise or fall upon our own merits; that vigilance wins success, and incapacity means ruin. But before the world had grown so pitilessly logical there was no lack of excuses for the defeated, and of unflattering comments for the strong. Did some shrewd Cornish miner open a rich vein of ore, then it was apparent to his fellow-toilers that the knackers had been at work, leading him on by their mysterious tapping to this more fruitful field. But let him proceed warily, for the knacker, like its German brother, the kobold, is but a capricious sprite, and some day may beguile him into a mysterious passage or long-forgotten chamber in the mine, whence he shall never more return. His bones will whiten in their prison, while his spirit, wandering restlessly among the subterranean corridors, will be heard on Christmas Eve, hammering wearily away till the gray dawn brightens in the east. Or did some prosperous farmer save his crop while his neighbors' corn was blighted, and raise upon his small estate more than their broader acres could be forced to yield, there was no opportunity afforded him for pride or self-congratulation. Only the witch's art could bring about

such strange results, and the same sorceries that had aided him had, doubtless, been the ruin of his friends. He was a lucky man if their indignation went no further than muttered phrases and averted heads. Does not Pliny tell us the story of Caius Furius Cresinus, whose heavy crops awoke such mingled anger and suspicion in his neighbors' hearts that he was accused in the courts of conjuring their grain and fruit into his own scanty ground? If a woman aspired to be neater than her gossips, or to spin more wool than they were able to display, it was only because the pixies labored for her at night; turning her wheel briskly in the moonlight, splitting the wood, and drawing the water, while she drowsed idly in her bed.

"And every night the pixies good
Drive round the wheel with sound subdued,
And leave—in this they never fail—
A silver penny in the pail."

Even to the clergy this engaging theory brought its consolations. When the Reverend Lucas Jacobson Debes, pastor of Thorshaven in 1670, found that his congregation was growing slim, he was not forced, in bitterness of spirit, to ask himself were his sermons dull, but promptly laid all the blame upon the *biergen-trold*, the spectres of the mountains, whom he angrily accused, in a lengthy homily, of disturbing his flock, and even pushing their discourtesy so far as to carry them off bodily before his discourse was completed.

Indeed, it is to the clergy that we are indebted for much interesting information concerning the habits of goblins, witches, and gnomes. The Reverend Robert Kirke, of Aberfoyle, Perthshire, divided his literary labors impartially between a translation of the Psalms into Gaelic verse and an elaborate treatise on the "Subterranean and for the most part Invisible People, heretofore going under the name of Elves, Faunes, and Fairies, or the like," which was printed, with the author's name attached, in

1691. Here, unsullied by any taint of skepticism, we have an array of curious facts that would suggest the closest intimacy between the rector and the "Invisible People," who at any rate concealed nothing from *his* eyes. He tells us gravely that they marry, have children, die, and are buried, very much like ordinary mortals; that they are inveterate thieves, stealing everything, from the milk in the dairy to the baby lying on its mother's breast; that they can fire their elfin arrow-heads so adroitly that the weapon penetrates to the heart without breaking the skin, and he himself has seen animals wounded in this manner; that iron in any shape or form is a terror to them, not for the same reason that Solomon disliked it, but on account of the proximity of the great iron mines to the place of eternal punishment; and—strangest of all—that they can read and write, and have extensive libraries, where light and toyish books alternate with ponderous volumes on abstruse mystical subjects. Only the Bible may not be found among them.

How Mr. Kirke acquired all these particulars—whether, like John Dietrich, he lived in the Elfin Mound and grew wise on elfin wisdom, or whether he adopted a less laborious and secluded method—does not transpire. But one thing is certain: he was destined to pay a heavy price for his unhallowed knowledge. The fairies, justly irritated at such an open revelation of their secrets, revenged themselves signally by carrying off the offender, and imprisoning him beneath the *dun-shi*, or goblin hill, where he has since had ample opportunity to pursue his investigations. It is true, his parishioners supposed he had died of apoplexy, and under that impression buried him in Aberfoyle churchyard; but his successor, the Rev. Dr. Grahame, informs us of the wide-spread belief concerning his true fate. An effort was even made to rescue him from his captivity, but it failed through the

neglect of a kinsman, Grahame of Du-chray; and Robert Kirke, like Thomas of Ercildoune and the three miners of the Kuttentberg, still "drees his weird" in the enchanted halls of elfland.

When the unfortunate witches of Warbois were condemned to death, on the testimony of the Throgmorton children, Sir Samuel Cromwell, as lord of the manor, received forty pounds out of their estate; which sum he turned into a rent-charge of forty shillings yearly, for the endowment of an annual lecture on witchcraft, to be preached by a doctor or bachelor of divinity, of Queen's College, Cambridge. Thus he provided for his tenants a good sound church doctrine on this interesting subject, and we may rest assured that the sermons were far from quieting their fears, or lulling them into a skeptical indifference. Indeed, more imposing names than Sir Samuel Cromwell's appear in the lists to do battle for cherished superstitions. Did not the devout and conscientious Baxter firmly believe in the powers of witches, especially after "hearing their sad confessions;" and was not the gentle and learned Addison more than half disposed to believe in them, too? Does not Bacon avow that a "well-regulated" astrology might become the medium of many beneficial truths; and did not the scholarly Dominican, Stephen of Lusignan, expand the legend of Melusina into so noble a history, that the great houses of Luxembourg, Rohan, and Sassenaye altered their pedigrees, so as to claim descent from that illustrious nymph? Even the Emperor Henry VII. was as proud of his fishy ancestress as was Godfrey de Bouillon of his mysterious grandsire, Helias, the Knight of the Swan, better known to us as the Lohengrin of Wagner's opera; while among more modest annals appear the families of Fantome and Dobie, each bearing a goblin on their crest, in witness of their claim to some shadowy supernatural kinship.

There is often a marked contrast between the same superstition as developed in different countries, and in the same elfin folk, who please or terrify us according to the gay or serious bent of their mortal interpreters. While the Keltic ourisk is bright and friendly, with a tinge of malice and a strong propensity to blunder, the English brownie is a more clever and audacious sprite, the Scottish bogle a sombre and dangerous acquaintance, and the Dutch Hudikin an ungainly counterpart of Puck, with hardly a redeeming quality, save a lumbering fashion of telling the truth when it is least expected. It was Hudikin who foretold the murder of James I. of Scotland; though why he should have left the dikes of Holland for the bleak Highland hills it is hard to say, more especially as there were murders enough at home to keep him as busy as Cassandra. So, too, when the English witches rode up the chimney and through the storm-gusts to their unhallowed meetings, they apparently confined their attention to the business in hand, having perhaps enough to occupy them in managing their broomstick steeds. But when the Scottish hags cried, "Horse and haddock in the devil's name!" and rushed fiercely through the tempestuous night, the unlucky traveler crossed himself and trembled, lest in very wantonness they aim their magic arrows at his heart. Isobel Gowdie confessed at her trial to having fired in this manner at the Laird of the Park, as he rode through a ford; but the influence of the running water turned her dart aside, and she was soundly cuffed by Bessie Hay, another witch, for her awkwardness in choosing such an unpropitious moment.¹ In one respect alone this evil sisterhood were all in harmony. By charms and spells they revenged themselves terribly on their enemies, and inflicted malicious injuries on their

¹ Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft. By Sir Walter Scott.

friends. It was as easy for them to sink a ship in mid-ocean as to dry the milk in a cow's udder, or to make a strong man pine away while his waxen image was consumed inch by inch on the witch's smouldering hearth.

This instinctive belief in evil spells is the essence, not of witchcraft only, but of every form of superstition, from the days of Thessalian magic to the brutish rites of the Louisiana Voodoo. It has brought to the scaffold women of gentle blood, like Janet Douglas, Lady Glamis, and to the stake visionary enthusiasts like Jeanne Darc. It confronts us from every page of history, it stares at us from the columns of the daily press. It has provided an outlet for fear, hope, love, and hatred, and a weapon for every passion that stirs the soul of man. It is equally at home in all parts of the world, and has entered freely into the religion, the traditions, and the folk-lore of all nations. Actæon flying as a stag from the pursuit of his own hounds; Circe's swinish captives groveling at their troughs; Björn turned into a bear through the malice of his stepmother, and hunted to death by his father, King Hring; the Swans of Lir floating mournfully on the icy waters of the Moyle; the *loup-garou* lurking in the forests of Brittany, and the *oborot* coursing over the Russian steppes; Merlin sleeping in the gloomy depths of Broceliande, and Raknar buried fifty fathoms below the coast of Helluland, are all alike the victims

"Of woven paces and of waving hands,"

whether the spell be cast by an outraged divinity, or by the cruel hand of a malignant foe.

In 1857, Mr. Newton discovered at Cnidos fragments of a buried and ruined chapel, sacred to Demeter and Persephone. In it were three marble figures of great beauty, some small votive images of baked earth, several bronze lamps, and a number of thin leaden rolls, pierced with holes for the con-

venience of hanging them around the chapel walls. On these rolls were inscribed the *diræ*, or spells, devoting some enemy to the infernal gods, and the motive for the suppliant's ill-will was given with great *naïveté* and earnestness. One woman binds another who has lured away her lover; a second, the enemy who has accused her of poisoning her husband; a third, the thief who has stolen her bracelet; a fourth, the man who has robbed her of a favorite drinking-horn; a fifth, the acquaintance who has failed to return a borrowed garment; and so on through a long list of grievances.¹ It is evident this form of prayer was quite a common occurrence, and, as combining a religious rite with a comfortable sense of retaliation, must have been exceptionally soothing to the worshiper's mind. Persephone was appeased and their own wrongs avenged by this simple act of devotion; but were it given to us now to inscribe, and by inscribing doom, all those who have borrowed and failed to return our books, we fear the halls of Tartarus would quickly overflow.

The saddest thing about these faded superstitions is that the very men who have studied them most accurately are often least susceptible to their charms. In their eagerness to trace back every myth to a common origin, and to prove, with or without reason, that they one and all arose from the observation of natural phenomena, too many writers either overlook entirely the beauty and meaning of the tale, or treat it with a contemptuous indifference very hard to understand. Mr. Baring-Gould, a most honorable exception to this evil rule, takes occasion now and then to deal some telling blows at the extravagant theorists who persist in maintaining that every tradition bears its significance on its surface, and who, following up their preconceived opinions, cruelly overtax

¹ The Myth of Demeter and Persephone. By Walter Pater.

the credulity of their readers. He himself has shown conclusively that many Aryan myths are but allegorical representations of natural forces; but in these cases the connection is always distinctly traced and easily understood. It is not hard for any of us to perceive the likeness between the worm Schamir, the hand of glory, and the lightning, when their peculiar properties are so much alike; or to behold in the Sleeping Beauty or Thorn-Rose the ice-bound earth slumbering through the long winter months, until the sun-god's kisses win her back to life and warmth. But when we are asked to believe that William Tell is the storm-cloud, with his arrow of lightning and his iris bow bent against the sun, which is resting like a coin or a golden apple on the edge of the horizon, we cannot but feel, with the author of *Curious Myths*, that a little too much is exacted from us. "I must protest," he says, "against the manner in which our German friends fasten rapaciously upon every atom of history, sacred and profane, and demonstrate all heroes to represent the sun; all villains to be the demons of night or winter; all sticks and spears and arrows to be the lightning; all cows and sheep and dragons and swans to be clouds."

But then it must be remembered that Mr. Baring-Gould is the most tolerant and catholic of writers, with hardly a hobby he can call his own. Sympathizing with the sad destruction of William Tell, he casts a lance in honor of Saint George against Reynolds and Gibbon, and manifests a lurking weakness for mermaids, divining-rods, and the Wandering Jew. He is to be congratulated on his early training, for he assures us he believed, on the testimony of his Devonshire nurse, that all Cornishmen had tails, until a Cornish bookseller stoutly denied the imputation, and enlightened his infant mind. He has the rare and happy faculty of writing upon all mythical subjects with grace, sym-

thy, and *vraisemblance*. Even when there can be no question of credulity either with himself or with his readers, he is yet content to write as though for the time he believes. Just as the author of *Obiter Dicta* advises us to lay aside our moral sense when we begin the memoirs of an attractive scamp, and to recall it carefully when we have finished, so Mr. Baring-Gould generously lays aside his enlightened skepticism when he undertakes to tell us about sirens and were-wolves, and remembers that he is of the nineteenth century only when his task is done.

This is precisely what Mr. John Fiske is unable or unwilling to accomplish. He cannot for a moment forget how much better he knows; and instead of an indulgent smile at the delightful follies of our ancestors, we detect here and there through his very valuable pages something unpleasantly like a sneer. "Where the modern calmly taps his forehead," explains Mr. Fiske, "and says, 'Arrested development!' the terrified ancient made the sign of the cross, and cried, 'Were-wolf!'"¹ Now a more disagreeable object than the "modern" tapping his forehead, like Dr. Blimber, and offering a sensible elucidation of every mystery, it would be hard to find. The ignorant peasant making his sign of the cross is not only more picturesque, but he is more companionable, — in books, at least, — and it is of far greater interest to try to realize how *he* felt when the specimen of "arrested development" stole past him in the shadow of the woods. There is, after all, a mysterious horror about the lame boy, — some impish changeling of evil parentage, foisted on hell, perhaps, as Nadir thrust his earth-born baby into heaven, — who every Midsummer Night and every Christmas Eve summoned the were-wolves to their secret meeting, whence they rushed ravenously over the German forests. The girdle of human

¹ Myths and Mythmakers.

skin, three finger-breadths wide, which wrought the transformation; the tell-tale hairs in the hollow of the hand which betrayed the wolfish nature; the fatality which doomed one of every seven sisters to this dreadful enchantment, and the trifling accidents which brought about the same undesirable result are so many handles by which we grasp the strange emotions that swayed the mediæval man. Jacque Roulet and Jean Grenier,¹ as mere maniacs and cannibals, fill every heart with disgust; but as were-wolves an awful mystery wraps them round, and the mind is distracted from pity for their victims to a fascinated consideration of their own tragic doom. A blood-thirsty idiot is an object that no one cares to think about; but a wolf-fiend, urged to deeds of violence by an impulse he cannot resist, is one of those ghastly creations that the folk-lore of every country has placed sharply and persistently before our startled eyes. Yet surely there is a touch of comedy in the story told by Van Hahn, of an unlucky freemason, who, having divulged the secrets of his order, was pursued across the Pyrenees by the master of his lodge in the form of a were-wolf, and escaped only by taking refuge in an empty cottage, and hiding under the bed.

"To us who are nourished from childhood," says Mr. Fiske again, "on the truths revealed by science, the sky is known to be merely an optical appearance, due to the partial absorption of the solar rays in passing through a thick stratum of atmospheric air; the clouds are known to be large masses of watery vapor, which descend in rain-drops when sufficiently condensed; and the lightning is known to be a flash of light accompanying an electric discharge." But the blue sky-sea of Aryan folk-lore, in which the cloud-flakes floated as stately swans, drew many an eye to the contemplation of its loveliness, and touched

many a heart with the sacred charm of beauty. On that mysterious sea strange vessels sailed from unknown shores, and once a mighty anchor was dropped by the sky mariners, and fell right into a little English graveyard, to the great amazement of the humble congregation just coming out from church. The sensation of freedom and space afforded by this conception of the heavens is a delicious contrast to the conceit of the Persian poet, —

"That inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die;"

or to the Semitic legend, which described the firmament as made of hammered plate, with little windows for rain, — a device so poor and barbaric that we wonder how any man could look up into the melting blue and admit so sordid a fancy into his soul.

"Scientific knowledge, even in the most modest men," confesses Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "has mingled with it something which partakes of insolence. Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind." Such an admission from so genial and kindly a source should suffice to put us all on the defensive. It is not agreeable to be bullied even upon those matters which are commonly classed as facts; but when we come to the misty region of dreams and myths and superstitions, let us remember, with Lamb, that "we do not know the laws of that country," and with him generously forbear to "set down our ancestors in the gross for fools." We have lost forever the fantasies that enriched them. Not for us are the pink and white lions that gamboled in the land of Prester John, nor his onyx floors, imparting courage to all who trod on them. Not for us the Terrestrial Paradise, with its "Welle of Youthe, whereat thei that drynken semen alle weys yongly, and lyven withouten sykeness;"² nor the Fortunate

¹ Book of Were-Wolves. By Baring-Gould.

² Travels of Sir John Mandeville.

Isles beyond the Western Sea, where
 spring was ever green, where youths
 and maidens danced hand in hand on
 the dewy grass, where the cows un-
 grudgingly gave milk enough to fill
 whole ponds instead of milking-pails,
 and where wizards and usurers could
 never hope to enter. The doors of
 these enchanted spots are closed upon
 us, and their key, like Excalibur, lies
 hidden where no hand can grasp it.

"The whole wide world is painted gray on
 gray,
 And Wonderland forever is gone past."

All we can do is to realize our loss
 with becoming modesty, and now and
 then cast back a wistful glance

"where underneath
 The shelter of the quaint kiosk, there sigh
 A troupe of Fancy's little China Dolls,
 Who dream and dream, with damask round their
 loins,
 And in their hands a golden tulip flower."

Agnes Repplier.

ENDYMION.

How slowly falls yon sickle from on high
 Through evening's silent sky,
 Flashing a splendor from its curv'd blade
 On the low-lying shade!

Now in and out the narrow cloud that bars
 Its pathway from the stars
 It slips, and with a golden glory shines,
 Nearing the mountain lines.

Nay, 't is no sickle which some unseen hand
 Lets fall upon the land;
 It is the jewel of a lady's crown,
 As she steps lightly down.

Night after night, down the aerial stair
 She stealeth unaware;
 Leaving the empire which she rules above,
 And all her state, for love.

Behold, her feet have touched the rocky steeps
 Where the young shepherd sleeps,
 And larger burns her jewel as she moves
 In search of him she loves.

And now it fades, and glimmers, and is gone.
 Happy Endymion!
 While here the world in sudden shadow lies,
 She bends above his eyes.

Samuel V. Cole.

SIX VISIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

I.

FROM MRS. MARGARET ETHERIDGE MAYNARD
(OF NEW YORK CITY) TO MRS. RUFUS HILL,
ANDOVER, MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, *February 22.*

YOUR letter, my dear friend, has just arrived, and I *instantly* sit down to give you my frankest opinions of St. Augustine. In the first place, the climate is most disagreeable. I know they tell you it is n't, but it seems to be a principle of the Floridians not to tell the truth. The main industry of the State is deceiving strangers. You read in the newspapers of the weather we found last month. I thought we should perish. My room had a fireplace, and Rawdon's had a stove — which smoked. My dear, I had to sit wrapped up in furs, with my feet on the hot-water bag, feeling, for all the world, just like the Greeley party. There was not a sign of steam, or furnace, or any other kind of warmth, except stoves and fireplaces, in the house, and the halls were like Greenland: I always had to put on my bonnet and cloak to go down to the parlor.

Well, their oranges are all frozen, and I think most of the trees are gone, too, though they pretend they are not. And you need not think you will get lovely tropical fruit, for you *won't*, — nothing but oranges, and they are either stale (picked before the frost) or half frozen. They are rank poison; but what do these greedy Augustines care that we are losing our health, eating their pestilential fruit? I expected to revel in delicious figs, dates, bananas, Japan plums, pineapples, alligator pears, guavas, and all the other things those romancers that write the Florida circulars pretend you are going to have in a "semi-tropical climate." I even had

visions of eating bread-fruit. One man said it grew in Florida, and I thought it might as well grow in St. Augustine as anywhere else. Well, my dear, there is nothing, nothing in this wicked world but *poor* oranges. Sometimes, it is true, for a *few* days, you can get some mean, green little Nassau bananas, and once *two* pineapples strayed over from the same place. I saw some cocoa-nuts in the pod (I suppose they call it a pod; if they don't, they ought to), and I asked the man if they were fresh. He said, "Well, yes 'm, *pretty* fresh. I got 'em 'bout two months ago. They ain't for eating, exactly; strangers like to take 'em home to show." There's the list, unless you call peanuts fruit. And I think it perfectly ridiculous!

But to return to the climate: *all* January was *horrid*. After the cold we had weeks of rain and fog. There is a great deal of fog here, and a great deal of rain; and when it is n't rainy or foggy the wind blows a gale. I really never saw such a *tempestuous* place. It goes without saying that you can't walk. My dear Helen, don't delude yourself with any notion of walking *here*! Figure to yourself streets without a vestige of sidewalk, unless you choose to call a little ragged, humpy ruin of concrete, about a foot wide, a vestige. It certainly is n't anything else, and usually there is n't even that. They say it is a remnant of the old Spanish pavement. Probably, — or the Mound Builders! The whole town is built on sand mixed with sharp little shells, which cut into your shoes and nearly drive you frantic. This is ankle-deep everywhere. You don't walk in St. Augustine; you *wade*! And the dust is something dreadful. But you would n't want to walk, anyhow. The streets are so narrow that pedestrians have to retire into the shops

when two carriages pass each other. You always have to walk single file, so as to be ready to save your life by dodging into a doorway. Of course they drive the horses, and especially ride the horses, at the top of their speed, — these negroes would rather run over you than not! I suppose it does n't add *much* to the perils of the street to have no drainage, and to see orange skins, papers, and every other kind of rubbish flung into the streets for you to tread over; but it certainly is unpleasant.

As to drives: I think the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to forbid driving horses through these sandy roads. I should want to discharge my coachman if he treated my horses so. And there is n't anything but sand and swamp. And, right here, I may as well free my mind about the drivers. They are liars from the cradle to the grave. I paid a colored man four dollars, the other day, to take me to Magnolia Grove. One of the things I went South to see was magnolias. We drove, and we drove, and we drove. It was hot and sandy and dusty, and I made him go slowly on account of the horses. Finally, we stopped. My dear, there was just *one* magnolia. The driver flicked the tip of his whip at the lone magnolia. "Dat's it," said he.

"Where's Magnolia Grove?" I asked.

"Dat's it," said he, — "yes 'm."

"But where are the rest of them?"

"Dey ain't no res'," he replied.

"But why do they call it Magnolia Grove, then?" I inquired.

"Kase of de magnolia," said he.

This same man told me that the old market in the plaza was the old slave-market, and that *his* mother was sold there; and it *never* was anything more romantic than a fish-market. And he told me that a scrubby old cemetery, where he took me for a dollar, was the Huguenot cemetery, when there never were any Huguenots buried in St. Augustine; there never were any Hugue-

nots in St. Augustine, anyhow. What's-his-name killed them all before they got here, and they were n't buried anywhere, poor things. I read all about it in the guide book, after I got home; that man was lying the whole while.

I have to squander my money on them still, because I can't walk in the sand; I'm giddy, though I am not young, and I can't walk on the sea-wall; there is nothing but sand and sea-wall in Augustine. You ask about features of interest: *there's* a feature for you, — an awful structure, hardly three feet wide, without an inch of railing between you and eternity, or, at least, ruining your clothes. One side is the bay, and the other side the sand of Augustine, five feet below. "Oh, that's not much of a fall," your nephew says; but I have n't the figure for falling, and I leave the sea-wall to young Salisbury and my niece. By the way, he *is* a delightful fellow, and, *entre nous*, I fancy Emmy thinks so, too.

You want to know about excursions. Well, the least objectionable is to North Beach. You can get over in a sail-boat, if you are n't seasick, and don't value your life; or you can take a dreadful little steamer (by climbing a ladder and walking a plank), and then probably have to wait an hour on the sand in the sun for it when you go back. There is n't anything to see but a beach. Then there is Matanzas, where you sail forever, and are likely to have the wind desert you, and be obliged to spend the night nowhere in particular.

And there is a simply *fiendish* excursion to Anastasia Island. You go over in the steamer, — at least I did, — and when you get over you see a tramway built on piles, with a ditch on either side, and *no* room to fall out of the car, just merely a few planks for the horse to go over. The rails are of wood and all worn out; and there is a decrepit, ramshackle old platform on wheels, with a canopy, which they call a car; and

one poor little white invalid horse to drag it. *Of course* they load that car until it creaks and sways in the most *awful* manner, and then a brutal boy whips the poor horse along that dreadfully unsafe road. All this sickening peril is to get to the light-house. Then, if you like, you can jump into the bayonet bush, and scramble over to the beach. When you get back to the shore you generally have to wait an hour; but you will have plenty to do, fighting sand-flies. Then, if the tide is out, you will have to escape to the steamer in small boats half filled with water. Ours had no oarlocks, and the man stood up and paddled with an oar, and didn't know how. Actually, I wonder that excursion did n't shatter my nerves entirely. After we were all in the steamer, towing the boats along, that boat *swamped*, — swamped before our eyes. Think if we had all been in it!

As to places of interest: there are some ridiculous little city gates (with no wall), an ugly old cathedral, and the fort. The fort is well enough in its way, but don't you let them show you the dungeons; you nearly break your back crawling into the horrid black holes, and you can't sleep all night for thinking of the awful stories they tell you about cages and skeletons and the Spanish Inquisition, and no end of *horrors*! All lies, too, my dear; I read about them in the guide book.

In regard to hotels, — well, perhaps I am too particular. But I can tell you one thing, they *charge* enough to be good. Prices, generally, are *extortionate*. "Well, you see, ma'am," said an honest tradesman to me, "we have three prices: one for ourselves, the people of the town, that's very reasonable; one for the winter residents, that's not so *very* high; and then we make a special price for the rank strangers!" You will think they do, if you come. Last of all, you ask my advice about coming. Do you remember Punch's to the young

man about to marry? It is mine, too, — *Don't!* Your loving friend,

MARGARET E. MAYNARD.

P. S. I have just asked Rawdon *her* opinion; and she says that she can't find it in her conscience to recommend a town where they allow "wild beasts like them halligators" to be kept in yards, and to swim around loose in barrels in the shop windows. She happened to notice a big one tied to a post in a yard once, and ran for her life, all the way from King Street to the San Marco. Another time she saw a paragraph in a paper about Northerners never leaving without an alligator. Now she regularly looks under the bed for them every night. "Most like the 'otel's swarming with them this werry moment, mum," she says, "in band-boxes and bath-tubs!" Then she gathers her skirts tightly about her with one hand, and pokes with the umbrella handle in the other, and gives a little scream at every poke. I asked her *why* she screamed, and she said, "Oh, mum, hit's for the hawfulness of it! I can't 'old in!"

I fancy Rawdon will be as relieved as I to go, and we leave for Charleston next Monday. Come there instead.

M. E. M.

II.

FROM MISS EMILY ETHERIDGE LAWRENCE (OF CHICAGO, ILL.) TO MRS. RUFUS HILL, ANDOVER, MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, February 22.

DEAR MRS. HILL, — I know auntie is writing you, and I am sure that she is saying something horrid about this dear, sweet, quaint, lovely old town. So I have treacherously borrowed *her* paper, and as you were so good as to ask me to write, too, I am going to do it now, and send my opinions along by the very same mail; I am hoping that you will open *my* letter first.

Truly, dear Mrs. Hill, Augustine is *lovely*! The climate is delicious, soft,

yet bracing. There is a good deal of fog; but the effects on the water are so exquisite that one does n't regret it, but quite the contrary. Mr. Salisbury is very good with his yacht, and takes us sailing so often that mamma and I are both in love with the bay. Every day, almost, we have a splendid sea breeze, and can make all the excursions by sail. I think there is no place like St. Augustine. I feel as though I were in Spain and England and America at the same time. It is *most* fascinating and romantic; and I feel as though I could never tire of these narrow, winding streets, with their funny little shops, where you can buy alligator-tooth jewelry, and shells, and photographs, and the dearest palmetto hats in the world. Mr. Salisbury accuses me of intending to open a shop, I am buying so many, and poor mamma sighs and wonders how I am *ever* going to carry them all home.

You speak of the walks and drives. There is no end of them. In the first place, there is the town itself. I send you some photographs. Are n't they perfect horrors? I took them myself. Mr. Salisbury "supplied the human interest," as he calls it, by putting himself in the foreground. It is quite his own fault that his hands look so gigantic, and that he seems to have three of them in one of the pictures. He *would* put them out and wave them while the picture was going on. He said that he was representing "one of Mr. Cook's personally conducted tours, — being conducted." Is n't he quite too absurd, sometimes? I wish the photographs were good, though, for the houses are so picturesque; built of this queer old coquina stone, all stained and blackened by lichens, with dormer windows and hanging balconies (why they *hang*, and don't break down, is a puzzle to me) and roofs that do a hundred fantastic things no other American roofs dare to do, — twist themselves into gables, project over balconies, step down and then project, or

hop up and make the roof for a side gallery. Now don't you pine to walk past such houses? Why, the very names of the streets are tempting. King, St. George, Hypolita, Kuna, Spanish, Treasury, Baya, St. Francis, Tolomato, — don't they make you think of Menendez and the Huguenots, and the Moors, and the English red-coats marching in, and Spanish signoritas in black lace veils, and the Seminole Indians, and the Inquisition, and guitars, serenading, and everything else nice and romantic? And is n't it interesting to think that we are walking on the very pavement that the Spaniards made? There are lovely drives all about; and as for excursions, they are countless, by land or sea. Now the wild flowers are coming, and I rave over them. Yesterday, mamma, Mr. Salisbury, and I went out on the Picolata road and picked *bushels* of jasmine. We left the carriage, and got so interested (finding thicker and thicker trees, — you know how that is) that mamma began to think we were devoured by an alligator, and was in an awful state of anxiety. Rawdon has managed to give mamma her notions about alligators as beasts of prey. Then, there are all the sails. North Beach has such a nice beach and the most fascinating shells. Matanzas is weirdly beautiful, with its ruined fort and its associations. And there is a *delightful* excursion to Anastasia Island. You will laugh when you see the droll little primitive horse-car and ridiculous shaggy white pony that will meet you and take you over *wooden* rails to the lighthouse. There was such a load of us, and of course aunt Margie lifted up her voice in behalf of the beast. "Boy," I heard her saying, "you must n't whip him. How would *you* like to be whipped when you were pulling a load too heavy for you?"

Dear aunt Margie, she quite hates the place. She has tried three hotels, and is now at a fourth. We are at the

first of the discarded ones, and find it luxurious; but when I told her so, she only shook her head sadly, and said, "My dear, you are young; you don't depend on your soup." She has her locked bath-tub and her Vienna coffee-pot and all her traps. Rawdon gets out the tea things every afternoon at four; auntie collects all the old tabbies she knows, and they drink tea and abuse the place. They snub me, and they are too old for me to snub them, and it is *enraging*. There is one horrid old frump who is always flinging my age at me. "What does *nineteen* know of the merits of a place?" she says, — meaning me. Well, I *could n't* know much less than *she* does! That is awfully ill-natured. I do beg your pardon, dear Mrs. Hill, and I will talk about something else, *quick!*

You ask about the places of interest. I am sure one can't help liking the seawall (such *good* walking and such a magnificent view), and there are some sweet little city gates (you see them on all the preserve cans), and the cathedral is a *joy*; but the best of all is the fort. Is n't it wonderful to think of all that those towers have seen, — how much triumph and what misery! They were built by poor Indians and captives, you know. I declare, when I reflect how cruel those wicked Spaniards were, I take solid comfort in thinking of De Gourgues, and of how Drake burned the fort and pillaged the town. I only wish he had burned up old Menendez in it. Just picture that cruel old thing wheedling the poor shipwrecked Frenchmen into surrendering, and then going off and drawing that cross in the sand, with his lance! And think of those poor, unsuspecting men, with their hands tied behind their back, coming ten at a time; and then just as soon as they reached this fatal mark, the Spaniards stabbing them dead! You will remember that when you walk along the Matanzas beach. Matanzas, "Place of Slaughter," — is n't it

rightly named? Did you know that Osceola was confined in the fort before they sent him to Charleston? Poor Osceola, I liked his not letting them kill women and children. And that was fine, too, about the council, when he dashed his knife through the treaty, crying, "The only treaty that I will make is with *this!*" But you will imagine that I am Tennyson's brook, that goes on forever. I *will* stop — no, I won't, until I tell you about prices. I think them *very* reasonable, when you consider how short the season is, and that there is nothing *but* the season to live on. Who can wonder that they make all they can out of us while they have a chance! Now please pardon this long effusion, and don't let it prevent your coming.

Always, dear Mrs. Hill, affectionately yours,
EMILY E. LAWRENCE.

P. S. There are good riding horses here, and *very* good tennis grounds. It is amusing to watch the game, even if one does n't play, so I mention it. Mr. Salisbury is the best player here.

E. E. L.

III.

FROM COL. SAMUEL TURNER, U. S. A., TO MRS. RUFUS HILL, ANDOVER MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, *February 23, 1886.*

DEAR HELEN, — *Mea culpa! mea culpa!* I deceived you, but I did n't mean to. I am the man who advised you to go to St. Augustine. But it was n't *this* Augustine that I was talking about. I was here nineteen years ago. Then it was the quaintest, dreamiest, most pathetic old Spanish town. The Minorcans spoke Spanish, everybody was ruined by the war, nobody thought of being enterprising, and the pretty Minorcan girls, slim and dark-eyed and pensive-looking, were a pleasant sight for a young fellow. The old coquina houses stood all over the town, and each house had its garden and high wall around the orange-trees. The

plaza market *was* a market then; from four to six, every morning, you could buy the toughest Floridian beef and "razor-backs" (Floridian for pig, my ignorant friend; so called because their backs are thin and sharp as a razor), and as good fish as any man wants to eat. Then we came over from Picolata by stage. We crawled along for six miles, but we always came into town with a grand flourish, the four horses on a gallop and the horn going. We drew up opposite the post-office. The post-office was worth seeing then, I assure you. Formerly, when there was a governor, it was the "Governor's Palace," no less. There were arches in front, and a noble, high wall, with great pillars, all around the garden, and a row of pride of India trees before the wall.

Well, now, what have they done? Spoiled everything. My adorable Anglo-Spanish town is trampled under the inexorable march of improvement. They have built fine villas and pulled down the old houses. They have run up cheap wooden shops and houses plastered all over with shingles, like fish scales; all alike, showy, ugly, and scampily built. They have kicked the old relics out of the way. The proprietor of a boarding-house had the old coquina battery pulled down because it obstructed the view. The "oldest house," where the date-palm (so old that no one remembers any tradition of its planting) grew through the wall, is smartened up out of knowledge. The sculptured wall of the house, which cost so much that it ruined the Spanish treasurer, is gone, and the picket fence of a hotel has taken its place. They have even tried to pull down the city gates for the stone, but they did have the grace to stop *that*. They have stuck a big hotel up to stare the fort out of countenance,—and there I am. It is comfortable enough; I have no fault to find with the comfort, but I wish the vandals that built it were in Matanzas Bay. They

have half a dozen more hotels, over the town, and are building another one by the river, which is to be in Spanish style, with tropical courts and fountains and hanging gardens and the Lord knows what not. I hear rumors that they are going to try to get an appropriation from Congress, and make Augustine a port of entry. Like enough. They have got two railroads, and they are fighting for a canal with the Halifax River, so as to bring up tropical fruits from South Florida. "We are going to have right smart of a town," says the New South. They are. But the charm of "the ever faithful city" has withered under their enterprising hands, and is gone forever.

Why, the Minorcans themselves have been scorched by this flaming zeal for "improvement." They want to sell their places. Nineteen years ago, you could n't get a Minorcan to sell the home his father gave him, at any price. But now they don't even cling to the old tongue; the new generation can't talk Spanish. They have n't even spared the good old lies. They had to improve on *them*. I hardly recognized the venerable fiction of the cages found in the dungeon, when I read it in the guide books. I have n't the heart to go to the fort and hear Sergeant McGuire's successor hold forth.

Oh, well, perhaps it is because "I have been young, and now I am old;" and more than the old ruins made Augustine beautiful to me then. To-day,

"I walk once more a sea-beat shore,
A stranger, yet at home; . .
A land of dreams I roam."

The prettiest sight to me, in Augustine, now, is the flock of young people, playing tennis in all the colors of the rainbow, or riding horseback. Young Salisbury is a fine fellow, and I see him nearly every day, riding, or walking, or sailing with a charmingly pretty young girl. I will wager *he* thinks St. Augustine delightful. But you and I, my

dear friend, — ah, there is the difference! Well, you might come and see for yourself; it is easy to get away again.

Always your devoted friend,

SAMUEL TURNER.

IV.

FROM MRS. CLARENCE ATTERBURY (WINTER RESIDENT OF ST. AUGUSTINE) TO MRS. RUFUS HILL.

ST. AUGUSTINE, *February 22.*

DEAREST HELEN, — Certainly, by all means come to Augustine. I am sure that you won't regret it. And now I am going to answer all your questions in the most methodical manner, one by one. Climate? Charming! But there is nothing perfect on earth, and our poor Florida climate is no exception, though I think it is expected to be. We *do* have rainy days in January, — not many, but we have them; and last January it froze, but that was unprecedented. Generally, the weather is delightful, with just enough of a sea breeze to blow away every particle of malaria. Walks and drives? They are endless. I will show you all the old houses. They are volumes of history, tragedy, and melodrama bound in brick and mortar. Our streets are n't yet what we hope they will be, but the soil has one advantage: you will seldom, if ever, need to wear rubbers, and if you get the right kind of boots you won't mind the sand. There are delightful drives in every direction, and we have the gentlest horse, that will let us loiter along and almost see the flowers grow. How beautiful they are now, too! The woods are full of yellow jasmine, and hawthorn, and wild-plum blossoms; and on the pine barrens, the ground is beautiful with innumerable violets, blue and white, and dear little chaptalia, like daisies. The myrtles and oaks and magnolias keep their glossy green, and you won't miss the orange-trees, though *we* do. It was pitiful, but we ought to be thankful that it was no worse. The trees are not harmed, and in a month's time will

shake their white blooms in the face of the croakers.

Excursions? If you are fond of sailing, they are innumerable; and I do so hope you are, for we have a new yacht, — really, it is only a sail-boat, but we call it a yacht because that sounds grander; since our friends are all setting up yachts, why not we?

Hotels? Good enough for any one; but I sha'n't say a word about them, because you are coming straight to us. The idea of your thinking of a hotel, Helen Hill! It is evident that you don't understand the Southern character.

Prices? Very reasonable, indeed; especially when you consider the long distance everything has to be transported. Tourists *will* have Northern beef and Northern butter and Northern groceries, and yet they grumble because they don't get all these at the very lowest Northern prices. But tourists grumble, anyhow, I think. Apropos of grumblers, I paid a visit to Mrs. Maynard, as you asked. Now, *she* is typical. She is trying all the hotels, in rotation, with malice prepense, — just to pick flaws. She won't sail, she won't drive, she won't walk; she expects all the fruits of the tropic zone and all the flowers to be blooming at once, here in Augustine, in February. And, of course, she is disappointed with the poor ancient city. But I don't think *you* will be. At least give us a trial. Clare is well and the children and all send love and join with me in begging you to *come*.

Yours with much love,

LAURA.

V.

FROM DANIEL CARVER LAWRENCE (OF CHICAGO, ILL.) TO MRS. RUFUS HILL, ANDOVER, MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, *February 22, 1886.*

MY DEAR MRS. HILL, — Your favor of the 19th is at hand, and in reply I would say that, speaking generally, St. Augustine seems an interesting old town for a week's visit; after that, I should call it pretty slow, a town of no enter-

prise. Particularly, will answer your questions as they come.

I. The climate is fair to middling: better than Chicago in March, not so pleasant as Chicago in June. It rains considerable; but they say that is splendid for the oranges. It blows most of the time; but they say that is healthy. It is very changeable, hot and cold the same day; but they call that a pleasant variety. I take it, they are a set of champion braggers in Florida, and lie as easily as they eat. I met a poor Englishman, yesterday, one of a colony who had swallowed their big stories, and come over to South Florida to find perpetual sunshine and flowers, and nothing to do but wink at their orange-trees. When they got to their particular bit of swamp, they found there was n't anything perpetual in Florida except alligators and swamp fever. The Englishman was pretty mad over the whole thing. I did n't much blame him, though he ought to have looked before he leaped. Fact of the matter is, the speculators have got hold of this State, and are booming it for all it is worth.

II. "Walks and drives and excursions." Walking is bad in St. Augustine; no sidewalks, streets dusty, sandy, and to my mind in a disgraceful condition. If the inhabitants were n't so busy trying to cheat strangers out of their last red cent, they might be more enterprising. The only decent walking place is the sea-wall, and that Uncle Sam looks after; if he did n't, it would be just as out of gear as everything else. So far as I can see, the Augustines are laying back on their oars, waiting to sell their marshes and sand lots at fabulous prices, and thinking all improvements worse than wasted, meanwhile. All the Floridians prefer to spend their money advertising in the Northern papers and on circulars, what a grand, glorious semi-tropical country they have, to putting any of it into the land. They have been dawdling over a canal for the

longest while, and will dawdle, I guess, until some confiding Northern capitalists come down and fix it. Drives are about as bad as the walking. Can't say anything about any excursions except the one to Anastasia Island. I am glad I went, for it was worth the trouble to see the shiftless horse-car railway they have there,— wooden rails, and the worst-looking old Noah's ark of a car you ever saw, drawn by a little white pony that looked so feeble you wanted to put him on the car and push him. The road is laid on piles, over the swamp, which is chock full of bayonet plants. And there is a notice stuck up, warning you that walking over that road is charged at the same price as riding. So when, for any reason, the car does n't run, they get their little fifteen cents just the same. There's Florida thrift for you; they are bound to get your money, whether they give you anything for it, or not.

III. "Places of interest." Best of them is the fort. They say that cost so much that the Spanish king observed they must have built it of solid silver dollars. Shiftless about it, I guess. They say they had Indians and slaves and such fellows build it, and that sort of labor costs more than it comes to. I notice one thing about Florida, reading the history. All these colonies sent over here got their supplies from home. They never rolled up their sleeves and got their living out of the soil. Not they; if the ships with supplies did n't come, they waltzed back home, or else they starved. And they have kept on doing that way, ever since. They get the bulk of their provisions from the North, now,— meat, groceries, canned vegetables, feed for their stock. Even most of the milk comes from the North, condensed, in cans, and about all the butter. Florida has always been a sort of colony. First Spanish, then English, now she is Yankee. About all the hotel-keepers and half the store-keepers are Yankees.

IV. "Hotels." Should n't like to express an opinion; only what is called a first-class hotel here, with exalted prices, would cut a very small figure up North.

V. "Prices." They are high. The natives make the Yankees pay well for the property they buy or rent, and they pass the prices on to strangers.

Lastly, you ask about my opinion of the advisability of your coming. I should n't presume to advise a lady. I don't like St. Augustine, but Mrs. Lawrence and Emmie will talk to you by the hour about what a charming place it is. I imagine Emmie likes the sailing and the riding horseback, but what the Madam finds to admire beats me; I suppose, however, she knows her own mind. Remember me to Hill. There is first-class fishing here. Tell him to bring his rod, if he comes. Hoping this long letter won't be quite useless to you, I am

Very truly yours,

D. C. LAWRENCE.

VI.

FROM BASIL SALISBURY (OF BOSTON, MASS.) TO
MRS. RUFUS HILL, ANDOVER, MASS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, *February 25, 1886.*

DEAR AUNT HELEN, — I know it, you told me so; but it makes no difference. We are engaged. Please come and give

us your blessing. St. Augustine is charming, now. The climate is perfect; bright, sunny, hardly any wind, and we have n't had a real rainy day for an age. You will like the walks; and I want to show you my new boat. Then you are interested in antiquities, and you can gloat over them here in the Ancient City. The hotels do very well, all of them. Prices are moderate. Don't you want me to go up to Jacksonville to meet you, if uncle Rufus does n't come? You know Emily, so I sha'n't need to expatiate on that subject. Come and bless us, *do*.

Your affectionate nephew,

BASIL.

FROM MRS. RUFUS HILL TO JUDGE RUFUS HILL,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

ANDOVER, MASS., *February 28.*

DEAR RUFUS, — You know it was you who wanted me to write to all our friends in St. Augustine, and get a categorical opinion from each. Now will you please look over these letters, and see if you can make anything definite about St. Augustine out of them, for I can't! But is n't it nice about Basil and Emily Lawrence?

Your loving wife,

HELEN.

Octave Thanet.

TO THE MEMORY OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

A DEDICATION.

GREAT heart of many loves! while earth was thine,
Thou didst love Nature and her every mood:
Beneath thine eye the frail flower of the wood
Uplifted not in vain its fleeting sign,
And on thy hearth the mast-tree's blaze benign,
With all its sylvan lore, was understood!
Seems homely Nature's mother-face less good,
Spirit down-gazing from the Fields Divine?
Oh, let me bring these gathered leaves of mine,

Praising the common earth, the rural year,
 And consecrate them to thy memory dear, —
 Thought's pilgrim to thy mortal body's shrine,
 Beneath soft sheddings of the mountain pine
 And trailing mountain heath untouched with sere!

Edith M. Thomas.

THE TWO BROWNS.

I.

Brown left his chair by the fire somewhat impatiently, and dropped his newspaper on the rug; he crossed the dining-room to the bay-window, and stood with his back to his wife, looking out at the weather. Women were such persistent geese! He had a vague idea that she might take some notice of the disagreeable sleet and wind, and relent a little about hinting that he had better be at his office. She had already asked him to renew her subscription to the church newspaper (he would have to leave the stage and walk a block and a half), and had said that he must look in at her brother Bob's counting-room some time during the day to ask for his wife's health. She had furthermore given him two letters to post, and had reminded him three times that he must not forget them.

"I believe I will not go to the office to-day," Brown announced presently, with considerable dignity and even sternness, as if he would not brook the idea of being contradicted in any shape. His wife said nothing to this, which was a great disappointment; and after growing more and more disturbed for a minute or two he turned and offered his explanations. Mrs. Brown was devoting herself to the baby, while the nursery-maid was busy up-stairs in the baby's luxurious quarters. Brown was usually neither too proud nor too much occupied to devote himself to his daughter, also,

but now he walked stiffly back to the big chair by the fire, and took no notice of the little hands that were put out to him. The baby's mother flushed suddenly with something like anger, very unusual in her gentle face.

"It is such an abominable day," said Brown. "I don't feel very energetic. There won't be a soul inside the office door, unless it's a book agent. I am going to make myself comfortable, at home, and see something of you and — yes, you little pink!"

He had come so near to neglecting the baby that his better nature could submit no longer, and he caught the smiling child, and went prancing round the breakfast table until she shrieked with delight, and family harmony was restored. Mrs. Brown smiled, too, — they were a happy household; but she looked serious again directly, and returned to the charge.

"Ben, dear," she said, "I don't like to have you neglect your profession."

Brown stopped his capering, and the cups and plates gave a final jingle. "When you know perfectly well how it neglects me!" he responded solemnly, with a twinkling eye.

Even in the presence of the baby Mrs. Brown did not like to have such confessions made, and she looked up reproachfully. She kept up with great care the fiction of her husband's having already a fair law practice for a young man of his age, and a very promising outlook. Brown had no imagination;

he made no complaint; he knew plenty of fellows in the same box, and was not going to shoulder the whole shame of paying rent for a clientless office. He had begun to get tired of spending his days there altogether, even with the resource of taking all the time he liked for an elaborate and social luncheon. His wife had been growing a trifle anxious lately because it was so difficult to tempt his appetite at dinner-time, and Fales, the wit of the luncheon club, had said in his affected little drawling voice only the day before, "Shall have to cut this sort of thing, you know; getting too stout, and always hated eating my dinner in the middle of the day. Could do it with one client, but to-morrow I'm expecting another." Brown suddenly remembered this, and smiled, because he had a quick, amusing fear lest the bad weather might keep Fales's client at home. Then he gave a sigh, and gently deposited the baby in her mother's lap. "I will go, you hard-hearted monsters," he said, kissing them both, "but why I ever let myself be coaxed into studying law is the puzzle of my life. If I had something to do I would work like a beaver. I've got it in me, fast enough, but I hate this make-believe business. So would you."

"I do feel sorry about it; you know I do," answered Lucy, with great tenderness and sympathy. "I should be perfectly unhappy. But you have your studies, Ben, dear."

"I begin to hate those old yellow books," said Ben. "Now if my father had let me study engineering, as I wished, I should have been in the middle of things by this time."

"You never would have broken the chain?" asked Lucy, with unfeigned anxiety roused by such treason. She had been so proud of Brown's being the fourth lawyer of his line and of his precocious scholarship. He was only twenty-eight years and two months old at that moment, beside, and it was

much too soon to lose all hope about his future.

Brown went manfully out into the sleet a few minutes later, and his wife and the baby watched him from the window. He was a handsome, good-natured young man, and it was impossible not to be proud of him, or to feel sorry at his temporary discomfort as he slipped and plodded along the encumbered sidewalk. When he had paused for a moment at the corner to throw a last kiss to the baby and wave his hand, old Mr. Grandison, who stood at his own window opposite, nodded his head in sage approval. "Good fellow," he grumbled, with his chin plunged deep in his old-fashioned black silk stock. "Comes of a good family and is sharp after his business." The damp air blew in at the window, and the spectator of Brown's departure was obliged to turn away and seek his fireside again. He would have been perfectly thankful to change places with the young man, and go down town to do a stiff day's work, as he used twenty years ago.

Lucy Brown had turned aside from her window, also, and begun an eager morning's work. She had been dreadfully afraid that Ben would insist upon staying at home, and she felt hard-hearted in very truth. But when she had waked up that morning to find it snowing, she had resolved to have the books in the library thoroughly cleaned. Nobody would come in, and she would muster the household force, and of course attend to Ben's private desk and papers herself. She was still excited by her narrow escape from complete disappointment, but she hoped she had not seemed anything but kind and affectionate in urging her husband that day of all others to go to his office.

Mr. John Benedict Brown had an uneventful journey to his place of business. He liked the bad weather, on the whole, — he had so few things ordinarily

to match his youthful energy against, —and he met two or three companions in misery, if one had any right to call these briefless barristers by such a hard name. Each carried his green bag, but Brown's friend Fales unconsciously held his in such a way that the shape of a box of cigars was displayed unmistakably as its only contents. Fales's office was farther down the street, and Brown remembered his promise about the subscription just in time not to pass the office of the paper. He would have sent a note to the publisher, to do his errand, but Lucy was very strenuous upon his settling the matter in person. She had paid for a year in advance, and the bill had been rendered again. She was most dependent upon this particular publication, and seemed absurdly anxious to stand well in the publisher's estimation. There was only one other man in the office beside the clerk, when Brown entered. This other man stood with his back to the door, looking over a file of newspapers, and until the small matter was settled, in a general and impersonal fashion that would have wounded Mrs. Brown, he gave no sign of consciousness of Brown's presence.

Then he laid down the newspapers and approached our friend. "Snooks, old boy, how are you?" he inquired affectionately, and a little timidly too, as if not quite certain of his reception.

The very name of Snooks was sufficient: it had been Brown's nickname at the school where he had fitted for college. Anybody who called him Snooks had a right to favor after the space of at least a dozen years since those happy days when he had heard it often. This schoolmate had not followed the class to college, but he had been a good crony in his day, and a lad of some cleverness and an erratic habit of mind. Only a few days before, Fales, who had also been at the school, had asked our hero what had become of Checkley. Old Shekels they used to call him, for the inconse-

quent reason that he never had two cents in his pocket. He was kept at his studies by some kind and charitable friend, who forgot to an aggravating extent to supply the minor comforts of life. Checkley had developed an amazing gift for maintaining himself by an ingenious system of barter, like those savages who have not got so far in civilization as any sort of exchequer or strictly financial arrangements.

The old brotherliness of the past quickly filled Brown's heart. Checkley looked hungry, as usual, but he would take him to the office and make him a welcome companion that dull morning, and by and by they would have a bit of luncheon together.* After all, the day promised well; he had feared a very special lack of entertainment.

"Come round to my office," said Brown, warmly. "I've nothing in the world to do this morning. Tell me what you have been about all this time. I'll send for Fales presently; he was asking for you a day or two ago. We're both in the law; lots of time to call our own, too," he added, with a cheerful honesty which his wife would have inwardly lamented and tried to explain.

Checkley was out that day protected by a melancholy fall overcoat and no umbrella, but he took Brown's umbrella, and carried it over both their heads with careful impartiality, as if it were his own. He looked as if he were growing old, which seemed premature in a man of thirty. Brown could not help a suspicion that Checkley had made himself up for some secret purpose. He always used to say that he meant to be a detective, and had been considered immensely clever in some boyish plays and pantomimes. However, another stolen glance made Brown feel certain that this appearance was Checkley as Himself, An Unsuccessful Man, and that the gray hairs which sprinkled his thin, straight, brownish hair were quite genuine. The thinness and lankness of his

boyhood had never fulfilled their promise of a robust frame, but appeared to have suffered from exposure and neglect, like an unfinished building which has had time to let its timbers get rain-blackened and look poor.

But the same spirit and shrewd determination twinkled from Checkley's eyes, and he kept step manfully with his well-clothed and well-fed acquaintance. This was a most fortunate meeting. Nothing had ever played better into his hands. Snooks Brown was always a good fellow, and luck was sure to turn.

"You aren't in the Parishioner's War-Cry office as a permanent thing, I imagine?" asked Brown, with friendly desire to keep up the conversation, just as they stepped into the elevator. "Odd that we should have happened to find each other there. I never was inside that place before."

"No," said Checkley. "Truth is, it looked quiet and secluded, and I put into harbor there to dry off a little and get my wits together. Temporary asylum. I was paying that clerk the compliment of looking over his newspapers, but I think he was just beginning to suspect that I held them upside down. I had a kind of revenge on him when you came in. It looked as if we had an appointment, you know, and you were always so thundering respectable."

Brown laughed with unaffected pleasure. He was not so far from boyhood as a stranger might imagine. There was something delightful about Checkley's turning up that wet February morning, and telling the most mortifying facts about himself with honest sincerity. He took the wet, thin overcoat and put it away with his own, and would have insisted upon his guest's occupying the best chair in the office, if he had not promptly taken it without any invitation. There was an open wood fire, and Checkley stretched out a pair of very shabby shoes to dry with an air of

comfort and satisfaction. He was a schemer, a dreamer, a curious plotter of insignificant things, but he never had been a toady or a beggar, and there was a golden thread of good humor and unselfishness through his unprofitable character.

Brown had taken up a not very ponderous mail that lay on his desk, — two or three bills, as many circulars, and an invitation to make further subscription to the Art Club. He gravely looked these over, and put them in an orderly heap at the further edge of the blotter. Old Shekels's shoes were beginning to steam at the toes, and his host noticed that they looked about the size of his own shoes. At any rate, there was an extra pair of arctics in the office closet that could be offered before they went out to luncheon. Brown felt a glow of kind-heartedness spread itself over him, as he resolved to dress Checkley in comfortable fashion before they parted again. "You look just as you did when we used to stay up after hours, and sit before the fire and tell stories," he said, jovially, to his guest. "I dare say you could spin as good a midnight yarn as ever."

"You rich fellows see the world from a different angle," responded Checkley, who grew more luxurious every moment. "Now it really makes no difference how long you have to wait for practice; it's sure to come, if only when you begin to settle up the family estates. There are half a dozen good round ones; and they never would like to choose any one else, all those good old aunts of yours. If you had been out of school when your father died, you would have gone on with at least a third of his business, and that was enough for you to handle. It is only a question of time, and you're rich any way. I don't like to see all your first-rate abilities rusting out, nevertheless. I always said there was more good stuff in you than in any of the fellows, — more hold on and push

too, if you had anything to push, and got your energy well roused. I should just like to see you in a Western railroad office, making things spin. Now a poor dog like me, thrown out neck and heels into the water to get to land as best I can by myself, — why, it's a good thing to meet a floating plank to rest a paw on now and then;" and he turned to look Brown full in the eyes with a plaintive, doglike appeal, as if he unconsciously identified himself with his figure of speech.

"What have you been doing, old boy? Can't I lend you a hand, somehow?" asked the sympathetic host. He began to feel that the minus Shekels was driving at something definite, and he did not believe that he should make a fool of himself; but this was the first time that one of his boyhood friends had turned up, looking as if the world had used him badly. There ought to be something done about it.

"Look here," said Checkley, with an air of secrecy, and he held out a sheaf of papers, which were produced from his breast-pocket as if the hand knew its way to them. "I dare say," the owner remarked proudly, "that you would n't believe that there is an enormous fortune in that small space?"

Brown tried to look interested, but his doubtfulness showed through.

"It is the surest thing alive," continued Checkley. "Have you got ten thousand dollars you could put your hand on?"

The listener nodded slowly; to tell the truth, he had a little more than that lying idle in the bank, because he really did not know how to reinvest it. The bulk of his property was in the hands of trustees to whom his father had consigned it, but this was some money that had been left him by an old relative, long ago, in his own right. He had a vague idea of putting it into a country place some day or other. He had a sentiment about keeping it by itself, and

he wanted a nice old-fashioned farm by and by. For the present he and his wife spent their summers with Lucy's mother, who would else have been alone in her great house at Newport. He could say neither yes nor no to such a question, or rather such a questioner, as this; yet a curiosity took possession of him to hear more, and Checkley saw his advantage.

"Now, my boy," he said, pulling his big chair close to Brown's side at the desk, "I helped work this out, and I twisted things round so that I have the right in my own hands. I simply have n't a cent, and I don't know where I can get it, unless you give it to me, to carry out the thing one step more. I need capital," he ended, persuasively, and gave another doglike look at Brown.

The situation was growing commonplace. Brown felt for the first time a little bored, and began to wonder how he should get out of it. He also noticed that Old Shekels had singed those confounded old shoes of his. It was becoming doubtful if the arctic overshoes and the luncheon even would be considered a handsome conclusion to their renewed acquaintance.

"Now look here," said Shekels, with a cheerful smile. "You are thinking how you can ever get rid of me, and that you have heard this sort of story before. I'll tell you the rest of it in fifteen minutes, and then you can say that your business claims your time, and I'll disappear like the juggler's rabbit in the hat."

"In the shoes," Brown mentally corrected him, and tried to look resigned, and even pleased; but he played impatiently with his paper-knife. He felt provokingly young and helpless in Checkley's hands.

Brown's legal ancestry and the traditions of his education had not prevented the love of his profession from being largely an acquired taste. He was equal to being a good lawyer by and by, but

his head was naturally fitted for affairs ; and if there was one thing that he understood more easily than another, it was mechanical intricacies. Checkley did not use his whole fifteen minutes in making sure of this ally.

"I do see it. Do you take me for a blind man ?" exclaimed the listener, springing to his feet, and marching across to the window, where he stood with his back to Checkley, just as he had looked out at the storm once before that day. "It is a great temptation, but I can't throw up my law prospects. My career is cut out for me already. But I'll give you a lift, Old Shekels, — hang me if I don't !"

Checkley grew calm as his friend became excited. "Nonsense," said he. "I don't want much of your time ; it's your money I'm after. You can keep your law business going, — all the better for you. We are likely to have suits, but nobody can touch us. I don't ask you to decide now. Think it over, and think me over. I've no security to give you but my plan itself."

"Do you smoke ?" said Brown amicably, and Checkley answered that he did.

As the story of this day cannot be suffered to grow any longer, the reader must be content to know that these former schoolmates passed a most agreeable morning, that they had a capital luncheon together, — early, lest Checkley might not have breakfasted well, — and that Checkley accepted the overshoes and all other favors with generous lack of protest or false shame.

II.

A year from the time when he met his old playfellow, Brown was inclined to repent his whole indulgence in affectionate civilities to a roving schemer. He assured himself that it had been an expensive lesson, but one that he probably

needed. A year later Brown was triumphant, and began to flatter himself that he knew a man and likewise a promising enterprise when he saw them. He was doing very well in his law business. The family reputation for clearness of legal vision and successful pleading was gaining new laurels, and young J. Benedict Brown was everywhere spoken of as the most promising man of his age at the New York bar. Detractors hinted that there were dozens of brighter men, but that nobody could help picking up some crumbs of business with such a father and grandfathers behind him. Mrs. Brown led the company of her husband's admirers, and already indulged in dreams of his appearance in the gloomy but noble garb of a chief justice. He was very busy in these days ; long ago he had been obliged to take his breakfast at eight o'clock instead of half past nine, and he was rarely at home until after six o'clock at night, while it was not uncommon that their seven-o'clock dinner was considerably delayed. Lucy watched him with increasing anxiety, for fear that he would break himself down with overwork, but he never had seemed in such good health and spirits. The year before he had been so gloomy and despondent for a few weeks that she was always fearing a return, but at present there was no sign of any. To outward view the Benedict Browns were the most prosperous young people in the city. Fortune, position, everything that the social heart desired, seemed to be heaped upon them. A few croaking voices had begun to figure Brown's probable expenses, and to insinuate that he must be living a good way beyond his income. Brown did not look like a debtor, however ; he had an older and more determined appearance, as if he had weighty affairs on his mind and a high principle of conduct in regard to them.

One morning early in March the hero of this tale hurried away from his break-

fast table, with a quick kiss on the top of his three-year-old daughter's curly warm little head. They had been breakfasting alone together in a delightfully social way, and before Brown put on his overcoat he ran up-stairs, two steps at a time, to give another kiss to his wife and a young son some three weeks of age. Mrs. Brown already spoke of the unconscious morsel of humanity with proud respect as Benedict, but Brown himself was provokingly fond of calling him Johnny. He appeared to have a secret satisfaction and deep sense of pride and amusement in denying his son the family name. Who knew whether this might not be the most illustrious of all the five Benedict Browns? At present he was a very important and welcome person indeed in his own family.

"I am in an uncommon hurry this morning," said the father, turning back for one word more as he went out. "I have a business meeting to go to at nine."

Lucy was one of those delightful women who rarely demand particular explanations and are contented with general assurances, and she kindly advised Brown not to get too tired, and to be sure to come home by half past five if he could; she missed him so much more now that she was not busy herself and had to spend the whole day up-stairs. She had a vague desire to know about her husband's business, — it seemed to interest him so much; but she did not like to expose her total ignorance of affairs, and had a theory, beside, that it was better for Ben to shake off his cares when he was at home.

As Ben went down-stairs again, he was attacked by a sense of guilt more uncomfortable than usual, and said to himself that he must really tell Lucy all about the Planter Company. There was no fear of any catastrophe, it was far beyond the realm of experiments, and she was sure to hear of it from somebody else, and to feel hurt at his

silence. The wonder was that he had hidden his head in the sand of his first name so long.

The office of J. Benedict Brown, counselor at law, was unvisited, except by its faithful clerk and copyist, until some three hours later in the day. When the young lawyer reached a certain point on Broadway, he turned quickly to the right and went down a side street, as if he were well accustomed to such a course, and knew the shortest cut toward a dingy brick building which bore a clamorous sort of sign, "The Farmer's Right-Hand Man: The Electrical Automatic Potato Planter. Brown and Checkley, Manufacturers." The doorway was blockaded with large packing-cases, and early as it still was for the business world there were several men in the counting-room, toward which Brown went at once. The workmen near by gave our friend a cheerful morning greeting, and Mr. Checkley, who sat behind his desk, rose soberly, and presented the new-comer to the counting-room audience as "Our head of the firm, gentlemen, Mr. John B. Brown; and now we will proceed to business at once." Brown established himself at another desk, well stocked with papers, and began to hunt for something in a lower drawer, the key of which he had taken from his own pocket. This was evidently not an occasional thing, this business interview; he took on even to the most indifferent observer's eye an air of relationship to the place.

"The only thing that seems to be imperative this morning, Mr. Brown," said Checkley placidly, in a voice directed to the other listeners, "is a decision on our part in regard to the increase of our circular, almanac, and agent departments. We came to no conclusion yesterday. You have the figures before you on that sheet of blue paper. I think the least increase that we can manage is to quadruple the number of

circulars and almanacs over that of last year."

Checkley was in the habit of trying to give casual strangers as large an idea as possible of the magnitude of the Planter Company's business, so Brown listened respectfully, and waited for further information.

"These gentlemen," continued Mr. Checkley, "are ready with an offer to make an extensive additional contract for the wood-work of the machines, and we will listen to them. In our liability to meet extraordinary orders at short notice, we are of course obliged to defend ourselves against any possible inability of theirs to furnish supplies. We find that the business grows with such rapidity that it is most difficult to make provision against surprise. You can easily understand" (addressing the small audience) "that an article like ours is valuable to every man who cultivates over three acres of land. Indispensable, I may say, since it saves the hiring of labor, saves time, and saves strength. Such an article is one no farmer will be without when he once sees it work."

Checkley was unusually fluent of speech this morning, and the interview went on prosperously. Somehow, the familiar place and familiar arguments struck Brown with a fresh vividness and air of reality. His thoughts wandered away to his law business for a few minutes, and then he found himself again listening to another account of the electrical automatic potato planter which Checkley was giving to a new-comer, a Western man, who was evidently a large dealer in agricultural supplies. There was a row of clerks behind a screen, and their pens were scratching diligently. Brown could see the high stacks of almanacs through the dusty glass walls that fenced the counting-room,—bright red almanacs, which combined a good selection of family reading with meteorological statistics and the praises of the

potato planter judiciously arranged on every page. It looked as if there were almanacs enough already for every man, woman, and child in America, but Checkley knew what he was about. Brown had thought that almanacs were a step too low; he was conscious of a shameful wish now and then that he had embarked on any sort of business rather than a patent potato planter. The pride of the J. Benedict Browns, judges and famous pleaders at the bar, had revolted more than once in the beginning against such a sordid enterprise. But as for John B. Brown, the enterprising manufacturer and distributor of an article that no farmer could do without felt an increasing pride in his success. He had merely made use of a little capital that was lying idle, and his own superfluous and unemployed energy. He believed that his legal affairs had been helped rather than hindered by this side issue of his, and he and Checkley had fought some amazing fights with the world in the course of their short but successful alliance. Brown lazily opened a directory near at hand, and looked among the B's. It was a new copy, and he nearly laughed aloud at the discovery that he figured twice on the page: Brown, J. Benedict, lawyer, Broadway; h. 38th St., and Brown, John B., B. & Checkley, machinists, 9th Ave; h. Jersey City. Here was a general masquerade! Checkley lived in Jersey City, and one of the clerks must have given wrong information, or else the directory agent had confused what was told him. Nobody knew where he lived, very likely. They called him The Boss, in the establishment, because he dressed well and had a less brotherly and companionable manner than Checkley. It was surprising, the way a man could hide himself in such a huge city as this. Yes, he must certainly tell Lucy that very night. They would have a capital laugh over it, and he could tease her about making Johnny a

partner instead of the fifth at the bar. Lucy was very fond of a joke, and she had no idea how rich they were going to be if affairs went on at this pace. Brown had felt very dishonest for a long time whenever he saw their advertisements in the papers, and had been nearly ready to confess and be forgiven once the summer before, when he and Lucy took a little journey together up the Connecticut River, and Lucy had writhed in contemptuous agony over Checkley's desecration of natural scenery. "Use Brown and Checkley's Electrical Automatic Potato Planter, and Save Ten Years of Life," was displayed on rocks and fences everywhere. Checkley himself had used his short summer holiday in leading a gang of letterers into the rural districts, and this was the result. Could a man of ordinary courage confess at such a moment that the name of Brown was in reality her own property, and that she was unconsciously responsible for such vandalism?

Checkley was rushing things this morning; he eagerly assured his guest that they had made the planter pay her own bills after the first six months, and had advertised only as fast as they gained the means. It was the first application of electricity to farming. "Brown and I had little capital to start with, but we knew we had hold of a sure thing. I am not sure that there is anything that corresponds to it in the world of inventions," Checkley continued proudly. "I have been an inventor all my life. Here you have a light-wheeled vehicle that one horse can drag all day and an intelligent child can control. You only need to plough and harrow and manure your ground: then the planter is driven to and fro; it stops itself at proper distances, a revolving harrow loosens the ground within a space twelve inches in diameter, this harrow is drawn up, the shovel throws the earth out at one side, the hopper lets fall sufficient seed, a second shovel arrangement covers it in, and

a weight falls twice and banks it down, the horse steps on between the furrows. My dear sir, in the time I have consumed in telling you, four hills of potatoes are planted as well as if you had done each one separately with your own hoe; the average time is only three fifths of a minute. A horse soon learns the trick, for the brake is self-acting and stops him in the proper place. The only thing that troubled us in the beginning was the complaint of patrons that the horses gave trouble, and the hills went zigzagging all over the field. This new improvement makes a field as regular as a checker-board. With the brake that stops the planter instantly, the horse learns to anticipate, and makes his four steps forward and stops of his own accord. It is less fatiguing for the horse than a plough or harrow, and a treadmill is barbarous beside it. Then think of the heat of planting time and the waste of human energy! We are now perfecting a re-hoer and digger, but our present enterprise is more than we can handle with ease. You have, no doubt, read our testimonials. Hear this: a ten-acre field planted in half a day, with some help from a neighbor, — read for yourself, sir!

"You need to be very careful of the gauges and setting your brakes properly," Checkley confided honestly. "Electricity is a terrible force; there has been one bad accident through such carelessness. The shovel arrangement was not set as it should be, and the machine went on digging straight down, and would have carried the horse with it, if the harness had n't been so old that he freed himself, and scrambled out of the pit. My dear sir, this will show you the power of that machine: it went down forty feet, right through gravel, rotten rock, and everything, until it struck a solid ledge, and that checked it at last. The whole neighborhood collected, and they got alarmed, — thought she might be boring for a volcano or something; and they

rolled a big boulder out of a pasture near by, and let it drop right down on the planter; but that only damaged the wood-work and partly disabled the running-work, for she kept tossing up splinters for a day or two. The man had n't a word to say, for it was a springy field, and the planter had struck water somewhere and made him a first-rate well. He had been intending to dig one thereabouts for a good while."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the wide-eyed listener. Brown heard this flow of Checkley's eloquence, and was amused at the response. It seemed that the listener, a worthy, well-to-do Connecticut farmer, had an idea of introducing the automatic potato planter to his neighborhood, and was trying to obtain one on trial at reduced price, with a promise of wide influence in its behalf and cordial recommendation. Checkley believed in favoring the farmers, and the affair was presently concluded. Brown was amazed to hear his companion say that he, Brown, had been thinking that he should like to pay a visit to that neighborhood at county-fair time, and speak to the folks on agricultural topics. Checkley liked his jokes, and Brown smiled, but he turned a little cold, and wondered if they were not going a trifle too fast. There might not be enough of him for two Browns, at this rate! But it was something to find himself a busy, prosperous man instead of an idle, overgrown boy, and among the new firms of its class none stood better than Brown and Checkley.

There was little time left for serious business conference, but Checkley had great executive ability, and so had Mr. John B. Brown, of Jersey City, for that matter. Checkley was thin yet and not very well dressed, but he had a buoyant, confident air. "How well he knows human nature, and what a good fellow he is!" thought Brown as they parted. "Snooks is more of a man than the dandy I met in that newspaper office,"

reflected Checkley. "I never have lost a cent for him, either, but hang me if we have n't had some narrow escapes. I got him in pretty deep once, when he had the worst doubts of me he ever had. Snooks looked solemn, but he never flung at me, or did anything but shoulder half the blame and the worry, like a man."

In the neighborhood of the company's office Brown met several business acquaintances, who gave him a friendly good-morning. He had gathered a whole new circle of associates, in his character of senior partner of Brown and Checkley. He had indulged in bad lunches with these friends, and already figured largely in the agricultural-implementation world; he would have been deeply gratified if he had heard somebody say, as he went by, "That's Brown, of the Planter Company. Those fellows are sweeping everything before them this spring. They've got hold of as big a thing as the McCormick reaper."

It was ten or fifteen minutes' walk between the two offices, and when J. Benedict Brown, Esq., seated himself at his desk he was still thinking about his other business, which he usually insisted upon putting out of his mind. He never had looked at it so entirely from the outside. He was at heart a most conservative person. He was more fettered than he knew by his family pride and traditions, and he had become persuaded of his ability to follow the law in a way that he never used to expect. He felt it in him to make his influence recognized at the bar, and to handle heavy pieces of business. Now that Checkley was so well established he could slip out, and hold only a silent partnership, if he pleased. Yet an opposing judgment in his own mind at the moment prevented him from cordially accepting such an idea. There were some things, and he knew it, that Checkley could not have planned nor have carried without him, and the concern

might easily fall to pieces even now. There was his own boy, however, who must inherit as fair a name from him as he had from his father. There had never yet been a dishonored man of his name. Checkley had counted upon the value of the family reputation at first; he insisted that they were throwing away a great advantage by not adding the prefix of J. Benedict to the plain Brown and Checkley. J. Benedict Brown was a name of historical renown. Checkley did not begin to understand yet that John B. Brown was as utterly unknown to the friends of the J. Benedict Browns as if he and his potato planter had never existed. He simply knew that Snooks was old-maidishly eager to keep his two occupations apart, and that only from half past eight to ten and from three o'clock until dinner-time he was the steady shaft-horse of Brown and Checkley.

Brown sat in the Broadway office, busy at his work, having finished his reflections without coming to any new decisions. He was working up a law case that he took great pride in. All his inherited cleverness and a new love for such a puzzle delighted him; he never had felt a keener sense of his own power, and the planter was utterly forgotten.

Some one entered the office, and gave a chair one aggressive pull across the polished wood floor. It sounded as if the caster had left a damaging scratch, and Brown looked round with not a little annoyance. He felt a strange suspicion that one of his Planter Company associates had at last hunted him down. There was an inner room for purposes of private consultation, and Brown signified, after a proper interval, that the stranger might go there. It was a darkish place, where he had once tried to have his own desk; but it was much too gloomy, especially in the days when there was nothing to do. Except when he was at court, or at his other busi-

ness, he was very faithful to his post, and the stranger need not have been so unreasonably glad to find him at his office.

"I see that you're your father's own son," the client began, in an asthmatic voice. He looked like a cross old fellow, and Brown had an instant sense of relief because the first words had not been suggestive of the other place of business. "I knew your father and grandfather before you," said Mr. Grandison, "and I've been out of lawyers' hands these thirty years, more or less; but I've got some fight left, and when I got my blood up yesterday about some infringements, I thought over whom I could trust to defend me, and I decided that I would come round and look you over, to see if I could trust you with such a piece of work. I don't know whether you're not too young now, but it'll be a feather for you if you can handle it. I'm ready to pay what the work's worth, — I'll tell you that to begin with."

The word "infringements" had an unpleasant sound, but Brown waited patiently. He had some knowledge of this man, for whom his father had gained a famous case. Grandison was an inventor. On the whole, he could recall the case perfectly; he had tried to make himself familiar with it, for future use; but there was no possibility of those questions being reopened.

"My factories go on like clock-work, and have these twenty years," said the old man. Brown began to feel a personal dislike. "I thought I had disposed of all opponents and rivals long ago. Jenks and Rowley are our regular lawyers, but now they're getting old, and they don't own me, any way. You see there are a couple of jackasses, over on Ninth Avenue, who have started up an electrical potato planter, — a capital good thing it is, too, — that runs so close to that cog-wheel arrangement in the steam harrow we make that

I'm going to stop them short, if I can ; or, if I can't do that, I'll buy 'em out, if it costs a million to do it. You can't afford to let such a business as mine scatter itself, and I mean to hold it together as long as I am here to do it."

Brown felt a dampness gather on his forehead ; then his manhood arose triumphant, and his courage declared itself equal to this emergency. He was not caught stealing, neither had he done anything dishonorable. There was no real incongruity in a Benedict Brown's being interested in a potato planter ; it had all been a fair, above-board business. He was ready to stand up for it.

"I've been living in Thirty-Eighth Street," said the client, "and I have often watched you come and go. I like to see a lad diligent and right after his business, as you are, and ready to go down town an hour or two earlier in the morning than the fashion is. I've had my eye on you for a year or two. I started in life a poor boy, and never had the backing up that was ready for you ; but I keep the run of my affairs, I can tell you. I don't get down town every day, by any means, but a thing like this that I want to consult you about fires me all up."

"Will you give me an idea of the case, Mr. Grandison?" asked Brown politely. He was afraid he might be taking an unfair advantage, but the words were out, and the old manufacturer, with much detail, laid the grievance before him.

"They're smart young men," he ended. "I don't know their match. I hear they had a small capital, and laid it out mostly in advertising. One of them got hold of a half-worked-out notion and completed it, and bought out the owner's right ; and there was a small manufactory over in Jersey that had been swamped, and they got that for a song, too ; and the minute the machine was on the market it went like wild-fire. In spite of constant extensions, they

have been able to meet their obligations right along. I don't want to harm 'em if they'll treat me fairly. I'll give 'em a handsome sum down to sell out quietly, or I'll fight 'em all to pieces."

"Perhaps they can stand a fight, and can prove that their machine is no infringement on anybody's," suggested the lawyer, with a good deal of spirit.

Mr. Grandison gave him a shrewd glance. "This Brown is no relation to you, I hope?" he said, doubtfully ; but Brown flushed quickly, and made a little joke about the name's not being at all uncommon. The client thought he was not pleased at being associated with a firm of machinists, and was sorry he had spoken. The boy felt older than he looked, no doubt.

When the interview was ended, Brown, who had been very inexpressive of his opinions all the way through, assured his visitor that there were some reasons why he would not give any answer then about undertaking the case, and would ask his leave to defer a direct reply until the next day. "I shall be very glad to stop as I go up town in the afternoon," said our friend. The elder man thanked him, and said he should count it a great favor, if the weather were no better than at present, and went limping away. Poor old soul ! it was late for him to be taking pleasure in quarrels with his fellow-men.

Checkley was going over to the works that afternoon, and there was no hope of seeing him until the next morning, so Brown gave all his mind that he possibly could to being J. Benedict, the rising lawyer. He had some perplexing business upon which he tried hard to fix his attention, but the affairs of John B. Brown and the potato planter kept rising before him in an uneasy, ghostlike way that was most disagreeable. He had put more of his thoughts into those side interests than he had been aware. The two years had gone by like a dream, but they had left a good many

permanent evidences of their presence. There was one of the teamsters, who had broken his leg early in the winter, and whom Brown had visited in the hospital, besides looking after the patient's family. He had built up his own business reputation, and had grown ambitious about the success of the firm. He had determined at first to say nothing, even to his wife, until he knew whether he had made a fool of himself or not, but he was perfectly aware now that he had not made a fool of himself. He was evolving plans for giving all their workmen some share in the business, and was increasingly glad that he had a chance to work out some experiments in the puzzling social questions of the day. He was ready now to be something of a statesman. He was willing to believe that he had got hold of the right thread of the snarled skein that linked labor with capital. His wife knew that he had some business interests apart from his law reports and his practice, and none of his friends would be surprised that he had been speculating a little. Fales would have got at the whole story, and told it, too; but he had gone abroad months before, and relinquished his profession altogether, for the time being. Perhaps the time had come to choose between the two Browns; it would be hard to play both characters, if the cares of either should double, for instance, and he was, perhaps, fated to be J. Benedict, after all. This was a melancholy thought, and the old wish returned that his other enterprise had concerned anything but an automatic potato planter. It might give him a nickname, and he never would be able to live the silly story down. Checkley was sure to project something new, and yet he was truly proud of the firm of Brown and Checkley, and would not see it cheated.

Next day, Checkley happened to be alone in the office, and his partner beckoned him out into an empty corner of

their place of business, where they were well removed from the clerks and their scratching pens. Checkley laughed and shouted, and was at first unable to give any answer. "Wants you to bring a suit of infringement against yourself, does he?" he gasped at length. "Go ahead, my boy; nobody'll know the difference. It will advertise us enormously. I have told you a dozen times that nothing would do us so much good as a rousing lawsuit. Now don't put on your best J. Benedict manners, but listen to me. I'm not going to work myself to death. We have laid by something handsome already; if the old fellow will add to it, I am perfectly willing to sell out, if you are, just to make his last days happy. I've got my head full of new electric notions, and I want to go to France and experiment. You tell him the whole story; he will be glad to get hold of the planter, and I shall be glad to let it go. I meant to go roving this summer. I'll let it all drop. We have had a run of luck, and luck is apt to turn. We're young yet, you know, J. Benedict Brown, so I put this business into your hands. You're lawyer for the firm."

Brown turned away mournfully; he was convinced more entirely than ever before of the erratic nature of his partner: yesterday with his whole soul bent on furthering the success of the planter; to-day ready to throw it by, and to wander away and spend all the money he had earned. Brown mentally resolved that it really was not safe to risk his good name any longer in such keeping, and that he should insist upon being made trustee of a share of his partner's funds, so that Checkley might never come to the ground again.

Checkley called him back in great excitement, when he was leaving the office, a little later. "Look here," said he. "I was going to put this picture into our next almanac as your portrait. I was in the patent-medicine business

once, and this was old Dr. Parkins, who made the Spring Bitters. I was going to start him again as John B. Brown, the Pennsylvania farmer and inventor."

"I think it would have been beneath our dignity," responded Brown, severely. "What became of your patent-medicine business? I never heard of that."

"Because it fell through," said Old Shekels, cheerfully. "This was the only thing that never did. You're spoiling a first-class business man for a doubt-

ful lawyer." But Brown laughed, and straightened himself proudly as he went toward Broadway and his other office, which bore the shining brass door-plate with his honored name of J. Benedict Brown.

That evening he confessed all to his wife. It was a great shock, but she bore it bravely. She knew little about business, but she believed with all her heart in respecting the traditions of one's family. Though, after all, one Brown had kindly made money for the other.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FOURTH.

XXXIX.

ON Saturday afternoons Paul Muniment was able to leave his work at four o'clock, and on one of these occasions, some time after his visit to Madeira Crescent, he came into Rosy's room at about five, carefully dressed and brushed, and ruddy with the freshness of an abundant washing. He stood at the foot of her sofa, with a conscious smile, knowing how she chaffed him when his necktie was new; and after a moment, during which she ceased singing to herself, as she twisted the strands of her long black hair together and let her eyes travel over his whole person, inspecting every detail, she said to him, "My dear Mr. Muniment, you are going to see the Princess."

"Well, have you anything to say against it?" Mr. Muniment asked.

"Not a word; you know I like princesses. But you have."

"Well, my girl, I'll not speak it to you," the young man rejoined. "There's something to be said against everything, if you'll give yourself trouble enough."

"I should be very sorry if ever anything was said against you."

"The man's a sneak who is only and always praised," Muniment remarked. "If you did n't hope to be finely abused, where would be the encouragement?"

"Ay, but not with reason," said Rosy, who always brightened to an argument.

"The better the reason, the greater the incentive to expose one's self. However, you won't hear it, if people do heave bricks at me."

"I won't hear it? Pray, don't I hear everything? I should like any one to keep anything from *me*!" And Miss Muniment gave a toss of her recumbent head.

"There's a good deal I keep from you, my dear," said Paul, rather dryly.

"You mean there are things I don't want, I don't take any trouble to know. Indeed and indeed there are: things that I would n't know for the world — that no amount of persuasion would induce me, not if you was to go down on your knees. But if I did — if I did, I promise you that just as I lie here

I should have them all in my pocket. Now there are others," the young woman went on — "there are others that you will just be so good as to tell me. When the Princess asked you to come and see her you refused, and you wanted to know what good it would do. I hoped you would go, then; I should have liked you to go, because I wanted to know how she lived, and whether she had things handsome, or only in the poor way she said. But I did n't push you, because I could n't have told you what good it *would* do you: that was only the good it would have done me. At present I have heard everything from Lady Aurora, and I know that it's all quite decent and tidy (though not really like a princess, a bit), and that she knows how to turn everything about and put it best end foremost, just as I do, like, though I ought n't to say it, no doubt. Well, you have been, and more than once, and I have had nothing to do with it; of which I am very glad now, for reasons that you perfectly know — you're too honest a man to pretend you don't. Therefore, when I see you going again, I just inquire of you, as you inquired of her, What good *does* it do you?"

"I like it — I like it, my dear," said Paul, with his fresh, unembarrassed smile.

"I dare say you do. So should I, in your place. But it's the first time I have heard you express the idea that we ought to do everything we like."

"Why not, when it does n't hurt any one else?"

"Oh, Mr. Muniment, Mr. Muniment!" Rosy exclaimed, with exaggerated solemnity, holding up a straight, attenuated forefinger at him. Then she added, "No, she does n't do you good, that beautiful, brilliant woman."

"Give her time, my dear — give her time," said Paul, looking at his watch.

"Of course you are impatient, but you *must* hear me. I have no doubt

she'll wait for you; you won't lose your turn. Please, what would you do if any one was to break down altogether?"

"My bonny lassie," the young man rejoined, "if *you* only keep going, I don't care who fails."

"Oh, I shall keep going, if it's only to look after my friends and get justice for them," said Miss Muniment — "the delicate, sensitive creatures who require support and protection. Have you really forgotten that we have such a one as that?"

The young man walked to the window, with his hands in his pockets, and looked out at the fading light. "Why does she go herself, then, if she does n't like her?"

Rose Muniment hesitated a moment. "Well, I'm glad I'm not a man!" she broke out. "I think a woman on her back is cleverer than a man on his two legs. And you such a wonderful one, too!"

"You are all too clever for me, my dear. If she goes — and twenty times a week, too — why should n't I go, once in ever so long? Especially as I like her, and Lady Aurora does n't."

"Lady Aurora does n't? Do you think she'd be guilty of hypocrisy? Lady Aurora delights in her; she won't let me say that she herself is fit to dust the Princess's shoes. I need n't tell *you* how she goes down before them she likes. And I don't believe you care a button; you have got something in your head, some wicked game or other, that you think she can hatch for you."

At this Paul Muniment turned round and looked at his sister a moment, smiling still and whistling just audibly. "Why should n't I care? Ain't I soft, ain't I susceptible?"

"I never thought I should hear you ask that, after what I have seen these four years. For four years she has come, and it's all for you, as well it might be, and you never showing any

more sense of what she'd be willing to do for you than if you had been that woolen cat on the hearth rug!"

"What would you like me to do? Would you like me to hang round her neck and hold her hand, the same as you do?" Muniment asked.

"Yes, it would do me good, I can tell you. It's better than what I see — the poor lady getting clouded over, like a mirror that wants rubbing."

"You know a good deal, Rosy, but you don't know everything," Muniment remarked in a moment, with a face that gave no sign of seeing a reason in what she said. "Your mind is too poetical. There's nothing that I should care for that her ladyship would be willing to do for me."

"She would marry you at a day's notice — she'd do that."

"I should n't care for that. Besides, if I was to ask her, she would never come into the place again. And I should n't care for that, for you."

"Never mind me; I'll take the risk!" cried Rosy, gayly.

"But what's to be gained, if I can have her, for you, without any risk?"

"You won't have her for me, or for any one, when she's dead of a broken heart."

"Dead of a broken tea-cup!" said the young man. "And, pray, what should we live on, when you had got us set up? — the three of us, without counting the kids."

He evidently was arguing from pure good-nature, and not in the least from curiosity; but his sister replied as eagerly as if he would be floored by her answer: "Has n't she got two hundred a year of her own? Don't I know every penny of her affairs?"

Paul Muniment gave no sign of any mental criticism he may have made on Rosy's conception of the delicate course, or of a superior policy; perhaps, indeed, for it is perfectly possible, her inquiry did not strike him as having a

mixture of motives. He only rejoined, with a little pleasant, patient sigh, "I don't want the dear old girl's money."

His sister, in spite of her eagerness, waited twenty seconds; then she flashed at him, "Pray, do you like the Princess's better?"

"If I did, there would be more of it," he answered, quietly.

"How can she marry you? Has n't she got a husband?" Rosy cried.

"Lord, how you give me away!" laughed her brother. "Daughters of earls, wives of princes — I have only to pick."

"I don't speak of the Princess, so long as there's a prince. But if you have n't seen that Lady Aurora is a beautiful, wonderful exception, and quite unlike any one else in all the wide world — well, all I can say is that I have."

"I thought it was your opinion," Paul objected, "that the swells should remain swells, and the high ones keep their place."

"And, pray, would she lose hers if she were to marry you?"

"Her place at Inglefield, certainly," said Paul, as patiently as if his sister could never tire him with any insistence or any minuteness.

"Has n't she lost that already? Does she ever go there?"

"Surely you appear to think so, from the way you always question her about it," replied Paul.

"Well, they think her so mad already that they can't think her any madder," his sister continued. "They have given her up, and if she were to marry you" —

"If she were to marry me, they would n't touch her with a ten-foot pole," Paul broke in.

Rosy flinched a moment; then she said, serenely, "Oh, I don't care for that!"

"You ought to, to be consistent, though, possibly, she should n't, admitting that she would n't. You have more imagination than logic — which, of

course, for a woman, is quite right. That's what makes you say that her ladyship is in affliction because I go to a place that she herself goes to without the least compulsion."

"She goes to keep you off," said Rosy, with decision.

"To keep me off?"

"To interpose, with the Princess; to be nice to her and conciliate her, so that she may not take you."

"Did she tell you any such rigmarole as that?" Paul inquired, this time staring a little.

"Do I need to be told things, to know them? I am not a fine, strong, superior male; therefore I can discover them for myself," answered Rosy, with a dauntless little laugh and a light in her eyes which might indeed have made it appear that she was capable of wizardry.

"You make her out at once too passionate and too calculating," the young man rejoined. "She has no personal feelings, she wants nothing for herself. She only wants one thing in the world — to make the poor a little less poor."

"Precisely; and she regards you, a helpless, blundering bachelor, as one of them."

"She knows I am not helpless so long as you are about the place, and that my blunders don't matter so long as you correct them."

"She wants to assist me to assist you, then!" the girl exclaimed, with the levity with which her earnestness was always interfused; it was a spirit that seemed, at moments, in argument, to mock at her own contention. "Besides, is n't that the very thing you want to bring about?" she went on. "Is n't that what you are plotting and working and waiting for? She wants to throw herself into it — to work with you."

"My dear girl, she does n't understand a pennyworth of what I think. She could n't if she would."

"And no more do I, I suppose you mean."

"No more do you; but with you it's different. If you would, you could. However, it matters little who understands and who does n't, for there's mighty little of it. I'm not doing much, you know."

Rosy lay there looking up at him. "It must be pretty thick, when you talk that way. However, I don't care what happens, for I know I shall be looked after."

"Nothing will happen — nothing will happen," Paul remarked, simply.

The girl's rejoinder to this was to say in a moment, "You have a different tone since you have taken up the Princess."

She spoke with a certain severity, but he broke out, as if he had not heard her, "I like your idea of the female aristocracy quarreling over a dirty brute like me."

"I don't know how dirty you are, but I know you smell of soap," said Rosy, with serenity. "They won't quarrel; that's not the way they do it. Yes, you are taking a different tone, for some purpose that I can't discover just yet."

"What do you mean by that? When did I ever take a tone?" her brother asked.

"Why, then, do you speak as if you were not remarkable, immensely remarkable — more remarkable than anything any one, male or female, good or bad, of the aristocracy or of the vulgar sort, can ever do for you?"

"What on earth have I ever done to show it?" Paul demanded.

"Oh, I don't know your secrets, and that's one of them. But we're out of the common beyond any one, you and I, and, between ourselves, with the door fastened, we might as well admit it."

"I admit it for you, with all my heart," said the young man, laughing.

"Well, then, if I admit it for you, that's all that's required."

The brother and sister considered each other a while in silence, as if each were tasting, agreeably, the distinction the other conferred; then Muniment said, "If I'm such an awfully superior chap, why should n't I behave in keeping?"

"Oh, you do, you do!"

"All the same, you don't like it."

"It isn't so much what you do; it's what *she* does."

"How do you mean, what she does?"

"She makes Lady Aurora suffer."

"Oh, I can't go into that," said Paul. "A man feels like a muff, talking about the women that 'suffer' for him."

"Well, if they do it, I think *you* might bear it!" Rosy exclaimed. "That's what a man is. When it comes to being sorry, oh, that's too ridiculous!"

"There are plenty of things in the world I'm sorry for," Paul rejoined, smiling. "One of them is that you should keep me gossiping here when I want to go out."

"Oh, I don't care if I worry her a little. Does she do it on purpose?" Rosy continued.

"You ladies must settle all that together," Muniment answered, rubbing his hat with the cuff of his coat. It was a new one, the bravest he had ever possessed, and in a moment he put it on his head, as if to reinforce his reminder to his sister that it was time she should release him.

"Well, you do look genteel," she remarked, complacently, gazing up at him. "No wonder she has lost her head! I mean the Princess," she explained. "You never went to any such expense for her ladyship."

"My dear, the Princess is worth it — she's worth it," said the young man, speaking seriously now, and reflectively.

"Will she help you very much?" Rosy demanded, with a strange, sudden transition to eagerness.

"Well," said Paul, "that's rather what I look for."

She threw herself forward on her sofa, with a movement that was rare with her, and shaking her clasped hands she exclaimed, "Then go off, go off quickly!"

He came round and kissed her, as if he were not more struck than usual with her freakish inconsequence. "It's not bad to have a little person at home who wants a fellow to succeed."

"Oh, I know they will look after me," she said, sinking back upon her pillow with an air of agreeable security.

He was aware that whenever she said "they," without further elucidation, she meant the populace surging up in his rear, and he rejoined, always hilarious, "I don't think we'll leave it much to 'them.'"

"No, it's not much you'll leave to them, I'll be bound."

He gave a louder laugh at this, and said, "You're the deepest of the lot, Miss Muniment."

Her eyes kindled at his praise, and as she rested them on her brother's she murmured, "Well, I pity the poor Princess, too, you know."

"Well, now, I'm not conceited, but I don't," Paul returned, passing in front of the little mirror on the mantel-shelf.

"Yes, you'll succeed, and so shall I — but *she* won't," Rosy went on.

Muniment stopped a moment, with his hand on the latch of the door, and said, gravely, almost sententiously, "She is not only beautiful, as beautiful as a picture, but she is uncommon sharp, and she has taking ways, beyond anything that ever was known."

"I know her ways," his sister replied. Then, as he left the room, she called after him, "But I don't care for anything, so long as you become prime minister of England!"

Three quarters of an hour after this Muniment knocked at the door in Madeira Crescent, and was immediately ushered into the parlor, where the Princess, in her bonnet and mantle, sat alone.

She made no movement as he came in ; she only looked up at him with a smile.

"You are braver than I gave you credit for," she said, in her rich voice.

"I shall learn to be brave, if I associate a while longer with you. But I shall never cease to be shy," Muniment added, standing there, and looking tall in the middle of the small room. He cast his eyes about him for a place to sit down, but the Princess gave him no help to choose ; she only watched him, in silence, from her own place, with her hands quietly folded in her lap. At last, when, without remonstrance from her, he had selected the most uncomfortable chair in the room, she replied —

"That's only another name for desperate courage. I put on my bonnet, on the chance, but I did n't expect you."

"Well, here I am — that's the great thing," Muniment said, good-humoredly.

"Yes, no doubt it's a very great thing. But it will be a still greater thing when you are there."

"I am afraid you hope too much," the young man observed. "Where is it? I don't think you told me."

The Princess drew a small folded letter from her pocket, and, without saying anything, held it out to him. He got up to take it from her, opened it, and, as he read it, remained standing in front of her. Then he went straight to the fire and thrust the paper into it. At this movement she rose quickly, as if to save the document, but the expression of his face, as he turned round to her, made her stop. The smile that came into her own was a little forced. "What are you afraid of?" she asked. "I take it the house is known. If we go, I suppose we may admit that we go."

Muniment's face showed that he had been annoyed, but he answered, quietly enough, "No writing — no writing."

"You are terribly careful," said the Princess.

"Careful of you — yes."

She sank down upon her sofa again, asking her companion to ring for tea ; they would do much better to have some before going out. When the order had been given, she remarked, "I see I shall have much less keen emotion than when I acted by myself."

"Is that what you go in for — keen emotion?"

"Surely, Mr. Muniment. Don't you?"

"God forbid ! I hope to have as little of it as possible."

"Of course one does n't want any vague rodomontado ; one wants to do something. But it would be hard if one could n't have a little pleasure by the way."

"My pleasure is in quietness," said Paul Muniment, smiling.

"So is mine. But it depends on how you understand it. Quietness, I mean, in the midst of a tumult."

"You have rare ideas about tumults. They are not good in themselves."

The Princess considered this a moment ; then she remarked, "I wonder if you are too prudent. I should n't like that. If it is made an accusation against you that you have been — where we are going — shall you deny it?"

"With that prospect, it would be simpler not to go at all, would n't it?" Muniment inquired.

"Which prospect do you mean? That of being found out, or that of having to lie?"

"I suppose that if you lie you are not found out," Muniment replied, humorously.

"You won't take me seriously," said the Princess. She spoke without irritation, without resentment, with a kind of resigned sadness. But there was a certain fineness of reproach in the tone in which she added, "I don't believe you want to go at all."

"Why else should I have come, especially if I don't take you seriously?"

"That has never been a reason for a

man not going to see a woman," said the Princess. "It's usually a reason in favor of it."

Muniment turned his smiling eyes over the room, looking from one article of furniture to another: this was a way he had when he was engaged in a discussion, and it suggested not so much that he was reflecting on what his interlocutor said as that his thoughts were pursuing a cheerfully independent course. Presently he observed, "I don't know that I quite understand what you mean by that question of taking a woman seriously."

"Ah, you are very perfect," murmured the Princess. "Don't you consider that the changes you look for will be also for our benefit?"

"I don't think they will alter your position."

"If I did n't hope for that, I would n't do anything," said the Princess.

"Oh, I have no doubt you'll do a great deal."

The young man's companion was silent for some minutes, during which he also was content to say nothing. "I wonder you can find it in your conscience to work with me," she observed at last.

"It is n't in my conscience I find it," said Muniment, laughing.

The maid-servant brought in the tea, and while the Princess was making a place for it on a little table beside her she exclaimed, "Well, I don't care, for I think I have you in my power!"

"You have every one in your power," returned Muniment.

"Every one is no one," the Princess replied, rather dryly; and a moment later she said to him, "That extraordinary little sister of yours — surely you take *her* seriously?"

"I'm wonderful fond of her, if that's what you mean. But I don't think her position will ever be altered."

"Are you alluding to her position in bed? If you consider that she will

never recover her health," the Princess said, "I am very sorry to hear it."

"Oh, her health will do. I mean that she will continue to be, like all the most amiable women, just a kind of ornament to life."

The Princess had already perceived that he pronounced amiable "emiabie;" but she had accepted this peculiarity of her visitor in the spirit of imaginative transfiguration in which she had accepted several others. "To your life, of course. She can hardly be said to be an ornament to her own."

"Her life and mine are all one."

"She is certainly magnificent," said the Princess. While he was drinking his tea, she remarked to him that for a revolutionist he was certainly most extraordinary; and he inquired, in answer, whether it were not rather in keeping for revolutionists to be extraordinary. He drank three cups, declaring that his hostess's decoction was rare; it was better, even, than Lady Aurora's. This led him to observe, as he put down his third cup, looking round the room again, lovingly, almost covetously, "You've got everything so handy, I don't see what interest you can have."

"How do you mean, what interest?"

"In getting in so uncommon deep."

On the instant the Princess's expression flashed into pure passion. "Do you consider that I am in — really far?"

"Up to your neck, ma'am."

"And do you think that *il y va* of my neck — I mean that it's in danger?" she translated, eagerly.

"Oh, I understand your French. Well, I'll look after you," Muniment observed.

"Remember, then, definitely, that I expect not to lie."

"Not even for me?" Then Muniment added, in the same familiar tone, which was not rough nor wanting in respect, but only homely and direct, suggestive of growing acquaintance, "If I

was your husband, I would come and take you away."

"Please don't speak of my husband," said the Princess, gravely. "You have no qualification for doing so; you know nothing whatever about him."

"I know what Hyacinth has told me."

"Oh, Hyacinth!" the Princess murmured, impatiently. There was another silence of some minutes, not disconnected, apparently, from this reference to the little bookbinder; but when Muniment spoke, after the interval, it was not to carry on the allusion.

"Of course you think me very plain, very rude."

"Certainly, you have not such a nice address as Hyacinth," the Princess rejoined, impatiently, on her side, to evade the topic. "But that is given to very few," she added; "and I don't know that pretty manners are exactly what we are working for."

"Ay, it won't be very endearing when we cut down a few allowances," said Muniment. "But I want to please you; I want to be as much as possible like Hyacinth," he went on.

"That is not the way to please me. I don't forgive him; he's very silly."

"Ah, don't say that; he's a little brick!" Muniment exclaimed.

"He's a dear fellow, with extraordinary qualities, but so deplorably conventional."

"Yes, talking about taking things seriously — *he* takes them seriously," remarked Muniment.

"Has he ever told you his life?" asked the Princess.

"He has n't required to tell me. I've seen a good bit of it."

"Yes, but I mean before you knew him."

Muniment reflected a moment. "His birth, and his poor mother? I think it was Rosy told me about that."

"And, pray, how did *she* know?"

"Ah, when you come to the way

Rosy knows!" said Muniment, laughing. "She does n't like people in that predicament. She thinks we ought all to be finely born."

"Then they agree, for so does poor Hyacinth." The Princess hesitated an instant; then she said, as if with a quick effort, "I want to ask you something. Have you had a visit from Mr. Vetch?"

"The old gentleman who fiddles? No, he has never done me that honor."

"It was because I prevented him, then. I told him to leave it to me."

"To leave what, now?" Muniment looked at her in placid perplexity.

"He is in great distress about Hyacinth — about the danger he runs. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean," Muniment replied, slowly. "But what does *he* know about it? I thought it was supposed to be a deadly secret."

"So it is. He does n't know anything; he only suspects."

"How do you know, then?"

The Princess hesitated again. "Oh, I'm like Rosy — I find out. Mr. Vetch, as I suppose you are aware, has known Hyacinth all his life; he takes a most affectionate interest in him. He believes there is something hanging over him, and he wants it to be turned off, to be stopped." The Princess paused, at this, but her visitor made no response, and she went on: "He was going to see you, to beg you to do something, to interfere; he seemed to think that your power, in such a matter, would be very great; but, as I tell you, I requested him, as a particular favor to me, to let you alone."

"What favor would it be to you?" Muniment asked.

"It would give me the satisfaction of feeling that you were not worried."

Muniment appeared struck with the curious inadequacy of this explanation, considering what was at stake; he broke into a laugh, and remarked, "That was considerate of you, beyond everything."

"It was not meant as consideration for you; it was a piece of calculation." The Princess, having made this announcement, gathered up her gloves and turned away, walking to the chimney-piece, where she stood a moment arranging her bonnet-ribbons in the mirror with which it was decorated. Muniment watched her with evident curiosity; in spite both of his inaccessibility to nervous agitation and of the skeptical theories he entertained about her, he was not proof against her general faculty of creating a feeling of suspense, a tension of interest, on the part of those who associated with her. He followed her movements, but, plainly, he did n't follow her calculations, so that he could only listen more attentively when she inquired suddenly, "Do you know why I asked you to come and see me? Do you know why I went to see your sister? It was all a plan," said the Princess.

"We hoped it was just an ordinary humane, social impulse," the young man returned.

"It was humane, it was even social, but it was not ordinary. I wanted to save Hyacinth."

"To save him?"

"I wanted to be able to talk wit you just as I am talking now."

"That was a fine idea!" Muniment exclaimed, ingenuously.

"I have an exceeding, a quite inexpressible, regard for him. I have no patience with some of his opinions, and that is why I permitted myself to say just now that he is silly. But, after all, the opinions of our friends are not what we love them for, and therefore I don't see why they should be what we hate them for. Hyacinth Robinson's nature is singularly generous and his intelligence very fine, though there *are* some things that he muddles up. You just now expressed strongly your own regard for him; therefore we ought to be perfectly agreed. Agreed, I mean, about getting him out of his scrape."

Muniment had the air of a man who felt that he must consider a little before he assented to these successive propositions; it being a limitation of his intellect that he could not respond without understanding. After a moment he answered, referring to the Princess's last remark, in which the others appeared to culminate, and at the same time shaking his head a little and smiling, "His scrape is n't important."

"You thought it was when you got him into it."

"I thought it would give him pleasure," said Muniment.

"That's not a reason for letting people do what is n't good for them."

"I was n't thinking so much about what would be good for him as about what would be bad for some others. He can do as he likes."

"That's easy to say. They must be persuaded not to call upon him."

"Persuade them, then, dear madam."

"How can I persuade them? If I could, I would n't have approached you. I have no influence, and even if I had my motives would be suspected. You are the one to interpose."

"Shall I tell them he funks it?" Muniment asked.

"He does n't — he does n't!" exclaimed the Princess.

"On what ground, then, shall I put it?"

"Tell them he has changed his opinions."

"Would n't that be rather like denouncing him as a traitor, and doing it hypocritically?"

"Tell them, then, it's simply my wish."

"That won't do *you* much good," Muniment said, with his simple laugh.

"Will it put me in danger? That's exactly what I want."

"Yes; but as I understand you, you want to suffer *for* the people, not by them. You are very fond of Robinson

— that 's perfectly natural," the young man went on. "But you ought to remember that, in the line you have chosen, our affections, our natural ties, our timidities, our shrinkings" — His voice had become low and grave, and he paused a little, while the Princess's deep and lovely eyes, attaching themselves to his face, showed that, in an instant, she was affected by this unwonted adjuration. He spoke now as if he were taking her seriously. "All those things are as nothing, and must never weigh a feather beside our service."

The Princess began to draw on her gloves. "You're a most extraordinary man."

"That's what Rosy tells me."

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Do Hyacinth's job? Because it's better to do my own."

"And, pray, what is your own?"

"I don't know," said Paul Muniment, with perfect serenity and good-nature. "I expect to be instructed."

"Have you taken an oath, like Hyacinth?"

"Ah, madam, the oaths *I* take I don't tell," said the young man, gravely.

"Oh, you . . . !" the Princess murmured, with an ambiguous cadence. She appeared to dismiss the question, but to suggest, at the same time, that he was very abnormal. This imputation was further conveyed by the next words she uttered: "And can you see a dear friend whirled away like that?"

At this, for the first time, Paul Muniment exhibited a certain irritation. "You had better leave my dear friend to me."

The Princess, with her eyes still fixed upon him, gave a long, soft sigh. "Well, then, shall we go?"

Muniment took up his hat again, but he made no movement toward the door. "If you did me the honor to seek my acquaintance, to ask me to come and see you, only in order to say what you have just said about Hyacinth, perhaps we

need n't carry out the form of going to the place you proposed. Was n't this only your pretext?"

"I believe you *are* afraid!" the Princess exclaimed; but in spite of her exclamation the pair presently went out of the house. They quitted the door together, after having stood on the step for a moment, looking up and down, apparently for a cab. So far as the darkness, which was now complete, permitted the prospect to be scanned, there was no such vehicle within hail. They turned to the left, and after a walk of several minutes, during which they were engaged in small, dull by-streets, emerged upon a more populous way, where there were lighted shops and omnibuses and the evident chance of a hansom. Here they paused again, and very soon an empty hansom passed, and, at a sign, pulled up near them. Meanwhile, it should be mentioned, they had been followed, at a distance, by a cautious figure, a person who, in Madeira Crescent, when they came out of the house, was stationed on the other side of the street, at a considerable distance. When they appeared he retreated a little, still, however, keeping them in sight. When they moved away he moved in the same direction, watching them, but maintaining his distance. He drew nearer, seemingly because he could not control his eagerness, as they turned into Westbourne Grove, and during the minute they stood there he was exposed to recognition by the Princess if she had happened to turn her head. In the event of her having felt such an impulse, she would have discovered, in the lamp-light, that her noble husband was hovering in her rear. But the Princess was otherwise occupied; she failed to see that at one moment he came so close as to suggest that he had an intention of addressing himself to the couple. The reader scarcely needs to be informed that his real intention was to satisfy himself as to the kind of person his wife was walk-

ing with. The time allowed him for this inquiry was brief, especially as he had perceived, more rapidly than he sometimes perceived things, that they were looking for a vehicle, and that with its assistance they would pass out of his range — a reflection which caused him to give half his attention to the business of hailing any second cab which should come that way. There are parts of London in which you may never see a cab at all, but there are none in which you may see only a single one; in accordance with which fortunate truth, Prince Casamassima was able to wave his stick to good purpose as soon as the two objects of his pursuit had rattled away. Behind them now, in the gloom, he had no fear of being seen. In little more than an instant he had jumped into another hansom, the driver of which accompanied the usual exclamation of "All right, sir!" with a small, amused grunt, which the Prince thought eminently British, after he had hissed at him, over the hood, expressively, and in a manner by no means indicative of that nationality, the injunction, "Follow, follow, follow!"

XL.

An hour after the Princess had left the house with Paul Muniment, Madame Grandoni came down to supper, a meal of which she partook, in gloomy solitude, in the little back parlor. She had pushed away her plate, and sat motionless, staring at the crumpled cloth, with her hands folded on the edge of the table, when she became aware that a gentleman had been ushered into the drawing-room, and was standing before the fire in an attitude of discreet expectancy. At the same moment the maid-servant approached the old lady, and remarked, with bated breath, "The Prince, the Prince, mum! It's you he 'ave asked for, mum!" Upon this, Madame Grandoni called out to the visitor from

her place, addressed him as her poor young friend, and bade him come and give her his arm. He obeyed with solemn alacrity, and conducted her into the front room, near the fire. He helped her to arrange herself in her arm-chair, and to gather her shawl about her; then he seated himself near her, and remained with his pathetic eyes bent upon her. After a moment she said, "Tell me something about Rome. The grass in the Villa Borghese must already be thick with flowers."

"I would have brought you some, if I had thought," he answered. Then he turned his eyes about the room. "Yes, you may well ask, in such a black little hole as this. My wife should not live here," he added.

"Ah, my dear friend, for all that she's your wife!" the old woman exclaimed.

The Prince sprang up in sudden, passionate agitation, and then she saw that the rigid quietness with which he had come into the room and greeted her was only an effort of his good manners. He was really trembling with excitement. "It is true — it is true! She *has* lovers — she *has* lovers!" he broke out. "I have seen it with my eyes, and I have come here to know!"

"I don't know what you have seen, but your coming here to know will not have helped you much. Besides, if you have seen, you know for yourself. At any rate, I have ceased to be able to tell you."

"You are afraid — you are afraid!" cried the visitor, brandishing his arms.

Madame Grandoni looked up at him with slow speculation. "Sit down and be tranquil, very tranquil. I have ceased to pay attention — I take no heed."

"Well, I do, then," said the Prince, subsiding a little. "Don't you know she has gone out to a house, in a horrible quarter, with a man?"

"I think it highly probable, dear Prince."

"And who is he? That's what I want to discover."

"How can I tell you? I have n't seen him."

He looked at her a moment, with his distended eyes. "Dear lady, is that kind to me, when I have counted on you?"

"Oh, I am not kind any more; it's not a question of that. I am angry — as angry, almost, as you."

"Then why don't you watch her, eh?"

"It's not with her I am angry. It's with myself," said Madame Grandoni, meditatively.

"For becoming so indifferent, do you mean?"

"On the contrary, for staying in the house."

"Thank God, you are still here, or I could n't have come. But what a lodging for the Princess!" the young man exclaimed. "She might at least live in a manner befitting."

"Eh, the last time you were in London you thought it was too costly!" she cried.

He hesitated a moment. "Whatever she does is wrong. Is it because it's so bad that you must go?" he went on.

"It is foolish — foolish — foolish," said Madame Grandoni, slowly, impressively.

"Foolish, *chère, chère!* He was in the house nearly an hour, this one."

"In the house? In what house?"

"Here, where you sit. I saw him go in, and when he came out it was after a long time, with her."

"And where were you, meanwhile?"

Again Prince Casamassima hesitated. "I was on the other side of the street. When they came out I followed them. It was more than an hour ago."

"Was it for that you came to London?"

"I don't know what I came for. To torment myself."

"You had better go back to Rome," said Madame Grandoni.

"Of course I will go back, but if you will tell me who this one is! How can you be ignorant, dear friend, when he comes freely in and out of the house where I have to watch, at the door, for a moment that I can snatch? He was not the same as the other."

"As the other?"

"Doubtless there are fifty! I mean the little one, whom I met, in the other house, that Sunday afternoon."

"I sit in my room almost always now," said the old woman. "I only come down to eat."

"Dear lady, it would be better if you would sit here," the Prince remarked.

"Better for whom?"

"I mean that if you did not withdraw yourself you could at least answer my questions."

"Ah, but I have not the slightest desire to answer them," Madame Grandoni replied. "You must remember that I am not here as your spy."

"No," said the Prince, in a tone of extreme and simple melancholy. "If you had given me more information, I should not have been obliged to come here myself. I arrived in London only this morning, and this evening I spent two hours walking up and down opposite the house, like a groom waiting for his master to come back from his ride. I wanted a personal impression. It was so that I saw him come in. He is not a gentleman — not even like some of the strange ones here."

"I think he is Scotch," remarked Madame Grandoni.

"Ah, then, you *have* seen him?"

"No, but I have heard him. He speaks very loud — the floors of this house are not built as we build in Italy — and his voice is the same that I have heard in the people of that country. Besides, she has told me — some things. He is a chemist's assistant."

"A chemist's assistant? *Santo Dio!* And the other one, a year ago — more than a year ago — was a bookbinder."

"Oh, the bookbinder!" murmured Madame Grandoni.

"And does she associate with no people of good? Has she no other society?"

"For me to tell you more, Prince, you must wait till I am free," said the old lady.

"How do you mean, free?"

"I must choose. I must either go away — and then I can tell you what I have seen — or if I stay here I must hold my tongue."

"But if you go away you will have seen nothing," the Prince objected.

"Ah, plenty as it is — more than I ever expected to."

The Prince clasped his hands together in tremulous supplication; but at the same time he smiled, as if to conciliate, to corrupt. "Dearest friend, you torment my curiosity. If you will tell me this, I will never ask you anything more. Where did they go? For the love of God, what is that house?"

"I know nothing of their houses," she returned, with an impatient shrug.

"Then there are others — there are many?" She made no answer, but sat brooding, with her chin in her protrusive kerchief. Her visitor presently continued, in a soft, earnest tone, with his beautiful Italian distinctness, as if his lips cut and curved the sound, while his fine fingers quivered into quick, emphasizing gestures: "The street is small and black, but it is like all the streets. It has not importance; it is at the end of an endless imbroglio. They drove for twenty minutes; then they stopped their cab and got out. They went together on foot some minutes more. There were many turns; they seemed to know them well. For me it was very difficult — of course I also got out; I had to stay so far behind — close against the houses. Chiffinch Street, N. E. — that was the name," the Prince continued, pronouncing the word with difficulty; "and the house is No.

32 — I looked at that after they went in. It's a very bad house — worse than this; but it has no sign of a chemist, and there are no shops in the street. They rang the bell — only once, though they waited a long time; it seemed to me, at least, that they did not touch it again. It was several minutes before the door was opened; and that was a bad time for me, because as they stood there they looked up and down. Fortunately you know the air of this place! I saw no light in the house — not even after they went in. Who let them enter, I could n't tell. I waited nearly half an hour, to see how long they would stay and what they would do on coming out; then, at last, my impatience brought me here, for to know she was absent made me hope I might see you. While I was there, two persons went in — two men, together, smoking, who looked like *artisti* (I did n't see them near) — but no one came out. I could see they took their cigars — and you can fancy what tobacco! — into the presence of the Princess. Formerly," pursued Madame Grandoni's visitor, with a touching attempt at a humorous treatment of this point, "she never tolerated smoking — never mine, at least. The street is very quiet — very few people pass. Now what is the house? Is it where that man lives?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

He had been encouraged by her consenting, in spite of her first protests, to listen to him — he could see she *was* listening; and he was still more encouraged when, after a moment, she answered his question by a question of her own: "Did you cross the river to go there? I know that he lives over the water."

"Ah, no, it was not in that part. I tried to ask the cabman who brought me back to explain to me what it is called; but I could n't make him understand. They have heavy minds," the Prince remarked. Then he went on,

drawing a little closer to his hostess: "But what were they doing there? Why did she go with him?"

"They are plotting. *Ecco!*" said Madame Grandoni.

"You mean a secret society, a band of revolutionists and assassins? *Capisco bene*, — that is not new to me. But perhaps they only pretend it's for that," added the Prince.

"Only pretend? Why should they pretend? That is not Christina's way."

"There are other possibilities," the Prince observed.

"Oh, of course, when your wife goes away with strange men, in the dark, to far-away houses, you can think anything you like, and I have nothing to say to your thoughts. I have my own, but they are my own affairs, and I shall not undertake to defend Christina, for she is indefensible. When she does the things she does, she provokes, she invites the worst construction; there let it rest, save for this one remark, which I will content myself with making: If she were a dishonest woman, she would not behave as she does now, she would not expose herself to irresistible interpretations; the appearance of everything would be good and proper. I simply tell you what I believe. If I believed that what she is doing concerned you alone, I should say nothing about it — at least, sitting here. But it concerns others, it concerns every one, so I will open my mouth at last. She has gone to that house to break up society."

"To break it up, yes, as she has wanted before?"

"Oh, more than before. She is very much entangled. She has relations with people who are watched by the police. She has not told me, but I have perceived it by simply living with her."

Prince Casamassima stared. "And is *she* watched by the police?"

"I can't tell you; it is very possible — except that the police here is not like that of other countries."

"It is more stupid," said the Prince. He gazed at Madame Grandoni with a flush of shame on his face. "Will she bring us to *that* scandal? It would be the worst of all."

"There is one chance — the chance that she will get tired of it," the old lady remarked. "Only the scandal may come before that."

"Dear friend, she is the devil," said the Prince, solemnly.

"No, she is not the devil, because she wishes to do good."

"What good did she ever wish to do to me?" the Italian demanded, with glowing eyes.

Madame Grandoni shook her head very sadly. "You can do no good, of any kind, to each other. Each on your own side, you must be quiet."

"How can I be quiet when I hear of such infamies?" Prince Casamassima got up, in his violence, and, in a tone which caused his companion to burst into a short, incongruous laugh as soon as she heard the words, exclaimed, "She shall *not* break up society!"

"No, she will bore herself before the trick is played. Make up your mind to that."

"That is what I expected to find — that the caprice was over. She has passed through so many follies."

"Give her time — give her time," replied Madame Grandoni.

"Time to drag my name into an assize court? Those people are robbers, incendiaries, murderers!"

"You can say nothing to me about them that I have n't said to her."

"And how does she defend herself?"

"Defend herself? Did you ever hear Christina do that?" Madame Grandoni asked. "The only thing she says to me is, 'Don't be afraid; I promise you by all that's sacred that you sha'n't suffer.' She speaks as if she had it all in her hands. That is very well. No doubt I'm a selfish old woman, but, after all, one has a heart for others."

"And so have I, I think I may pretend," said the Prince. "You tell me to give her time, and it is certain that she will take it, whether I give it or not. But I can at least stop giving her money. By Heaven, it's my duty, as an honest man."

"She tells me that as it is you don't give her much."

"Much, dear lady? It depends on what you call so. It's enough to make all these scoundrels flock around her."

"They are not all scoundrels, any more than she is. That is the strange part of it," said the old woman, with a weary sigh.

"But this fellow, the chemist — tonight — what do you call him?"

"She has spoken to me of him as a most estimable young man."

"But she thinks it's estimable to blow us all up," the Prince returned. "Does n't he take her money?"

"I don't know what he takes. But there are some things — Heaven forbid one should forget them! The misery of London is something fearful."

"*Che vuole?* There is misery everywhere," returned the Prince. "It is the will of God. *Ci vuol pazienza!* And in this country does no one give alms?"

"Every one, I believe. But it appears that it is not enough."

The Prince said nothing for a moment; this statement of Madame Grandoni's seemed to present difficulties. The solution, however, soon suggested itself; it was expressed in the inquiry, "What will you have in a country which has not the true faith?"

"Ah, the true faith is a great thing; but there is suffering even in countries that have it."

"*Evidentemente.* But it helps suffering to be borne, and, later, it makes it up; whereas here! . . ." said the young man, with a melancholy smile. "If I may speak of myself, it is to me, in my circumstances, a support."

"That is good," said Madame Grandoni.

He stood before her, resting his eyes for a moment on the floor. "And the famous Sholto — Godfrey Gerald — does he come no more?"

"I have n't seen him for months, and know nothing about him."

"He does n't like the chemists and the bookbinders, eh?" asked the Prince.

"Ah, it was he who first brought them — to gratify your wife."

"If they have turned him out, then, that is very well. Now, if only some one could turn *them* out!"

"*Aspetta, aspetta!*" said the old woman.

"That is very good advice, but to follow it is n't amusing." Then the Prince added, "You alluded, just now, as to something particular, to *quel giovane*, the young artisan whom I met in the other house. Is he also estimable, or has he paid the penalty of his crimes?"

"He has paid the penalty, but I don't know of what. I have nothing bad to tell you of him, except that I think his star is on the wane."

"*Poverino!*" the Prince exclaimed.

"That is exactly the manner in which I addressed him the first time I saw him. I did n't know how it would happen, but I felt that it would happen somehow. It has happened through his changing his opinions. He has now the same idea as you — that *ci vuol pazienza.*"

The Prince listened with the same expression of wounded eagerness, the same parted lips and excited eyes, to every added fact that dropped from Madame Grandoni's lips. "That, at least, is more honest. Then *he* does n't go to Chiffinch Street?"

"I don't know about Chiffinch Street; but it would be my impression that he does n't go anywhere that Christina and the other one — the Scotchman — go together. But these are delicate matters," the old woman added.

They seemed much to interest her interlocutor. "Do you mean that the Scotchman is — what shall I call it? — his successor?"

For a moment Madame Grandoni made no reply. "I think that this case is different. But I don't understand; it was the other, the little one, that helped her to know the Scotchman."

"And now they have quarreled — about my wife? It is all tremendously edifying!" the Prince exclaimed.

"I can't tell you, and should n't have attempted it, only that Assunta talks to me."

"I wish she would talk to me," said the Prince, wistfully.

"Ah, my friend, if Christina were to find you getting at her servants!"

"How could it be worse for me than it is now? However, I don't know why I speak as if I cared, for I don't care any more. I have given her up. It is finished."

"I am glad to hear it," said Madame Grandoni, gravely.

"You yourself made the distinction, perfectly. So long as she endeavored only to injure *me*, and in my private capacity, I could condone, I could wait, I could hope. But since she has so recklessly thrown herself into the most criminal undertakings, since she lifts her hand with a determined purpose, as you tell me, against the most sacred institutions — it is too much; ah, yes, it is too much. She may go her way; she is no wife of mine. Not another penny of mine shall go into her pocket, and into that of the wretches who prey upon her, who have corrupted her."

"Dear Prince, I think you are right. And yet I am sorry!" sighed the old woman, extending her hand for assistance to rise from her chair. "If she becomes really poor, it will be much more difficult for me to leave her. *This* is not poverty, and not even a good imitation of it, as she would like it to be. But what will be said of me if, having

remained with her through so much of her splendor, I turn away from her the moment she begins to want?"

"Dear lady, do you ask that to make me relent?" the Prince inquired, after an hesitation.

"Not in the least; for whatever is said and whatever you do, there is nothing for me in decency, at present, but to pack my trunk. Judge, by the way I have tattled."

"If you will stay on, she shall have everything." The Prince spoke in a very low tone, with a manner that betrayed the shame he felt at his attempt at bribery.

Madame Grandoni gave him an astonished glance, and moved away from him. "What does that mean? I thought you did n't care."

I know not what explanation of his inconsequence her companion would have given her if, at that moment, the door of the room had not been pushed open, to permit the entrance of Hyacinth Robinson. He stopped short on perceiving that Madame Grandoni had a visitor, but before he had time to say anything the old lady addressed him with a certain curtness: "Ah, you don't fall well; the Princess is n't at home."

"That was mentioned to me, but I ventured to come in to see you, as I have done before," Hyacinth replied. Then he added, as if he were retreating, "I beg many pardons. I was not told that you were not alone."

"My visitor is going, but I am going too," said Madame Grandoni. "I must take myself to my room. I am nervous and very sad. Therefore, kindly excuse me."

Hyacinth had had time to recognize the Prince, and this nobleman paid him the same compliment, as was proved by his asking of Madame Grandoni, in a rapid aside, in Italian, "Is n't it the bookbinder?"

"*Sicuro*," said the old lady; while Hyacinth, murmuring a regret that he

should find her indisposed, turned back to the door.

"One moment — one moment, I pray!" the Prince interposed, raising his hand persuasively, and looking at him with an unexpected, exaggerated smile. "Please introduce me to the gentleman," he added, in English, to Madame Grandoni.

She manifested no surprise at the request — she had none left, apparently, for anything — but pronounced the name of Prince Casamassima, and then added, for Hyacinth's benefit, "He knows who you are."

"Will you permit me to keep you a very little minute?" the Prince continued, addressing the other visitor; after which he remarked to Madame Grandoni, "I will speak with him a little. It is perhaps not necessary that we should incommode you, if you do not wish to stay."

She had for a moment, as she tossed off a satirical little laugh, a return of her ancient drollery: "Remember that if you talk long she may come back. Yes, yes, I will go up-stairs. *Felicissima notte, signori!*" She took her way to the door, which Hyacinth, considerably bewildered, held open for her.

The reasons for which Prince Casamassima wished to converse with him were mysterious; nevertheless, he was about to close the door behind Madame Grandoni, as a sign that he was at the service of her companion. At this moment the latter raised again a courteous, remonstrant hand. "After all, as my visit is finished, and as yours comes to nothing, might we not go out?"

"Certainly, I will go with you," said Hyacinth. He spoke with an instinctive stiffness, in spite of the Prince's queer affability, and in spite also of the fact that he felt sorry for the nobleman, to whose countenance Madame Grandoni's last injunction, uttered in English, had brought a deep and painful blush. It is needless to go into the question of

what Hyacinth, face to face with an aggrieved husband, may have had on his conscience, but he assumed, naturally enough, that the situation might be grave, though indeed the Prince's manner was, for the moment, incongruously conciliatory. Hyacinth invited his new acquaintance to pass, and in a minute they were in the street together.

"Do you go here — do you go there?" the Prince inquired, as they stood a moment before the house. "If you will permit, I will take the same direction." On Hyacinth's answering that it was indifferent to him the Prince said, turning to the left, "Well, then, here, but slowly, if that pleases you, and only a little way." His English was far from perfect, but his errors were mainly errors of pronunciation, and Hyacinth was struck with his effort to express himself very distinctly, so that, in intercourse with a little representative of the British populace, his foreignness should not put him at a disadvantage. Quick as he was to perceive and appreciate, Hyacinth noted how a certain quality of breeding that was in his companion enabled him to compass that coolness, and he mentally applauded his success in a difficult feat. Difficult he judged it, because it seemed to him that the purpose for which the Prince wished to speak to him was one which must require a deal of explanation, and it was a sign of training to explain adequately, in a foreign tongue, especially if one were agitated, to a person in a social position very different from one's own. Hyacinth knew what the Prince's estimate of *his* importance must be (he could have no illusions as to the character of the people his wife received); but while he heard him carefully put one word after the other, he was able to smile to himself at his needless precautions. Hyacinth reflected that at a pinch he could have encountered him in his own tongue; during his stay at Venice he had picked up an

Italian vocabulary. "With Madame Grandoni I spoke of you," the Prince announced, dispassionately, as they walked along. "She told me a thing that interested me," he added; "that is why I walk with you." Hyacinth said nothing, deeming that better by silence than in any other fashion he held himself at the disposal of his interlocutor. "She told me you have changed — you have no more the same opinions."

"The same opinions?"

"About the arrangement of society. You desire no more the assassination of the rich."

"I never desired any such thing!" said Hyacinth, indignantly.

"Oh, if you have changed, you can confess," the Prince rejoined, in an encouraging tone. "It is very good for some people to be rich. It would not be right for all to be poor."

"It would be pleasant if all could be rich," Hyacinth suggested.

"Yes, but not by stealing and shooting."

"No, not by stealing and shooting. I never desired that."

"Ah, no doubt she was mistaken. But to-day you think we must have patience," the Prince went on, as if he hoped very much that Hyacinth would allow this valuable conviction to be attributed to him. "That is also my thought."

"Oh, yes, we must have patience," said Hyacinth, who was now smiling to himself in the dark.

They had by this time reached the end of the little Crescent, where the Prince paused under the street-lamp. He considered Hyacinth's countenance for a moment by its help, and then he pronounced, "If I am not mistaken, you know very well the Princess."

Hyacinth hesitated a moment. "She has been very kind to me."

"She is my wife — perhaps you know."

Again Hyacinth hesitated, but after

a moment he replied, "She has told me that she is married." As soon as he had spoken these words he thought them idiotic.

"You mean you would not know if she had not told you, I suppose. Evidently, there is nothing to show it. You can think if that is agreeable to me."

"Oh, I can't think, I can't judge," said Hyacinth.

"You are right — that is impossible." The Prince stood before his companion, and in the pale gas-light the latter saw more of his face. It had an unnatural expression, a look of wasted anxiety; the eyes seemed to glitter, and Hyacinth conceived the unfortunate nobleman to be feverish and ill. He continued in a moment: "Of course you think it strange — my conversation. I want you to tell me something."

"I am afraid you are very unwell," said Hyacinth.

"Yes, I am unwell; but I shall be better if you will tell me. It is because you have come back to good ideas — that is why I ask you."

A sense that the situation of the Princess's husband was really pitiful, that at any rate he suffered and was helpless, that he was a gentleman and even a person who would never have done any great harm — a perception of these appealing truths came into Hyacinth's heart, and stirred there a desire to be kind to him, to render him any service that, in reason, he might ask. It appeared to Hyacinth that he must be pretty sick to ask any service at all, but that was his own affair. "If you would like me to see you safely home, I will do that," our young man remarked; and even while he spoke he was struck with the oddity of his being already on such friendly terms with a person whom he had hitherto supposed to be the worst enemy of the rarest of women. He found himself unable to consider the Prince with resentment.

The nobleman acknowledged the civility of his offer with a slight inclination of his long, attenuated person. "I am very much obliged to you, but I will not go home. I will not go home till I know this — to what house she has gone. Will you tell me that?"

"To what house?" Hyacinth repeated.

"She has gone with a person whom you know. Madame Grandoni told me that. He is a Scotch chemist."

"A Scotch chemist?" Hyacinth stared.

"I saw them myself — two hours, three hours, ago. Listen, listen; I will be very clear," said the Prince, laying his forefinger on the other hand with an explanatory gesture. "He came to that house — this one, where we have been, I mean — and stayed there a long time. I was here in the street — I have passed my day in the street! They came out together, and I watched them, I followed them."

Hyacinth had listened with wonder, and even with suspense; the Prince's manner gave an air of such importance, such mystery, to what he had to relate. But at this he broke out: "This is not my business — I can't hear it! I don't watch, I don't follow."

The Prince stared a moment, in surprise; then he rejoined, more quickly than he had spoken yet, "But they went to a house where they conspire, where they prepare horrible acts. How can you like that?"

"How do you know it, sir?" Hyacinth inquired, gravely.

"It is Madame Grandoni who has told me."

"Why, then, do you ask me?"

"Because I am not sure, I don't think she knows. I want to know more, to be sure of what is done in that house. Does she go there only for the revolution," the Prince demanded, "or does she go there to be alone with him?"

"With *him*?" The Prince's tone

and his excited eyes infused a kind of vividness into the suggestion.

"With the tall man — the chemist. They got into a hansom together; the house is far away, in the lost quarters."

Hyacinth drew himself together. "I know nothing about the matter, and I don't care. If that is all you wish to ask me, we had better separate."

The Prince's face elongated; it seemed to grow paler. "Then it is not true that you hate those abominations!"

Hyacinth hesitated a moment. "How can you know about my opinions? How can they interest you?"

The Prince looked at him with dismal eyes; he raised his arms a moment, a certain distance, and then let them drop at his sides. "I hoped you would help me."

"When we are in trouble we can't help each other much!" our young man exclaimed. But this valuable remark was lost upon the Prince, who at the moment Hyacinth spoke had already turned to look in the direction from which they had proceeded, the other end of the Crescent, his attention apparently being called thither by the sound of a rapid hansom. The place was still and empty, and the wheels of this vehicle reverberated. The Prince peered at it, through the darkness, and in an instant he cried, under his breath, excitedly, "They have come back — they have come back! Now you can see — yes, the two!" The hansom had slackened pace and pulled up; the house before which it stopped was clearly the house the two men had lately quitted. Hyacinth felt his arm seized by the Prince, who, hastily, by a strong effort, drew him forward several yards. At this moment a part of the agitation that possessed the unhappy nobleman seemed to pass into his own blood; a wave of anxiety rushed through him — anxiety as to the relations of the two persons who had descended from the cab; he had, in short, for several instants, a very

exact revelation of the state of feeling of a jealous husband. If he had been told, half an hour before, that he was capable of surreptitious peepings, in the interest of such jealousy, he would have resented the insult; yet he allowed himself to be checked by his companion just at the nearest point at which they might safely consider the proceedings of the couple who alighted. It was in fact the Princess, accompanied by Paul Muni-ment. Hyacinth noticed that the latter paid the cabman, who immediately drove away, from his own pocket. He stood with the Princess for some minutes at the door of the house — minutes during which Hyacinth felt his heart beat in-sanely, ignobly, he could n't tell why.

"What does he say? what does *she* say?" hissed the Prince; and when he demanded, the next moment, "Will he go in again, or will he go away?" our sensitive youth felt that a voice was given to his own most eager thought.

The pair were talking together, with rapid sequences, and as the door had not yet been opened it was clear that, to prolong the conversation on the steps, the Princess delayed to ring. "It will make three, four, hours he has been with her," moaned the Prince.

"He may be with her fifty hours!" Hyacinth answered, with a laugh, turning away, ashamed of himself.

"He has gone in — *sangue di Dio!*" cried the Prince, catching his companion again by the arm and making him look. All that Hyacinth saw was the door just closing; the Princess and Muni-ment were on the other side of it. "Is *that* for the revolution?" the trembling nobleman panted. But Hyacinth made no answer; he only gazed at the closed door an instant, and then, disengaging himself, walked straight away, leaving the Prince in the darkness, to direct a great, helpless, futile shake of his stick at the indifferent house.

Henry James.

A VOLUME OF DANTE.

I LIE unread, alone. None heedeth me.

Day after day the cobwebs are unswept

From my dim covers. I have lain and slept

In dust and darkness for a century.

An old forgotten volume, I. Yet see!

Such mighty words within my heart are kept

That, reading once, great Ariosto wept

In vain despair so impotent to be.

And once, with pensive eyes and drooping head,

Musing, Vittoria Colonna came,

And touched my leaves with dreamy finger-tips,

Lifted me up half absently, and read;

Then kissed the page with sudden tender lips,

And sighed, and murmured one beloved name.

Caroline Wilder Fellowes.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN THE CONFEDERACY.

AMONG the many remarkable features of the war between the States the blockade system was perhaps the most extraordinary. For extent and effectiveness it stands without a parallel in history. Isolation on the part of one of the belligerents doubtless shaped the result in larger measure than in any preceding war of anything like the same magnitude. For it is to be questioned if there was ever before a great people so far from self-sustaining as was the South in 1861. Indeed, only by means of the modern facilities of transportation could it have been possible for a territory so large and populous to have fallen into a state of such absolute dependence on the outside world. Not only was steam an indispensable auxiliary of the Federals, rendering the invasion and retention of the revolting territory practicable, but it had fostered at the South a fatal economic condition which made the failure of the Confederacy a foregone conclusion from the first. How this abnormal state told when isolation came, and how desperately the people strove to remedy it, forms a curious and pathetic chapter of the war history.

While war in the abstract had been vaguely apprehended for a generation, war in the concrete took the South, as all unpleasant things are apt to take optimistic human nature, by surprise. And optimism was as peculiarly characteristic of the Southern mind up to Appomattox as the opposite quality has been ever since. Moreover, the political axiom of the day, that even should war arise the imperative need of cotton would at least force the European powers to keep their ports open, lulled the South into such security that hostilities overtook her with little more than the scant stock of crude and manufactured articles necessary for current use.

The few unvaried manufacturing establishments that existed were of course utterly inadequate to supply the needs of the people, and neither machinery nor artisans were to be had to found new ones. Many of the most skilled workmen were Northern men, who either returned home on the outbreak of war, or slipped through the lines later on, as our fortunes grew darker and our need sorer. All such as remained at the South were insufficient to meet the military requirements of the hour. For the people in their domestic needs there was nothing left but a recourse to the rude contrivances of primitive days, which fortunately were not yet entirely obsolete in the rural districts. To these, as the slender stock of manufactured articles in the country gave out and the European powers persisted in holding aloof, the people turned with such skill and material as they were possessed of, to provide the necessaries of life. Spinning-wheels were set agoing; the scattered members of shapeless, half-forgotten old looms were dragged to light; while the neighborhood blacksmith, cobbler, and other petty craftsmen found themselves suddenly spring into important personages. On the ingenuity of each family, often of each individual, depended sooner or later their comfort, almost their existence. There was a suggestion of primeval life in the manner in which even in the veriest trifles one was thrown wholly on his own resources. Not only had a way to be invented to make everything, but in most cases a substitute had to be discovered for the crude material of which they were made, till between makings, renovatings, and remodelings, we became a nation of Crusoes. Indeed, if that era of home life had to be characterized by one word, there could be no choice as to

the term "substitute." It may be added, in passing, that to this day the word is commonly used by the illiterate people of North Carolina as a synonym for all that is sorry and worthless. There was hardly a tree or plant that did not in the long run furnish at least one substitute; being laid under tribute to feed or clothe the people, or to cure their ailments. Of these substitutes, some were in the beginning a rage, but each in the end a necessity. The absorption of the Southern mind in the war issue, coupled with its inherent non-inventiveness, or, more accurately, its non-completeness, can alone account for the paucity of permanently useful inventions that have arisen from that period of ceaseless experiment.

The most serious matter of all was the great dearth of the prime staples of life themselves that overtook the South almost on the very threshold of war. The Confederacy was self-sustaining in breadstuff alone, — and by breadstuff is meant Indian corn only, wheaten bread being regarded as a luxury by thousands in average circumstances, — and the inadequacy of transportation prevented a proper distribution of even that. There was only one considerable saline, and the probability of a total failure of the salt supply, from its exhaustion or capture, was a matter of ever-deepening anxiety. The meat product of the country was largely insufficient at first, and after the loss of so much valuable territory in Tennessee and Kentucky the government, by dint of buying, tithing, and impressing, was barely able to scrape together, week by week, the stinted rations of bacon indispensable to keep life in the soldiers. Urgent as the need of recruits soon became, the authorities perforce adhered to the arrangement whereby the overseers of plantations were exempt from military duty, mainly in consideration of the proprietors giving bond to furnish the army with a few hundred pounds of bacon or beef an-

nually. Private individuals, having the advantage of only one of the resources of the government, and that the least reliable, that of purchase, often found it impossible to procure meat at all. It took time to render available the limited product of iron and leather of which the country was capable. Iron was known to exist in various localities, but few of the mines had been developed, and both appliances and skilled labor were lacking to work them to any extent. The petty rural tanneries, tanning hides "one half for the other" and consuming eighteen months in the process, were the only dependence for leather.

No sooner did the war and the attendant blockade become a certainty than the speculators, with swift and concerted action, possessed themselves of almost the entire stock of salt, bacon, and leather, and withdrew them from market. Scarcely a country store or backwoods tan-yard escaped their visitation. A clique of half a dozen men obtained and held control of the only two nail factories in the Confederacy. By this means the speculators not only hastened and heightened the general stringency and distress, but through the exorbitant prices they were enabled to charge gave the first blow to the currency. In fact, into such a vast evil did speculation soon grow that efforts were made, in the convention called in North Carolina in 1861, to suppress it entirely by means of fines, imprisonment, and confiscation. The measure failed, except in respect to salt, as did that to limit the growing of tobacco and cotton; Virginia having restricted the planting of the former, and South Carolina and Georgia that of the latter. Nor was the detestation in which both practices were universally held much more efficacious. Speculation grew ever fiercer and more unfeeling. Although those who grew large crops of cotton and tobacco were discountenanced and regarded as half traitors, many persisted

in raising and accumulating these staples, till the return of peace brought fabulous prices for all such stores as had been fortunate enough to escape the tithing, impressing, and burning agents of the Confederate government.

From first to last, salt was the most precious of all commodities. To be worth one's salt was to have a value indeed. Its price, scarcity, and the methods by means of which its use could be largely dispensed with were subjects uppermost in every mind, and topics as common as the weather in every conversation. Its exposure for sale could draw even the long-hoarded pittance of silver from its hiding-place; and when the Confederate government could purchase supplies on no other terms, an offer of part payment in salt never failed to work wonders. It was possible to subsist, or at any rate to exist, with little leather and less iron. Old utensils might be mended and mended again, and their use extended almost indefinitely; people might go barefoot and yet live; but at least salt enough to cure the bacon was a *sine qua non*.

The State of North Carolina, after making it unlawful to speculate in salt, appointed a salt commissioner and made an appropriation to establish evaporating stations on the coast; and when these proved inadequate, and the approach of Federal fleets and armies rendered them insecure, state works were established at Saltville, Virginia, the great saline of the Confederacy. Even this last resource was uncertain, and the supply never continuous. Sometimes the government monopolized the wells, still oftener the transportation; while the danger of having teams impressed at the works by the military authorities became so great that nothing save extreme individual necessity could induce the people to run the risk. At times not a pound of salt could be bought at any price. Many were driven to dig up the dirt floors of their smoke-houses, im-

pregnated with the meat drippings of years, and by a tedious process of leaching and boiling to obtain an apology for salt. Every method practiced by civilized or uncivilized man for the curing of meat without or with a modicum of salt was attempted. While many of these processes were failures, occasioning the loss of more or less priceless bacon, some effected cures which in point of durability might have competed with petrifications themselves, and with fair prospects of success, supposing them to have been subjected to any agency of destruction short of Confederate hunger.

Boundless was the excitement and indignation in North Carolina when, in 1864, it was falsely rumored that the governor of Virginia had determined to prohibit by proclamation the removal of salt beyond the borders of that State, as the governor of North Carolina had long before done in regard to cotton and woolen fabrics. "We give Virginia blood," cried the press, "and she refuses us salt. We have paved her soil with the bones of our best and our bravest, and now she forbids us to gather what may without blasphemy be called the crumbs of life, which she lets fall. Our women and children must die at her hands, in requital of their husbands and fathers having died in her defense."

All the salt that the State was able to procure from Saltville and through the blockade was sold to the people — giving the wives and widows of soldiers the preference — at cost, which was usually about one fourth the market price. The greater part of the former was of very inferior quality; the "coast salt" especially, being quoted at just half the price of the imported article. The last installment of state salt, issued for the hog-killing in December, 1864, was at the rate of six pounds per capita of population. Shortly after that the works were destroyed by a Federal raid. Indeed, it was a matter of wonder to us, considering the vital importance to the

Confederacy of this unique place, which had sprung into being and prominence with the suddenness of a mushroom city of the West, that the Federals should not earlier have put forth even more strenuous efforts than they did for its possession.

The dearth of leather also drove the people to all sorts of grotesque expedients. Sole leather especially, owing to the difficulty which the small tanneries experienced in its production, was extremely scarce. Wood, which had long been worn to a very limited extent by the slaves in some localities, now came into general use in the making of shoes. A wooden shoe was among the very first inventions patented under the Confederate government. In the beginning a considerable variety of shapes prevailed. Some could do no better than dig out a rude wooden receptacle for the foot, a travesty on the *sabot* worn by the French peasants; a strip of leather being attached to the top, by means of which the clog was secured to the ankle. But by far the best and most comfortable style, and one which was adopted whenever the additional leather required was to be had, was a simple sole of ash, willow, or some light wood, to which full leathern uppers were fastened with tacks. At first these were made so thick, in order to insure durability, that among their various other effects was that of adding very sensibly to the stature of the community. Later on it was found better to make the soles thinner, and protect them from wear by nailing on their bottoms light irons, similar in shape to horseshoes. They were necessarily the noisiest shoes ever worn, always announcing the approach of their wearers at a good round distance. When the air was clear and the ground frozen, one was by this means kept well apprised of the movements of his immediate neighbors. Especially did their tell-tale clatter make them the abomination of the negro in his nocturnal rambles.

The dismay of nervous people and careful housewives, their effect in-doors was indeed something terrific, though after irons came into vogue and lessened the impacting surface, the clatter was toned down to something under the tramp of a horse. Nor were they much less destructive to floors, while carpets simply did not exist in their wake. Despite the scrubblings and scourings of a quarter century, their marks are yet to be seen in some houses.

The use of wooden bottoms for shoes was by no means confined to the negroes. They were worn by the majority of laboring people, as well as by many of both sexes who had been reared in affluence. The scarcity of the last winter of the war drove whole families into them, except the little feet which could not be trusted to steer such craft, but bore their share of martyrdom by being imprisoned indoors throughout the live-long dreary months.

Great skill and caution were requisite to keep afoot in wooden bottoms at all. A queer spectacle it was, too, to see one's fellow-beings stepping gingerly around, as if there were universal misgivings as to the safeness of the earth's crust. One may forget his first feat with firearms and even his first exploit on skates, but never his first flight on — or, to be accurate, his first abduction by — wooden bottoms. If the soles, which in a clumsy attempt to fit the foot were shaped like rockers, were once set in motion, they persisted in inexorably tilting one forward, especially if descending a hill, till volition was utterly lost, and nothing short of an ascent or a fall could arrest them. However, in time they became comparatively manageable, one getting able to choose his own path, as well as to have some small voice in stoppages.

Uppers were made of such random pieces of leather, or of anything bearing the faintest semblance to leather, that could be lighted on. Carriage curtains and buggy tops were acceptable. In

some cases old morocco pocket-books were converted into children's shoes; while many ladies managed to fashion themselves a sort of moccasin out of the most heterogeneous and unpromising materials. Woe to the careless wight who suffered his saddled horse to stand out near church, store, or post-office after nightfall! The chances were that when he went to mount he would find that some one had appropriated his saddle skirts for sole leather, unless indeed he had forestalled such an act by appropriating them to that end himself.

Iron was now the precious metal. War not only monopolized the entire product of the South, but so sore was the need that frequent calls were made for plantation bells to be cast into cannon. Many church bells were also given. In the cry for iron! iron! a large society of ladies undertook to furnish material for building an iron-clad by collecting all the broken pots, pans, and kettles in the Confederacy. The home folk had to depend almost entirely on the reworking of old iron. An active and unremitting search was maintained for every superfluous or cast-away scrap. All old vehicles and farm implements not absolutely indispensable were demolished, and the iron they contained was diverted to the pressing needs of the moment. All idle nails were carefully drawn and laid away for future use. A sharp lookout was kept for stray pins. Womenkind made their boast of the weeks or months they had passed without missing a single pin; while the loss of a good darning-needle would have been a calamity involving perhaps half a neighborhood. The rapidity with which such indestructible articles as pins, needles, buttons, etc., disappeared from the face of the earth after the blockade was established was as unaccountable as the speed with which larger things wore out. Many a hard-beset housewife, in her distress, "vowed," and half believed, that the Yankee manufactur-

ers, with a prophetic eye to the future, had purposely made the wares sent South of the most worthless description, in order that their collapse might embarrass us in the prosecution of the war.

Of all manufactured articles, cotton cards were, under the circumstances, of most vital importance, and their scarcity the source of most anxiety. A small patch of cotton was now planted on every farm, to be made into clothing. Fingers were a good, if very tedious, substitute for gins, which existed, of course, only in the cotton district; but without cards to prepare the lint for spinning, the wheels and looms had been resurrected to no purpose. These wanting, the cotton was useless, and there was no other resource. As every thread of clothing had to be homespun, tireless activity was necessary to provide for even a moderate-sized family of whites and blacks. The hum of the wheel and thump of the loom were necessarily almost as ceaseless as the tick of the clock; and as few families possessed more than one pair of cards, they had to be plied far into the night to keep rolls ahead for the women at the wheel. When it is remembered how much depended on these frail implements, and that their replacement was altogether problematical, it may be believed that their wear brought as many care wrinkles into the face of the materfamilias as the diminution of the stint of salt itself. Only the trustiest hand on the place, usually the black "mammy" herself, was ever allowed to touch them; nor was ever chancellor with his seals, or priest with his relics, more vigilant or self-important. Despite the numberless attempts, it was late in the war, if at all, that a really successful pair of cards was made in the Confederacy. The renovation of old ones, so as to prolong their usefulness for a few weeks, was, I believe, the most that was ever achieved. Indeed, the wire from which they were made, being of foreign manufacture, was as unattain-

able as the cards themselves. Every pair had to run the gauntlet of the blockade. The most valuable part of the cargo of the state blockade-runner, the *Ad-Vance*, consisted of bales of card-facing, to be attached to backs and handles on arrival. By this means Governor Vance was enabled almost to the very last to furnish the wives and widows of Confederate soldiers with good cards at ten dollars a pair, which could not always be obtained at one hundred dollars in the open market.

Much less than four years had sufficed to reduce the un replenished wardrobes to nothing. Besides the effect of constant use, inroads had been made into them for every sort of purpose. Not to speak of the silk dresses, which amid the enthusiasm of the earlier, brighter days of the war had been converted into battle-flags, woolen dresses and shawls had, later on, been made into shirts for the soldiers, as the carpets had been made into blankets, and the linen and curtains into lint and bandages for the wounded. Homespun or calico at ten dollars a yard was the only alternative for dress goods. In order that in point of dress all might be on the same footing, large societies of ladies bound themselves to wear nothing but the product of their own looms. These societies also had in view the discovery and dissemination of the best methods of dyeing and weaving, as well as the endless minutiae of this strange, perplexing economy. For besides the difficulties of cards, wheel, and loom, a host of obstacles had yet to be surmounted. Slightly and permanent dyes had to be concocted from the roots, herbs, and barks of the country. Then perhaps vexatious thread, and implements in the way of scissors, needles, etc., the handiwork of a smith who had never till now attempted anything more delicate than plough-points or grubbing-hoes, had to be contended with. As a last resort, buttons were made of persimmon seed, through which holes were pierced

for eyes. In many cases a mourning dress went the rounds of the neighborhood, as death entered one door after another. The æsthetic faculty, then, proven to be ineradicable in womankind, was confined mainly to the selection and grouping of dyes for cotton cloth, and to elaborate hats and bonnets, made at infinite pains from shucks or straw, garnished with mysterious bits of finery reclaimed from no one knew where. However, the rag-bag proved a magical repository of boundless possibilities, whence the conjuring hand drew always just what was needed.

Coffee had been almost the sole table beverage of the South, and no privation caused more actual discomfort among the people at large than the want of it. There was nothing for which they strove so eagerly and unceasingly to procure a substitute. Few indeed were the substances which did not first and last find their way into the coffee-pot. Wheat, rye, corn, sweet-potatoes, pea-nuts, dandelion seed, okra seed, persimmon seed, melon seed, are but a few of the substitutes which had their turn and their day. "A fig for the difference between Rio and rye," said the wits. "Eureka!" cried an enthusiastic newspaper correspondent. "Another of the shackles which holds the South the commercial thrall of the world is severed. Let South America keep her Rio and the antipodes its Java. It is discovered to be true beyond peradventure that as a beverage the seed of the sea-island cotton cannot be distinguished from the best Java, unless by its superiority; while the seed of the ordinary variety is found to be not a whit behind the best Rio." What a flutter of excitement and joy it raised in many a household — and doubtless the scene in ours was typical — to find that the great national plant, the very symbol of the Confederacy, was indeed so many-sided! It gave us greater confidence, if it were possible to have greater, in the power

and possibilities of the South, now that Cotton, the great king, had had another crown laid on his brow. So opportune was the discovery, too, that it struck us as almost a divine revelation, indicating the interposition of Providence in our favor. So eager were we to test it — or rather to confirm it, for it was too good not to be true — that we could not await meal-time. Residing in North Carolina and up the country, we had never seen any sea-island cotton, but the prospect of being confined to Rio was by no means appalling. A pickaninny was forthwith hurried off to the cotton patch, then sparsely flecked with newly opened boles. The apronful of precious stuff, now a veritable manna, was hardly indoors before a dozen hands, of all sizes and colors, were tearing, picking, at the discredited fibre, in quest of the more priceless seed. The Rio was made and drunk. Despite the sorghum sweetening, the verdict was unanimous in its favor. I hope that the communication of this stupendous discovery to our neighbors added as immensely to our happiness as to our self-importance. But if in the last respect we sinned, retribution could not have been laggard. For although, owing to the fact that happily the recollection of disappointments and humiliations is less abiding than the opposite feelings, I am unable to tell exactly why and when we returned to parched bran, it is nevertheless true that we did.

Receipts for making "coffee without coffee" (when the real article was alluded to, strong emphasis on the word left no doubt as to which kind was meant) were extensively advertised in the newspapers, and in some instances sold by canvassing agents. But rye, okra seed, and meal or bran held in the long run the popular favor. Those who could afford an infinitesimal quantity of the real article, counted out by the grain, to flavor the substitute, were the envy of the neighborhood. A cup of pure and genuine coffee would in the

eyes of many have been an extravagance akin to Cleopatra's famous draught itself. The contents of a small gourd, which held our entire stock of the genuine article for many months before the close of the war, must have gone towards the making of an incredible lake of coffee.

The few votaries of tea consoled themselves as best they could on a decoction of raspberry leaves or sassafras root. Some genius discovered in corn-fodder the exact flavor of black tea. Sugar, after the fall of Vicksburg, was almost as scarce as coffee. But in sorghum the people found a substitute which came perhaps nearer a success than any of the numberless makeshifts of the period. Sorghum, or Chinese sugar-cane, as it was then known, had been raised to some small extent in the State as early as 1857. It began to be largely planted in 1862, and during the two succeeding years its cultivation became general; sorghum-boiling adding another to the great Southern festivals of corn-shucking and hog-killing. It was about the sole thing of which there was no stint in the Confederacy. Verily the land was "submerged in sorghum." It sweetened the coffee, tea, and all the desserts of the time; sorghum candy was the national confection, sorghum "stews" the national festival. The strange creaking hum of the cane-mills pervaded the land. Every place was redolent of it; everything was sticking with it.

As the juice, after being expressed by rude wooden mills on the farm, was boiled by unskilled hands in vessels of every imaginable shape and size, the most divers and surprising results often ensued. Here one farmer left his sorghum so underdone that it soured; there another so overcooked his that it refused to leave the barrel in which it had been poured. In short, every result between candy and vinegar was obtained. The product of no two farms, indeed of no two kettles, was alike in color, taste, or consistency. While a few succeeded

in making a tolerable syrup, the majority were only learning the art when the war ended. As the sorghum was in most cases unavoidably boiled in iron vessels, the habitual users of it were easily to be distinguished by their abnormally black teeth. Controversy as to its healthfulness and unhealthfulness, its effect upon the teeth and the system in general, was almost as rife as that now carried on respecting whiskey and tobacco; and it may be added that it exerted about the same influence on the millions of consumers.

Confederate stationery was a thing no less unique and characteristic than the other products of the time. The writing-paper, of a dingy salmon color, rough and furzy, was ruled with heavy, glaring blue lines, doubtless on the principle that the plainness of the landmarks should be in proportion to the difficulty of the way. But with this paper, such as it was, at \$10 a quire, and envelopes in proportion, it was resorted to only after every available bit of paper, every page of old account-books, whether already written on one side or not, and even the fly-leaves of printed volumes had been ferreted out and exhausted. Envelopes were made of scraps of wall-paper and from the pictorial pages of old books, — the white side out, stuck together in some cases with the gum that exudes from peach-trees. Ink had almost as many substitutes as coffee, and with nearly as great a variety of results. Sumac-berries, poke-berries, "oak balls," and green persimmons set with rusty nails were oftenest used in concocting the fluids with which we blotted paper. We found that black-gum roots made fair corks. One of the very few things, if not the sole thing, that could be achieved with a dime was to post a letter. The ten-cent stamps, which were small and blue, bore a profile to all appearances a compromise between those of the rival Presidents.

The newspaper was of course the great institution of those feverish days. The war, in that it gave a powerful impetus to reading and writing, and led the minds of the country people farther afield, was undoubtedly a great educator. Newspapers now found their way to the occupants of numberless cabins, whose literary needs and curiosity as to the outside world had hitherto been fully satisfied by two books: one written a couple of thousand years ago in Palestine, the other a couple of hundred years ago in England. Few indeed were the households which had not a member at the perilous front, and the war news was matter of personal interest to all. One of the many pathetic sights of home life was the eager expectation with which an illiterate wife, or mother, or father hurried off, on securing the long-coveted newspaper, in quest of a reader, and doubtless as column after column was gone over in vain, to wonder, simple souls, how so much could be written without a word of mention touching the one in their eyes all-important. The condition of each copy when it came from the country post-office proved it to have been already thoroughly fumbled by the eager crowd which always collected around such places for the perusal of all papers not called for immediately on the opening of the mails. To such an extent was this practice sanctioned by custom, or by mutual forbearance, that if one called and found his paper missing, the tone in which he was informed "that some of the boys must have got hold of it and carried it off somewhere" showed that an explanation rather than an apology was intended. Once in the hands of the people, the papers passed swiftly from door to door as long as they held together. Between this ceaseless thumbing and the manifold household needs for paper, which had to be supplied wholly from this source, it is not to be wondered that extremely few copies are now extant.

Strange and peculiar to the times in matter and material were the weekly papers that reached us. Pregnant as the days were, space could be found only for the most salient events. Here half a column described a pitched battle; there a paragraph told all that we ever knew of a sharp skirmish, costing a hundred lives; again, a single sentence chronicled the daring and death of a dauntless handful. No one could form an idea as to what a day might bring forth.

As the press was naturally reticent respecting such matters as might dishearten friends, or encourage foes, — not even then escaping frequent threats of bridling measures at the hands of the Richmond government, — the newspaper advertisements have a peculiar value, as giving within certain limits a true, because unconscious, presentation of the condition and attitude of the people. Most of these notices, which were no less characteristic of the times than the news matter, fell under three heads: the orders of the Confederate conscription and commissary officers; notices that certain worthies, “urgently and unavoidably detained at home,” wished to hire substitutes; and rewards offered for deserters and runaway negroes. It is remarkable that in giving the approximate or probable whereabouts of the latter they were almost invariably represented as having returned to the old neighborhood from which they had once been removed, instead, as might be supposed, of making their way towards the Federal lines. The disproportion between the large quantity of land and the small number of slaves advertised for sale strikes one, under the circumstances, as very singular and unaccountable. Neither the fact that the method followed in selling the two species of property was different, nor that much land was thrown on the market owing to the proximity of the advancing Federal lines, the slaves being removed to a place of safety, will,

I think, entirely account for it. The true explanation, doubtless, lay largely in the spirit of combativeness which prompted men to cling with all the more tenacity to a species of property which they regarded as unjustly and maliciously attacked, coupled, too, with the scarcely formulated belief that if emancipation ever came, confiscation and all that was dreadful must, as a natural consequence, come hand in hand with it. To the very last the newspapers referred to the high price of slaves as a proof of the determination and confidence of the Southern people in the struggle.

The fewness of trade advertisements indicate a situation in which solicitation was incumbent on the buyer instead of the seller. An occasional cheap john, as a proof of his enterprise and philanthropy, announced that he had been able to reduce the price of coffee to \$40 a pound, sugar to \$15, nails to \$10, calico to \$10 a yard, salt to \$100 a sack, and other things to prices proportionally low. Grotesque and ironical to the last degree, and in more than one way, was an advertisement of the last winter of the war, in which an undertaker, in as lively fanfare of type as the font was then capable of, gave notice that he had just received through the blockade an assortment of mahogany coffins, with which he would be pleased to supply his friends and the public generally. However, in view of the fact that the columns were profoundly silent as to the whereabouts of food and raiment, there was unquestionably much timeliness in the tender of such wares.

After the rapid depreciation of the currency set in, no newspaper received subscriptions for more than six months in advance. With everything else at a hundred prices, \$40 per half year for the dailies, and \$20 for the weeklies, seemed strangely low. And although, between rough paper, worn type, and bad ink, they were sometimes only partially decipherable, and almost without

exception were reduced to half a sheet before the war was two years old, they nevertheless maintained a standard of excellence striking in those days of bungling attempts and lame efforts. The fact that the number of papers in North Carolina was reduced only from fifty-seven in 1861 to twenty-six in 1865, while at least nine tenths of all other business enterprises were ruined, proves journalism to have been the least unsuccessful occupation of the war period.

The Confederate currency was too remarkable a feature of the times to be omitted in any account of them. The depreciation which began spontaneously at various places was many months in becoming general; nor was it ever nearly uniform throughout the South. In the beginning it arose from no distrust of the currency itself. The great majority of the people were willing to receive, and actually did receive it at par, till the action of speculators forced up prices. Even then it passed as gold in the rural parts of North Carolina to the close of 1862. In fact, till the great twin disasters of July, 1863, destroyed ninety per cent. of the value of Confederate notes, there had been no great difference in the price of gold North and South. After that the currency sank with ever-increasing rapidity. The attempt of the Confederate Congress, by the act of February 11, 1864, to restrict the circulation by forcing the conversion into bonds of all notes over five dollars, the first of the ensuing April, under penalty of a repudiation of one third their value, proved not only futile, but really disastrous. We felt the instant effect in the destruction of thirty-three per cent. of the value of every dollar in circulation, the small notes sympathizing with the larger ones. When the new issue, of which so much had been fondly hoped, was at last uttered, it had far less purchasing power than the old before the damaging currency bill was passed. But for the de-

vice of the government in bolstering up the currency by steadily selling gold, for many months towards the last, at sixty for one, the notes must have lost even the shadow of value they retained. During 1864 returned prisoners protested that a dollar in "bluebacks" would buy more at Point Lookout than in Richmond.

Indeed, to the extreme scarcity of all goods and supplies in the South, as much as to the inflation and consequent distrust of the currency, must be ascribed its depreciation. Excepting the considerable influx of counterfeit Confederate notes smuggled through the lines from the North, there were just fifteen times as many dollars in circulation per capita, counting the population actually within the limits of the Confederacy, in January, 1864, as in the same month of 1860. The fact that specie possessed five times its normal purchasing power is an apparent but not a real refutation of this assertion. Owing to the urgent demand for specie for the blockading and smuggling trade, gold was no longer a standard of value. Some idea of the influence of this demand on the value of specie may be formed from the fact that the fall of Wilmington and the close of the blockade lessened the price of gold appreciably, although the Confederacy was tottering to its fall, with scarcely two months of life before it. Such an object of cupidity did the all-powerful silver — gold being rarely or never seen in general circulation — become to the whole people that years of vexatious experience with the unwieldy medium have hardly yet destroyed their veneration and affection for it.

As for the last two years, at least, no one hoarded or even husbanded Confederate money, it seemed a great deal more abundant than it really was. Never before, away from the gaming-table, did money ever change hands so rapidly. Each individual being bent and determined not to hold it, the whole com-

munity was on the rack to keep the last dollar in circulation. That this should have been at all difficult, in face of the exorbitant prices that prevailed, is sufficient proof of the extreme scarcity of everything that man needs or wishes. A young subaltern in Richmond, in 1864, who, on a day's furlough, before leaving for camp, went into a restaurant to disencumber himself of \$400 in "Jeff Davis shucks," and to make doubly sure took two acquaintances with him, found, when the reckoning came, after a by no means sumptuous repast, that he had not only succeeded in doing so, but had incurred an indebtedness of \$800 besides. Then indeed money burned every pocket. If there was anything that the people valued less than money I never heard of it. A practical treatise pointing out reliable ways of spending money would doubtless have had as many students then as one giving the opposite process now.

The very appearance of the majority of the notes in circulation was calculated to destroy the traditionary respect of the people for money. While the execution of some of the larger Confederate notes was, under the circumstances, of extraordinary merit, the popular complaint that the smaller bills and fractional currency, especially the state notes, did not even look like money was a just one. At their lowest ebb, neither in material nor execution would they have reflected credit on a village printing-office. A few months' use sufficed pretty thoroughly to efface the letter-press, and at the same time to reduce the note to as many fragments as there had been creases in it, which fragments were commonly kept together by being pasted on a backing of newspaper, homespun cloth, or other material that came to hand.

While the abnormal economic condition of which I have endeavored to give the most prominent features imposed more or less hardship on all, it bore

very unequally on people of different occupations. The professional class and those who worked for salaries and wages naturally fared worst at a time when the struggle for bare existence taxed the energies of the majority to the utmost, and when the value of money was the most uncertain thing in a situation where nothing was certain. Besides, although the price of the necessities of life increased fifty and a hundred fold, professional emoluments, salaries, and wages advanced not more than ten, rarely more than five, fold. The monthly pay of a Confederate foot-soldier — \$15 a month, and that oftener than not in arrears — would, for many months preceding Lee's surrender, have barely sufficed, in Richmond, to buy a pound of bacon to eke out his pitiful rations, or a swallow of poor whiskey to induce momentary forgetfulness of hunger, although, perchance, in Raleigh, at times, that amount might have put him in possession of both. The sum of \$50, which the privates received annually in commutation for clothing, was, when the method was abolished, hardly less inadequate than his pay. As the currency depreciated, even civilians, who could command some increase of pay, found that prices so outgrew their salaries that, if obliged to depend on them alone, they remained hopelessly impecunious. However, any one with the opportunity and inclination to speculate — which, in view of the fact that there was nothing but the bare necessities of life in which to speculate, was held a shameful thing — found little trouble in making more money than he could use. At the same time that the speculators were cudgeling their brains to devise new ways of spending the flood of Confederate money that poured in on them, the families of soldiers, and even of officers, unless they had independent means of support, were reduced to penury, and but for the charity of neighbors, and the aid extended by the State in furnishing them food at cost, or, in

extreme cases, without charge, must have starved. The concentration of refugees within the Confederate limits, as the Federal lines advanced, increased still faster the constantly widening disproportion between demand and supply in all the essentials of life.

As has been aptly said, necessities became luxuries; and there were no comforts. It is such tests as these that reveal the wide differences between our real and imaginary needs. Many families who before the war had held it impossible to live on less than one thousand dollars a year found now that a sum with the purchasing power of one twentieth of that amount not only sufficed to keep soul and body together, but that enough was left to enable them to give a meal to every Confederate soldier who came within their reach. Meanwhile, the women of the household, the men being at the front or perhaps dead, after performing such domestic duties as were indispensable, devoted every moment to gratuitous work for the soldiers, usually giving the material — sheets, valances, curtains, carpets, shawls, and woolen dresses, the accumulations of better days — from which the articles were made. Many families lived mainly on sorghum and sweet-potatoes. Cases were known in which a sick person, the recipient of some chance delicacy, transmitted it to another, regarded in still greater need of it, who did likewise; and after passing in turn through various hands, till all knowledge of the first donor was lost, it came back to the house from which it started. In keeping with the severe economy of the times was the action of the boarding-schools, which, in order that the students might be deterred from taking more food than they could eat, imposed a penalty on all who left anything on their plates.

It would be a strong arraignment of the wastefulness of a normal period to compare the quantity of even the most

indispensable staple used per head with that used, say, in 1864, could either be exactly known. The straggling Confederate who, when detected in a persimmon-tree by his commanding officer, the fruit being yet unripe and powerfully astringent, declared in extenuation that he was compelled to draw up his stomach to fit his rations, described in homely phrase a process of which there was very wide need.

Fortunate were those who were producers and as little dependent as possible on the caprice and uncertainties of markets. Not only did the difficulty of transportation and the consequent inequality of distribution cause the greatest diversity of prices to prevail in the State, or even in a much more restricted area, — it was not uncommon to find a difference of fifty or seventy-five per cent. in prices at places not fifty miles apart, both being on the railroad, — but one could form no idea one day what he would have to pay the next, nor was there any certainty that he would be able to buy at all. Guided by rumor, a veritable Ariel in those days and on such errands, he might set out with one hundred dollars in pocket to buy a sack of salt, a pair of cotton cards, or even two barrels of corn or ten pounds of bacon, and learn on reaching the distant store, even if the coveted articles turned out to be myths, that the whole stock had been exhausted the first half day, or that the merchant, falling suddenly into doubt as to finding opportunity to reinvest his money, had doubled prices, or closed his doors and refused to sell at all.

Feuds strangely characteristic of the times sometimes arose between neighboring places. The speculators from one town, making a sudden foray into another, would strip it of everything that money could buy, carrying off their spoil for a profit. As a consequence, prices in the raided town leaped up a hundred per cent. at a bound, even if

a downright famine did not ensue. A storm of indignation arose. The newspapers inveighed against it, the people resented it, and the feelings thus engendered in some instances outlived the war.

Even in the larger towns it was a rare thing for the stores to stand open regularly. When a merchant could find anything to sell he opened his doors, disposed of it quickly, and closed while in quest of another stock. Especially was this the case if he sold only blockade goods. Some managed to do a less spasmodic business by dealing in rude articles of country manufacture, including always the ubiquitous sorghum.

We now came to regard the character of the North Carolina coast, so long deplored as a bar to her commercial prosperity, much in the nature of a divine blessing, foreordained from the beginning to be her salvation at this the supreme crisis of her fate. We felt that the sands and storms at the mouth of Cape Fear and the wild sea off Hatteras, rendering a thorough blockade impossible, were as powerful allies of the South as the one hundred and twenty odd thousand men the State sent to the field. Especial interest was taken in the state steamer, the *Ad-Vance*. Her safety was an object of scarcely less solicitude than that of a Southern army. In the poorest log cabin in the land, the minds of whose simple occupants had before traveled scarcely a dozen miles from home, the name of this steamer was a household word, inseparably associated with the priceless salt and cotton cards on which the very existence of the family depended. Prayers for her safety went up from every quarter, — from gray-headed deacons and from children who were babes in arms when Sumter was fired on. Not a few saw the hand of Providence in her long immunity from harm. Many a grudge was scored against the Richmond authorities, when in September, 1864, she

was taken off Hatteras. Having had to surrender her anthracite to a Confederate cruiser, she had been obliged to put to sea with bituminous coal, which, lessening her speed and by its denser smoke betraying her whereabouts, led to her capture.

But blockade running, like the divers other schemes of the times on which so many hopes were built, proved fruitful mostly in disappointment. We were ever on the eve of an era of plenty from this source, but foreign recognition itself was not more of a mirage. Although the Confederate Congress early in 1864 prohibited the importation of luxuries, among which were numbered the finer fabrics of cotton and wool, in order that all possible space might be devoted to bringing in the prime necessities of life, and we were assured that swift steamers, painted a light blue to blend with the hues of sea and sky, stole in and out the Cape Fear at the rate of ten a month, less than one in eleven being taken, we at last awoke to the fact that these supplies were but as a drop of water to a wretch dying of thirst. Then there was always more or less of a scrimmage over the cargoes of the blockade runners, and it required the alertness and push of a person on the spot, as well as Confederate money *ad libitum*, to put one in possession of anything like a stock of merchandise. Non-combatants were chary of trips from home, in those unsettled times. If a man's age did not clearly place him beyond the conscription limits, the main object of his life, from which not even the passion for speculation could for a moment seduce him, was to avoid the conscription officers, whose methods were usually as summary as their power was untrammelled. As a consequence, the modicum of foreign goods that came in was not distributed even to the extent of which the deranged state of transportation would have admitted, the bulk of them going to the larger places.

Thus straitened were the people on whom were imposed the enormous taxes necessary to the maintenance of war, — burdens which grew ever heavier, as the people became poorer. In an estimate made in the beginning of 1865, it was reckoned that the government would require for the support of the war that year a sum more than twice as great as the total circulation of the South. The Confederate tax was then five per cent. on all property, twenty per cent. on incomes and profits in trade, besides a special tax on hundreds of other articles, heavy in proportion as they could be construed to be luxuries. But long before this the government had seen that something more tangible than even an unlimited amount of its own notes, with their shadowy values, was indispensable to its existence. The tithing system had been established as early as April, 1863. This exacted a tenth of all farm produce not absolutely too perishable for transportation, sweet-potatoes included. When tithes and taxes combined proved inadequate, as they soon did, recourse was had to the last resource of impressment. When the restrictions by which the impressing power was surrounded, forbidding the seizure of provisions virtually from any save speculators, and even then, if on the way to market, prescribing a tedious method of appraisement, bade fair to render utterly barren this *dernier resort*, the Confederate agents ignored all trammels, and summarily impressed supplies wherever they could be found, paying for them at schedule rates, which were usually about one fourth the market price.

The most vehement protest of the state press could never administer more

than a temporary check to this practice. Among other things impressed were all pleasure horses, to be used in cavalry service, and all firearms of every description, except a gun for each household.

In addition to the national taxes, tithes, and impressments enumerated above, the State of North Carolina, which, besides ministering largely to the wants of her sons in the regular service, maintained a considerable armament of her own, consisting of boys and old men not within the Confederate conscription limits, also levied a tax of two per cent. on all property, and at the close of the war was on the eve of exacting half a tithe additional. She also drafted slaves and free negroes, as she had need of them, for work on the fortifications. Although the slaves were impressed for only short periods, and their labor was paid for as liberally as the authorities paid for anything, this created more discontent and disaffection than any other measure of that trying time. So morbidly sensitive had the people become in regard to this species of property that not even a friendly hand could touch it in the direst extremity without giving offense. So manifest was this spirit that the press taunted the slave-holders with being more willing to risk the lives of their sons than the value of their slaves in the support of the cause.

How all these exactions were met, all these burdens borne, is one of those problems which inexorable necessity alone has ever been able to solve. That they were cheerfully borne, and that through all hardships and grievances the belief of the great mass of the people in the Confederacy survived to the end, are incontestable facts.

David Dodge.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XIX.

GWINNAN, upon recovering consciousness, showed no retrospective interest in the scene at the depot. He remarked imperatively to the physician whom he found in attendance that it was necessary for him to leave during the afternoon, — in fact, as soon as possible, — to hold court in a distant county. He added, for the instruction of the doctor, that the clerk could open court, and had no doubt done so on Monday and Tuesday, and would be obliged to repeat this on Wednesday, without the presence of the presiding judge, but Thursday was the last day for which the statute had provided the alternative. He evidently expected that if the physician had any flimsy objections he would withdraw them before this grave necessity, understanding that this was no time for the indulgence of professional whimseys.

There was something so arrogantly disregardful of any other claims upon his attention, so belittling of merely corporeal considerations, that the physician would have been a little less than medical had he been able to repress a certain sense of domination as he answered, "Well, that happened more than two weeks ago, judge, and I reckon court was adjourned over to the next term."

Gwinnan became aware with a sort of amaze that the hands he lifted did not seem his own; that his head was light and giddy, or dully aching; that he was fretful and helpless; that no manner of respect was paid to his views. He was hardly pleased by the exchange of identity with this ill-adjusted, listless, forlorn being; the less when he finally grew able to stand upon his feet again, and was informed that for the next month or so he must do nothing but seek to interest and entertain the invalid, to see

that he forbore to dwell on business, to seek to occupy his attention with passing events, to divert him with trifles.

It might have seemed even to others an arduous task to amuse with incidents a man whose every waking moment was occupied by principles. So completely had his rarefied, almost impersonal judicial ambition, his pride of office, his solicitous reverence of its dignity, attenuated his sense of self that he cared little for Gwinnan as a man; he respected him as a judge. He had held himself sedulously to his aspirations; as it were on his knees, he had served his vocation day and night. It was to him as essential an organic constituent of his being as the lungs; he could ill live without it, even for a time. Perhaps he might not have made the effort had not the physician warned him that he might never be fit for business, never again sit upon the bench, should he overexert himself now, before recovering from the effect of those terrible blows upon the skull. He became suddenly tractable, wistful, and turned mournfully to the search of light entertainment. He assented with a dreary docility to the prescription of a change of air and scene. He accepted without demur, with a dull sense of endurance, the plan briskly devised for him to spend a week or two in Nashville, and if he did not recuperate rapidly to go thence South for the winter. He was not given to scanning his own mental poses and adjusting them to some theory of symmetry; he could but feel, however, as if he were already dead, stalking among scenes in which he had no interest, half-heartedly mingling with men whose every instinct was as far removed from the spirit that swayed him as if some essential condition of existence divided them. It was with a truly post-mortem

indifference he listened to the talk of his friends who sought him out during his stay in Nashville, — very interesting talk, doubtless, but purposeless, inefficacious; they cited neither case nor section. He preferred to sit alone and idle before the blazing coal fire in his own room, — expressionless with the stereotyped hotel furniture; now and then he roused himself, with a conscientious start, when he found his mind revolving like a moth around some *scintilla juris* which had especial attraction for him.

He had experienced a sense of reluctant relinquishment to find how the weeks had fled during his illness. Winter had advanced; the Cumberland River was full of floating ice; the town had the shrunken, deserted, torpid aspect common to every Southern city when the snow is on the ground. No one was abroad without absolute necessity except the English sparrow, prosperous exile. In the hope of varying the tedium, one evening, Gwinnan sat down in one of the arm-chairs drawn close to the balustrade of the corridor overlooking the rotunda. It was a coigne of vantage from which all the life of the hotel was visible. Below, at the desk, the in-coming travelers were registering their names; the click of billiards was a cheerful incident of the atmosphere, with the rising of the fumes of many a cigar. On the opposite corridor the clatter of dishes could be heard from the dining-room, and occasionally there emerged gentlemen and tooth-picks. The rumble of the elevator sounded ceaselessly, and now and then fluttering flounces issued from its door which was visible down a cross-hall.

Behind Gwinnan the great windows opened upon the snowy street. He could see the white roofs opposite gleam dimly against the nebulous sky. Carriage-lamps sometimes flashed past, yellow, lucent with jeweled effects. An electric light hard by flamed with a fibrous radiance, and empurpled the black night,

and conjured circles, mystically white, far-reaching into the snow. The plate-glass gave a reflection of his long lank figure and the red velvet arm-chair, and of the innumerable children of the place, racing about, unrestrained, in white frocks, much bedizened. There was a dog among them, a poodle, in his white frock too, accoutered also with a sharp, shrill cry, and swiftly gamboling despite much fat. He had as independent an aspect as if he knew that all the legislators crowded into all the caucuses in the city could not compass a dog-law that would interfere with his pretty liberty, or place a tax on his frizzy head. The sovereign people would have none of it. And so the obnoxious law stands repealed, and the dog-star is in the ascendant. Now and then he came and sat at Gwinnan's feet, with a lolling tongue and panting sides.

There had been a caucus in the reading-room of the hotel, and presently the doors, opening upon the corridor, began to disgorge knots of men, some of whom walked off together, others stood in discussion. Now and then one was seized by a lobbyist, lying in wait. Gwinnan was aware of Harshaw's presence before he saw him: a liquid, gurgling, resonant laugh, and then the floater, accompanied by a colleague into whose arm he had hooked his own, came through the door. His hat was thrust on the back of his yellow head; he stroked his long yellow beard, with a gesture of self-satisfaction; his face was broad, and animated, and pink with prosperity.

Fortune was favoring Mr. Harshaw, and few men have ever basked in her smiles so appreciatively. He had attained the reputation of being very influential in the House. His coöperation was eagerly sought. In truth, as a wire-puller he had developed marked dexterity, and there were precious few things that Mr. Harshaw could not accomplish in a caucus. He did a little "log-

rolling," but he was chary of the interchange of favors, carrying his point usually by persistence and pugnacity, and he possessed tremendous staying power as a debater. He had a certain barbaric delight in oppression; having become possessed of the opportunity, he used it often when neither he nor his constituents had anything to gain. He took advantage of his ascendancy to pay off many old grudges, some of them of a purely arbitrary construction and æsthetic nature. He was in some sort aware that his colleagues were ashamed of his rough manners, his bullying, his coarse onslaughts, in which, being of the same political party, they were often constrained to appear as his supporters. He continually alluded to himself as if he were of peculiarly humble origin, representing himself as being *of the People, from the People, and for the People*, and forcing the conclusion that the other members from his region were bloated aristocrats. Nevertheless, whoever would go to the state Senate next session, it was safe to say that the demagogue had assured his own nomination; for merit had a fine chance to be modest, as behooves it, while Mr. Harshaw was shaping the future by manipulating the present.

And now suddenly he was not quite sure that he wanted the nomination. In these days, while he divided his time between the beautiful Capitol building and one of the hostleries of the town, which was in his rural estimation hardly less magnificent, he meditated much upon Mink's assault upon Judge Gwinnan in the depot of Glaston. Not in the interest of his client; even the most solicitous of counsel could not be expected to occupy his attention with the fate of the wayward Mink, who had passed beyond his aid. Mink's deed did not in truth seem to Harshaw so very much amiss. Of course he recognized its moral turpitude, being one of those cognizable by the law, but he also per-

ceived in it the finger of Providence, — laid somewhat heavily, it must be confessed, on Gwinnan. He speculated deeply, despite his other absorptions, on who would probably be elected to supply Gwinnan's place, in case of the death of the wounded incumbent, and he reflected that he himself as a lawyer was highly esteemed in that circuit, for he had a large practice throughout the region, and that moreover, by a certain fortuitous circumstance, he was eligible for the position; although his law office was in Shaftesville, he lived on his farm which was several miles distant, just within the boundaries of Kildeer County, one of the judicial circuits over which Gwinnan presided. Apart from his repute at the bar, he was well known to the people at large through certain popular measures he had advocated. He devoted himself to these with renewed ardor. He never allowed himself to view with a vacillating mind any course, however obviously salutary, when he had once discovered with a keen instinct that it was unlikely to secure the approval of the masses. Nevertheless, he applied his tact with such success that this foregone conclusion was not readily apparent, and he was continually beset for his influence. He had a secret gratulation that he was held in special veneration by the lobbyists. He could ill maintain the aspect of unwilling captive, when he was waylaid and button-holed, and his attention eagerly entreated for certain measures. As an anxious-faced man, who had evidently been awaiting him, stepped forward now, glancing with a casual apology at his friend, who walked on, Harshaw's reluctant pause, his frown, his important bored sufferance, were as fine histrionically as if he were playing at being a statesman on a stage, — which, indeed, he was.

He listened with a divided mind to the outpouring of the lobbyist, his opaque blue eyes fixed in seeming de-

liberation upon the chandelier hanging down into the rotunda below, his exceedingly red lips pursed up in a pucker of dubitation. Now and then he patted the toe of one boot on the floor meditatively. Occasionally he looked his interlocutor full in the face, asking a question, presumably a poser; then he would triumphantly thrust out his very red tongue, and his resonant, burly laugh would vibrate above the dancing of the overdressed children, and the riotous barking of the dog, and the tinkling waltzes played by a band of musicians ranged about the fountain in the rotunda. His entertainment in his own self-importance and posings was so absorbing that the lobbyists and the advocates of many measures were often at a loss to know how best to reach Mr. Harshaw's desire to serve his country; for he did not love money, and his integrity, as far as it was concerned, was above suspicion.

All at once genuine interest suddenly usurped these feignings on his face. His eye fell on Judge Gwinnan walking along the corridor, and leaning upon a stout cane. He looked very thin, very pale, taller than before, and somehow his face was more youthful with the wistfulness of illness upon it, his hair clipped close, and the black patch on his head. He moved slowly, and with little spirit.

Harshaw stepped briskly forward, with a curt "Excuse me" to the lobbyist, taking no reproach for leaving him with his mouth open, for it seemed his normal condition.

"Why judge," Harshaw exclaimed, with his bluff familiarity, "you look bloomin'!" He was about to stretch out his hand, but desisted, noticing that Gwinnan held his hat in one hand, and leaned upon his stick with the other. He took the judge by the elbow, as he walked a few steps with him. A dim image of the pair paced along in the plate-glass windows, as if their doubles

were stalking without in the snow in scenes of which they were unconscious. "I had no idea you were pulling together so fast," he continued, scanning the face which was almost spectral in its attenuation and pallor, in close contrast to his own fat floridity of countenance, his red lips, his gleaming white teeth, his mane of yellow hair, and his dense yellow beard. His wide, black soft hat stuck on the back of his head accented his high color. "But I declare, it's worth while for a man to get hit over the head to find out how important he is, and how he is esteemed. I never knew more profound sympathy and indignation than the affair excited. As to myself, I felt it especially, as I had taken so much stock in that rascally client of mine."

There was a pause. Gwinnan made no reply. His face was turned toward Harshaw with a certain unresponsiveness, an inscrutable questioning, a cadaverous gravity. His hollow eyes were very bright and large. Somehow they put Harshaw out of countenance. Something there was in their expression beyond his skill to decipher. He became a trifle embarrassed, and yet he could not have said why. He went on at random. He had observed that a number of people were remarking them. There was nothing strange in the peripatetic method that the interview had taken upon itself, but suddenly he found it odd that Gwinnan had not paused.

"That fellow, Mink Lorey, is a most extraordinary and unexpected kind of scamp," Harshaw proceeded uneasily, making talk. "To my certain knowledge, he cared so little about the girl that he refused to see her when she came to visit him in jail. But the idea of another man admiring her seemed to set him wild."

Gwinnan stopped short.

"What girl?" he asked, in his soft, inexpressive drawl.

"The girl that testified,—Alethea Sayles," said Harshaw, relieved that

Gwinnan had spoken, striving for his old bluff assurance, but still conscious that he had lost his tact. "She was pretty, very pretty indeed, and you were not alone in having the good taste to notice it. The rest of us did n't have to pay for it with a broken head, though, eh, judge? Ha! ha!"

There was a moment's pause.

"Mr. Harshaw," said Gwinnan, leaning against one of the great pillars, the reflection in the plate-glass duplicating the posture on the snowy sidewalk, as if that other self, liberated and in isolated independence, busied in different scenes, now meditated, and now spoke, and now lifted a fiery glance, "I will take this opportunity to tell you that I believe you to be an egregious liar, and I know you for an arrant hypocrite."

"Sir!" cried Harshaw, starting back, tingling from the words as if they were blows. He made an instinctive gesture toward his pistol pocket; it was empty. He was acutely conscious of the men who pressed a little nearer, noticing the excitement.

Gwinnan's voice had a singular carrying quality, and every deliberate, low-toned word was distinct.

"I repudiate your professions of friendship. I despise your protestations of sympathy. If your threats at the court-house door at Shaftesville had been earlier repeated to me, ludicrously impotent as they are, you should never have approached me again. Now," — his voice broke suddenly, in his feebleness and excitement, and was thin and tremulous and shrill, — "keep out of my way, or I will beat you with this stick like a dog!"

Gwinnan had lifted the stick, and shook it threateningly in his trembling hand. Harshaw, with his own reasons for declining to give the first blow, could only shrink and wince in anticipation. The stick did not descend on him, however, for Gwinnan turned, and, leaning on it, made his way down the corridor

among the wondering men, who slowly opened an aisle for him in their midst.

XX.

It was a confused scene which Gwinnan had left. Harshaw's friends pressed about him, animated equally, perhaps, by curiosity and surprise. His self-restraint had given way. He swore with every breath he drew, repeating, in answer to questions, the unlucky threat over and again. "I said that he would be impeached, and that I would introduce the resolution in the House myself. And so, by God, I will!"

His face was hot and scarlet. The perspiration stood out on his forehead. He ground his teeth and clenched his hands. He would walk forward a few unsteady steps, then pause to reiterate and explain, and swear that if Gwinnan were not at death's door he would cowhide him within an inch of his life. The progress of the group, slow as it was, with these frequent interruptions, was in the direction of the stairs. It was chiefly composed of members of the legislature, and, there being a night session, they mechanically took their way to the Capitol. A few gentlemen lounging about the corridor were watching their exit with the gusto of disinterested spectators, as they disappeared down the staircase, reappearing below in the rotunda, — Harshaw still in the van, his florid face bloated with rage, his hat on the back of his head, his hands thrust in the pockets of his trousers. His friends wore a becoming gravity, but Harshaw was too thoroughly a man of this world not to know how much more they valued the diversion he furnished than his interests as affected thereby. They all crossed the office, and disappeared finally through the street door, and the spectators on the corridor shifted their postures, and tipped off the ash grown long on their cigars, and commented.

"Biggest blatherskite out of hell, Harshaw is," remarked a young fellow, who flung himself diagonally into a seat, hanging his long legs over one arm of the chair and resting his back against the other. He put his cigar into his mouth, and puffed at his ease. He had a pale face, thin dark hair, irregular features, straight black eyebrows, and wide, restless black eyes, quickly glancing, with a suggestion of melancholy. He was handsomely dressed, although he wore his clothes with a slouching, irreverent air, as if he gave his attire scant heed. Despite their cut and quality, there was nothing dapper about him. He had a lank, listless white hand and a foot singularly long and narrow. His forehead was remarkably high, austere, and almost noble; one might look in vain for correlative expressions in the other features. He was languid and inattentive, but this manner suggested affectation, for it did not eliminate the idea of energy. He smoked a great deal, and drank not much, but discriminately; he was proud of seeming reckless, and of being more reckless than he seemed. He had other qualities more genial. He knew a good dog when he saw him. He knew a good horse, and he loved him. He was the possessor of a liberal hand and a long purse. He had an enthusiastic admiration of fine principles, and he had — the pity of it! — his own definition of fine principles. He entertained a horror of anything base, and he had a command of very strong language to characterize it. He arrogated to himself the finer attributes. He strained for the heroic poise. He would feel nothing, believe nothing, do nothing, that was unbecoming of what he esteemed the noblest expression of man and gentleman. Nevertheless he had no serious objects in life, no absorbing ambition, no ability to originate. But he could espouse another man's cause with a fervor of unselfishness. The excitements and vicissi-

tudes of the affairs of others rejoiced the voids of his capacities for emotion. He was of the stuff of which adherents are made, essentially a partisan. His prototypes have ridden in the ranks of every losing cause since the world began. He was of the essence of those who are born for freaks of valor, for vagrant enthusiasms, for misguided fantastic feuds, for revolution. One need have no special powers of divination to know that he was a man who must die in his boots.

"Do you think, sir, that Mr. Harshaw had no foundation for his threat," said an elderly granger, who leaned against a pillar, — "no foundation for this charge against Judge Gwinnan?"

"Gwinnan may have ruled against him a time or two," said Kinsard. "That's about the size of it."

He had a pedigree as long as his favorite colt's, but this was the way he talked.

"It is a gross slander, then; it implies a stealage, or taking a bribe, or some malfeasance in office, — the judicial office," said one of the by-standers.

"It was very shabby in Harshaw to say it; then, thinking Gwinnan had never heard of it, to go fawning up, pretending to be so mighty friendly," rejoined another.

Kinsard's black eyes turned slowly from one speaker to the other.

"If I had been Judge Gwinnan, I would have killed him for it," he said, with his cigar held lightly between his fingers. "I would have spilt his brains, not his blood; and I would have had some scientific man to find the precise section of the brain structure which ideated that theory, and I would have had it comminuted, and vaporized, and transmuted into nothingness."

He spoke with calmness, as if these things were done every day for the vengeful in Tennessee.

The granger took off his spectacles suddenly. He wanted to see this ex-

traordinary young man, who he had an idea was too dangerous to be at large.

The others looked at him with a less serious air. They had heard him talk before.

"Well," said a certain Mr. Forsey, also a young man, who had dropped upon the broad window-seat and lounged there, holding one knee in his clasped hands, and smoking too, "do you think Harshaw would have ventured to say it if there were no foundation for it, — if Gwinnan had done nothing to suggest such a proceeding? What motive had Harshaw?"

He was a different manner of man. He had close-cut fair hair, a face broad across the cheek-bones and narrow at the chin, sparse whiskers and a light gray, wide-open eye. He had a sedulously neat appearance, a soft tread, and delicate white hands, in one of which he held his hat.

"What motive? What motive for slander? Go to first principles. Gwinnan has got something that Harshaw wants." He put his cigar into his mouth and went on talking as he held it fast between his teeth. "What fools we all are! We make laws against predatory beasts and decree their extermination. Pay a bounty for the scalps of the marauding men, I say, — the sharp fellows who ravage and pillage and have contrived so far to keep the law on their side. But pshaw!" he shifted his legs over the arm of the chair impatiently. "He can't hurt Gwinnan. Talk can't compass the impeachment of a judge. Gwinnan is one of the strongest men on the bench. Made the stiffest show that ever was seen when he ran against old Judge Burns, who had sat on the bench in that circuit till everybody thought he owned it. Old man could have mortgaged the bench, — could have raised money on it, I have n't a doubt. Gwinnan could n't have beat Burns, if he had n't been above reproach and suspicion; it's a tremendous thing to upset

an old fixture like that. Gwinnan is a sound lawyer and a splendid man."

Mr. Kinsard's views, as his colleagues in the legislature had discovered to their confusion, were apt to confirm his hearers in the opposite opinion. A bill was much safer when he arrayed himself against it. Mr. Forsey was not convinced that so serious a charge would have been made with absolutely nothing to support it. The idea of the blurtings of an uncontrolled rage occurred to neither of them. Forsey sat looking so steadily at the dapper toe of his boot for a time, and yet with so stealthy a stillness, that it might have suggested the bated exultation of a cat that had had a glimpse of a frisking mouse in that neighborhood, and was waiting to pounce upon it.

"Judge Gwinnan has the reputation," gravely remarked the granger, who looked as if he might be a pillar of the church, "of being a very upright man, a most worthy man, and a Christian gentleman."

"Of course he is," said Kinsard; "no question about it, and nobody but a fool would have thought of anything else. I am going to introduce a bill," he added seriously, "to make the fool-killer a State officer. We need him in Tennessee more than a geologist, or a governor, or anybody but a sheriff. A fool-killer ought to be on the State payroll."

No one said anything further, for Kinsard was lazily pulling himself out of the contortions into which he had sunk in the chair.

He was very striking when he stood at his full height. There was an air of spirit and dash and bravery about him very engaging to the imagination. His high, broad forehead gave nobility and seriousness to a face that would otherwise have been only sparkling, or sneering, or melancholy, as his mood dictated. There was something essentially untamable in his eyes. But for the finality of

this obvious limitation one might have hoped that should he wear out his fiery, fantastic, erratic spirit, should some blow subdue it and give it into his control, there were great gifts there awaiting development denied. He was aware of them in some sort; he bore himself as a man endowed with some splendor of preëminence. And others accorded it. Youth has much credit given to its promise, despite that it so often falls in the bud or fails in the fruit. But it rarely has so brilliant a prospect as here; and after he had strolled off at a leisurely, swinging gait, saying that he was going to the House, where a bill was coming up that he wanted to kill, they all looked after him, and commented on him, and called him a fine, high-minded young man, and said it was a good thing for young fellows to have political ambition, and it was dying out among that class generally, who were too fond of making money and of using their time to their own advantage.

He stood for a moment on the steps of the hotel, drawing on his gloves. Despite the snow, there was a faint suggestion of spring in the air. A thaw had set in. He heard drops slowly pattering down from the cornice above. The blue-white splendors of the electric light, with its myriad fine and filar rays whorled out into the darkness, showed a deserted street. A carriage, looking with its two lamps like some watchful-eyed monster, pulled up in front of the door, and the colored driver, with a wide display of a toothful grin, alighted with a "Want a hack, boss?"

"Jim, Tom — oh, it's Dick," said Kinsard, glancing at the dusky face in the lamplight; he knew all the colored folks in town. "Well, drive me to the Capitol, and don't be all night about it, either."

He flung himself upon the seat, lifted his long, slender feet to the opposite cushions, and with a complete collapse of anatomy resigned himself to

the transit. The vehicle moved from the curb with something of the sound of a boat pushing off from shore, so splashing was its progress through the deep slush of the streets. The hoofbeats of the horses were muffled; the voice of the driver sounded, and was still again. Kinsard smoked in idle abstraction, hardly thinking, perhaps, even of his mission and the slaughter of the "innocent William," as he slangily called the bill which he intended to kill. When the carriage had climbed the Capitol hill, on which the fair edifice towered, glimmering vaguely white against the purple night, its rows of illuminated windows all a gleaming yellow, and casting dim shafts of light adown the snowy slopes of the grounds below, he roused himself and looked up. Even after he had alighted and ascended the long flights of stone steps, between the groups of great figures that stand beneath the flaring gas lamps, he turned, and more than once walked the length of the stately portico, gazing down with a vague attraction he could hardly have explained at the snowy roofs of the city, on its many hills, amidst the dun-colored intervals of the streets and the misty depressions. The heavens were purple above it; the stars palpitated in the infinite distances; a late moon was rising. He recognized the outline of Fort Negley to the south against the sky; he saw the steely gleam of the river. Spires, long glancing lines of light, domes, turrets, mansard roofs, mingled in picturesque fantasies of architecture. A bell rang out a mellow note; the icy air had crystalline vibrations. Here and there the aureola of unseen electric lights, the mere fringes of lustre, seemed the rising of some more cheerful orb; for melancholy hung upon the progress of the moon. In the tower of some public building Time lifted a smiling face in an illuminated dial, and far away to the west he saw a planet touch a spire, in an unpropheied conjunction. The lights

of homes, yellow, steady, gleaming in some fantastic braidery of form, seemed themselves a constellation of more genial suggestion than the pallid keener clustered scintillations of the chimeras of the skies. The gilded cross of the cathedral held aloft over the city was sublimated in the moonbeams and the fair nocturnal influences; it was mystic, effulgent, seeming to radiate light like the consecrated sign in a vision. He did not feel the cold; he stood for a long time, with his hands in his pockets, his overcoat falling back on his shoulders, watching with his restless eyes the quiet snowy town suffused with dreamy yellow light and pervaded by long, pensive shadows. Suddenly he turned, and went within.

The House of Representatives presented a spectacle not altogether unprecedented in his experience. A spirited debate was in progress. Sixteen men were trying to speak at once. The seventeenth earnest orator was forcibly held in his chair by his friends. The speaker's gavel sounded continuously, and with the cries of "Question" aided the coherency of the discussion. Other members were talking in low tones of alien matters; here and there a knot stood in earnest discussion. One had fallen asleep. His snores might have been generally noticed but for the commotion. Kinsard glanced at him as he took his seat close by.

"That's the best oratorical effort I ever heard McKimmon make," he said to a friend. "Observe how he sticks to the point: iterative, it is true; tautology might be urged against it as mere diction; but I admire its simplicity, its comprehensibility, its continuity. There are no digressions; nothing is done for effect; plain, cogent, impressive. It is a fine display of natural eloquence." His colleague burst out laughing, and Kinsard looked at him in apparent surprise, lifting his straight black eyebrows a little. Then he asked if the bill to re-

move the county seat of Kildeer County had yet been reached.

"No," said his friend, "but Harshaw has been around here after you three or four times."

The speaker's gavel had succeeded in securing order, and now the sixteen men's statements and counter-statements were elicited in decorous routine. The sudden cessation of noise roused Mr. McKimmon, whose somnolency ended in a snort and a conviction that he had not closed his eyes. He perceived a suspicion to the contrary in the minds of his nearest neighbors, and he could not account for it.

After the Assembly had voted upon the question of public policy which had so agitated it, various minor bills were taken up, and there was a good deal of quiet movement, groups of two or three colloquing together here and there, and Harshaw came up again to talk to Kinsard.

"I want to know whether you'll co-operate with us against the bill for moving the county seat of Kildeer County."

He stood leaning one arm upon Kinsard's desk; the other was akimbo. He knitted his brow meditatively, and pursed up his red lips, and looked not at Kinsard, but at his inkstand. He had not altogether recovered from the rebuff so publicly given in the hotel corridor.

It is always a misfortune when a man of Harshaw's stamp has to contend with any degree of injustice. He had repeated to Gwinnan the truth, and for it he had been given the lie direct in circumstances under which he could not resent it; even the original threat was only the blurtings of an honest rage and for another man's sake. He was clever in adroitly justifying means and ends. To be armed with the truth, a genuine grievance, endowed him with a force, a self-respect, all-potent in their way, and a wonderful driving-wheel to an already lubricated and too alert machinery. He had an imperative, serious air which

seemed to intimate to Mr. Kinsard that this was no time for fooling.

Kinsard was eccentric, ill-balanced. He was made up of prejudices, and he obeyed the impulse of the moment as other men obey interest or law. He was not predisposed in Harshaw's favor. He took a different view of the scene upon which Harshaw presumed. He looked up, a whimsical light in his grave eyes, as he allowed Harshaw to waste his breath in urging him to vote against a bill which he was already pledged to kill.

"The county line of those portions taken from Cherokee and Kildeer counties to form a new county in no instance approaches the county seat of Kildeer within eleven miles. There is no use for the people of Kildeer to commit the extravagance of a new court-house when they already have one, — a frame building, it is true, but spacious."

He looked very spacious himself, as he stood erect and waved his arm, the mental vision of the commodious Temple of Justice of Kildeer before him.

"Then, sir, it is thought there may be a railroad to the present county seat, a branch of the T. C. V., which will aid in developing the resources of the country."

"Well, I don't believe in railroads," said Kinsard, unexpectedly. "Whenever they get to talking about running a railroad from one little town where there is nothing to another little town where that nothing is not wanted, I understand it as developing the resources of the country."

Harshaw was not in a mood to be bantered.

"Mr. Kinsard," he said, "you are either a fool absolute, or you think I am."

"As far as you are concerned," said Kinsard with mock courtesy, "I have the highest opinion of your intelligence; ergo, it is more than probable that I am a fool."

Harshaw endeavored to recover himself. He reassumed his more genial manner. "Admit that we are a choice brace. Well, now, we want you on our side; all the solid, substantial people of Kildeer County are arrayed against it."

"Oh, there are some solid citizens for it," said Kinsard perversely, "or you'd be willing for it to be put to the popular vote."

Harshaw looked keenly at him. "Judge Gwinnan has been talking to you, has n't he? We've had to fight his influence all the way through."

"Well, Judge Gwinnan is a prominent citizen of that county and a very sensible man, and if he is in favor of the change he must have good reasons," said Kinsard, seriously. "That's enough to take it through."

Harshaw cast an indignant glance upon him. "Well, before I'm done with it I'll show you that this General Assembly is n't run by Judge Gwinnan's influence and by his myrmidons. I am glad you have let me know at last whose mouthpiece you are!"

He walked away with that extraordinary quickness and lightness so incongruous with his portliness. Kinsard's black eyes, that seemed kindled with actual flames, followed him for a moment. Then, as comprehension slowly dawned upon him, and with a wrench as if he broke from actual physical restraint, he started from his seat to follow.

"No, you won't, now; no, you won't." His colleague had locked his arm into Kinsard's, and held it like a vise. He was a square-built, slow, muscular man, solid as granite. His eyes were fixed upon Harshaw, who was already speaking against the bill. "What is that man saying?"

Kinsard at once lapsed into attention. Harshaw was a clear and forcible speaker, and with lucid arguments ranged upon the side of conservatism and econo-

my he was giving the advocates of the measure a very stiff fight. They got on their feet time and again, and came at him. He had a great fund of pugnacity, and on principle fought every point. His face was flushed; his eyes were grave and intent; his frequent gestures ponderous and forcible. Now and then he tossed back his mane of yellow hair, as if its weight vexed him. He sought to show the ephemeral nature of the advantages urged, the solid interests relinquished. Presently his old slogan was resounding on the air. He was representing that the sacred interests of the people were imperiled by the machinations of the bloated plutocracy of Kildeer County. He wanted it to be distinctly understood that he did not charge any nefarious practices, any corrupt influences; only that most subtle, insidious, and pervasive sway always exerted by the views of men of position, men of family, men of "prawperty," against the simple will and simple needs of the Plain People. The high-toned folks, the few rich folks, wished the county seat moved to Damascus, because they had "prawperty" there. (He pronounced "prawperty" with so contemptuous an intonation that one felt one could never take pleasure in paying taxes again.) They had "prawperty," and railroad stock, and thus from the people, the many of moderate means, who had built up the present county town and made it what it was, who spent their money right there instead of going off to patronize merchants and schools in Glaston, as was the habit of the wealthy, — from this class would be wrenched those privileges which they had made valuable. All those advantages, which had been nursed for years, which were so much actual materialization of the efforts of the Plain People, would go to — not to Tophet, as one might have expected from the tone, but to — Damascus!

But he would champion their rights; he would be heard; he would not heed

the ostentatious reference of the gentleman from Cherokee to his watch. Why, he could tell the speaker that these same influential men had their personal representation in this House. A member confessed to him that because one of these little great men wanted a thing it had to go through this General Assembly. "And so his mouthpiece repeats his wish, his tool does his will!"

A murmur arose.

Kinsard was on his feet in an instant.

"Mr. Speaker," he thundered, "the member means *me*!"

There was sudden silence.

He stood at his full height, his head thrown back, his brilliant eyes fixed angrily on Harshaw.

Harshaw was dumfounded. He had expected Kinsard to quake silently and secretly under the lash; to quiver in terror lest his identity be hinted. This open avowal had routed him. He was in an ill-humor, but he had no desire to seriously attack Kinsard on a point like this. He wanted to punish him, to intimidate him; to threaten that most sensitive possession of the young and spirited, his reputation, or, as Kinsard would have called it, his "sacred honor." He had the usual contempt of a man of forty for youth, — its self-assertion, its domineering. He intended the chance allusion as discipline. He had fallen under his own lash. He stood in dismay as Kinsard reiterated, "He means *me*!"

There was a general laugh; the imputation, in view of his character, his prominence, his wealth, his very eye, was so absurd.

"But, Mr. Speaker," — Kinsard's tones were grandiloquent — "in view of the publicity of this charge, I consider that I am wounded in my reputation, and I demand reparation."

"I can make no formal retraction," said Harshaw, hastily, "for I have imputed no discredit, except being easily dominated."

Kinsard fixed upon him a look of amazement. He turned again to the chair. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "the member from the floterial district of Cherokee and Kildeer" — he sedulously avoided the word "gentleman" — "labors under a mistake. I do not demand the retraction of a word. Perhaps he will understand this token." He took his glove, and cast it in the open space before the speaker's desk.

Only a nineteenth-century kid glove, with two porcelain buttons at the wrist, but it was flung down with as splendid and gallant a gesture as if it was a gauntlet of mail.

The old fellows, who had outlived folly like this, were grinning at the revival of their ancient manners. The younger men, profiting by the traditions of their elders, were grave and quivering with excitement. Harshaw was in a quandary, conscious of being ridiculous in the eyes of one class, and of being dared and defied in the eyes of the other. He would not do so absurd a thing as to lift Kinsard's glove. Yet with the significance of the "token" he was ashamed to let it lie.

And the speaker had a big job on his hands.

The gavel sounded now and again. Some one, with a pious view of making bad worse, was calling the attention of the house to the anti-dueling legislation. Another reminded Mr. Kinsard of his "sacred obligations" to his constituents, to the people of Tennessee, to the Assembly, all of which seemed to have escaped him for the moment. Kinsard's colleague had sprung forward, recovered the somewhat ridiculous integument, and, crumpling it up, put it into his own pocket. He succeeded in attracting the attention of the chair and of the House. He wished — he spoke in a labored way, with a pause between each phrase, and a rising inflection — to remark that the House was disposed to take a great deal on trust. The gentleman had not given

any challenge. Did the members ask what that glove meant, then? Why, defiance! Dueling was with a *deadly* weapon; *deadly* weapon was of the essence of the offense. The gentleman might have preferred to have a round or two at fisticuffs, or, perhaps, simply to engage in debate. (Derisive cries and laughter.) Defiance only! It was a breach of all the proprieties to mention the anti-dueling laws in this connection. Too much taken for granted, Mr. Speaker. If I should be heard to say to a man that I would see him before dinner, it would be highly preposterous to have me arrested. We might be going to kill each other, it is true, but then, again, we might be only going to "smile."

The speaker sat listening gravely, much wishing to further the acceptance of this view, for he considered the demonstration mere boyish wrath and folly. He made strong efforts for the adjustment of the difficulty. Harshaw rose presently, and begged to call attention to the fact that he had named no names, had given no intimation as to identity. He had spoken indefinitely, and the gentleman had insisted upon revealing himself. He would say that he desired to provoke no quarrel; he had no ill-will to the gentleman in question. He begged to withdraw what he had said, and he tendered his apologies.

Kinsard, under the pressure that was brought to bear, could hardly do less than accept them, and thus, it seemed at the time, the matter ended.

It had been a stormy evening for Harshaw. He was, however, well accustomed to contention. It was not this that irked him; he writhed under the sense of disadvantage, of being brought in propinquity to defeat. He was a man not susceptible of the finer emotions of success, of gratulation because of the thing attained rather than the plaudits of attainment. His sensibility to achievement was manifest in a

certain sordid inversion of values. He made popularity, position, social opportunity, political preferment, the end of mental supremacy, rather than its humble incident. And thus it was that, rough as he was, courageous, obstinate, full of rugged nodules of traits, hard, strong, but limited, there was no solid substratum of absolute sincere purpose in his nature, no bed-rock impervious to all infiltration of temptation or extraneous influence; whatever he might build would fail at the foundation.

His world had changed to him in some sort during the short hours since the darkness had fallen. He strode into the hotel feeling a different man. He found it necessary to assert himself. All the fight in him was on the alert. He cared little for Kinsard or for the scene itself in the House, but it was peculiarly obnoxious to him that it should have been another chance allusion to the man he hated which precipitated the collision. He writhed under the sense that it might seem a reiteration of the lesson received earlier in the evening. He knew that many commented upon the coincidence, and that doubtless he was recommended to leave Gwinnan alone. Now submission was not what he was prepared to offer. He preferred that it should seem a persistent attack on Gwinnan. Once more he returned to the charge.

He was serious, lowering, formidable. He did not go at once to his room, as the lateness of the hour might have impelled him. He was quick to observe the faces of the legislators about: some were merely curious; others held a half-cloaked triumph; and still others an open gloating satisfaction. It was with a manner which was a distinct replication to all three manifestations that he lounged about the reading-room with a striding gait, his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets, and his cigar fast between his teeth. He finally threw himself into a chair

by the table before the open fire in the inner room, and said in a meditative undertone to a gentleman with whom he had sufficient association to make it seem a confidence to a friend, "I reckon I'll have to write to Judge Gwinnan." The others heard it, however, and it was to several that he read the letter when it was completed. They thought it very bold; to show that it was not empty bluster, but written with all the sincerity of immediate intention, he rang for a bell-boy, and dispatched it in their presence to Gwinnan's room.

That gentleman's physician still urged his patient to cultivate a more vivid interest in life, in passing events; to seek to absorb himself; to rouse himself. Mr. Harshaw's letter very effectually compassed this result.

The writer begged Judge Gwinnan's attention to sundry facts which he proceeded to set forth in due detail. He premised that he would endeavor to take no other notice of an insult offered him by a man who was virtually at death's door, and who might uncharitably, perhaps, be supposed to have taken advantage of that circumstance; such as the advantage was, he made Judge Gwinnan most heartily welcome to it. In defense of his own reputation for veracity, however, he felt it necessary to state his authority, beside, his observations, that Judge Gwinnan had taken such notice of a very beautiful girl, who was a witness, as to render her lover, who was the prisoner, wildly jealous, and to result in the injuries from which Judge Gwinnan was now unfortunately suffering. His authority was the deputy sheriff and the two guards, to whom the prisoner stated these facts, swearing that he would kill Judge Gwinnan. Mr. Harshaw begged to remark in addition that he fully realized that he was ill advised in saying he would like to introduce a resolution to impeach Judge Gwinnan. He knew that the action of a court in a matter of contempt com-

mitted in the presence of the court is wholly a matter of judicial discretion, not liable to be reviewed by the court above, and therefore it should have been free from impotent criticism, which could avail naught to either counsel or prisoner, who have absolutely no resource nor recourse. He deeply regretted his words, and their futility.

The mock apology, which had been highly appreciated by the coterie in the reading-room, the whole tenor of the letter, the revelation which it made, had important results to Judge Gwinnan, who was accustomed to deal with larger motives and finer issues than Harshaw's wrath or satire could furnish.

He had such exceeding confidence in the dignity and decorum of Gwinnan as judge that at first it seemed almost impossible that he should have taken such notice of the witness as to attract the attention of others. But there was a sort of coercive evidence in the circumstance that the girl's face had lingered in his mind with a luminous distinctness, a surprised pleasure, a newly awakened sense of beauty, which he had associated with no other face that he could remember. He was not a sentimental man. He had had few romantic experiences, and the flavor they had left was vapid and foolish. Alethea had not primarily impressed him as beautiful. She looked so noble, so true, so radiantly good. It was altogether an abstract sentiment, a tribute to the lofty qualities which he revered and she embodied.

He cared so little for Gwinnan as Gwinnan that he entertained the mildest resentment toward the man who had struck him on the head with his iron shackles. The indignity offered by the foreman of the jury, and afterward by Harshaw, to Gwinnan the judge had burned into his consciousness, and the scars would be there on the judgment day. The knowledge that the attack was not in revenge for some fancied

wrong in the trial, but that it was the frenzy of a madly jealous lover in chains and in expatriation, altered the whole aspect of the case for Gwinnan as Gwinnan.

The judge could not, perhaps, have sufficiently condemned Gwinnan's state of mind as he sat down and wrote to Mr. Kenbigh, the attorney for the State at Glaston, requesting that no action should be taken in regard to the assault, as he was not willing to prosecute.

XXI.

Alethea Sayles awoke early the morning after the momentous news of Mink's journey had come to Wild-Cat Hollow; such an awakening as a barn-swallow might know, the familiar of the rafters and the clapboards. There was no other ceiling to the roof-room. She might put up her hand and touch it where she lay, but in the centre it was higher, — high enough for many pendent uses: bags of cotton swung from the ridge-pole; hanks of yarn; bunches of pepper; gourds; old hats and garments, of awry, distorted, facetious aspect in their caricature of the habit of humanity. The snow pressed heavily without; through the crevices vague white glimpses of the drifts might be seen, for the dull glow from the fire in the room below penetrated the cracks between the boards of the flooring, which served as the ceiling of the lower story. Light came in, too, from the rifts between the wall and the great stick-and-clay chimney, which bulged outward, being built outside the house, as is the habit in the region. It was the light of the waning moon, fitful, fluctuating, for clouds were astir. Now and then, too, Alethea could see the great morning star with its tremulous glister, seeming nearer, dearer, than all the others, — splendid, yet tender and full of promise. She looked wistfully at it for a

moment, feeling the dull aching wound in her heart, and forgetting what dealt it. Then it all came back to her, and she wondered she had awakened again. She could not understand how she lived. She felt as if she could rise no more. But the cow was to be milked; she listened to the cocks crowing. The baby, who had developed a virulent habit of early rising, was already astir. She heard his thumping bare feet on the floor of the room below; he would be cold, and she thought of the danger of the embers, and remembered that the sluggard his mother still drowsed. The breakfast must be cooked, the dishes must be washed. Her physical strength was asserting itself against the shock to her mind. Her collapsed energies were recuperated by sleep, albeit the slumber induced by the primitive narcotics of the "yerb bag." Ah, the world of Wild-Cat Hollow, small though it was, was full of work, and she must lay hold. And so she rose once more, and joined hands with joyless duty.

Ben Doaks sojourned with them for a time, and went hunting with Jessup, and brought back game, and made Mrs. Sayles presents of the peltry. As he sat by the fire at night he told the news from the cove in great detail, and discussed it freely with Mrs. Jessup, and developed remarkable capacities for acquiescence. Old Griff, he said, was having a mighty hard winter. His mill had proved a sore loss, for he was bereft of his tolls and he had planted little corn. "He mought make out, though. His meat looks thrivin'; he hain't killed yit." Ben spoke of the miller's hogs afoot as if they held their fat in trust and were stewards of their own bacon. The old man seemed failing, and talked much about Tad; sometimes as if he had already returned, sometimes as if he momentarily expected him. The children, too, "'peared thrivin'," though Ben did n't believe Sophy would ever be good for much except to look

at, and the little ones "all 'peared ragged ez ef she did n't study 'bout them much."

"Too many peart, spry boys in the cove fur her ter study 'bout, stiddier them," said Mrs. Sayles, with a scornful toss of the head, histrionically seeing the situation from Sophy's standpoint.

"Jerry Price 'pears ter set a heap o' store by Sophy's looks," submitted Ben, with the implication of the remark.

"Waal, 't would be a jedgmint on Dely Purvine fur all her onwholesome vanity an' slack-twisted sort o' religion, ef that thar Jerry Price, ez she hev brung up ez ef he war her own son,—though his looks air enough ter tarrify a mole,—war ter marry Sophy Griff."

"Waal, sir, one thing,—her house-keepin' could n't 'stonish him none arter Mis' Purvine's," remarked Mrs. Jessup, with an elaborate semblance of seeing the brighter side of things.

"Shucks!" Mrs. Sayles commented. "He'd miss mightily the show and the shine he hev been used ter along o' Mis' Purvine."

"Waal," said Ben, "I don't b'lieve ez Mis' Purvine would mind much who Jerry marries, so long ez he keeps clair o' Elviry Crosby. Mis' Purvine air mightily outdone with her. She hev been actin' 'bout'n Peter Rood same ez ef she war a widder-woman. An' ye know she would n't speak ter him ez long ez Mink war out'n the grip o' the sher'ff. She tried ter toll Pete back arterwards. I hearn him 'low sech when they war drawin' the jury. I dunno how she made out."

Mrs. Sayles gazed at the fire solemnly from under her pink sunbonnet. "Death tolled him," she said lugubriously.

"I'd jes' ez lief Death as Elviry Crosby," said Mrs. Jessup, in calm superiority to the wiles of feminine fascination.

Old man Sayles shook his head in negation.

"Mighty dark under the ground," he said, with terror of the termination of life; which for him signified so little that a sponge with a vocable or two might have seemed his correlative.

But when Ben was gone, — and the sight of Alethea, silent, absorbed, pallid, broken-hearted, gave him little wish to prolong his stay, — the scene at the fireside was less amicable and cheerful. The elder women, bereft of gossip, bickered over the trifling mishaps of the day. The old man sorted his "lumber." Jessup slouched and lazed and smoked. Only the weather varied the aspect of the world. The snow slipped away in the thaw, leaving mud and ooze and intervals of blackened ice. Then the rains descended, and the scene without was dimly visible through the long, slanting, dun-colored fringes of the cloud. The roof clamored with the resonant fall of the drops, the clapboards leaked, and puddles formed even in the ashes of the chimney corner. The sun might shine vaguely for a day. The chill splendors of the wintry constellations scintillated icily in the dark spaces of the night. But the clouds, rallying from every repulse, closed once more about the Great Smoky, and ravine and peak and cove were again deeply covered with snow.

Mrs. Jessup bewailed the change. "I war a-hopin'," she remarked, "ez we would hev no mo' fallin' weather, so Lethe could go ter the meetin' at the church-house in Eskaqua Cove, an' fetch up some word o' what's a-goin' on down thar ter this benighted roost. *I war raised in the cove!* I ain't used ter sech a dwindlin' sort o' life ez this hyar."

"What ailed ye, then, ter marry a mounting boy?" Mrs. Sayles would demand in resentment.

"Kase I war the mos' outdacious an' astonishin' fool in Cherokee County."

Mrs. Jessup was not a woman of great abilities, but she had an uncommon gift of conclusiveness in retort.

Mrs. Sayles could only knit off her needle with a sort of whisking scornfulness of gesture.

And presently, not to be silenced, she demanded when the meetin' was to be held.

"To-morrer's the day; this be Sat'-dy. Ter-morrer's Sunday, — second in December."

"The snow's a dry snow," remarked Mrs. Sayles. "I dunno what's ter hinder Lethe, ef she feels minded ter go ter meetin'."

It never occurred to either of them to undertake themselves the hardships and dangers of the excursion. Even Mrs. Jessup, pining for the fuller development and richer social opportunities of life in the cove, did not covet them to the extent of exertion.

Alethea was glad to be alone. The burden of the work, however mechanically accomplished, had pressed heavily upon her consciousness. The acrimony, the continual talk, the trivial stir, had impinged jarringly upon her deeper absorption. The infinite solitude of the wilds, the austere dignity of their silence, harmonized with her mood. She had craved to hear the preaching. She was spiritually an hungered. She turned to the consolations of religion. Now and then she drew a deep sigh as she went, and paused and looked about her with eyes that felt as if they had wept long; but they were dry, and tears for a time had been strangers. She was fain to note closely to-day the aspects of the outer world, or, woodland creature though she was, she might have missed her way in the tortuous intricacies that the road had followed in striving to make and keep a footing among the steep. Icicles still hung to the dark faces of the crags, grim and distinct upon the snowy slopes about them. On every side towered the great trees, their gigantic proportions more incredibly imposing when fully revealed in bare bole and branch and height

than when the foliage had veiled them. Now and then she met a mist, stealing softly, silently along, or lurking like some half-affrighted apparition in the depth of ravines, or peering down from over unmeasured steeps. As the road turned abruptly she saw a mass of white vapor against the sky, — nay, it was Thunderhead, the great cloud-mountain. There was movement upon the slopes of the peak. The mists shifted to and fro, with vague gray shadows mysteriously attendant upon them. Sudden gusts of wind swept through the forest, rousing it to motion, to weird murmurs. She gathered her brown shawl about her and drew her bonnet forward. And then the wind would slip away, and she would hear it repeating its mystic apostrophe far off among the ravines of Thunderhead, or Big Injun, or another of the mighty company of the border. Among rifts of the clouds came sometimes a pallid glimpse of the midday moon. It had a strange ghastly gleam on this sad gray day, among the clouds above the great legendary mountain. She stood and gazed at it for a moment in vague fascination, then she turned and went on. She saw occasionally the footprints of small animals in the snow. Often she looked after them, for she had the compassionate tenderness of a compatriot for these little mountaineers. Once she noticed a rabbit that crouched chilled and trembling for an instant, and then went leaping through the frozen weeds.

She was not cold. It was growing warmer as she made her way down to lower levels, and much of the time she walked rapidly. Only when she crossed the mountain torrent, icy and motionless save that in its crystal heart a stream like a silver arrow swiftly and silently glided, glancing in the light, she felt the chill of the day. For the foot-bridge was hung with icicles and enveloped in deceptive snow that fell at the touch of her foot, and she began to be

afraid she would lose so much time here that she might be late and miss some part of the sermon. The dense growth of laurel hung over its playmate of the summer, unchanged save in the heavy weight of snow banked upon the barbed leaves. The cove was visible now and then, and, looking down upon it, one might fail to discern any expression of the social opportunities for which Mrs. Jessup valued it. In its wintry guise it was peculiarly open to the eye: its forests were bare; the unbroken snow lay in its broad fields in lieu of its harvested crops; its road was distinguishable by the narrow interval between the zigzag fences; the serpentine lines of the river were defined by its snow-fringed laureled banks; here and there a curl of blue smoke arose from the chimney of a little house heavily thatched with drifts.

The church had for her many melancholy associations. She paused at the palings, remembering the night when she had stood here in the silent moonshine, in the full summer-tide, and the vapors had shifted about, and in their midst she had seen the boy whom they had said was dead. How much had come into her life since then, and, alas, how much had gone forth forever! The snow hung heavy in the pine-trees; the faint moon was in the fretted gray sky above the mountains. The little house was dark and drear under its whitened roof. The snow was melting close to the chimney. She heard the drops trickling down. The mounds in the inclosure were very distinct. Some of them had a square of palings close about: those were the graves of the well-to-do people of the cove. She could hardly have said, but for her lifelong knowledge of the place, which was the new-made grave where lay the man who had pointed at her with his last living impulse, whose last word was to her, becoming dumb on his lips as his life died in him, — a word never to be heard, never to be answered. Here they all were, little

ephemeral mounds in the midst of the great eternities of the mountains. She wondered if there were words to be said buried with the others; deeds to be done or undone; hopes unrealized; promises deferred until now when time was no more for them. Life was transitory, and so she was minded anew of the preacher.

He was already in the pulpit when she entered the low, dark little building, with its scanty congregation huddled on the few benches. He was a long-haired, wild-eyed, jeans-clad mountaineer, with a powerful physique and an admiration of prowess. He was a worthy and a well-meaning man, and there are those of his profession wiser than he who forget that they are apostles of peace. The circumstantial account of various feuds detailed in the Old Bible proved of intense interest to the majority of his congregation, who listened with eager faces and spell-bound attention. The methods of slaughter in those days seem to have had phenomenal diversity, and certainly exceeded anything of the sort that had ever been heard of in Eskaquia Cove.

Alethea's mind was too closely held in subordination to reverence for her to acknowledge, even to herself, how little this discourse met her peculiar needs. She endeavored to fix her attention humbly upon the harrowing details of human barbarity; now and then an expression of wincing sympathy was in her clear eyes.

The application of the sermon — for it had an application — was to be found in the thankfulness which every professing member should experience because his lot was cast in Eskaquia Cove, where such practices did not at present obtain, and the fear which the unregenerate should harbor, since these tortures were nothing in comparison to what would happen to him in the next world, unless he forthwith mended his ways.

It left a certain trace of meditative as-

tonishment, however, among the heavy mountaineers, slouching out to their horses and wagons, slowly commenting while chewing hard on their great quids of tobacco. The women lingered and talked in a lack-lustre fashion to one another of their ailments, and interchanged inquiries concerning absent members of the family. Sophy Griff stood by the palings, debating whether she should accept the proffer of one of the youths to take her home on his horse behind him.

She was looking about doubtfully. "I brung two o' the chil'ren along o' me, but they 'pear ter hev runned off somewhar. I dunno ez I wanter leave 'em."

"They 'll be home 'fore supper-time," urged the gallant. "Trest 'em ter git thar ef thar's enny eatin' goin' on."

With this logic she suffered herself to be persuaded, mounted his horse behind him, and they rode away after the manner of a cavalier and his lady-love of the olden time.

Alethea trudged along the road to Mrs. Purvine's house, for the journey up the mountain was hardly a possible achievement after the fatigues of the descent. The sun had come out. It scintillated on the snow. The cascades in the half-frozen river glittered iridescent. The bluffs were outlined with snow in all their fissures; icicles clung to them at every jutting point, and the stunted trees of their summit, whose insistent roots seemed to pierce the stone, were encased in ice, and sparkled as the wind moved them. In the midst of all this splendor Mrs. Purvine's house was dark and humble, despite the porch, and the front steps, and the glass windows. In the half-buried garden spot a bevy of dark figures sped this way and that over the snow. They were aunt Dely's boys chasing rabbits. The creatures, half famished and bold with necessity, — fatally distinct on the whitened ground, — were deftly knocked on the head with a stick, and one blow from such experts

was sufficient. In the party was a smaller boy, whom, at first, Alethea was puzzled to remember. Presently she recognized 'Gustus Tom, and this prepared her to see, when she entered, sister Eudory, sitting in front of aunt Dely's fire.

The pernicious glass in the windows added much cheerfulness to the apartment in weather like this. It aided the firelight in revealing sister Eudory's tangle of flaxen hair and beguiling plumpness, as she sat, looking demure and wise, in one of the large rickety chairs. She was nearly four years of age now, and a great girl, and when she got down and went and stood behind the churn, in an affectation of shyness because of Alethea's presence, she was not hidden by the article, and the handle of the dasher was insufficient to obscure her downcast face and her finger in her mouth.

"Yer aig will pop an' bust, fust thing ye know," said aunt Dely, the politic.

And Eudora forthwith came briskly out to investigate an egg which she was roasting in the ashes, the kind present of Mrs. Purvine. The hen that laid it was stalking about the room in unconscious bereavement. Now and then there was a shrill piping from a basket on the floor, from which overflowed, as it were, a downy collection of fall "deedies," hatched too late to stand any chance of weathering the winter except by being reared into those obnoxious animals, house-chickens. A matronly feathered head would occasionally be thrust out with a remonstrant cluck, and the assemblage, miraculously escaping the heedless human foot, would climb into the basket, and there would ensue a soft sound of snuggling down and drowsy pipings. All of which excited sister Eudory almost to ecstasy.

Mrs. Purvine experienced less complacency. "Ef ennybody ain't got no baby, an' feels like adoptin' one ter take

trouble about, jes' let 'em git 'em a settin' o' aigs an' hatch out some fall deedies. It 'll do 'em fur twins!"

"Why n't you-uns stay ter the meetin' ter the church-house, Eudory?" demanded Alethea.

The little girl, kneeling on the hearth, anxiously adjusted a broom straw on the egg to see if it were done, — when, according to culinary tradition, the straw would turn; she glanced up with her charming smile showing her snagged little teeth.

"'Gustus Tom would n't bide," she declared.

"Waal, now, 'Gustus Tom oughter begin ez early ez he kin," said Mrs. Purvine. "Sech ez 'Gustus Tom hev a mighty wrastle with Satan 'fore they git grace. 'Gustus Tom hev got a long way o' wickedness afore him. He oughter be among them in early youth convicted o' sin an' afeard o' Satan."

"Naw," said the child, sitting upright and staring steadily at the straw. "He be 'feared o' Pete Rood. An' he won't 'bide a-nigh the church-house."

The firelight was on her face. Its breath stirred her bright hair. Her chubby hand hovered above the egg in the ashes. Surely the straw was turning at last.

"Pete Rood is dead, Eudory," said Mrs. Purvine, rebukingly.

"In the groun'," said Eudory unequivocally.

The mention of him recalled to Alethea that momentous day of drawing the jury, the mystery of Tad's fate, the hardships of Mink's unjust duress, and finally the calamity which he had brought upon himself.

Alethea had taken off her bonnet, and sat down in the rocking-chair before the fire, her eyes fixed reflectively upon the great burning logs. The interior of Mrs. Purvine's house always had a leisurely aspect; to-day it wore the added quiet and ease of Sunday stillness. It was evident that here no anxious

female heart was "harried ter death," in yearnings for the perfecting of a theory of housekeeping.

Mrs. Purvine, sitting with her empty hands in her lap, once more rebuked sister Eudory, the decorums of the day giving a more stringent interpretation to her code of manners.

"Ye must n't say 'Gustus Tom air 'feard o' Pete Rood, kase he air dead."

"That's what 'Gustus Tom say — he say don't talk 'bout'n it." Eudora looked up gravely. "He be wusser 'feard now 'n he war when Pete Rood war 'live."

There was a sudden hand on the latch, and 'Gustus Tom came hastily in.

"Look-a-hyar, sister Eudory!" he cried remonstrantly, seizing her by the arm, "what ails ye ter let yer tongue break loose that-a-way? Shet up! Ye promised ye would n't tell."

He had an excited, grave, frightened look that was incongruous with the roguish cast of his features; his torn old hat was jauntily askew; his clothes were ragged; a single suspender seemed quite adequate to support so many holes; his shoes were broken. There was a distinct deprecation and anxiety in his face more pitiable than poverty, as he looked from one to the other of the women. He was evidently wondering how much of his secrets the faithless sister Eudory had told. He could not control his fears. He broke out suddenly.

"Hev she tole 'bout'n what I done?"

Mrs. Purvine, who was jocose with children, and who could not appreciate at this stage of the disclosure that anything of serious moment impended, folded her arms slowly across her bosom, looked at him over her spectacles, a great deal of the whites of her blue eyes showing, and with mock solemnity nodded assent.

"Waal, waal — did she tell 'bout'n the — the mill, too?"

Aunt Dely shook her head in burlesque reproach. "She hev tole on ye, 'Gustus Tom. Yer wicked ways air made plain."

His eyes were wildly starting from his head; he caught his breath in quick gasps. The little girl first detected the genuine terror with which he was suffering, and as she held his hand began to whimper and to lay her head against his ragged shirt sleeve.

"Oh, Mis' Purvine," cried 'Gustus Tom, "I never knowed aforehand how 't war goin' ter turn out, else I'd never hev gone thar that night, an' I would n't hev knowed no mo' 'bout who bust down the mill 'n nobody else!"

"Did n't Mink bust the mill down?" asked Mrs. Purvine, staring.

"Naw," said 'Gustus Tom, miserably, "Mink never."

Aunt Dely suddenly sat upright, and took her spectacles from her astonished eyes. She was about to speak sharply, but met Alethea's warning glance, and desisted.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

TO Q. H. F.

(ALCAICS BY ACCENT.)

O FARMER-POET, Bard of Venusia,
O courtier-poet, pride of the Palatine,
O old-world lover, laughing lyrist,
Singer of Chloe, Leuconoe, Lyde, —

Thy Muse of mountain, vineyard, and rivulet,
 Thy cups of Sabine, Massic, Falernian,
 Thy praise of Peace, and yellow Plenty
 Crowned with the myrtle and purpling cluster, —

These, *thee* we sing, light wooer of Tyndaris,
 In some secluded vale of Lucretilis,
 Thee, modern-ancient, magic-simple
 Quintus Horatius, Prince of Poets!

Long, long ago, thy liquid-voiced Lalage
 Set thy last rippling numbers to melody;
 Long, long ago the loose-zoned Graces,
 Pan, and the goddesses, wept thee, wailed thee:

*"Farewell, Soracte, whispering Algidus;
 Farewell, ye sheep-strown plains of Calabria;
 Mourn, O ye fields that slope by Tibur,
 Dead is the voice of the Prince of Poets!"*

*"Silent his golden Lesbian barbiton,
 Silent the lays of Cyprus and Erymanth,
 Silent his voice for hearts and ages, —
 Merriest Moralist, Prince of Poets!"*

Silent thy *voice*, but Syrtes and Cyclades,
 Fountain and forest, peopled with memories,
 Yea, all the round world, echoes, echoes,
 Echoes thy harmonies, Prince of Poets.

Charles Gayley.

INDIVIDUAL CONTINUITY.

THE continuity of our lives is not so great as we are apt to suppose. We have in youth a vivid sense of our continuous individuality, and we take it for granted that it will always be so with us. Thus we hear with some incredulity the anecdotes of eminent men who have completely lost the recollection of certain things done, said, or written in early life, and, what is more, all interest in them, or desire to remember them. That Lowell can have forgotten, as the itemizer says, that he was once a contributor to the Dial seems incredible to

a college Junior of my acquaintance. He has never forgotten anything he has written! In like manner, to have a bosom friend at fourteen, and come to care next to nothing about him at forty, appears to the boy a shocking piece of treason. Little he knows how many breaks are likely to occur in the succession of his life-phases; and how many times the winged creature will lightly slip his feet out of the chrysalis shell, carrying only some invisible thread of half-memory over from one epoch into the other.

No doubt there are lives that do go on with comparatively unbroken coherence, — tranquil, rustic, or village lives, whose sun always rises over the same horizon, and whose radii of interests, from year to year, go out to the same unchanged circumference. Here the constantly overlapping continuity of the neighborhood existence helps to keep the man's own thread of personality unbroken. But when we once cut loose from geography, make friends and break with friends, become the very opposite of "Bourbons" in that we are always "learning" and always "forgetting," then how far backward over our days can the uninterrupted "I" be fairly said to extend? When

"some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green,"

at last "breaks his birth's invidious bar," and passes on to new desires, new opinions, at last a whole background of new memories, even, can it any longer be said to have been really *he* who

"played at councilors and kings
With one that was his earliest mate,
Who ploughs with pain his native lea,
And reaps the labor of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands:
'Does my old friend remember me'?"

In the early summer morning I see what appears to be a long silver line bending and glancing in the air between the fir and the apple-tree. But when I look closely, it proves to be a succession of infinitesimal globules of gray dew, strung on an invisible spider-line. Is our personality such a succession of separately sphered moments, or hours? And what is the continuous line on which they are threaded? With one, it may be some persistent purpose, — an ambition or a passion; with another, the abnegation of an ambition or a passion, or some inveterate trouble that is the last to look in on him at night and the first in the morning, and by means of which he has no difficulty in self-recognition.

It is perhaps a mere fancy that mirrors have something to do with the distinct and ever-present sense of our own identity. If a man had never looked at himself in a glass, and so had no clear mental image of how he looked yesterday, and the day before, and a year ago, would he, for example, feel so intensely as now this irrational need of being consistent with his own past? It is not merely that we "cannot escape from our grandfathers;" but we cannot escape, either, from our own last year. Was the primitive man, unsophisticated by French plate mirrors, freer for new growths? Or did even Adam contemplate his aboriginal countenance in some smooth inlet of the river Pison, and so acquire an obstinate sense of responsibility for his earliest Adamite impressions?

And (while we are speculating a little freely) shall we go to the length of saying that possibly the mere accident of clothing counts for something in the case? It may then be safest that a man renew his garments only piecemeal; or, if he assume a complete new suit at a time, let him retire often into the linking familiarity of the second-best. With no mirror-image and no reminder from wonted clothes, would not a man sometimes need the evidence of "the little dog at home, and he knows me," to be sure that "I be I as I think I be"? It may well be doubted whether all of us have positive individuality enough to hold the steady recognition of even our nearest relatives, without the visible tag of some familiar cut or color of garment, or, at least, of that innermost garb or mask which is the bodily face and form itself.

How much, moreover, has the mere circumstance of our always carrying the same name to do with our sense of continuity? As I look over my old letters, here is the too familiar address on all the faded envelopes; these certainly, you would say, were addressed to very

me. But when I open one to read, it seems to me it can hardly have been "I" who wrote the juvenilities to which these things are in response. It was another being to whom they came fresh from the mail, —

"Like letters unto trembling hands ;"

another being who read them with the eagerness and responsive thoughts that I do now certainly seem to remember — by some strange witchcraft or self-substitution, like that of Sigurd and Gunnar upon the Flaming Heath — almost as if they had been my veritable own. He bore my name, drew checks with my signature, even went so far as to pay my bills, — that person in the past. But in any other sense I am hardly prepared to own him as my actual and continual self. I rather look upon him as the chick upon the egg-shell, the moth upon the cracked cocoon, the man at the microscope upon the film of protoplasm, with the musing consciousness, "Such as thou art, once was I."

Since we actually go through these metamorphoses in life, it would be a significant and appropriate act, if only it were permitted us, to shed our names from time to time. The other day, when I suddenly awaked once for all from an old nightmare of illusion, why might I not then and there have moulted to the extent of my name? Or that hour when I flung aside a particular opinion which had long ridden my mind's shoulders, like an Old Man of the Sea, why should there not have gone with it the designation of the being whose life had been thus spoiled, letting the new man start with a new heraldic device? Something of this sort, it is true, does happen when a person throws off his early nickname, and assumes the *toga virilis* of the full combination of baptismal titles through which his parents have made him imposing or ridiculous to the ear; and at last, it may be, adds the initials of dignity by which his college or his church has ministered to his vanity. "Dicky" be-

comes "Dick," and then full "Richard," and then "the Reverend Doctor," or "the Bishop," or "the ex-Vice-President." These developments are but the outward and audible symbols of mysterious inner transformations. The ex-Vice-President, bald now, glazed (if that be a proper term for the taking on of spectacles) and wise, would no more wish to be held responsible for the views he expressed in youth than he would chirp and twitter again at the charms of the "girl he left behind" him, or answer to the maternal or sororal call of "Dicky."

More than this it would perhaps not be safe to permit to us in the way of escape from our proper labels. It is necessary that society should hold us to a strict accountability for our successive selves, and the name is the rope by which these are held together. The world must keep track of us, like a great police. Nature, besides, has us all down in her rogue's gallery; for our face is photographed in a thousand watchful eyes, as well as our name in so many ears.

Something of our restlessness in flitting from place to place may be accounted for by this instinctive craving to let the new and different man that we feel is in us, or might be in us, begin life all over again in a different place. *At last* we shall be permitted to do it, but not prematurely. We dodge to Dresden or Geneva, but we are there at the station to receive ourselves. *Cælum, non animum*, we find that we have changed. The old lives have managed to creep stealthily in our shadow, and soon they accost us at every street corner with ironical congratulations at our escape from them, in the new city as in the old.

Are there not lapses or gaps in the continuity of our conscious existence, of which we may ourselves, by a little close attention, become aware? To begin with, there is the gap of nightly sleep,

when the chain of consciousness, if it does not actually break off, at least sags under water and is lost to the eye for a space, to emerge glimmering with vague dreams into the sunshine of the waking hour. If the figure appears strained, it is because I am thinking of the early spring mornings in boyhood, when we used to go to the Little River to take up the gill-net for shad. A mist hung on the smoothly running water; there was an "Oriental fragrantcy" of spear-mint from the moist bank; the rattle of the oar in the rowlock sounded preternaturally loud, echoing under the covered bridge at that perfectly silent hour. When we boys begin to lift the strained top line of the net, pulling the skiff along by means of it, it is a moment of delicious excitement. What is that dim spot of glimmering gold, far down in the dark water? It grows, as we eagerly haul on the line, and the little waves plashed out by the boat make it waver and break, till it seems some huge and splendid prize, like the mysterious casket in the net of the Arabian fisherman. So memory, pulling in the line of submerged consciousness after profound sleep, catches sight of vague gleams of wonderful experiences.

But frequently, even in waking hours, I have seemed to detect lapses of conscious continuity. I look up, for example, from writing, and my eye turns to the window, and sight and attention seem to exhale, as it were, or evaporate into open space; thought ceases; for five seconds I am not a mind, I am a vegetable. Or in walking over some beaten track up and down in my garden, I have sometimes found myself at the other end of my beat, without having noticed anything, or thought of anything in particular, on the way. It has several times happened to me, in using my "home-exerciser" and giving to each pulley movement my accustomed forty counts, that I find myself at twenty-five or thirty, when I seemed only to have

just counted twelve or fifteen. Now did I simply skip the intervening numbers, or did the unconscious brain cells go on automatically counting across a gap of that extent in my conscious existence? Suppose I had "died," as we call it, during that interval: what would have gone on into immortality, the consciousness or the gap?

But in truth this whole matter of the individual identity—the I-ness of the I—is thick with difficult questions. Here is my old apple-tree, for instance: is it a tree, or a thousand trees using one common bole? Every bud on it is in reality a separate, individual being; as we may easily prove by setting it off by itself in some chink of another tree, where the sap of life shall come to it duly. Or in the case of a bunch of polyps, or of vorticels, on one stalk, how much of the coöperative life is entitled to say "I," and where does the we-ness of the we begin? If we are to count the whole tree, with its multitude of separate or separable lives, as only a single individual, how would it be with us if the human offspring were never wholly separated from the life-sustaining parent? Or would it strain our sense of identity at all, if the entire change of the substance of the body, popularly supposed to take place every seven years, should no longer occur gradually, cell by cell, but by a sudden cataclysm, some fine morning? As the old bone and tissue left him, and the new were clapped on in their place, would not the man have to jump to tie on the thread of new memory at the vanishing end of the old, lest he lose himself before he had time to find himself?

There is an old story they tell in the country that always seemed to me to have occult and esoteric meanings; as it were a kind of myth that had been builded better than was known, or else a survival from the folk-lore of some lost race of speculative mound-builders. The tale is of an old farmer who was

driving a yoke of oxen in an empty cart, and who yielded gradually to the sweet influences of a jug by his side, and fell fast asleep. The leisurely oxen having presently sauntered into the grass by the roadside, some humorous passer-by found them feeding there and turned

them loose, leaving the peaceful sleeper snoring in the sun. By and by he awakened, sat up, rubbed his eyes, and slowly soliloquized: "*Am I, or am I not I? If I am I, I have lost a good yoke of oxen. If I am not I, I have found a good cart!*"

Andrew Hedbrooke.

RECENT LIGHT LITERATURE.

THE quality of lightness in literature is somewhat independent of form. There have been heavy poems and novels, there have been essays as light and airy as gossamer. Now and then a philosophical work, even, is lifted by such dexterous and nimble phrase as to give one the impression not only that one is thinking, but thinking with ease and celerity. Mr. Stockton, in one of the most ingenious of his stories, fancies a middle-aged man supplied with a curious apparatus for diminishing the force of gravitation, so that he skips over the ground in an incredibly lively fashion, and, at last, when heedlessly relaxing his hold on substantial things, rises from the ground a little distance, and treads air as another might tread water. Most writers are powerfully affected by the law of gravitation; it is when one has the secret of the more subtle law of levitation that we recognize a singularly attractive literary power.

Nor is it in literature alone that we are aware of this attraction. The musician, whose hands fly over the keys, often charms us through the same quality, — he has the light touch. We perceive when we look at some pictures that the painter has had a certain deftness in handling his brush, — he has the light touch. Even the solid marble which has yielded to the blow of the mallet sometimes discloses this quality; one feels that the sculptor just touched

the clay lightly here and there, and that the chisel only glanced on the surface.

This lightness of touch is essentially an artistic gift; it has to do rather with the skill of presentation than with the fineness of conception, yet it goes deeper than any mere mechanical dexterity. It responds to the fibre of the artist's nature; it is his tactile sense expressing itself; and when we meet with it in any piece of work, we value it so highly that we sometimes wonder if we are not giving it more than its due. Perhaps we wonder most when we try to repeat in our own form the matter which pleased us, and discover that the charm has somehow gone out of it. Only when we go back to the book or poem do we see that the material was not cheap or mean, but was set forth with a lightness of touch which raised at once its value.

Here, for example, is a story by Mr. Bunner,¹ which has already been told many times. A man, who has passed the period of youth, unexpectedly becomes the guardian of a young girl. She grows up under his eye, and the parental affection, if it ever could be called thus, undergoes a transition into the lover's just as the more contemporaneous lover asserts himself, and so the elderly man wakes from his dream. The mere framework of the story is not especially new, and if one undertook to give even some-

¹ *The Midge*. By H. C. BUNNER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

what at length the argument of *The Midge* he would be likely to create the impression that the story was commonplace. Commonplace is the last term which one would apply to this book, and when one has read and enjoyed it the very simplicity of the structure remains in the mind as one element of the charm of the story.

For it is a merit of the book that the attention is given to making real two or three people who interest one, both for what they are themselves and for the quaint surroundings in which they are set; one is not diverted from these principal concerns by any series of ingenious adventures. The chief interest, as is right, is in the heroine, whose *petite* nature gives the title to the book. Lodoiska Agnes Hunt Talbot is a genuine creation, and the apparent ease with which Mr. Bunner evokes this graceful, *naïve* figure from the shadows of the French quarter in New York, realizes her personality, and then quietly lets her adjust herself to ordinary circumstances gives us very high expectations of what this novelist and poet may yet do. Mr. Bunner has been happy in discovering a new country for the uses of fiction. It is not certain how far it can be explored, and in his own work he intimates that it was only for a few years that the country could be said to exist at all; but the French quarter of New York is not another Leicester Square, and for the purposes of *The Midge*, at least, it is an extremely picturesque spot. The touches by which the *Brasserie Pigault* are set before the reader are few and felicitous; the figures that are sketched in so lightly, the Goubaud family, Madame Pigault and the *habitués* of her *brasserie*, and Father Dubé, have just the necessary vitality, and their foreign air is genuine. Indeed, one may say that half the work is done when these characters are named, for we recognize them at once as "characters," just as we recognize the mild young rec-

tor as a lay figure,—such is the advantage which a foreigner has over the native in fiction; he is already remote, while one has to push the native a little way off by some device of art, in order to give him an equally good perspective.

These lighter graces do not, however, make up the whole value of the book. The lightness which is best is that which hints at the serious, and Mr. Bunner wins his reader's respect by the genuineness of his sentiment, the honesty of his occasional reflections, and the frequent solid sense of his judgment. The light touch,—yes, that is the thing; but we want also the firm hand, and that too we get in Mr. Bunner's book.

It must be said, however, that the qualities of *The Midge* which we enjoy praising are more evident in the earlier parts of the book than in the later. One even begins to suspect that Mr. Bunner was less careful of his work when he was completing it than when he was engaged on the more original situations with which he was confronted when getting his characters into line. There is a little strain upon reasonableness when Dr. Peters, the guardian of the story, is made to forget young Hathaway, the lover, in his absorption in his own love affair. Love is blind, but that is to defects. Love is extremely sharp-eyed under the conditions which held Dr. Peters and Hathaway; and when the man was once made aware of the possible state of things, it is hard to believe that he could ever really be surprised again. The least effective part of the book, therefore, is the treatment of Dr. Peters after the scene in the *brasserie* when his suspicions regarding Hathaway and the *Midge* were aroused.

But if the psychology of the book is at fault here, it is strikingly true in the earlier parts, and especially in the development of the woman in Lodoiska. The scene where she offers to leave Dr. Peters is admirably faithful in its por-

trayal of a delicate and profound movement in the life of this fascinating little creature.

We have lingered over this book not so much because of the attractiveness of the story as because it holds that rare charm of lightness which is not so frequent in literature that we can dismiss it summarily. So, recognizing its value, we would note its presence in a book so slight of figure and so modest in bearing as to be in danger of escaping the attention of readers. Old Salem,¹ however, will surely not escape the attention of readers of *The Atlantic*, for it was in the pages of the *Monthly* that most of its contents first appeared. These readers will be the first to welcome the book, for they will understand that, with all its fragmentariness, Old Salem is a distinct bit of literature. We may say that as in *The Midge* the choice of subject was half the book, so is it in Old Salem. Mr. Bunner laid open a quarter of New York which was new to people, yet old and familiar in all its humane and literary associations. The author of Old Salem could count at once on the intelligent and ready response of many readers. Salem has acquired so delightful an individuality that it only needs to represent it with art to win an audience, and those who read *Old Salem Shops*, *A Salem Dame School*, and *Salem Cupboards*, in *The Atlantic*, felt that here was a writer who knew Salem by heart.

Slight as the work in this book is, so far as regards matter and range of subject, it indicates a high degree of artistic power. No one could be so fine except after careful study and practice. The reserve which this writing shows is

not wholly a gift; it is an attainment. A less trained writer would have been led into exaggerations and extravagance: the dainty sentences, which have about them the very air of the life they describe, are not such as usually fall from the pen of one who is trying a hand. Here, again, there is the light touch, and there is the firm hand, and it is the lightness without a shadow of mockery which makes us smile at the Old Salem figures and manners, while we are ready to show the courtesy which was ingrain with this writer.

The Midge quickens our hope for what its author may do. So also did the sketches which appeared in *The Atlantic*, and now form the body of this little book. The pity of it that we must say *did*. Mr. Bates, in his brief, delicate introduction, and by a word at the close, reminds us that in Old Salem we have a mere fragment of a whole which lay in a mind capable, we cannot doubt, of fulfilling the promise her readers had read in her work. Instead of hope we have regret, if we look away from the book itself. Yet the book remains, with all its broken character, a fine piece of literature; something to value, not merely because we can never have another from its creator, but because it is in itself a delight.

The choiceness of these two books makes us a little impatient. Here we have been undertaking to make a survey of recent light literature, and all we can bring within the scope of the term, when we have raised it to its true height, is just two little books. It is rather hard, we think, that when summer comes and Nature touches us with all her airy graces, new literature about us should yield so small a harvest of that pleasure which comes from genuine light literature.

¹ *Old Salem*. By ELEANOR PUTNAM. Edited by ARLO BATES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

FURNESS'S OTHELLO.

A VOLUME of the Variorum edition of Shakespeare may be tedious to some, but for our part we read it gladly. Where else would one find such variety of subject, such change in intellectual exercise, such diversities of human nature? If you have a taste for correcting proof, its most aristocratic form is emending a text, and here in this volume of *Othello*¹ is the Folio version exactly reprinted, with the Quarto readings pendent, and the guesses of a score of editors besides to make your task more interesting; or is your inclination for philology, here are antique words and constructions to furnish forth a dozen grammarians' funerals; or is it old-fashioned costume, or noble Venetian chronicle, or mediæval story-telling, or Kean's last night, or perchance Teutonic metaphysics and the moral imperative in æsthetics, that you affect, you shall be provided for. Where else would one meet with more humorous illustrations of the old adage that only a wise man knows his own ignorance? Time was, some three hundred years ago, when the master of English speech wrote a tragedy to be played before the unlettered vulgar; the muddle-pated fellows heard, applauded, and went away, and never guessed how little they understood it all; and the world has been listening ever since in a thousand theatres, with the same natural ears, to the drama that Shakespeare made, and still the audience disperses with the notion that it knows why that bed was so tragically loaded. But the wise man has been sitting in his study poring over the play-book for a century; and many a ranged folio, very tall, now attests the voluminous discovery he has made of the things

he did n't know. He has cogitated over many a hard matter. *Othello* was a gentleman of color, it is not to be gainsaid; but oh, was he, could he have been, *black*? The wise man (and much more the wise woman) has mused upon that. *Othello* did the murder; but the gentle lady's face was as "pale as her smock," and she spoke after the breath was out of her,—"Can such things be without our special wonder?" A coroner's jury of doctors has set upon the case: verdict, "Fracture of the cricoid cartilage of the larynx." The wise man—but it is better to smile and be grateful. The commentator has honorably striven to recover the true text, the very, golden words of Shakespeare's quill. Where meaning has gone out of them, he has brought it back; and he has dug out of the grave a quantity of information which those same dull apprentices of old had in their heads, just because they had the luck to live when Shakespeare did, but which the world has willingly let die. Intellectual curiosity, too, might find less happy hunting-grounds than the sources and dates of these plays, and psychological analysts might do much worse than vivisect *Iago*. Here is the best original text of *Othello*, with all important variations and emendations, an admirable abstract, just, fair-minded, and reasonable, of the comment on the play, wherever found, and brief studies that abridge the learning and criticism which have gathered about the more general topics involved. The whole is a cyclopædia of our play, profitable for study, entertainment, and reference; before it is put upon the shelf let us consider but one thing it suggests,—how acting throws light upon Shakespeare's masterpieces.

There is a common opinion among men of the closet that to see Shake-

¹ *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.*
Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. Vol. VI.,
Othello. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

speare acted is to see him burlesqued. It is not without excuse, for any representation of the great characters must clash with one's own idea of them, and it is too much to hope for a company entirely satisfactory in the minor rôles. But Shakespeare wrote his plays to be acted, and he knew well that words were only a part of the means of expression to be used, that gesture and voice were to count, and that the purely material business of the stage could be relied on to show the links of the action and perfect its unity. It is most likely that as he was an actor and manager himself, and knew the Globe (both stage and pit) as well as he knew Montaigne or Plutarch, he had in mind, as he composed his scenes, both the theatrical setting and the traits of the players who were to exhibit his imaginations. If one had looked in at a rehearsal when he was training the company, it is conceivable that one might have learned very much of his meaning from the rendering of it; the tradition of his stage would have been an excellent commentary. Then we should know whether Hamlet was aware of Polonius and the King hiding to trap him with his love for Ophelia, and whether Iago failed to dispatch Cassio because he saw Lodovico and Gratiano approaching, and other such matters. Incidents essential to the clearness of the action may have taken place on the stage, without being indicated by any words in the text. So, too, the general conception of the character and the manner of its representation would show, with some probability Shakespeare's own interpretation, if only some record of Burbage's methods should turn up. But the tradition of that stage is practically nothing now; it is as irrecoverable as if it had been burnt in the Globe fire. Nevertheless, Mr. Furness thinks that some aid, some illumination, though not so authoritative, may be gained by attending to what the great actors of later times have

thought about the meaning of Shakespeare, albeit they played their criticisms instead of writing them in books. The view is an eminently just one. An actor of genius, at the moment of impersonating (either in imagination or in fact) a character of Shakespeare's, is probably nearer to the dramatist's creative mood than any one else can get, except possibly the poet born. He may, to use a phrase of Booth's, in speaking of this mode of coming to an understanding of Shakespeare, "hit it" by the mere force within that bears him naturally on. Or, to take the case in which his sympathy with the rôle is imperfect, he may perceive wherein he is defective more clearly by his conscious failure than by any analysis. Again, the difficulties that arise from not knowing how Shakespeare put the play on the stage may not be solved rightly, it is true, by the moderns; but the conclusions of the acting fraternity on these matters are much more worthy of weight than those of men unacquainted with the practical working of that "business" which is a sort of cement for the scenes. Support could be found from many quarters for this claim put forward by Mr. Furness in behalf of the actors as useful critics; but without wearying the reader with further reasoning, we will assume that he is quite willing to accord to the modern stage an authority similar to that of Shakespeare's own, and on this understanding we shall invite his attention to some considerations suggested by Mr. Furness's quotations from memoirs of the profession and other records, and especially from Booth's annotated acting-copy, which, although not made with any view to publication, he has been allowed to use freely for this edition of the play.

Mr. White, in his satirical essay upon *The Acting of Iago*, expresses the opinion that all the modern impersonations are inadequate, and that the fault springs from a radical misconception of the

character. Theatrical companies are made up, every one knows, with an actor for each of the varieties of human nature which are usual in a play; so far as character is concerned, they enact types. Iago, of course, falls to the lot of the "heavy villain," whose aim, in stage life, is to do his wickedest always, everywhere, and in as many guises as possible; he is continually pointing to the mark of Cain on his forehead, so that there shall be no mistake about his identity. "I think," says Booth, — and the criticism holds all the meat of Mr. White's essay in a nutshell, — "the light comedian should play the villain's part, not the 'heavy man;' I mean the Shakespearean villains." In consonance with this is his reiterated advice to his Iago to think evil all the time, but not to show it; to be the prince of good fellows, inexhaustible in *bonhomie*, genial, jovial, gentlemanly, — the friend and pleasant companion whom every one liked, whom Desdemona trifled with, and Cassio respected for his soldiership, and Othello trusted as a man as faithful in love as he was wise in the world. "A certain bluntness," says Booth, " (which my temperament does not afford), should be added to preserve the military flavor of the character: in this particular I fail utterly; my Iago lacks the soldierly quality." So far, certainly, Booth does not differ from Mr. White in his conception of the bearing, the outward manner and sensible aspect, of the Venetian liar. Let us look at it from Mr. White's point of view: "Edwin Booth's Iago is not externally a mere hardened villain, but a super-subtle Venetian, who works out his devilish plans with a dexterous lightness of touch and smooth sinuosity of movement that suggest the transmigration of a serpent into human form. And in his visage, and, above all, in his eye, burns the venom of his soul. . . . But even Edwin Booth's Iago, although much finer and more nearly consistent with itself and with the facts of the

tragedy than any other that is known to the annals of the stage, is not the Iago that Shakespeare drew." But what is it that is lacking? Mr. White paints Iago as the popular flatterer, the sympathetic sycophant, the gay, easy-going, pleased, and pleasing fellow; and so far as the side shown to the world is concerned, this is Booth's conception, and (allowing for the defect of soldier-like frankness which he feels in himself) it is his impersonation. Why is it not, then, Shakespeare's Iago? Mr. White is ready with his answer: Because Shakespeare's Iago would do no harm, except to advance his fortunes; he had no malice; he was merely selfish, utterly unscrupulous as to his means of obtaining what he sought, ready to win his gain at any ruin. Now, it is clear that the evil which Mr. White has just said burns in the actor's eye is not mere selfishness, not the cold light of calculation simply, with no more rooted passion; it is just what Mr. White says Iago did not have, — it is malice. So one gets the hint; and on searching the remarks of Booth to see what indications there are of his conception of the essence of Iago's soul, the spring of his motive, the changing emotions that enveloped his thoughts at their birth, one perceives at once that, while Booth would have Iago outwardly amiable, he has not the least idea of reducing the dye of villainy in which the character has been steeped by those of old time. Inside, Booth has no doubt, Iago was a spirit of hate, and he knows at what moments of anxious interest, at what crises of the temptation and the plotting, this will gleam out in the expression of the eye, or in those slight tell-tale changes which are natural to the most self-possessed man, and are significant to us only because we are on the watch for them. By observing, consequently, with what passages he connects this devilish malignancy of nature in Iago, one can judge, as between him and Mr. White, what justification he has

for making Iago cruel as well as selfish, and revengeful as well as ambitious. Mr. White's theory is that Iago wished to supplant Cassio, and ruined Desdemona in order to accomplish this end; that he used his suspicion of Othello's intimacy with his wife almost as an afterthought, to bolster up his purpose with an excuse; and that, having chosen his method with perfect indifference to its morality or its humanity, he overreached himself and failed. This view may gain upon one by its plausible and emphatic setting forth, just as pleas for Judas Iscariot or any other client of a clever devil's advocate may do, but only momentarily; for when one attempts to adjust the speeches of Iago, word by word and line by line, to this conception, especially with such notes of direction and caution as these of Booth's to the actor, echoing the text, as they do, through all modulations of suspicion, suspense, and suppressed passion, the idea of an Iago without malice simply dissolves, and leaves not a rack behind. In reality, this new notion of Mr. White's is only the old story that Iago is motiveless, which has disturbed so many critics, and given occasion to such marvelous explanations of his villainy. The disparity between the moral causes and the mortal results, between the errors and the penalties of the victims, has been widely felt; the attempt is consequently made to ascribe a cause for the catastrophe that shall justify it to the reason; and naturally one writer has over-accented and exaggerated one element in the play, and a second writer another element, and so on; but Mr. White bears away the palm from all in his assertion that Iago did all the mischief just to get on in the world, and that the only reason it was so great was because of the unlimited power for harm in the union of ability to flatter with utter unscrupulousness in a man's make-up. The fact is that Shakespeare gives the keynote of the action in the very first words

Iago utters, unheard except by his own bosom. What was the first thought on his lips then? "I hate the Moor." And perhaps in that most difficult moment of the rôle, the climax of Iago's fate, the elder Booth was right in making the expression of this intense enmity dominant in "the Parthian look which Iago, as he was borne off, wounded and in bonds, gave Othello,—a Gorgon stare, in which hate seemed both petrified and petrifying." In this matter the actors seem to carry it over the editor, who, indeed, was in that essay a better social satirist than Shakespearean scholar; and, to our mind, the conception of Mr. White is too inharmonious, also, with the intellectual power and the delight in its exercise so marked in Shakespeare's and in Booth's Iago.

A word must be said—for so much only is left to us—of Othello. There is more scope for different interpretations in his case than in Iago's. The manners of Kean, Fechter, and Booth in this part are described with most fullness. There is some brief account of other actors, but these three illustrate well enough that dramatic criticism of Shakespeare which the stage is unconsciously making, from generation to generation, and which Mr. Furness has done his best to incorporate with the mass of literary and philological matter which forms the bulk of his notes; for though we give our attention exclusively to the actors' part in the criticism of this play, it is not to be supposed that this is, comparatively, very large, while what there is of it is so scattered that it seems even less. Othello, it is obvious to any one of the least insight, is a character in whom temperament counts for so much more than anything else as practically to possess the whole man: his actions proceed directly from his nature; his doubts and suspicions act at once upon his heart, and are converted into emotion of the most simple and primitive type almost instan-

taneously; his mental agony itself tends to become blind physical suffering; he does not think,—he feels. It is in the expression of temperament that the actor is left most free by the dramatist, is least shackled by words, and oftenest relies upon other modes of utterance, among which (we too easily forget) language is only one.

In *Othello*, consequently, who is the creature of his temperament, the actor influences the character to an unusual degree; and as the range of feeling is from the lowest notes of tender happiness to the explosions of unlimited despair, the way in which the actor conceives of feeling, his ideas of what makes it noble and of the manner in which a grand nature would express it, affect the play profoundly. A certain bent has been given to the stage interpretation and also to criticism by the notion that Shakespeare meant to exhibit in *Othello* a barbaric passion, the boiling up of a savage nature, the Oriental fervor and rashness, the daemon of the Moorish race. Yet nothing is plainer in Shakespeare than his utter disregard of historical accuracy; he never depicted a race type, except the Jewish. If Theseus is an Athenian, or Coriolanus or Cæsar himself a Roman, then *Othello* may be a Moor; but it is most conformable to the facts to regard them all as simply ideal men, who take from their circumstances a color of nationality and a place in time, but who are essentially all of one race. We have, therefore, no sympathy with the view of those actors who give *Othello* a ferocity of emotion because he is a Moor, or with those critics who discern in the violence and brute unreason of some players in this part something to praise on the score of *Othello's* birth under a hot Mauritanian sun. The Oriental touch in the impersonation ought not to go beyond such slight signs and tokens as the crescent scimitar,—of which Booth says, "It is harmless,"—if we are to keep to Shake-

speare's art as something better than a costumer's. We dare to say that *Othello* does not exhibit one extravagance that requires to be excused by the reflection that it is natural to an alien race, though not to the English. But within the limits of the character conceived as merely ideal, there is a fine opportunity for difference among actors, and they have availed themselves of it. To indicate what we refer to by a word, *Othello's* passion seems to have been the cardinal thought of Kean, irresistible, compulsive as "the Pontick Sea," impressive by its main force and elemental sweep; Fechter, whose conception of nobleness of nature was a poor one, sank all the heroic in the melodrama to which the situations lent themselves; and Booth, giving far more distinctness to *Othello's* suffering, so that his revenge becomes hardly more than an incident in the course of his own soul's torture, reveals the scene of the tragedy at once as in *Othello's* breast, where the spirit of evil is feeding on a mighty but guileless heart. It is not Desdemona's death that is the climax, — that is mere pity; but the tragic element finds its conclusion in *Othello's* last speech and stroke. The intensity of Kean or the ideality of Booth, working upon the tragic temperament in each, must produce *Othello's* with a difference: one tempts excess in ferocity, the other in pathos; but either is consistent with the text. After all, it is with great actors as with poets,—their creations partake of their own nature, in all heroic and ideal parts; but if, as is thought, sympathy is the best revealer of the inner meaning of works of the imagination, certainly the disciplined and habitual enacting of great rôles by actors of genius ought to be a source of light and knowledge regarding them, notwithstanding the allowance that is to be made for the "personal error" of individuality. In reading these notes, too, one gets nearer to the actor's ideal, perhaps, than in the theatre: there one

receives the impression, and is carried on, with too little consciousness of why and wherefore; but the synthesis that is made on the stage is here to be read analytically and to be reflected on. We are convinced that for the student of dramatic literature for its own sake, for

the man of letters as distinguished from the scholar, these actors' notes will prove a most valuable portion of the illustrations of Shakespeare's meaning. They are not merely a literary curiosity or a matter of entertainment; but they are tools — for him who can use them.

JOEL BARLOW.

THE life of Joel Barlow¹ is a welcome addition to our historical literature, and Mr. Todd has done his work most creditably. The book is well written and well arranged, and the selections from the letters are made wisely, briefly, and with an evident eye for what is picturesque. It is not a little surprising that a writer who entirely deserves such high praise should at the same time be open to criticism for faults which seem utterly incompatible with the existence of so many real merits and excellent qualifications. This apparent contradiction can be explained only by the supposition that Mr. Todd has much literary aptitude, but is deficient in historical training and in a sense of historical proportion.

To explain what we mean, let us begin with the errors of oversight, for which every historical writer must feel a large charity, but which are altogether too serious here to be passed over in silence. On page 56, Mr. Todd says: "The Continental Congress was then in session, in labor with the Constitution which made a nation of a group of warring and independent sovereignties." Whatever that decrepit body, the Continental Congress, was in labor with in July, 1787, it certainly was not in labor with the Constitution. Another and

far different body, which was sitting at that moment in Philadelphia, — not in New York, as Mr. Todd's allusion suggests, — was engaged in the difficult task of forming our great charter.

Barlow may have addressed his lady-love in 1779 as "*ma amie*," but we doubt very much if he wrote in 1788 that he was staying at the "Hôtel de l'Argle d'Or," in Havre. We do not profess familiarity with the eighteenth-century inns of that noted seaport, but we are strongly inclined to believe that Barlow stayed at the Aigle d'Or.

"Sir Weldbare Ellis," page 77, is intended, undoubtedly, for the Right Hon. Welbore Ellis, whose first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Stanhope. If Barlow wrote it "Weldbare," Mr. Todd should have corrected it, or explained it in a note.

When Barlow, in 1793, took lodgings in the neighborhood of Paris, the suburb in which he dwelt was Meudon, not "Mendon." Again, in a letter (page 138) to his wife, dated on September 8, 1796, and written in French, he is made to say, according to Mr. Todd's translation, "Do not fail to withdraw my books from *Relieur*." It is quite possible that there was a person of that name, but we cannot help wondering whether in reality Barlow did not ask his wife to withdraw his books from the binder (*relieur*). We feel quite certain that on a later occasion (page 194) he said "the other

¹ *Life and Letters of Joel Barlow*, LL. D. By CHARLES BURR TODD. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

side of the street *bien entendu*," and not "*bien entendre*."

On page 212, Mr. Todd, referring to a letter written by Abraham Baldwin, the brother of Mrs. Barlow and Senator from Georgia, says: "This letter is almost the only memorial left us of the author of the famous instrument of 1787." Mr. Baldwin was unquestionably a member of the constitutional convention, but to speak of him as the "author" of the Constitution of the United States is absolutely grotesque. It can hardly be intended for a joke, and yet it seems incredible that any man in his senses should speak of Baldwin, by no means a very prominent or active member of the Philadelphia convention, as the "author" of the Constitution.

Let us now turn back to the preface, which, be it said, is very far from properly representing the value and genuine merit of the book, but which is, on the contrary, a model of loose statement. The first sentence is as follows: "The great men of the post-revolutionary age were not, as a rule, versatile." This is a singularly unlucky bit of generalization. Washington was soldier, statesman, planter, and a practical man of business; Hamilton was soldier, statesman, orator, financier, and writer, in all departments eminent, in some unsurpassed; Gallatin was statesman, debater, diplomatist, and in his old age a distinguished antiquarian and ethnologist; Marshall was soldier, statesman, lawyer, and judge; John Adams was orator, lawyer, statesman, and writer; Gouverneur Morris was statesman, financier, diplomatist, lawyer, orator, man of business. The list might be almost indefinitely extended, but the men of the first rank correctly represent those who come below. The one most striking quality of our early statesmen, in fact, was their versatility. Mr. Todd, having premised, however, that they were the reverse of versatile, then makes two exceptions, Franklin and Jefferson. The former's versatility

is so great and obvious that it could escape no one, and the latter formed no exception at all. If we leave out Madison, there was probably no man of that time who was so little versatile as Jefferson. He was statesman and politician, and nothing more. He was neither orator, writer, debater, nor soldier, like so many of his contemporaries, and his selection as an exception is as incorrect as the rule itself. Mr. Todd proves Jefferson's versatility to his own satisfaction by calling him a "philosopher." The word is vague, but if we take it in its best sense of scientific thinker and metaphysician, Jefferson was as little of a philosopher as any man could be. The truth is that when Jefferson was in Paris every one who speculated on any subject, religion, government, balloons, new-fangled ploughs, or what you please, was called a philosopher. It was part of the jargon of the time, and without any real significance. Thus Jefferson obtained his title on the same grounds it is here given to Barlow, and in both cases it means nothing except that both of them were fond of rather crude speculations upon a great variety of subjects, from the destiny of man down to mould-boards.

In thus following the preface we come to Barlow, and the very first statement shows perfectly that lack of a sense of historical proportion which constitutes the chief defect of the book. Mr. Todd says: "There was one, however, among this group of worthies (the great men of the post-revolutionary age) who excelled in at least three great departments of human effort, — in statesmanship, letters, and philosophy, — and whose practical talents were perhaps greater than those of any of his contemporaries. That man was Joel Barlow, the subject of these pages." Here we find Barlow classed with Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Hamilton, Marshall, and the rest, and then are told that he had greater practical talents, perhaps, than any of

them. It seems absurd to deal with such a statement seriously, and yet it is evidently not intended for irony. To begin with, Barlow was not a great man at all. He was a clever man, shrewd in business, facile in verse-making, and courageous and efficient as a diplomatist. He attained distinction, and merited it. He fills a niche in the history of his time, and his life well deserves writing; but this is all that can be said of him, because this is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Let us go on with the preface. "His verse first gave American poetry a standing abroad." Barlow was probably the first American, when the colonial days were over, who wrote verses which were read abroad, but the standing thus gained for American poetry is a very uncertain quantity. "His prose writing contributed largely to the triumph of republicanism in 1800." This is, of course, purely a matter of conjecture. "He was the first American cosmopolite, and twice made use of his position to avert from his country a threatened foreign war." He may have filled the somewhat strange position of the first American cosmopolite, and he certainly bought a peace with the Dey of Algiers, but his part in averting war with France at the close of the eighteenth century was a very small one. "He was the godfather of the steamboat and canal, and sponsor with Jefferson of our present magnificent system of internal improvements." He was the friend and patron of Robert Fulton, but his connection with our system of canals is so slight that it cannot be detected. As to internal improvements, they had been suggested by Washington and advocated by Hamilton long before the first appropriation of money in Jefferson's second term; and even in regard to that appropriation Barlow's influence does not appear. His "grand idea of a national university" was a favorite one with Washington, and had been urged by him in his messages.

The observations which we have been led to make by the exaggerated statements of the preface leave but little more to be said as to Barlow himself and his place in our history. He was a clever boy, and he grew up to be a clever man. He wrote verses when in college, tried preaching as an army chaplain, made various other experiments, and then drifted abroad as the agent of the Scioto Land Company. The manner in which he "placed" this scheme in France forms the one discreditable action of his life. He was selling a wilderness in Ohio, and he described it in a circular as a species of Paradise, and among other things as a region where frost was almost unknown. The representations of the circular were false, and there is every reason to suspect that the same delusive promises were made orally. Mr. Todd attempts no defense of Barlow's conduct in this matter, from which it may fairly be concluded that no defense is possible. The affair ended miserably. The unfortunate emigrants found themselves without any title to the lands which had served as a bait to draw them to America, and were finally relieved, after much distress and weary waiting, by the interposition of Congress. The company failed wretchedly and disgracefully, dragging down Colonel Duer, Hamilton's friend and the chief promoter, as well as many others, to utter ruin.

Barlow seems to have been almost the only one of those concerned in this luckless speculation who escaped scot-free. He remained in France, and addressed himself to making his own fortune, a task in which he succeeded extremely well. Money-getting, however, formed only a small part of his occupations, for he was full of restless energy. He was carried away by the strong current of the French Revolution, and undertook to revolutionize England, by which he gained considerable temporary notoriety, but nothing else. He became

a citizen of France, and sought an election to the assembly, but without success. He appears, in fact, to have been perfectly indifferent, at this period, as to the politics into which he plunged, provided they were revolutionary and turbulent, and he was brimful of all the visionary ideas which then swarmed in Paris. His utter failure to comprehend the real meaning of the French Revolution, or to distinguish between the forces at work in France and those in the United States, reveals the lightness of mind which was his chief defect.

In 1796 he went to Algiers, to endeavor to buy a treaty, and to release the unfortunate Americans who were prisoners in that nest of cut-throats. He succeeded perfectly in both objects, and displayed in so doing great tact and a high and patient courage which was equally proof against peril from a blood-thirsty ruler and from a devastating plague. His whole conduct during this mission redounds to his honor and that of his country.

He returned to the United States in 1805, and took up his residence in Washington, where he led a very pleasant life and kept open house. He was intimate with Jefferson and Madison and all the democratic leaders; and when they had fallen victims to the arts of Napoleon, and were being tricked into a war with England, Barlow was selected to go as minister to France, and try to unravel the tangled skein of our relations with that country. There can be little doubt, judging from his conduct in Algiers, that he would have attained all the success possible, under the circumstances, had his life been spared. But the fates were against him from the start.

In the bustle of preparation for the Russian expedition, Napoleon had no time to spare in Paris for the American minister. Then the Emperor sent for Barlow to join him at Wilna on the eve of the march to Moscow. To Wilna

Barlow accordingly went, and there he waited while the empire tottered to its fall amid the snows of Russia. When all was over, Napoleon left the remnants of his great army and fled to Paris, and Barlow followed him at once, but fell ill by the way from fatigue and exposure, and died in a little Polish village, struggling to the last to do his duty. It was a sad end for such a man, full of bravery and patriotism, and earnest in his zeal to serve his country.

Barlow's public life, although very creditable, was neither long continued nor important in results. He is chiefly interesting to-day as a rather striking figure in the society of the time and in our literary history. His contributions to literature have in themselves no particular merit. He wrote some vigorous controversial papers, and was master of a pleasant prose style, but his pamphlets have retired to the store-houses of history, and are read only by students. It was to verse, however, not to prose, that he looked for fame and remembrance. He regarded himself as a great poet, and as such wished to be held in recollection; but his poetry is unread and forgotten. It is not surprising that he felt as he did, for he had a lofty idea of his own importance, and indeed of his greatness in all respects, which crops out in his letters with a most amusing frankness. With such a disposition, it was a matter of course that he should place a high value on his performances, which were extolled both at home and abroad, in a way which it is difficult now to understand. Mr. Todd says that the Vision of Columbus met with high favor at the hands of the "*Parisian raconteurs*," which is no doubt true, although we cannot conjecture how their opinion was obtained, or why they should be selected by Mr. Todd as the literary arbiters of the day. It is at all events certain that Barlow's poems were widely read and extravagantly praised on both sides of the water. This arose, in the

one case, probably, because we then had nothing that could be called either literature or poetry; and in the other, because Europe regarded an American poet as Swift did the parrot: "The bird does not talk well; the wonder is that he talks at all."

Barlow was not a poet. He wrote graceful verses with much facility, but they have neither imagination nor originality. The Columbiad, which belongs to the school of Pope in its extreme decadence, is a dreary, didactic poem, written according to a set plan previously drawn up, like a lawyer's brief. An early poem, written to celebrate Burgoyne's defeat, is a pale reflection of Dryden. His Hasty Pudding, the best of his more ambitious poems, is a mock heroic of Pope's school also, and is not without merit. But all alike are echoes, more or less distinct, of the work of other men acting on a quick and impressionable mind. Some short, occasional poems are really the best things

Barlow ever wrote, and have both ease and grace. The chief value of his work, and of that of the little literary coterie at Hartford to which he belonged, lies in the fact that it forms a starting-point in the development of our national literature. The historian and the collector will read the Columbiad, — the former in the way of business, and the latter because he loves handsome folios; but no one else will wade through those heavy lines.

In this way, as an early figure in our literary history, Barlow has a claim upon us; but he has a much stronger claim as a witty and cultivated man of the world, an agreeable letter-writer, and a successful and bold diplomatist during the brief time that he held office. As we said at the outset, his life well deserved writing; and after all deductions are made a very real debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Todd for a spirited biography, and for well-chosen selections from the interesting material at his disposal.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

As we pass away from the period of childhood, most of its wonderful sights lose their fascination. To experienced and disillusioned middle age it almost seems that nothing is any longer wonderful, except perhaps the fact that nothing is any longer wonderful. But for my own part, as I go on in life, I find that two or three of the child's great spectacles still keep for me their freshness. One of these is the elephant, leading the circus procession through the village street. I never could see it enough, that huge, unearthly shape, moving solemnly along; flapping its wings of ears not for common and mundane fly-guards, but in some mysterious gesture or ceremonial; bending its archi-

tectural legs in the wrong place; waving its trunk in incantation; seeing none of the trivial street matters to right or left, but absorbed in Oriental dreams. I used to think it strange that people who were rich enough should not have one always pacing about their own back yards.

Another of these spectacles of childhood that keeps its charm for me is the locomotive at full speed. Momentum is but a word in a book, except when I stand as near as I dare to the clattering rails, and take the fearful joy of seeing, hearing, feeling, touching, so to speak, with the trembling antennæ of my mind, the thunderous rush of the iron mass as it reaches me, and is gone. A different and calmer pleasure is to watch the

train from a half mile's distance across the fields, — how *slick* is its slipping along, "without haste, without rest," as if independently of any propelling force; for it is the train that appears to run the driving-wheels, not the driving-wheels the train. It is not momentum, now, but the inertia of motion; not a missile or projectile, hurled from behind or drawn from before, but a thing whose state of speed is as natural and immutable as to other things the state of rest. Only I never can make the forward motion of the engine itself appear steady and uniform. To my eye there is some optical illusion by which the rushing and whizzing creature seems incessantly to hang for the smallest fraction of a second, then leap forward, then hang again; and so, by alternate infinitesimal checks and boundings ahead, to fly on its swift way.

But the sight in which I still take the most childlike delight is the spring bonfire. Just about the time that the cherry-trees are snowing out into full bloom; and the blue-birds, loveliest of feathered things, are talking about nesting-boxes in gentle, irresolute voices, soft as their breasts and their flight; and the first round clouds are rolling across a deeper azure than has yet appeared; and some merry maid, herself freshly blossomed out in a sprigged spring gown, comes in triumphant with the first arbutus, then the sound of the rake is heard in the land. The offending sticks and straws of last year's garden life are gathered together into dry and light-tossed piles. Now the eager child is permitted, if he is good, the untold felicity of setting off the bonfire. There is

"The quick, sharp scratch

And blue spurt of a lighted match,"

the instant's breathless suspense while the first pungency of the vaporous odor steals out, the sere sticks keeping at least some fragrant memory of the past summer within them, and giving up this last ghost in reluctant and wavering smoke.

It is fairly lighted, and now in a moment blows in freshly the favoring gale that all flames and other aspiring spirits call to themselves out of whatever depth of stagnation around them, and "up leaps and out springs" the crimson, the orange, the scarlet, the vividly flame-colored flame. Always out of soft sheaths of brown smoke the blades of fire dart upward, in curves, and bounding whirls and spirals, and sudden sidelong sword-thrusts. Would it not all seem the very quintessence of voluntary, self-impelled aspiration upward and away from earth? In sober scientific verity, however, what is at the bottom of all that swift and buoyant skyward impulse? It is no life within; it is all force from without. Atmospheric pressure is the plain prose of it. It is a pretty illusion, but there is really no heavenward striving in the flame. It leaps and bounds upward in beautiful freedom, but it is only — oh, the inexorable fact! — that the weight of the heavier air around it squeezes the flame out of its way in helpless obedience to gravity. And so an uneasy question creeps into the mind, namely, this: If these leaping crests of the flame, these upflung wings, so eager and mad to rise that flame shreds away from flame in the upward rush, leaving detached waves of fire hanging free of the crimson column, and flickering an instant by themselves, — if this is all but the illusory aspect of inert matter under the pressure of outside circumstance, what may we think of our own semblance of free will and aspiration? As we look from the flame to the man, must we say, "So he"? Is each apparently spontaneous out-thrust of free impulse nothing but a blind result of the composition of forces surrounding us in the world?

If this would seem a dolorous doubt, it has, on second thought, another and more comfortable side. If wills were perfectly free of outside influence, what a jostle and shock of chaotic impulses!

It would be like a starry universe in which gravity had fallen asleep, all the planets gone mad and become comets, and every comet an egoistic and resistless force bent on universal destruction. It is curious to consider that, unless the human will were controlled by outside forces, — influenced, at least, and is not every influence to that extent a control? — it would be impossible to sway any friend for good, impossible to be swayed by any friend for good, since the influencing will is but an outside force to any other will. What would become of education, training, all loving ministrations of gentle control, if every child's own choice and every evil passion's propulsion were a supreme free force, a blind flame, leaping hither and thither at its own impulse? Free will? — it seems our most priceless possession. Fate? — it seems our deadliest foe. But when we go to another human soul, with some confidence that we may win it to forego an evil opportunity, and to take the better and wiser path, it is because we rely on being able to step, ourselves, into the chain of controlling forces surrounding that other will, and so to become its fate, or some small segment of its fate, as against its own free will. I feel that I am free, and I delight to feel it; but I know that there is at this moment approaching me, unseen, on the train, or across the ocean, or down the street, a friend whose will, an outside force to me, shall bend me this way or that by a word. And at this fact, too, how can I but rejoice? — although I recognize plainly enough that the more I am loved by any spirit wiser and stronger than my own, the less I shall be free. That as yet unspoken word, I know, is but one among ten million converging forces, in the centre of which my will vibrates and quivers in delicate response to each electric thrill of influence. If it were not so, again, how could one take measures against the questionable possibilities of his own future self? If

my will, at a given hour of next year or ten years hence, is to be a free and uncontrollable impulse, what use for me to legislate for it to-day?

And there is one other and final consolation in that bugbear of a thought that the leaping flame is but the slave of the crowding air: it is from the reflection that, whether it be safe or not for universal exoteric doctrine, "the evil that we do" not only "lives after us;" it lived before us. The seeds of it were sown within us from without, like the meteoric dust that may have brought the germs of foul weeds upon a virgin planet. Evil deeds, evil thoughts, they are all of the nature of an *influenza*, — an *influence*, or a convergence of a multitude of such. For the moment, if only for the moment, we break away from the sane sense of personal responsibility, and, turning on the ghost of our bad deed, we cry, "Thou canst not say *I* did it!" And yet —

— Next to the pleasure of finding ourselves different from people in general with regard to great matters is the pleasure of discovering our identity with them in small matters. For my own part, at least, I like to know that I am not so eccentric as I may have feared in various little "tricks and manners" of my body or my mind. I am always pleased to meet people who wear their thumbs inside their shut hand; and who have square-toed shoes; and who like the smell of catnip and the taste of some cates when a little burnt; and who reluct at shaking hands; and who never sharpen the lead of a pencil; and who say "good-morning" to the servants; and who reject the use of a spoon, as being a thing to take powders in, or the milder nourishments of helpless infancy.

So it would be a gratification to me to know that others are subject to a habit of the mind which has always clung to me, and which I suspect of being nearly universal. I mean the habit

of forgetting certain words, which have been reached for and have slipped away so many times that they have become permanently slippery, at least about the handle. There are words which are such old offenders in this way that I feel their vicinity before I get to them, in speaking or writing, and I say to myself, There! I shall have a time, now, to get hold of that word!—and so I always do. *Peremptory* is one of these slippery words, with me. *Complacent* is another. *Sententious* is a third. And there is still another, which even now, as I sought it for an example, escaped my grasp, “as slipper as an eels sliding:” it is the word *deprecatory*. The way I took to find it and seize upon it, just at this moment, was by keeping before my mind’s eye the image of a humble small dog standing before a haughty big one, in momentary doubt as to whether the tail will wag or the jaws will devour. By keeping this picture vividly present to one lobe of the brain, while the other lobe strained every nerve to seize the initial syllable, vaguely felt (that most mysterious state of the mind) to be just hovering on the very edge of the memory, “on the tip of my tongue,” as we say,—thus at last I clutched it and drew it in.

There are certain proper names that have become thus polished on the handle; that is to say, on the initial syllable. Sometimes I succeed in getting them by working at the other end, and the final syllable drags in the unwilling first. My best reliance, however, is in the alphabet. By beginning at *a, b, c*, and going slowly down the letters, watching closely for the least sign of recognition, the smallest indication of that chemical affinity or magnetic attraction which the mental image of the person shows for its proper title when you come to its initial letter, I can commonly find the required proper name. Sometimes it happens that I have to give it up, for the moment, and by and by, when engaged

about something else, it “comes to me,” as the result of unconscious cerebration. I have an acquaintance named *Bonstead*, a most excellent dealer in some of the necessities of life. If he had any idea how I have struggled with his name, I believe he would hardly consider it friendly conduct on his part not to go and have it changed. Now there is no assignable reason why this name should slip my memory more than others. It is, on the face of it, a name of good augury, and has been borne by admirable people. To another mind my own name, or that of the reader, would as likely be the erring one. And so of the few exceptional words cited above. Another memory will doubtless have entirely different examples. My explanation is that these happen to be words of which, for some purely accidental reason, I got but a feeble hold when first encountered; so that, having slipped once, and again, and still again, they acquired the habit of slipping, and became permanently slippery.

—I am convinced that one important way to acquire a profound knowledge of human nature is to study it in chickens. The difference between the mental characteristics of the two sexes, for example: the hen is very peaceable, chanticleer very irascible; the hen is an industrious scratcher, while chanticleer is naturally an idler, and thinks that if he crows and fights, that is enough; the hen takes care of the chicks all day, chanticleer only occasionally giving them a bug, and oftener a dig; the hen takes care of them all night also, chanticleer elbowing them off the perch to get the best place for himself; the hen, having seized another hen about the head, never lets go till the feathers come out, and never stops fighting till nearly dead, while chanticleer fights only for glory, and gives up long before he is hurt much; when they are fed, the hen attends strictly to business and gets all she can, while chanticleer will pick up

a morsel, and wave it up and down with frantic eagerness to be seen of the hen, and values the flattery of having her take it from him more than the food.

These, so far, are well-known observations; but I wish to put on record one that is perhaps new, and, if new, important to the scientific world. It has been commonly supposed by evolutionists that the development of altruism and the benevolent sentiments in the lower animals reaches no farther than to the parental and sex points of view. But I have seen one of my roosters call his fellow and feed a bug to him. It may have been a bug that he did not specially want, himself, but this would only be a counterpart of much of our higher human benevolence. Does not most of our charity consist in giving away something for which we have no earthly use ourselves? (By the way, I have known this altruistic rooster to crow with great pride and pleasure when the object of his alms-giving had humbly swallowed the scratchy morsel.) I have seen a mother hen, also, when another brood of little chicks had got mixed up with her own for the moment, making a great pretense of pecking the aliens on the head, to teach them the difference between families in this world, but taking great pains not to hurt the fluffy little strangers. Furthermore, I have noticed that certain other hens, not mothers (but whether any who have never been mothers I have not yet observed), will peck all little chicks with self-restraint, giving them as much salutary discipline as possible without bodily harm.

It may be said that these phenomena occur only among domestic animals, who have caught some morals and manners from their betters by contagion. But I think this is a subtlety, and that we may as well admit that the development of the moral sentiments begins further back than we have been inclined to put it.

—There is a certain small and yet in the long run important hindrance that I often encounter in the act of writing, for which I should very much like to find the exact psychological explanation. It is very possibly a common experience with all toilers in pen and ink. When I am deeply absorbed in a piece of work, and my whole mind is fixed on a train of thought which I am trying to follow out and express in precise language, a sudden interruption (as by my wife's asking me a question) causes a peculiar and specific mental wrench or jar that is more than an annoyance, and amounts to a positive pain. What is it that happens in the brain as the physical concomitant or cause of this? I observe that the shock varies in intensity with the completeness of the absorption or abstraction of the mind in its work. This is so much a matter of instinct that I find myself, during any perceived liability to such interruption, withholding my attention from complete concentration on my writing, in order to lessen the force of the painful blow that I feel may come at any moment. (This secondary effort, by the way, or voluntary restraining of the mind from its desired track, always seems to produce in me, no matter how much I may resist it, a kind of irritation or sub-irritation of temper, after a little, which soon destroys the possibility of any satisfactory production.) Is the physical explanation of this interruption-shock, perhaps, that the sudden back-flow of the nerve currents, inundating tracts in the brain left empty by the concentration of the whole mind on its task, gives a kind of stab or jerk to the nervous centres? And does the effort to withhold a part of the attention, while consciously subject to interruption, correspond, physically, to a forcible keeping of all the channels partially filled against a too sudden wave, or jet, of energy?

The condition of things in the mind at such a time always seems to me (to

suggest it by the merest inadequate hint of metaphor) as if the effort to hold and carry on a train of thought were a muscular struggle, while grasping tightly a number of separate lengths of bamboo rod to keep them close together, end to end, and in a perfectly straight line, as the necessary condition of having a new length continually sprout out from the growing extremity. Now if, at the moment when every nerve is strained to hold these pieces in position, some one were to give us a sudden *shove* in the back, — such seems the kind of interruption I speak of.

Whatever be the correct explanation of the phenomenon, the suffering and hindrance from it are considerable, in the course of a lifetime; and we hereby bring it to the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wri— But, come to think, there is no such benevolent organization as yet in existence.

— I sometimes occupy as a summer study a room in the Old House. Who knows not the Old House, that, having given place to the new, is still retained, at no great distance, as a convenient adjunct of the latter, to receive the overplus of domestic chattels, the half-worn and supernumerary things which either economy or sentiment cannot altogether dispense with? In this respect the Old House is a sort of kitchen attic on the ground-floor. The roof is mossy, and the eaves are well honey-combed by the boring-bees, whose low humming makes a pleasing accompaniment to a summer-afternoon reverie. The raspberry brambles which have sprung up by the wall bring the birds in a bickering company to dispute the feasts of small fruits. In at the window where I read or write a grape-vine sends a succulent branch, a yard in length. Tentative, delicately poisoning, it would like to attach itself, but can find no stay. I have a notion that if I would but reach out my finger the tendrils would take the hint, and

soon begin to curl and clasp about the proffered support. Thus, in the course of a summer, one might, if patient, become the trellis of a luxuriant vine growth, or even counterfeit the woody metamorphoses of classic story. At the opposite window hangs a curtain of morning-glory leaf and flower, often gently stirred by the breeze. From a crack in the sagging doorsill, containing a pinch of earth, there has sprung up a plant like those in the figured curtain before the window. This seedling has been an object of tenderest solicitude with me. Its cramped circumstances seemed to call for a special providence, and I have looked upon it as a pensioner in the doorway. In the two months since I first observed it there, it has attained the prodigious height of four inches; having been fretted by insects, it has but the fraction of a leaf remaining.

One morning a surprise awaited me. My poor, liberal plant, from which one could in reason expect no return for care bestowed upon it, had put forth a flower, small but perfect, up-looking of necessity, white-throated and rosy-lipped. Its hardihood and tact suggested the habits of arctic and alpine plants that bloom close to the ground. Those whom I brought to see my threshold flower had various opinions regarding it. One said, "Escaped from cultivation; you will find plenty of that sort in Oberon's garden." Another thought it represented infinite riches of summer in small room. A third remarked, "A tract left for you to read and reflect on." To this last opinion I incline.

Well, chide me, if thou wilt, courageous plant!
So I grow emulous to strive with thee,
What though my lot remote and straitened be,
Of kindly sun and dew my portion scant?
The shrewd denying Fate is ministrant,
And yet my life its hour of bloom shall see.

— I am not a musician professionally, or in any strict sense of the word; but I am fond of music, and, having a correct ear and some facility of touch,

I have played on a good many instruments without acquiring much skill with any one of them. One musical endowment there is which might have been strong in me, if it had ever received any proper cultivation: it is the power of composing tunes, of improvisation, on a very limited and unimpressive scale. Tunes make themselves in my head, — such as they are. When I “whistle as I go, for want of thought,” it is neither classical nor popular music, but such as makes itself as it goes along. It is very indifferent whistling, considered from the point of view of the “distinguished amateur” whistler, but unconsciously the tune, if “a poor thing, sir,” is nearly always “my own.”

All this personality only by way of prelude to a curious fact. From about the age of twenty I have found more and more frequently coming into my mind a peculiar sort of tune; a queer minor melody, like the Scotch, and yet not like the Scotch. Its angular yet taking wildness is more like the Irish tunes that one occasionally hears a genuine native Irish girl singing, or half humming, with unconscious pauses and sudden *crescendos* that follow the vicissitudes of her work. This habitual presentation in the mind of these broken, wavering melodies, always on a half-fierce and half-pathetic minor key, had continued for some ten years when I made my first acquaintance, by chance, with the folk-music of the Welsh. It was on a Cunarder in mid-ocean, on the voyage to Liverpool. One evening I was loitering up and down the deck in the warm moonlight, when a group of steerage passengers, sitting or reclining about the foot of the foremast, began to sing in a low and half-unconscious strain in the midst of their talk. They were, it seems, Welsh people, who were choosing this particular time to revisit the fatherland because of an approaching *Eisteddfod*, somewhere in South Wales. It was, I perceived instantly, the “music

of my dreams.” To the best of my knowledge and belief, I had never heard these tunes, or any such tunes, sung, whistled, or played anywhere before. It had so happened that I had never lived in or near any Welsh settlements. I had never chanced to make the acquaintance of so much as one solitary Welsh person, so far as I know. Yet here, sung by these returning Cymric exiles in the yellow moonlight, as we rose and fell on the gently heaving waves, — here were the very strains that had for years been floating, unbidden and unrecognized, through my brain. I do not mean to say that the precise phrases and cadences were here. But the character, the musical moods and tenses, the tone-color, were the same.

My explanation of the fact is simple, but to most will probably be incredible. I have Welsh blood in my family, far back on my mother's side. By some freak of heredity the music of my Welsh ancestors has come down through six, eight, or ten generations, as a dormant germ, and come to life again — a dim, somnolent, imperfect life, to be sure — in a corner of my brain. I could almost fancy (though this I do not soberly believe, for it is explicable in other ways) that there has come down with it a visual picture of wild torchlight marchings and countermarchings in savage Welsh glens. So plainly do I see in my brain, ever since that night on the steamer, and especially ever since the corroboration of that instantaneous recognition through a collection of Cymric songs which I afterward obtained, visions that befit this strange, barbaric music. I see mountain gorges at night, black-clad in stunted and leaning trees, under a wild sky, where an unshapely waning moon dives among scudding rags of storm. Winding along the pass comes a procession of my Keltic ancestors: it is a burial, or some savage midnight gathering against the Saxon invader. Red torches flare in the midst of their flying smoke; some

indistinct dark mass is borne among the leaders; and now and again there are metallic gleams along the vanishing line. They are small, dark men, half clothed in skins of beasts, and their wild eyes shine under streaming locks of

black hair. A mountain stream beside them flashes its white bursts of foam out of the darkness under the crags, and continually there rises and mingles with its roar that fierce yet woful music, half shouted and half sung.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Poets and Problems, by George Willis Cooke (Ticknor), is a consideration mainly of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning. Mr. Cooke says much that is good and reasonable; but he says a great deal also which is platitudinarian, and we do not discover that fine insight which alone makes such work really desirable. What does he mean, by the way, when he says, "I do not write as a professional critic, for I have little other than feelings of contempt for that profession and the methods by which it contrives to live"? To our thinking, amateur criticism is most to be deprecated, though it would be a pity to pour contempt upon that. — Faust, the First Part, translated in the original metres, by Frank Claudy. (W. H. Morrison, Washington.) The translator, himself a German, writes modestly of his own work, and certainly disarms the critic by the manner in which he speaks of the best known translation. His own work is well worth careful attention. — A Study of Dante, by Susan E. Blow, with an introduction by William T. Harris. (Putnams.) This study is not æsthetic, but philosophical, with a very decided theological cast. — Comparative Literature, by Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett, is the fifty-fourth volume of the International Scientific series (Appleton), and will have peculiar interest as one of the most marked attempts at gathering the results of ethnological and sociological study, and applying them to the development of literature at different periods. Whatever may be the specific value of the conclusions reached by this author, his method of inquiry is quite sure to start many new thoughts about literature in the minds of students who are not content with an æsthetic treatment. — Our Odyssey Club, by Agnes Gragg (Lothrop), may be included here, though it might also be placed under Fiction. It is a slight book, which professes to sketch the results of study of the Odyssey by a club; one of the results, to be sure, being a wedding. The insight is not very profound, and one sometimes wonders why a writer who seems to be so clever as Agnes Gragg should after all have made so little of her opportunity. Perhaps, however, we take the book too seriously. — Specimens of English Prose Style, from Malory to Macaulay, selected and annotated, with

an introductory essay, by George Saintsbury. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London; Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Saintsbury has attempted to make a collection of characteristic examples of written style. There is, of course, always a difficulty in giving any comprehensive impression of an author's style in brief passages, and Mr. Saintsbury undertakes to illustrate some hundred authors in less than four hundred pages; but the collection is an interesting one, and is made more useful by head-notes, which help to place the author, and by foot-notes. The editor also prefixes a readable paper on English prose style, which is of the unpretentious, business-like character which belongs to much contemporaneous critical writing. — Three Americans and Three Englishmen is the title which Professor Charles F. Johnson gives to lectures read before the students of Trinity College, Hartford, on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Longfellow. It is the personal judgment of literature, and that is often a fine humanizing method. At any rate, college students are better off for having the forces of literature presented to them through a study of the men who have given impetus to literary movements. Mr. Johnson writes naturally and with genuine interest in his theme; the book is not a great one, but it is generous and wholesome. It shows insight, and must reach many minds that are open to the love of literature. — Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs, by the Countess Evelyn Martinego-Cesaresco (George Redway, London), is a volume full of curious and interesting learning in the lines indicated in the title. The author covers a wide field in her researches, — to most readers, except philologists, a rather dry field, but she makes the subject entertaining by force of her own graceful manner. We shall probably hereafter speak of the work in detail; meanwhile, we commend it as one of the most valuable of its class. — The Epic Songs of Russia, by Julia Florence Hapgood, with an Introduction by Professor Child (Scribner's Sons), is reserved for later notice.

Education and Text-Books. The School Room Chorus, a collection of two hundred songs for public and private schools, compiled by E. V. De Graff. (Bardeen.) The grade is not very high, neither do there appear to be many puerile

pieces; the book is of an average second-rate character. — *Manual Training*, the solution of social and industrial problems, by Charles H. Ham. (Harpers.) We are entering upon a new mode of education, and such books as this indicate the direction. It is natural that the apostles of the new gospel should be zealous and have faith, but the day will come when there will be a reaction, not to the too exclusively intellectual methods of the past, but at any rate to a juster view of the fundamental importance of abstract intellectual exercise than the prophets of the new school are quite ready to accept. Theoretically, the combination of manual and mental modes is admitted, but, practically the manual is brought to the front. — Though not professedly a text book, the translation by Sarah Frances Alleyne and Evelyn Abbott of Zeller's *Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy* (Holt) will serve an excellent purpose as an introduction to the study. The treatment is chronological, with a preliminary essay upon the origin, sources, and development of Greek philosophy. — *Delsarte System of Dramatic Expression*, by Genevieve Stebbins. (Edgar S. Werner, New York.) It is a little difficult to determine just where this book comes from. Delsarte is at the bottom of it, but the intermediary processes to Genevieve Stebbins are not clear. Is it a translation from the Abbé Delaunoy? — The Report of the Commissioners of Education for 1883-84 has been received from the Government Printing Office. It has the customary full statistical information. — Harper & Brothers have issued a very carefully prepared Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine. The work, which is compiled by Charles A. Durfee, is brought down to June, 1885. — *Primary Phenomenal Astronomy* for teachers and general readers, how to study and how to teach it, by F. H. Bailey. (Northville, Wayne Co., Mich.) A pamphlet mainly designed to set forth the author's scheme in his Cosmosphere. — The second volume of Gray's *Botanical Text-Book* (Iverson) is Dr. Goodale's *Physiological Botany* in two parts, *Outlines of the Histology of Phenogamous Plants and Vegetable Physiology*. The precision and lucidity of this writer are everywhere apparent, and the book bears the mark of great thoroughness of execution, but we are surprised at the inferiority of the diagrams and other illustrations. It may be that the harsh and unsympathetic paper is responsible, but we hardly think the paper only is at fault. — *Outlines of Universal History*, designed as a text-book and for private reading, by George Park Fisher. (Iverson.) When one considers the scope of this book, its compactness is remarkable. The judicious mind of the author, his fairness and catholic spirit, make the book very valuable. Of course the plan of the work is the most important feature. Nobody looks to an outline for details; it is the proportion and the distribution of parts that is chiefly to be considered, and in this respect the book is likely to wear well. — Ticknor & Co. have published numbers two and three of The Olden Time series, a selection from old Boston and Salem newspapers, arranged and annotated by Henry M. Brooks.

Religion and Philosophy. *Eventful Nights in Bible History*, by Alfred Lee. (Harpers.) A curiously arbitrary basis for historical narrative, but it results in bringing together a good many picturesque scenes and incidents. Bishop Lee writes with fervor and not without literary grace. — *Messianic Expectations and Modern Judaism*, lectures delivered by Solomon Schindler, of the temple Adath Israel, in Boston, with an introduction by Minot J. Savage. (Cassino.) An interesting exposition of American Judaism by an educated man. The book will serve as a corrective of many indolently held traditional notions; it will also set some to reflecting upon the extraordinary solvent of ecclesiasticism which modern democracy presents. One would infer from some passages in this book that what the wind of persecution could not do the sunshine of indifference was doing, in making the Jew throw aside his cloak. — *Religious Progress, the Practical Christianity of Christ*. (Trübner, London.) A somewhat feeble and not very definite attempt on the part of an anonymous writer to reconstruct organic Christianity upon a basis which shall exclude the supernatural. The earnestness and sincerity of the writer may be granted without denying his failure to conceive the historic meaning of Christianity. If Christ and his disciples held the faith as our writer supposes, and yet the present state of things has been historically developed, is there reason to suppose that a return to primitive Christianity, if possible, would be followed by any other development; and if by another, then is not the variation to be accounted for by the very growth of Christianity which the writer deplors? — *German Psychology of To-Day*, the empirical school, by Th. Ribot, translated by J. M. Baldwin, with a preface by President McCosh. (Scribners.) The new school of physiological psychology aims at careful observation, external and internal, as the basis of its deductions, and excludes, as far as possible, all metaphysical speculation, and, as the science is most advanced in Germany, this work may be taken as the latest survey of the field. — *The Lepers of Molokai*, by Charles Warren Stoddard (Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana), while from one point of view a sketch of travel, is more properly a record of devotion on the part of certain religious persons to the unfortunate lepers of the Hawaiian Islands. The book, as a piece of literature, is a little curious; it affects one like a strong smell of musk. — *The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Church in London*, some time belonging to the Priory of the same in West Smithfield, edited, from the original manuscript, by Norman Moore. While a spiritual history, this pamphlet also contains a glimpse of life in London in the time of Henry II. — *The World and the Logos* is the title of the Bedell Lectures for 1885, delivered by Bishop H. M. Thompson. (Putnams.) A somewhat rhetorical and fervid argument for a moral purpose in the universe.

Fiction. *A Ranchman's Stories*, by Howard Seely. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Ten stories which belong to the mixed drinks of literature. Sentiment, swagger, slouch, reminiscences of Bret

Harte, red-shirts, indifference to life and grammar, are all mingled, and to be taken hot. — A Daughter of Fife, by Amelia E. Barr (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a Scottish story, in which the severer virtues which figure in most Scottish stories are well represented. The story is the work of a writer who respects her work, but the class to which it belongs is apt to be most popular with readers not quite ready to appreciate an excellent piece of art. — *Atla*, a tale of the lost island, by Mrs. J. Gregory Smith (Harpers), is one of the painfully unreadable attempts at reconstructing Atlantis, and at the same time reading a lesson to modern civilization. — *The Sphinx's Children* and other People's, by Rose Terry Cooke. (Ticknor.) Mrs. Cooke is without doubt the best narrator of New England country life, after Mrs. Stowe, and she has more delicacy of touch than Mrs. Stowe. She is unequal, — who is not? — but her best is very good, and her poorest is rarely without a redeeming touch. In this volume she has collected a number of short sketches, which, taken together, make a singularly rich gallery of New England portraits. — *The Lost Name*, by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Ticknor), has for its foundation the emigration of a French family to America after the French Revolution. The author, however, if she had a good basis of facts, has no skill in building a romantic structure. — *Tales of Eccentric Life*, by W. A. Hammond and Clara Lanza. (Appleton.) Ten short stories which bears something of the relation to normal human life, or to honest fiction, that description of *lusus naturæ* do to plain natural history. — *The Prelate*, by Isaac Henderson. (Ticknor.) A novel of life in Rome, with sub-reference to the explication of theological contentions. The book is apparently carefully studied, but it lacks spontaneity. — *Salammô* of Gustave Flaubert, Englished by M. French Sheldon. (Saxon & Co., London and New York.) This historical romance has been called the "resurrection of Carthage," and the English and American reader may now possess the history and the romance, but at the cost, we regret to say, of idiomatic English. — *Love's Martyr*, by Laurence Alma Tadema. (Appleton.) A story of the early part of the century, pitched in a somewhat high key, and straining the reader's sympathy. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are, *Our Sensation Novel*, by J. H. McCarthy; *In Shallow Waters*, by Annie Armitt; *Tulip Place*, a story of New York, by Virginia W. Johnson; *With the King at Oxford*, a tale of the great rebellion, by

the Rev. Alfred J. Church; and *Sea Life Sixty Years Ago*, a record of adventures which led up to the discovery of the relics of the long-missing expedition commanded by the Comte de la Perouse. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library have appeared *The Strange Adventure of Captain Dangerous*, by G. A. Sala, and *The Mystery of Allan Grale*, by Isabella Fyire Mayo. — *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) A striking story, very clever in manipulation, but suggesting certain questions which one finds it somewhat difficult to answer, when once away from the fascination of the book. Of course, we know that the whole book is one interrogation mark, but the questions we would ask are such as may be put to Stevenson, the story-teller; for example, why should Mr. Hyde, the incarnation of evil, be troubled by any remorse at all? Was the drug anything more than whiskey? — Under the titles *A Vital Question* and *What's to be Done* we have two translations of a novel by Tchernychevsky, the Nihilist. The former translation (Crowell & Co.) is the work of Messrs. Dole and Skidelsky, and the latter is from the pen of B. R. Tucker, who appears on the title-page as publisher. Whatever the novel may be in the Russian, it is inexpressibly tedious in English.

Biography and History. — Cassell & Co. have issued the first three volumes of their *Actors and Actresses*, edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. The work, which is to be completed in five volumes, consists of a series of brief sketches, biographical and critical, of the leading stage folk of Great Britain and the United States from the days of Garrick to the present time. The editors have enlisted some clever pens in their enterprise, besides doing valuable service themselves. — *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*, collected and edited by Allen Thorndike Rice (N. A. Publishing Co.), is a volume of very interesting personal recollections, of which we shall hereafter speak more fully. — *Massacres of the Mountains*, by J. P. Dunn, Jr. (Harpers), is a well-written and exciting history of Indian wars in the western wilds of the United States. The book is profusely illustrated.

Poetry. Edgar Fawcett's third volume of serious verse, *Romance and Revery* (Ticknor & Co.), is a great advance on *Song and Story*, though the new volume contains nothing so original and artistic as a certain group of lyrics in his earliest collection, *Fantasy and Passion*.

AUGUST, 1886

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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1886

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THE WIND OF DESTINY.

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY,

Author of "But Yet a Woman." \$1.25.

From the BOSTON Literary World.

An interesting, beautiful, and touching story, . . . rich in thought and fine in feeling. . . . The intellectual power in the book is marked, likewise the artistic refinement and delicacy of it.

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The story is graphically written, and abounds in those literary graces of exquisite description, chaste and simple language, and general beauty of style for which Mr. Hardy is distinguished. It is indeed a fascinating book.

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Since "Gwendolen Harleth" there has been no one of her type so well drawn as "Gladys Temple." "Madelon" and "Elize" are such women as good men love and become better thereby.

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This story has a singular beauty of thought and style; it is deeply poetic in conception, and it is genuinely poetic in the spirit and method of its development.

From the NEW HAVEN Yale Literary Magazine.

It is well worth a close reading. It is thoroughly interesting, it reveals deep insight into human character, and the poetic style is full of earnestness and feeling.

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Has most of the qualities which made the success of the earlier work, and in some respects shows an increase of strength. The plan is larger, the assemblage of characters is more varied, the incidents are more telling. . . . In this, as in his previous work, Professor Hardy excels in the dissection of the female heart.

From the ST. LOUIS Republican

His work is simply delightful with all its introductory vagueness as to time, place, and purpose, for it contains a narrative wrought out with indescribable charm and unfolded with rich and glowing effects. It is worthy of being read everywhere by all classes of readers, not only for its purity of sentiment and action but for its simplicity of style and originality of treatment.

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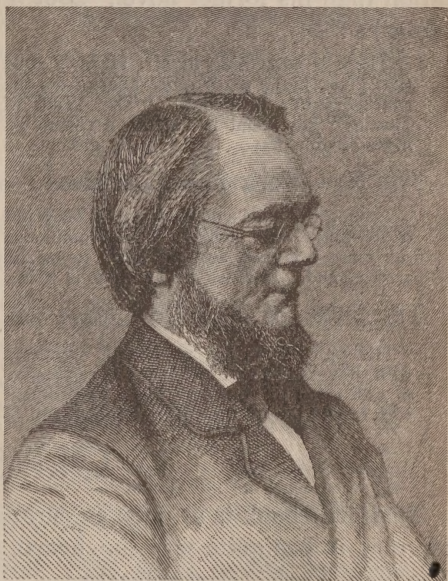
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Edwin Percy Whipple.



THE death of Mr. Whipple removes a distinct and noteworthy figure from the ranks of American men of letters. Known years ago to thousands all through the North as one of the most eloquent and delightful of lecturers, he is known to other thousands as one of the most discriminating and appreciative of critics of literature, life, and character. His published books are limited to six volumes,—Essays and Reviews (in two volumes), Literature and Life, The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, Character and Characteristic Men, and Success and its Conditions. But how rich these are in analysis and interpretation of famous works and illustrious men! There was nothing petty or finical, nothing arrogant or malicious, in his habit of viewing large themes or striking characters. He did not apply a mechanical measure to these or compare them with some provincial ideals, but looked at them in a large, generous, wise way, so that the reader is led to take ampler views, to rise to the noble-hearted attitude of the writer, and to regard men and their achievements at once with a manlier justice and a finer charity. The New York *Tribune* very justly says of him : —



His native disposition to look at the bright side of everything in no way interfered with the effective exercise of his critical functions. His good nature neither blinded nor gagged him. It however informed his judgments with charity, and dignified his views by giving to them a lofty and high-spirited tone. The critic who sees all the good that inheres in his subject, yet does not fail to accord due weight to the bad also, is in the nature of things the best balanced of critics, and this

was Mr. Whipple's literary attitude. Possessing a delicate discrimination and an original way of regarding many matters, his endeavor always was to bring together in one focus every consideration which could rightly tell upon the final estimate of character or deeds : and the result was a body of criticism so just, acute, penetrating, catholic, and considerate that his condemnations leave little opportunity or hope for a reversal of judgment on appeal.

Readers of his books who never knew him personally will be glad to learn that he was so genial and charming and unassuming that his acquaintances loved the man no less than they admired the author.

The Synthetic Philosophy of Expression.

Under this title Professor Moses True Brown, the well-known reader and instructor in oratory, has just given to the world the ripe results of twenty years of study and practice of the philosophy and art of expression. It is easily the most elaborate work on this subject ever produced in this country, and cannot fail to attract the studious attention not only of teachers of elocution, but also of all who have the noble ambition of gaining the power of adequate and eloquent expression in any form of public speech.

The Wind of Destiny.

Professor Hardy's new story promises to win for him a still higher reputation than his former novel, "But Yet a Woman." The *Boston Transcript* remarks :—

There is something in Mr. Hardy's style that gives him a place quite apart from the average writer of fiction. "The Wind of Destiny" has about it a grace, a charm, an indescribable flavor, which it is difficult to

analyze. . . . Aside from the interest of the plot and the skillful character drawing, one cannot but admire the extreme delicacy with which the writer has handled the story.

The *New York Times* observes :—

Among the novels of the time, "The Wind of Destiny" will achieve higher eminence the more it is read and the more its merits are weighed. If there be any that is abler,

there surely is none that penetrates further into the mysteries of human lives and the secrets of human hearts, or that will more profoundly move human hearts.

The *Critic*, of New York, says :—

His paragraphs are as heavily weighted with thoughts as with thought ; as suggestive of new ideas in your own mind as prodigal with fresh ideas in the author's mind ; full of

that literary flavor which is something more than style, and something better than mere rhetoric and rounded periods.

Old Salem.

This little book is at once so curiously interesting and so charmingly written that it has quite won the hearts as well as the judgment of the critics. The *New York Times* remarks :—

Had Miss Mitford been born in the old seaport town, she could not have written more happily of its antiquated ways. Hawthorne has made the world familiar with the

Salem of his boyhood, but Mrs. Bates tells us of her girlish impressions, and with a feminine delicacy that is really exquisite.

The *Boston Advertiser* observes :—

These descriptions of Salem as it was ; its old streets and old houses ; the quaint little dame-school, to have attended which was a sort of patent of nobility ; the shop kept by decayed gentlewomen, to enter which was rather an awful pleasure, and the more free-and-easy establishment owned by a stout woman who had no pretensions to gentility,

—all this is an obvious reminder of Miss Mitford's "Our Village" and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." But it is no exaggeration to say that Mrs. Bates quite surpasses Miss Mitford in literary gifts and graces, and that, in the lighter qualities and minor felicities of writing, she has the greater honor of surpassing Mrs. Gaskell.

The *Literary World* pronounces each of the chapters "masterly in its completeness and finish. How delicate the humor ! What insight and rare discrimination !"

The Cruise of the Alabama.

The *Boston Post* pronounces this book, just published in the Riverside

Paper Series, a "perfectly fresh and natural piece of writing which ought to delight all readers." It is "full of sea air and sea talk." It is "a very frank, hearty, exhilarating book, and we wish it the success it merits." The graphic story of the cruiser, as told by Mr. Haywood, one of the crew, is supplemented with notes taken from other published accounts of the same occurrences; and charts of the voyage and the famous fight add to the value and interest of the book.

The Man who was Guilty.

This story of San Francisco life, by Mrs. Flora Haines Loughhead, has already produced a deep impression, both by the incidents of the tale and the strong humanitarian interest it excites. The Boston *Transcript* pronounces it "an unusually readable story." The Salem *Gazette* says:—

There are two passages in this book of much dramatic power: that describing the scene in the court-room, where the little child's voice and action settle a case for

truth and right to the dismay of the lawyers; and the pathetic account of the surprise and childish delight of a sick man at his unexpected pardon and release from prison.

John Burroughs's Latest Book.

The *Saturday Review* in speaking of "Signs and Seasons" expresses a baseless fear that Mr. Burroughs is writing too much, but adds:—

We are not sure that "Signs and Seasons" is less interesting than its predecessors. The book is full of desultory reading of a very charming kind. It presents the result of exact first-hand observation of nature given in popular literary form. . . . We have enjoyed most in this volume the chapter entitled "Winter Neighbors." In this he tells us of the partridges in his orchard, and the pine grosbeaks in his maples; of the old gray rabbit that sits all day under his study floor, and is off upon her larks at

night; of the little red owl that lives in the heart of an old apple-tree just over the fence, and greets him at dusk with the low bell-like *burr*. He tells us how the nut-hatches and woodpeckers actually make bold to tap at his door, in the hope that it is full of fat grubs, whereas, as he pleasantly says, there is not even a bookworm inside. The naturalist's loving watch of all these winter neighbors and the impression he gives us of his quiet persistence in ascertaining their ways are wholly charming.

The New York *Observer* declares that "the spirit of the woods and meadow lands pervades the book, and every page is a delight to the weary mind."

A Delightful Summer Book.

The London *Athenæum* says of the book on "Summer" gathered by Mr. Blake from the journal of Thoreau:—

"Summer" is as pleasant a book as can well be imagined. Thoreau wrote little or nothing that is uninteresting. He had always something to say, and he had a way of saying it which stamps him as a writer of mark and places him in the very front rank of American men of letters. All the quali-

ties which are distinguishable in his finished work are present in one or another degree of perfection in this anthology of summer. It is a book that should be equally interesting to the pure lover of nature and to the amateur (in the French sense of the word) of individuality.

Books for Seaside and Country.

The following books have special attractions for those who visit the places which poets, or novelists, or travel-writers have described.

New England.—The two volumes of Longfellow's "Poems of Places"

devoted to New England (\$1.00 each) contain almost every poem of importance or interest written about, or inspired by, any locality in these six States.

Maine Woods, Lakes, and Seaport Towns, which attract a multitude of summer visitors, are very engagingly described in Lowell's "Moosehead Journal" (in "Fireside Travels," \$1.00); Thoreau's "Maine Woods" (\$1.50); Mrs. Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island" (\$1.50); J. Emerson Smith's "Oakridge, an Old-Time Story of Maine" (\$2.00); Miss Jewett's delightful "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," "Country By-Ways," "The Mate of the Daylight," and "A Country Doctor" (each \$1.25); and Miss Howard's widely popular story, "One Summer" (\$1.25), — all Maine books, which, though good to read anywhere, can be read with special zest in the places from which they derive their local color and charm. Leland's "Algonquin Legends" (\$2.00) may be classed with Maine books, since it contains legends of the Micmac and Passamaquoddy Indians.

The Isles of Shoals are treated historically in Mr. Jenness's book of this name (\$1.50), which, besides containing a description and the annals of these famous islands, has cuts and maps. Mrs. Celia Thaxter's little book, "Among the Isles of Shoals" (\$1.25), has a peculiar charm, coming from one whose life has been spent mostly on the islands, and who writes of them with an enthusiasm as sincere as it is delightful. Mrs. Thaxter's "Poems" and "Drift Weed" (\$1.50 each) are so full of the life and spirit of the ocean that all who visit the Isles of Shoals or the seaside should take with them these engaging volumes.

The Massachusetts Seacoast is the scene or subject of several attractive books. Prof. Alexander Agassiz and Mrs. E. C. Agassiz (wife and son of the world-famous naturalist) in "Seaside Studies in Natural History" describe the marine animals of Massachusetts Bay, — the polyps, jelly-fishes, star-fishes, etc., which are finely illustrated (\$3.00). The scene of Miss Jewett's latest novel, "A Marsh Island" (\$1.25), is on the coast of Essex County, and its descriptions of nature and of the characters which engage her attention are alike charming. The birthplace of Rufus Choate, Choate Island, is described in Judge Neilson's "Memories of Rufus Choate" (\$5.00), which gives very interesting views of this wonderfully brilliant man. The series of "Marblehead Sketches" (\$3.00) depict with admirable accuracy and artistic skill the most noteworthy features of that curious and picturesque town, while the "History of Marblehead" by Mr. Roads (\$3.50) contains whatever is interesting in its annals and traditions. Cape Ann and many other points on the coast are charmingly described and their legends picturesquely sung in Miss Lucy Larcom's delightful "Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems" (\$1.25). "Roadside Poems," for summer travelers, and "Hillside and Seaside in Poetry," edited by Miss Larcom, are two "Little Classic" books, full of the best out-door poetry (\$1.00 each). As the *Boston Transcript* well says: "In these two volumes nearly all the great songs of the hills are contained, and in the last very many of the best things which have been sung of the sea."

The White Mountains. — Whittier's "Among the Hills" and Mrs. Whit-

ney's "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" (\$1.50 each) are admirably adapted for reading among the White Mountains. So are "Tales of the White Hills," by Hawthorne, comprising the "Great Stone Face," a story of Profile Mountain; "The Great Carbuncle," a mysterious tradition of the Crystal Hills; and "The Ambitious Guest," a story of the Notch. These three stories, with Hawthorne's "Legends of New England" and Mr. Fields's essay on Hawthorne, form a "Modern Classic" book (40 cents).

The Adirondacks. — Mr. Warner's "In the Wilderness" (75 cents), and Mr. Deming's "Adirondack Stories" (75 cents) and "Tompkins and Other Folks" (\$1.00), are peculiarly interesting to all who visit this wild region.

Portsmouth, under the name of Rivermouth, has been made charmingly classic by Mr. Aldrich in "The Story of a Bad Boy" (\$1.50), "Prudence Palfrey" (\$1.50, paper 50 cents), and in several of the short stories in "Marjorie Daw" (\$1.00).

Concord (Mass.). — Its historic scenes, and the homes of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, etc., are described or sketched in Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" (\$2.00); "Septimius Felton" (\$1.00), a story of the Revolution and of earthly immortality; "American Note-Books" (\$2.00); Thoreau's "Walden" (\$1.50) and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack" (\$1.50). All these books possess a literary excellence that gives them a permanent value, while they are of immediate interest to all who wish to gain special hints or information regarding Concord and the famous men and historic incidents that make it illustrious among the towns of America.

Inland. — Miss Bailey's "History of Andover" (\$3.75) is full of interest for all who visit that celebrated and beautiful town; those who stop at or pass through Sudbury should not fail to read Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" (\$1.00) on the spot where they are represented as being told; Mr. Howells's remarkable story, "The Undiscovered Country" (\$1.50), cannot fail to be read with special interest by any who go to the Shaker settlements of Harvard and Shirley; Wallace Bruce's spirited poem, "The Hudson" (\$1.50), should be read by all who sail up or down the river whose historic and legendary features it commemorates in picture and in verse; Mr. Houghton's poem on "Niagara" (\$1.00) may wisely be taken as a traveling companion by those who go to see the great cataract; and Mr. Hoppin's story of "A Fashionable Sufferer" (\$1.50) should not be neglected by those who seek the Paradise it describes in Pomfret, Connecticut.

British Provinces. — Some information about Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, etc., and much delightful humor will be found in "Baddeck," by C. D. Warner (\$1.00). Montreal, Quebec, the St. Lawrence, and the Saguenay rivers are on the routes of Mr. Howells's two delightful stories, "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance," and his descriptions of scenery are hardly less charming than the ladies whom he depicts so exquisitely (\$1.25 each, paper 50 cents). In Thoreau's "A Yankee in Canada" are some admirable descriptions (\$1.50). "Pilot Fortune," a story located by the Bay of Fundy, has excellent sketches of the coast, country, and people (\$1.25, paper 50 cents).

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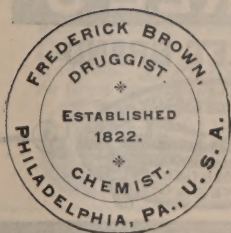
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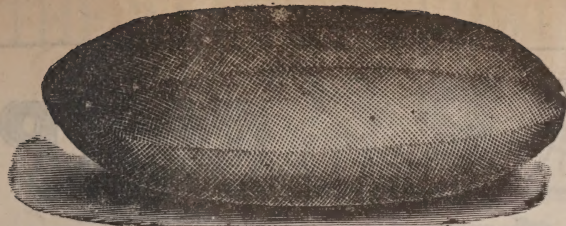
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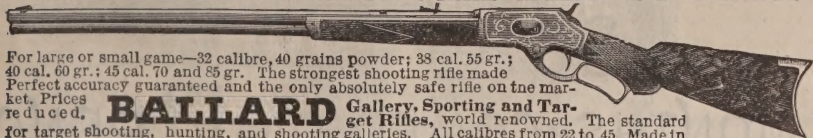
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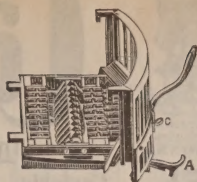
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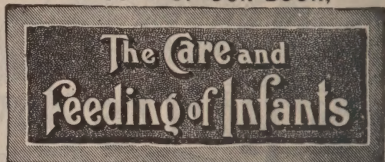
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THE

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THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

IX.

A WINSOME APPARITION.

THE retirement in which Mrs. Varemberg lived had no doubt contributed to keep the full measure of her intimacy with Barclay from the public observation. It took place at her father's house, under the eye of her father and aunt, and could not be charged with impropriety. The intrusive tongue of gossip began at last to wag, however, and Barclay, in a punctilious devotion to the interests of his friend, thought best to take cognizance of it. He would have been sorry, furthermore, to have really deserved the reproach of ingratitude for the courtesies that had been shown him in the place; and so, on many accounts and in spite of the improved opportunity open to him by the allayed opposition of David Lane, he for a while saw considerably less of Mrs. Varemberg and more of general society.

The snow, at Keewaydin, lay white and firm on the ground for many months at a time, and, instead of an enemy, was made to be an ally and friend in all the daily affairs of life. There was coasting down the long, steep streets, followed by dancing and suppers, in which some elderly persons of prominence, as well as the young, took part. Barclay did not hold himself above this diversion.

He joined more than once the merry procession of sleigh-riders on Grand Avenue. He went, by invitation, to a session of the young women's Saturday Morning Club, and finally he even selected a partner to accompany him to that most brilliant social event of the winter, the annual Charity Ball.

The choice of this partner was determined by an incident at the Saturday Morning Club. He was one of a few masculine visitors admitted to these favored precincts on some rare occasion, as that of a lecture or the like. Justine DeBow was there, among others. She was seized with a sudden dizziness. Barclay happened to be beside her, and aided her. It was held by some that this fainting was but assumed, on the part of Miss DeBow, to draw attention to herself and monopolize the services of the admired guest of the occasion, and several others wished they had thought them of the same opportune device. The elfish Miss Shadwell, with a face like a withered apple, found opportunity to approach him about Justine. She would have liked to do so about Mrs. Varemberg, also, but that she felt compelled to reserve to another time.

"We all like and admire Justine so much," she said. "She has only one drawback."

"And what is that?"

"You never see her mother."

"I have not observed that any American mothers are unnecessarily visible," he returned, wondering to what this tended.

"Oh, yes, I know they are a retiring class, who think that it is not *their* bright eyes, but their daughters', that visitors come to see; but this is something different. DeBow, when quite young, married a very common, ungrammatical sort of person, — a servant in a hotel, in fact. They say he was captivated by her good looks, but she has bravely got over them. They keep her discreetly in the background, under pretense that" —

"I do not find it an interesting subject!" exclaimed Barclay impatiently.

"Oh, people do not snap *me* up like that," said Miss Shadwell; "it's of no use. I am one of the kind who *say* things."

But he had already turned away, as abruptly as might be without marked rudeness.

This, then, was one cause of the reserve and dignified little airs assumed by Justine DeBow. Her hauteur was but a manifestation of sensitiveness, a species of defensive armor. He construed it quite as favorably as it probably deserved, and it added a touch of interest to her case. Largely in protest against her spiteful little assailant, yielding to a quixotic impulse of the moment, he begged her to be his companion at the coming Charity Ball.

When the evening of the ball arrived, he called for her towards nine o'clock, in a carriage of his own providing. After the custom of the place, they had no chaperon, and they might return at whatever hour they would, in the same simple fashion. He waited for her in the parlor, while she above put some finishing touches to a much more elaborate toilette than usual. Good Mrs. DeBow took this occasion to come in and greet him. She entered in a diffident

way, making a pretext of seeing that another gas-burner was lighted; then sat down on the edge of a chair and talked to him. She had heard his inquiries after her at various times, and felt within herself that he was one who appreciated her. She had said to her daughter more than once that he was a *real* gentleman, and not a mere imitation, like so many who came there. She was by no means convinced in her own mind that her discourse was worthy of the severe repression and rebuke with which it was customarily visited in the house. It was at present full of solecisms, but there was also an attempt in her manner at an elegant formality, of which Justine's was a curious echo.

This conversation was in full progress when Justine came down. Her brow grew dark at the sight; she knew what naturally must have happened. Tears of mortification sprang to her eyes, which she hid. At the front door she wavered, seeking if there were not some pretext on which she could refuse to set forth, but at such a moment it was entirely too late to retreat.

Barclay saw this, in spite of himself, and did his utmost to reassure her. He employed a peculiar fineness of manner, neither too easy nor formal. He appeared neither to overlook the circumstance by which she was so troubled, nor to be impressed by it. You would have said he had never talked to mothers who comported themselves any differently.

"Ah," thought the girl with gratitude, "he does not mind it."

This unusual beginning of the evening no doubt had its influence on the whole course of it; there seemed a certain need of continuing the same air of reassurance and devotion. Two persons looked on at this with unquiet minds. The one was Lieutenant Gregg, who, it was plain to be seen, had long been enamored of Justine. A fierce displeasure afflicted the excellent revenue offi-

cer at the appearance of so good an understanding between the couple. The other was Mrs. Varemberg, who — a thing highly unusual for her — had come to the ball, intending to remain a short time as a spectator. When Barclay went to pay his respects to her, in the box where she sat with her father, she received him but coldly. She resented his slowness in coming, and also what she deemed his whole neglect of her of late, based though this was, as we have seen, upon his prudent regard for her own fair fame. Is it, then, credible that jealousy, some trace of which perhaps lurks, tigress-like, in even the softest of feminine breasts, had sprung up in that of Mrs. Varemberg, — she who had no worldly future, no warrant to her own freedom, nor right to be the slightest check upon that of any other? Alas, what new calamity did this dangerous feeling portend? She resolved, as soon as she was sensible of it, that she would tear it from her heart at once; it should have no real foothold there. She pleaded an indisposition, and very soon withdrew.

Thenceforth, for some time, she adopted a new rôle of conduct, a policy of stricter seclusion than before, and denied herself even to Barclay as well as the others. Her father, witnessing with astonishment this repulse of Barclay, felt for the first time something like positive cheerfulness. The bugbear that had so dismayed him seemed, after all, to have no real existence; the alarming friendship had fallen to pieces of its own accord, by its own weight as it were.

Barclay marveled, during this time, that Mrs. Varemberg should be moved to carry his own purpose to so much greater an extreme; but he was used to construing her favorably, and if his glance, in their rare meetings, sought hers in involuntary questioning, he had no open question of her conduct to offer. In his eyes whatever she did was

right. He was first apprised of the embittered state of mind of Lieutenant Gregg through some quite offensive conduct towards him, on the lieutenant's part, at that ambitious social organization, — an imitation of prototypes in larger cities, — the Keewaydin Club.

It was thus, among other things, that Barclay came to know that he could not apply in person to Gregg for aid in the case of William Alfsen.

The unpleasantness was finally settled through the good offices of Ives Wilson.

Such misconception of Barclay's small courtesies to Justine DeBow was absurd. Nevertheless, he determined to give no further occasion for it. As he seemed to have made so bad a business of his attempt to show local society a proper recognition of its favors, he turned away from it all with a new indifference, and gave to his factory a yet more complete attention.

The lieutenant was now left the clearest possible field in the quarter to which his aspirations extended. Miss Justine DeBow, however, put her own construction upon what she deemed Barclay's avoidance of her. It was not long before she approached her mother, and in a painful scene — one of not unusual occurrence in that household — said to her: —

"It was because you went into the parlor, and he heard you talk, that he stays away. He is not used to it; he will never come here any more."

"I know I ought not to have done it. I will not disgrace you again," returned the mother, accepting the charge with a full measure of abject humility.

"I — I did not mean that," said the daughter, a little staggered herself at this way of putting it. "But oh, *why* would you not learn, when I tried so hard with you?" and she broke into hysterical sobs, "Not to use *long* words, and not to say 'I *done* it' and 'I *seen* it' and '*them are*,' and — and — just a few others," summing up, with a definite

pathos, her poor attempt to alleviate this source of her chagrins.

"Don't cry so, deary. I will try, — I will try," protested her listener, who, fair enough though she was in the other relations of life, an especially tender mother, and a person, too, of a certain good judgment, was so obtuse in her faculties through early neglect of them as never to have been able to master even the simple educational system outlined above. Her husband had undertaken it with a will shortly after his imprudent marriage to her, and so had her children in turn as they arrived at years to be mortified by it, but all alike had proved in vain.

New Year's Day — one of the old-fashioned sort — soon arrived. The custom of making calls, since fallen into abeyance, was kept up at Keewaydin with great spirit. To call was almost a religious observance. The streets were gayly alive all day with sleigh-loads of men, in couples and quartettes, going to and from the houses of friends, each priding himself on filling the largest list. Nor was it the young alone who ventured forth: there were elderly bachelors in the concourse; husbands, grown lax about social observances, were laughingly driven out by their helpmeets from their own comfortable firesides; and even urchins, arrayed in their best, began a society career by making their dancing-school bows in the parlors of friends of the family.

Barclay counted on finding Mrs. Varemberg at home on that day, if on no other; and so the event proved. Her father's house was open, as became one of his position, but without glitter or parade, and it was she who had mainly to do the honors of hospitality. When Barclay arrived, she sat, in reverie, before a wood fire, in a temporary lull of the calling. It was between daylight and dark, and the lamps were not yet lighted; the short winter afternoon had

been yet further shortened by a lowering sky, and snow-flakes were beginning to whirl coldly down. The thick, soft carpet gave so little response to the step of the visitor that he was beside her before she knew it.

"What do you see in the fire?" he asked, after he had touched, in an easy way, on some of the events of the day. "That is a question always in order when one is discovered looking so fixedly at it."

"I see you there, among other things."

"I trust I have not been tried in the crucible, as it were, and found wanting?"

"That remains to be ascertained. I was thinking that I was rather tired of seclusion, and had perhaps been overdoing it, and that I might send for you, if you did not happen in. Would you have come, if I had?"

"Oh, no; of course nothing would have induced me to," he replied, seating himself easily beside her. "But now that it is proper to speak of it, I don't quite understand what it was all about. We have scarcely met long enough to exchange two words since the Charity Ball."

"We can stand so little pleasure, in this life, that we have to make up for it by long periods of depression afterwards."

"I should hardly have thought the ecstasy of a Keewaydin Charity Ball so great as that."

"Well, then, it was one of my moods, — that is all: you must know I have them sometimes?"

And this was all the explanation ever given — till a long time after. She had fought the battle out with herself, and determined to throw open her doors again, and reap from this friendship, which filled so important a place in her life, whatever solace it was capable of affording, while it was still vouchsafed to her. She talked now of friendship;

made a theory, as people are given to doing, to strengthen themselves in insecure positions, that friendship was the greatest good, and quite sufficient for human happiness without any admixture of the warmer sentiment.

"The quiet stars alone," she said, using this as a comparison, "supply a great part of the heat of our globe."

"They raise its temperature from nothing at all to one hundred degrees below zero, and the sun does the rest; but few of us would care to remain permanently even at one hundred below zero," Barclay returned, promptly. "I have read the same scientific article, you see."

Now, too, that Mrs. Varemberg had reached this new position, it was shown almost immediately how baseless and fantastic the one she abandoned had been.

Barclay soon came, in the course of talk, to the case of William Alfsen. He told her of his desire to get him a place on the revenue cutter.

"Why do you not ask Lieutenant Gregg?" she inquired.

"My hated rival? No, indeed; that would never do."

"You and Lieutenant Gregg rivals? And on what subject?"

"It seems to have been supposed to be for the favor of the fascinating Justine DeBow."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Mrs. Varemberg, but her countenance fell greatly, in spite of herself. It brightened again remarkably, however, when she heard from him a full account of this little episode.

"To show that I have not the least design in the world against his peace of mind," went on Barclay, "I have let his sweetheart, with society in general, perhaps somewhat brusquely alone. Still, there may be a lurking acrimony on his part, and I am not the one to beg him to do anybody favors."

"And there was really nothing in it?

What with your eye for good looks and your interest in situations a little out of the common, how could one tell that your intentions were not highly serious?"

"Was it likely?" he responded: "I am devoted to — to — eternal celibacy, like the Rev. Edward Brockston."

"Then, let me take charge of the application in Alfsen's favor," she suggested with alacrity. "I will speak to Lieutenant Gregg about it at the first opportunity. Perhaps he will do what you want, on my recommendation."

Upon this a new-comer entered, — no less a person than Schwartzmann, the designer of the *Golden Justice*, who had come home for a visit, after a long absence in Europe. There was a small exhibition of his works in progress at the present time, at Fogle & Stein's, the leading music and stationery store of the place. Schwartzmann showed something of his profession in his looks. He had a high, narrow forehead, bushy brows, and meagre, bristling beard; his clothes were openly of the ready-made sort, and he wore them carelessly. There was a trace in his manners of the rudeness of the lower stratum from which he had sprung, yet this was far more than balanced by the refinement of his own ideas, helped by familiar association with refined people. He was a bright, intelligent man, with the assured briskness and confidence of a successful one also. He was very buoyant and gay in his talk about matters of art, his own life abroad, and the like. Barclay, on going away, left him there.

Lieutenant Gregg came in, later in the day, and Mrs. Varemberg approached him on the subject of which she had assumed charge. He promised it, in fact, his most favorable consideration.

A brief period, of a new sort, now began for our couple. David Lane no longer opposed; they had laid at rest their scruples of conscience, persuading themselves by one sophistical argument

or another of the rectitude of their own intentions ; there seemed never to have been a better understanding between them, — never a calmer, more satisfying, more thorough friendship, and friendship alone.

They planned together new devices for the factory. Mrs. Varemberg manifested in this a keen desire to be made of use, a touching eagerness to put herself under direction, that she might be utilized for any worthy end. On one occasion she brought down a somewhat notable collection of valuable trinkets she had. Barclay facetiously dubbed these the Crown Jewels, as if she were a beautiful and hapless monarch in exile ; and he sat on an ottoman at her feet, while she handed out to him in turn these trophies of her days of earlier youth, and of hope and happiness at a brilliant foreign court. Again, they joined the sleigh-riders on Grand Avenue. Barclay wore a seal-skin cap, pulled low down over his ears ; his companion, well wrapped in furs, with a bird's wing standing straight up in her hat, sometimes held her muff before her face, roseate from the tingle of the keen air. They went slowly up the right hand of the broad avenue, and then came flying down the left at headlong speed, in company with others, as many as four abreast, while clods of snow were spurned gayly backward from the heels of their horses.

Mrs. Varemberg was a person of changeable moods, and by no means to be depended upon for unvarying uniformity. In her present contentment at the unwonted appreciation and companionship she enjoyed, she sometimes surprised Barclay by an exhibition, among other ways, of a child-like amenability to his influence, — an almost Griselda-like meekness. It was a pathetic testimony to her hard fate, to the chilling rebuffs with which her naturally affectionate nature had been met. It afforded, too, a glimpse into that myste-

rious region of feminine character in which it appears to be a sort of luxury to be dominated over, even to be thwarted in its wishes, by one it loves, — a trait corresponding to the masculine tendency to dominate. She would express, after some simple occasion, — perhaps his merely having dined with them *en famille*, in the most uneventful way, — a pleasure out of all proportion to any cause for it that seemed to have been given.

"But why ? but how ?" once queried Barclay, puzzled. "Nothing remarkable has happened."

"It is not necessary for remarkable things to happen. I have not been maltreated, I have not been beaten ; that is all."

After some random critical remarks of his, in a gay discussion on furnishing, he was astonished, on his next visit, to find the position of some important articles, a leading picture, and even the arrangement of an entire room quite altered.

"I shall be afraid to open my mouth next," he protested, in whimsical expostulation. "What right have I to interfere with your surroundings, or put you to any trouble whatever ?"

"I like to please you," she said ; and there was a thorough-going completeness in this abject submission and a cooing gentleness in the tones of her voice that made his heart beat high with a mysterious joy and trouble. What might not these peculiar marks of favor be construed to mean ?

"Perhaps you would enjoy being beaten, after all ?" he said.

"Perhaps I would," she replied sweetly.

But this mood was as brief as it was phenomenal ; however she may have still adhered to it in spirit, it was far too tame to comport with such habits of self-assertion and charming bold caprice as were naturally hers.

The general manner of their talk was

that Mrs. Varemberg was much the more animated, and contributed much the greater share of it, of the two.

"It is a dangerous trait in you," she would say to him, "that you are so good a listener."

But when her spirits were down, she had her silent moods, also. She was known to fade away so completely into the region of her own griefs and fancies that it was impossible to recall her from it, and her friend could only withdraw, and leave her to the restorative influence of time. Sometimes, under less depression than this, she would try to have him talk uninterruptedly — which was a difficult thing for him to do — for her distraction. One day she insisted, in such fashion, with a ray of humor in it, that he should tell her some long story from his travels, to relieve her *ennui*.

"But you have heard all about my travels already; I can think of nothing further of importance," he demurred. "And you yourself are quite capable of talking to-day."

"Once when I was in the Sandwich Islands," she threw out, as if quoting in advance the opening sentence of his narrative.

"But I tell you" —

"Once when I was in the Sandwich Islands," she persisted inexorably.

"Have you any particular reason for selecting the Sandwich Islands?" he asked, struck by a sudden startling recollection.

"I select them quite at random, but that is no reason why" — she answered, with an imitation of capricious tyranny.

"Then, by heaven!" cried Barclay excitedly, "once when I was in the Sandwich Islands, I saw your husband there. It was Varemberg, as sure as I'm alive. It must have been. I know it was."

"What do you mean?" demanded his auditor, aghast. She had no trace of *ennui*, either real or pretended, now.

"It all comes back to me. I did not

know, at the time, he was in that part of the world, or that there was any rupture between you. I do not know why I did not think of this the other day, when you told me of his having been heard of in the South Seas."

"Tell me all that you saw and know."

"I went into a court, to see something of the administration of justice in those latitudes. I observed — it was in the prisoner's dock — a man bearing a singular resemblance to Varemberg."

"Oh! could it have been? Did you speak to him? Did you identify him?"

"Not by name, certainly. I asked the by-standers about him and his case. They returned a different name, one I had never heard of. I thought it but one of those coincidences in looks that are so commonly happening. I sometimes think we are all cut out only upon a dozen patterns, or so, and everywhere you go you find people who closely resemble those you have left behind. But now all hangs together. The offense for which he was on trial exactly corresponds with what you have told me of his violent character. And then, certain peculiarities of his manner, his sharp glance, — yes, I could not have been mistaken; it was he."

"What had he done?" asked the unfortunate wife, trembling.

"He was accused of killing one of the coolies who had worked for him on a sugar plantation, of which he had recently become the overseer."

"And was he — convicted?"

"No, I afterwards heard he was not. One poor cooly was not of much consequence, after all; and the defense was mutiny and self-preservation, — though it was alleged, on the other hand, that the disturbance or uprising was due to intolerable cruelty on the part of the overseer."

"How long ago was all this?"

"Just before I left for San Francisco; a bare six weeks, say, before my arrival here."

Mrs. Varemberg gave a convulsive shudder.

"Ah," she said, "if he was so near, it was but a step for him also to San Francisco, and what is to prevent his coming here?"

"He would never dare!" and Barclay started to his feet, his eye blazing indignation. "No, it is impossible."

He had not thought of it in that light. He saw that his story had alarmed her. Distressed at her agitation, he endeavored to repair the effects of what he deemed his imprudence. His surprise at a strange coincidence had inadvertently betrayed him into it. He pretended that he might, after all, have been mistaken. But it was too late. The story had made a deep impression on its hearer. It accentuated also the bondage, sometimes half forgotten, that held her, and the irreparable distance fixed between her and others. It was a warning of personal danger to Barclay, too, like the discovery by Crusoe of the first foot-print on the sands, and, as with Crusoe's foot-print, it was long before uneasiness from this source was allayed on either side.

Even with the best allowance for a mental blindness and for good intentions, it is evident that such a situation as that outlined between the pair could not last. The days went by, and their awakening from their self-imposed delusion rapidly approached.

Barclay made many a furtive study of the looks of his intimate companion, and, though she could certainly not have been much better, was surprised to find himself thinking of her but little as an invalid. There were certain aspects of her appearance — now it was a poise of the head, now the curves of her eyebrows and lids — which he would say to himself, when alone, were too perfect to be real; but on going back to see them again he would find, to his astonishment, that the fact far surpassed his recollection. He had some singular

moments, in looking at her, when she seemed to swim before him in a sort of luminous haze. It had a magnetic quality; it emanated from her eyes, and was full of the sweetness of her glance and her smile, and he could not see her quite clearly. He would draw forth some small treasures, once of her personal belonging, that he possessed, and sit in reverie or rapture before them, quite in the most usual lover-like way. These were a glove, a bit of lace from her gown, a card on which she had scribbled some words, a faded rose, — the common trumpery paraphernalia.

What! to reverence such treasures, and yet remain only a friend?

"Yes," he made answer, in specious sophistry; "all such homage need not be given over to the lover alone. The warm friend, too, may start at the opening door, tremble at seeing a dear presence afar, watch for a window light, turn pale and red at the receipt of a letter, at the little touch of a hand, or even at the tones of a voice."

The thoughts of Mrs. Varemberg, on the other hand, were forever hovering about Barclay. His interests were almost the only ones that occupied her; he filled her long musings by day, her dreams at night. It was his very merits that constituted his most deleterious influence; it was not because he was bad, but because he was good, that he was secretly drawing her away from allegiance to her most firmly settled convictions. She was forever making idle contrasts.

"Why could it not have been?" she said, bemoaning her fate. "With him, I should have had a career of honor; I should have been a useful being in the world, and not the poor, forlorn creature I am."

Through all this she kept an inexorable watch upon her tongue; she meant to let fall no word that might betray her state of feeling. One afternoon in the late winter, when there was a new

premonition of snow in the soft, calm air, some errand took her to the South Side of the town. She passed Barclay's factory at a distance, on the way, and she said to herself that she felt a certain joy to be even so near to him as that, though she did not see him. A deft artistic hand might have drawn the Polish settlement, as it appeared to her in its winter dress, in a few lines and washes of gray and sepia, on a bit of white paper. At the church, with its twin towers and domes of shining tin, a festival was evidently being made ready for the ensuing Sunday: a large quantity of carpets, painted images, and tall vases of paper flowers were being conveyed in; the entrance doors were wide open, and the sexton and a number of assistants were busy about the altar. Mrs. Varemberg recollected that this church had been recommended by Barclay as one of the minor curiosities discovered in his search for the unusual; the notion took her, in passing, to enter it, and she did so. Some silken banners of benevolent societies were planted by the chancel rail, and there were a few eikons, or sacred pictures, of which the face and hands were sunk into a gilded ground, while the rest was painted on the flush surface, — nothing of any real importance, but only interesting because they had interested him. Fatigued, this unusual visitor sat down in one of the front pews; presently she half knelt, and remained a considerable time with her face buried in her hands. She was aroused by finding Paul Barclay standing beside her. She was just rising from her devotional attitude when he found her.

"I was driving by," he said. "I could not very well avoid recognizing your sleigh, with your man waiting patiently on the box, and I came in on the chance of finding you. So you have gone over to the Polish form of worship?"

"Do not taunt me; if you once begin, you will never have reason to stop.

I do not know but I have been trying to pray."

"St. Jude's would have been nearer for the purpose, and it is rather more affected by our friends."

"Any temple is good enough for a petition that will not and probably ought not to be granted."

"Will you tell me what you have prayed about?"

"Oh, general wretchedness," she answered, at first evasively; then, looking at him directly, and as if under an emotion she could not control, "For simple, sweet earthly happiness. Eternity is too far away, too long to wait. But it cannot be granted, and it is wicked even to ask for it."

"Poor child!" he murmured, and an absorbing tenderness welled up in his heart for her; then, in a louder tone, with reassurance, "Patience; all will yet come right."

"No; all will come right for others, but not for me," she responded, desperately.

Barclay was on the eve of some great outburst. In another moment he would have given expression to the feelings with which his whole being had long been pervaded. But his companion herself first recovered her lost control. She stepped lightly along the aisle, and drew her wraps around her, preparatory to going forth into the outer air. In the vestibule she hastily began to read aloud a placard, in amusing English, affixed to the wall.

"No person who has not a pew (seat)," said this remarkable notice, "is not allowed to enter the same, for we have not got that church for nothing. By so doing they will oblige every holder of a pew, as it would deprive them of their respective place. By order" —

When Barclay would have recommenced at the serious point where they had left off, a final diversion was created by William Alfsen, who caught sight of them in the portal, and came running

up the steps to thank them both gratefully for their efficacious service in having secured him the coveted place on the revenue cutter. He had been inducted into his duties, it appeared, a week before, and this was the first opportunity he had had to get off long enough to go and see anybody. He had been intending, he said, to call on them both.

"And now, I suppose, with all the rest," said Barclay, as the sailor was withdrawing, "you can marry Stanislava?"

"I don't know about that," replied Alfsen, scratching his head dubiously. "The old man, he don't let up on us yet; and Stanislava, she's one o' them kind what don't make no trouble in her family. I guess we got to wait a while yet."

When this was over Mrs. Varemberg drove away homeward by herself. A lighter note had opportunely been struck, and a most dangerous moment had been averted.

David Lane could hardly fail to note, of late, that his daughter was more disturbed in mind than usual, even for her. She was growing paler and thinner. He thought good to let fall a suggestion to the Rev. Edward Brockston that the latter should take occasion to talk with her, and help bring her to a more reconciled feeling with existence. This man of wise counsel did so to the best extent he could. He showed her yet further, in the usual way, that this life is to be regarded as of no real importance in itself, but is only a preparation for another. Perhaps he had some shrewd perception of how the land lay, for he was not an obtuse person, and so he managed to touch delicately, too, upon the church doctrine of divorce. He aimed to strengthen her belief in the binding force and obligation of the marriage contract by as cogent words as possible. "The house that God has not built,"

he said, concluding this topic, "is not built at all."

A public entertainment was to be given, known as a Peasants' Carnival. He urged her to take a part in this, both to aid the charitable object for which it was intended, and also as a relief and distraction to herself from the perhaps rather too morbid state of mind into which she was allowing herself to drift. Contrary to what might have been expected of her and to her usual practice, she consented to do so. She was not strong enough to enlist herself in the active work of the carnival proper, but it was finally arranged that she should accept a character in some *tableaux vivantes* projected in connection with it, a rôle in which her noble and distinguished bearing could be well turned to account.

The sculptor Schwartzmann first aided some of the members individually, then allowed himself to be impressed into the service as general manager of the whole. Barclay found him advising Mrs. Varemberg about her costume. He saw her involved in a profusion of soft tissues and stuffs of cloth of gold. One evening, on which he endeavored to draw from her what her character was to be, he chanced to be so posted that he could see her not only directly in front, but also reflected sidewise in one of the pier-glasses of the drawing-room. The mirror duplicated all the stuffs and their shining, as it duplicated her gracefully bent, slender figure. She was clad in a soft black silk, with a camel's-hair scarf about her shoulders. As he gazed, his fancy was comparing her to some mediæval *châtelaine*, some Lady of Shalott, weaving a fabric of inter-twisted threads of fate. The identity of the characters was not to be disclosed, however, till the performance itself, and Barclay, in spite of his humorous guesses, was left in the dark, like the others.

On the opening of the carnival, the interior of the Academy of Music was

found filled with small, gayly decorated booths, arranged around the outer circumference of the auditorium, which was floored over. Swiss *chalets* stood alongside Norwegian cottages, of varnished logs, and German foresters' huts. There was an old English inn, with pots of roses on the window ledges and a stout host in the vine-clad porch. There were a Spanish *posada*, and a *chic* *auberge* taken bodily from a French opera bouffe.

Paul Barclay, on his arrival, found himself in an atmosphere thick with smiles, bows, and compliments, the choice perfume of civilization. The eye was greeted by pyramids of fantastic objects for sale, baskets and arches of exotic flowers, and glitter of china and silver, brought out to serve dainty refreshments upon. There were belles in the ordinary costume of society: some of the demure, high-necked sort, and other sirens in low dresses, making a fascinating display of neck and arms through their gauzes. All the pretty, frail peasants, in their coquettish caps and aprons, would probably have drawn laughing scorn from the buxom originals in the mother country, but they were none the less fair to see for that. The masculine Tyroleans, Troubadours, and Highlanders, young business men of Keewaydin, concealed with but little success their daily identification with the affairs of East and West Water streets.

Barclay had made the rounds to a certain extent, and was buying some trifle of a pretty girl, who represented the Belle Chocolatière of the Dresden Gallery, when he suddenly found himself next to Justine DeBow. She wore a quaint old embroidered white satin wedding-dress, handed down from some ancestor on her father's side, with powder and patches to match. She looked handsomer than perhaps ever before, but there was an evident cloud of trouble on her brow. After receiving her greeting, Barclay would have passed on from

her, also, with some few of the usual polite forms, but she said to him in a low tone:—

"Will you not take me for a short walk? There was something I wanted to say to you."

He offered her his arm, and they strolled about a little, and then withdrew to a point near the stage, somewhat remote from observation, where there was a bower, in which were constructed artificial banks of mossy green baize. Miss DeBow made as if she would have entered this bower, but he did not follow her lead. The young woman then stood still, faced him, and, first drawing a long, gasping breath, demanded:—

"Is it on account of my mother — on account of what you — you heard that evening, that you no longer wish to associate with me?"

"Not associate — Could you think me capable of it?" he protested, at first not comprehending her meaning, and then shocked and pained both for her and himself.

"Then why have you so changed?" she exclaimed. "Why are you so cruel to me? Why do you stay away?"

This was a case requiring far more delicacy of treatment and tender consideration than that of Mrs. Rycraft. In brief, she made love to him outright. She shed tears, and showed all the signs of a genuine emotion. The rôles of the sexes are, on some rare occasions, thus reversed. All this might, perhaps, have been only a deliberate plan, of an unmaidenly sort, a last throw, on the chance of winning him; or it might have been the spontaneous outburst of an ill-regulated nature, yielding to a spell its own imagination had woven.

"Oh, I love you! I want you to take me for yours!" she said to him passionately. "You are so different from all the others I have ever known. I want to be with you always."

Paul Barclay was surprised indeed to

find how callous he could remain to even such an appeal, how efficacious was the panoply by which he was protected.

"I must not let you talk so. You are not quite yourself in this," he answered her, gently. "You will smile at your own folly, I am sure, when you look back upon it, after a little time."

"At least you will not betray me," she asked, when she was at last convinced that her effort was of no avail.

"You have given me a great proof of your confidence," he said, "and it shall be most sacredly respected."

A little bell rang sharply: all eyes were turned towards the stage; the coquettish peasants left their booths, and stood forward expectantly in the hall, taking attitudes of unconscious grace. The little bell rang again, and the curtain went slowly up on the first of the tableaux. What a sight it was on the stage that met the astonished eyes of Barclay!

A vivid lime-light streamed full upon the figure of the Golden Justice. It was Mrs. Varemberg, clad in severe, straight-falling draperies of cloth of gold. On her head was a golden helmet, by her side a long, straight-hilted golden sword, and in her hands a pair of golden scales. She was raised upon a pedestal resembling that to which the statue was actually attached, and she stood against a deep blue ground, representing the sky. Her hair and eyes and the smooth flesh of face and hands mingled a warm human element with the imitation of metal. She recalled one of the famous chryselephantine statues, of ivory, ebony, gems, and gold. It was of such precious materials, instead of the bare, cold marble, that the sculptors of antiquity delighted to fashion their choicest works.

A murmur of surprise, increasing to admiration, ran around the hall. "How striking, how original!" was the comment. "Who would have thought that the image from our own city hall, ap-

parently so void of romance, could be made to figure in such a way?" The Golden Justice was a greater success than all the Cleopatras, Dorotheas, and Priscillas of the occasion. It was voted a triumph of ingenuity on the part of both Schwartzmann and the eminent lady who carried out the conception they had planned together, and it gave to Mrs. Varemberg a new accession of prestige.

The apparition stood immovable, an epitome of serene majesty and loveliness. It was gloriously bright, like the seraph Uriel, or Gabriel, chief of the angel guards of heaven. Barclay gazed, breathless, as if any motion of his might cause it to vanish before its time. The young girl beside him saw the rapture in his glance, and knew at last that all was hopeless between herself and him, and why it was.

"It is she," she said, desperately. "Ah, she does well to use her arts of a woman of the world against a poor girl!"

"Hush!" said Barclay; "you must not speak against her. She is the best, the dearest, being in the world."

At the same time the statue seemed to direct at him, where he stood in his ill-assorted companionship, a glance as of a certain reproach. He broke away, left the hall almost fiercely, and went to attempt to allay his turbulent agitation in the little park by the lake shore, which had become a favorite resort with him. His moment of thorough awakening had come. He knew, without a shadow of disguise, that the fiction of a disinterested friendship he had been so long bolstering up was an utter mockery. He knew that he was as wildly in love with Florence Lane as in the maddest moments of the earlier time. And there was now this singular thing about it that made his affection even stronger than then. In former days his ideal of her had been compounded with that of most blooming health and strength. She had been made up, for him, of even the

elements that haunt a schoolboy's fancy; she had hardly been of flesh and blood, but of sugar and spices, the rose and the lily, milk, honey, and perfumes, ivory, alabaster, coral, and jade. To-day, and long since, in his tender sympathy, his love had embraced with an equal ardor her human weakness and decline. He conceived a union of soul and essence, from which the body with all its imperfections might be eliminated and his affection remain unchanged.

The discovery caused him the keenest pain. He did not want to admit to himself that it was so. The situation was such that the feeling ought not to be disclosed. Should he conceal it and suffer in silence? To suffer heroically was part of a Spartan discipline he had marked out for himself, but he knew that in fact his state of mind could not be hidden. He groaned aloud as he paced the esplanade in the darkness.

"Is this to be the end?" he asked. "Am I to put myself in antagonism with all those social laws which it should have been my part rather to strengthen and enforce? Am I to join the wretched strugglers with an illicit passion? No; one thing a man can save when all else is lost,—his honor. I must go away from here, and never return."

That same night, Mrs. Varemberg, fatigued and depressed by the unusual exertion she had undergone, drove home as soon as her own part was over. On alighting she inquired for her father, and learned that he was then at home, in his library. He had not gone to the carnival, as he had intended doing, having been detained, it appeared, at the last moment. The secret had been kept from him as well as the others, and his daughter wished now that he should see her in the full paraphernalia of her costume before it should be permanently laid aside. She threw a veil of a light tissue, therefore, over her features, which both added to the statuesque effect and concealed her identity, and went to pre-

sent herself before him in the library. The door was ajar. She glided in.

David Lane looked up from his writing, and saw the veritable Golden Justice, from the dome of the city hall, in his presence. Whether it was the apparition itself, as something really uncanny, or that he feared he was becoming a prey to dangerous hallucinations, or only the sudden suggestion of all that the figure contained for him, his heart gave a terrible throb; he became very white; he staggered to his feet, gasping, and leaned upon a corner of his desk for support.

"Why, papa, am I really so formidable?" cried his daughter gayly. She had reason to be alarmed at the unlooked-for success of her stratagem.

"I—I am very nervous," he stammered, abating the rigid fixity of his attitude, and sinking back again into his seat. "You should have given me a little notice. I was so occupied I did not hear you come in."

"It seems to me I make almost too good a ghost. It is like the statue of the commander walking in to Don Juan. But you are no Don Juan, poor papa."

Of all possible conceits in the range of imagination, who could have foreseen that this would be chosen to torture him with? Destiny, he said to himself, which meant to destroy him, had descended to petty tricks of detail, to a malicious ingenuity. It was playing with his heart-strings as a cat with a mouse.

But he mustered his calmness again. He began to compliment his daughter on her improved appearance. He said he thought it would be well if she would often take part in some such affairs, and try to see a little more of the life of the social world than she was in the habit of doing. Mrs. Varemberg's golden helmet and emblems of office were now laid aside; her hair flowed freely over her shoulders; she extended herself in an arm-chair, and had more than ever the aspect of some seraph from the

bright hosts of the Paradise Lost, or some warrior saint of Palma Vecchio. She spoke of her usual avocations, her ennui and longing. The storm must have been long in gathering, but it now broke out as if from a clear sky.

"I *will* have a divorce!" she suddenly cried. "I will be free. I can stand this life no longer."

"Is it this man, this Barclay, who is at the bottom of it?" demanded her father sternly.

"It is — it is — I cannot explain," she responded, not able to be quite ingenuous, even in the midst of her vehemence, which this question tended to abate. "I bear a name identified with all that is hateful; is not that enough?"

"And you will abandon your most cherished convictions?"

"Oh, is it so irreparable? Is there no honorable relief? Must I drink the cup of wretchedness to the very dregs?" she cried, passionately. "You do not know what I have suffered. If it had been only poverty, how gladly I would have shared it with him! If it had been only sickness, how devotedly I would have nursed him! I had such a thirst for affection. I used to go to him sometimes and kiss him in his sleep, and beg his forgiveness, because I dared not address him thus when awake, — though I was not in fault. But oh, papa, when he does not want me, and never wanted me — when I can benefit neither him nor myself — when all can do no good" —

So she spoke, standing flushed and panting before him in her shining garb. David Lane was aroused, never to be mistaken more, from the false security into which he had lulled himself. He could only murmur, just as Barclay had done before him, —

"Try to be patient, dear! All will yet be well."

"Yes," said Mrs. Varemberg humbly, at length, "you are right. I hardly know what I am saying. I will try to be patient; I must be patient."

X.

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

The position of Paul Barclay in Kee-waydin thus seemed untenable. His passion for Florence Lane was renewed in all its original intensity. In sweeping away the sophistries in which he had lately immersed himself, he was harshly unjust even to the purity of his original intentions.

"She alone was my object in settling here!" he exclaimed fiercely. "My pretense of a regular avocation has been but the most wretched piece of hypocrisy."

At his factory he contemplated his men in their shops, as he had often done before, but now with a new feeling. He contrasted again the dingy interior in which they worked with the parlors, full of light and color and rare *bibelots*, which employers, himself like the rest, enjoyed from the product of this labor. But, after all, he reflected, these men had compensations in their work. They took a pride in their feats of strength and skill. They did not mind the grime, nor tread gingerly over it, but they were prepared for it in a rough-and-ready dress it could not spoil. What, indeed, in the last analysis, are dirt and grime? They are but particles of the general matter of which the universe is made; at the very worst, but one of its phases of transformation. Under the microscope, the ash-heap and even the gutter are as full of crystals of loveliness as the snow. As he looked around, he could feel that he had benefited in a small way many of these employees. His stay there had not been altogether in vain, so far as they were concerned. For instance, he had aided old Fahrenstock to secure the long-coveted cottage and bit of land at White-Fish Bay, to be a retreat for his old age; he had established the ambitious, too hard-work-

ing McClary in a shop of his own; he had seen the boy Martin Krieg apprenticed to an architect, and making an excellent beginning in that profession; he had ameliorated the lot and somewhat brightened the views even of the saturnine Hoolan, and given a set or two of useful books to Hassler, who had a taste for reading, — and so the story went. Few but were the better in some way for having known him. But their troubles now moved him less than formerly; care for their hardships was engrossed in that for his own, which, though different in kind, seemed not less in degree. He found himself saying in a summarizing way, —

“It is not the special situation in life that is important; it is the character, the disposition, of the man. To every lot is attached its pains, as well as its compensations, and it may well be that the pains of the higher station are often the keenest.”

So far as he had had any definite intentions to make himself an authority on the laboring classes, and to enter into practical philanthropy in that field, — in his despondency he doubted if he had really had any such intentions, — they might at some time be prosecuted elsewhere.

He passed several days of mental conflict and wavering, and nights of broken slumbers. Then he arrived at an inflexible resolve, confirming that towards which he had tended at first, as the solution of the difficulty. Heroic resolutions are said to be those which are preferred in love, because they are impossible of fulfillment. At last, his shilly-shallying was at an end. He determined to see no more of Mrs. Varenberg, to withdraw from the partnership with Maxwell, and to leave Keewaydin at the earliest possible moment. Yes, there seemed nothing for it but that he must go.

Spring was wont to be slow in coming to Keewaydin, and it was as yet only

the beginning of March, but there had come along a spell of exceptionally mild weather. The winter had been an eccentric one in many ways, but the oldest inhabitants — the ancient weather-vane-maker, Ole Alfsen, among them — said that nothing like this had been seen in a good twenty years at least.

On the morning of the final resolve referred to, Barclay hurried away from his untasted breakfast. Instead of taking a more straightforward route to his factory, he repaired thither by the way of his favorite promenade along the lake shore. Once there, he lingered awhile, giving way to his discontent and melancholy, enhanced by the subtle mildness of the air. Like another Achilles, he paced by the sounding sea, and grieved his noble heart for beautiful, lost Briseis.

“I who aimed to play the providence in the lives of others,” he lamented, “what have I done for my own?” And he went on: “Where next shall I turn? What next, in the world, shall I do?”

Patches of snow were melting, and the water from them was running gayly away in the gutters, simulating that of the mightiest streams. A few tender shoots of grass had put forth their green heads from under the snow, perhaps astonished at their own temerity. Down on the margin of the lake, under the steep incline, some children were playing boldly on the floating ice; making believe that the broken cakes, from one to another of which they leaped with the aid of poles, were their boats and islands. The great body of the ice in the bay was loosened, and going out under the impulse of favoring winds from the south. Detached masses of it flecked the blue expanse far and wide, like shining islands of the blessed.

There was to be noted in the offing a large bark, making her way in, and acting strangely. She proved to be the Ocean Wanderer, a vessel loaded with jute and paraffine, which had been win-

ter-bound, above, by the sudden close of navigation in the fall, and was now availing herself of the first opportunity to run for her port. Barclay was to see her again, later in the day, under strange circumstances indeed. While he followed, scarce wittingly, the motions of this vessel, Ives Wilson drove by in a bespattered buggy, and hailed him.

"Oho, spring fever," said the editor, characterizing his air of listlessness; "but you are forcing the season a good two months. There is a great deal more chilliness, too, in this air than you may be aware of."

He insisted on taking Barclay up and carrying him a part of the way on his journey; and the latter, who had already loitered a good deal longer than he had meant to, accepted the accommodation.

"I am flying around, seeing my aldermen, supervisors, and that sort of people," said Wilson. "The elections are coming on soon, and the matter of the city and county printing has got to be looked after. I always make it a point to attend to those things myself."

"Is there danger, then, of your losing your profitable contracts?"

"Well, no; the Index always sticks to a good thing when it has it, and of course it will now. Our readers expect it of us. Of course it's all right, but I go round once in a while and keep our friends up to the mark."

"I hear Jim DeBow is going into politics, and is likely to be our next mayor," said Barclay, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"Going in? It would be more of a novelty if he would keep out. He's always been in, more or less, under the surface. Yes, this time he wants an office for himself,—though, to tell the truth, it's not so much for himself, either. He wants to help Rossmore to the senatorship,—at the next session of the legislature, you know. If DeBow is mayor, he'll work the city employees and contractors for his friend Rossmore,

and against Gulmore, for all they are worth. Well, that's all right. I'm for Rossmore, too."

"You give me an interesting inside view of things."

"Oh, that's nothing; you'll be in politics yourself, some day, and then you'll see the real inside. Why don't you use the popularity they say you've got down there among the factory hands, and run for something now? The Index will back you; you can depend upon that."

"Considering that I have not been a resident long enough, and for some few other reasons, I hardly think I will," said Barclay dryly.

"Oh, as to residence, our law is a little peculiar. In order to encourage the investment of capital, it makes a manufacturing enterprise like yours equivalent to a period of residence, you know. You are a citizen in good and regular standing, and can run for any office you please."

"Thank you! It is worth knowing." Little his interlocutor thought of the brief space of his remaining stay.

"By the bye," began Ives Wilson again, "there's a man down your way—Idak, the landlord of the Johannisberger House—whose vote I'd like to secure, in case he's nominated for the new board of aldermen, as they say he will be; and yet we have n't got much pull on him, as it were. Our readers want to see the Index have Idak's vote, of course, but the fact is we've been obliged to haul him over the coals a good deal of late,—show him up as a corruptionist, blackguard, and that sort of thing,—and he probably don't feel any too friendly towards us just at present. You don't think you could let it get to him from you, do you, that the custom of your place would depend upon his giving the Index his vote?"

"No, I don't think I could."

"Oh, a mere suggestion; no offense," said the other, with the greatest good-

nature. "He wants to go into the board only to get another lamp-post in front of his house, I understand, and most likely we can block him any way, if he is n't with us."

The river, as well as the land, showed the unusual forwardness of the season. Several of its bridges had begun to turn, for passing vessels, with considerable frequency. People who were hindered by them did not give vent to their impatience in the ordinary way, but lingered, and noted gladly the stir on the water which furnished such tangible evidence that the long embargo of winter was at last broken, and the genial spring at hand. The sail-lofts and block and cordage shops were open, active repairs were in progress, and the smell of tar, oakum, and fresh pine shavings pervaded the docks.

Regular navigation was by no means yet open, but several craft in the river had taken advantage of the occasion to change their moorings from one point to another, in tow of the stout little steam-tugs. The lower works of many, which were for the first time visible, now that they were fairly denuded of the ice, presented but a battered and rusty appearance after their hard usage by the winter. The circle of gossips, who had too long hibernated round the large stove in the main room of the Johannisberger House, were glad to come forth to the porch and see a little of actual marine affairs out-of-doors. One Coffee John, on the street hard by, threw open for the first time his booth, the shutters of which blossomed out like the leaves of some dusty sort of *Victoria Regina*.

The cutter *Florence Lane*, among the other craft, had pulled out, and taken a brief turn beyond the mouth of the Straight Cut, with its two long piers, and was now lying at her wharf, with steam partly up. She was short-handed, her complement of men, furloughed for the winter, not yet having been recalled

to duty; but she had limbered up her engines a bit to prepare for the coming season. Barclay heard this, in passing, from William Alfsen, who was bustling about her in an important way. His chief superior was absent that day, serving as groomsman at a wedding, and the second was temporarily ill; leaving him in the position of leading care-taker, and he seemed very much in his element.

Ives Wilson set Barclay down at the Chippewa Street bridge, — the latter insisting upon his doing so, — and went his way. Worthy Ludwig Trapschuh, at that place, was found to have resumed his full air of bumptious arrogance, kept a little in abeyance, perhaps, during the winter, by his diminished consequence as a simple landsman. He was accustomed to look at Barclay with gangrened vision. He had heard of peculiar doings on the part of this manufacturer, to which, as a conservative person, he did not give his approval, but it was the aid to the Alfsens that was chiefly offensive to him. Not only had the son secured, lately, the place on the cutter, but the old man, his father, — so it was stated, — had been given a very profitable job of ornamental copper-work to do for the factory itself. But Trapschuh was accustomed to give this regular passenger a semi-respectful nod, nevertheless. As he did so to-day in the usual way, he said, —

"Some kind o' circus goin' on over by your fectoree, ain't it?"

Barclay looked, and saw that a disturbance of some sort was in progress on the Island. The aspect of it grew more serious as he approached. A rioting mob of longshoremen, in fact, were trying to prevent the unloading of a vessel, recently arrived at the coal and wood yards of Miller & Blake, some neighbors, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. Matters had reached a dangerous pass by the time he set foot in the midst of them. The foremost rioters were already hustling, and on

the point of exchanging fisticuffs with, the men on the vessel, and some of the latter had drawn long knives and were menacingly on the defensive. His eye caught that of Fahnenstock, who stood back in a small assemblage of spectators on the sidewalk, at a safe distance from the fray. The old man stepped promptly forth in response to his inquiry. A number of the other men and boys from his factory were there as well; all were watching with interest the issue of events. The police had been sent for, but had not yet come.

"What is the matter?" asked Paul Barclay. "What is going on?"

"Supply and demand is the matter. The unifyin' o' labor is the matter," responded the usually quiet employee, indulging in mild sarcasm, something very unusual for him. "If Hoolan was only here, he'd give you all the outs and ins of it. It's a strike," he went on. "The coal-heavers would n't work for the wages offered 'em, and the owners put on a gang o' Polacks in their place, and now they are tryin' to drive the Polacks away."

"The Polacks is takin' the bread out of our mouths!" the cry here arose. "D—n 'em, we'll club 'em; we'll throw 'em into the river!"

Barclay hurried forward. He would have been sorry to see his neighbors or their property come to any harm. Blake, the junior partner, a small, weak man, emerged from his office, near the wharf, and, mounting a temporary rostrum, attempted an address.

"I tell you, men," he began, "the rate we offer is better than that paid in Buffalo, Detroit, or Cleveland to-day."

"Down with him! Give us our money! Put up or shut up!" shouted the unruly mob, interrupting him wildly.

All at once a shower of sticks and stones filled the air. A rush was made for the orator; he was overturned from his brief prominence, and it would without doubt have fared hardly with him

but for the protecting arm of Barclay, who had forced his way through the crowd in the nick of time, followed zealously by some of his own men. The young rescuer had a sort of leonine, intrepid air he was seldom seen to wear. He took the rostrum himself. He was already known, and his reputation for fearlessness commanded respect. His words put the matter in a very reasonable light, and he was allowed to speak without molestation.

"One swallow does not make a summer," he said in substance, "nor one day of thaw like this a season's marine traffic. You have here but a solitary vessel. She has worked her way through the ice with great difficulty, and is not likely to have any successors for a long time to come. Even supposing the pay be not all you think you are fairly entitled to, is it worth while to quarrel about so small a matter? Come, I ask you to look at it as sensible men. 'Is it not better to wait till the Straits of Mackinaw are open? When the fleet come through, and there are plenty of vessels and plenty of work, that is the time to settle the question of wages for the coming season.'"

His own men, patriotically standing by "the boss," set up a shrill cheering upon this. Some of the strikers faintly joined in it. They were checked, at any rate, and during this time of vacillation a platoon of police arrived at double quick, and took possession of the ground. The sight of the guardians of the peace renewed a part of the irritation of the strikers and made them think again of their grievances, but it was now too late. They dispersed in small knots along the bridges leading to the mainland, and in front of the small saloons there; by degrees, they disappeared altogether, and danger of further rioting was at an end.

On reaching his own works, Barclay returned again to the momentous subject, which had been briefly driven out

of his mind. He meant to announce his resignation from the partnership to Maxwell at once. But Maxwell was not there. On the contrary, he was met by a request from Maxwell — who had, in fact, been bulletined as a little indisposed for two or three days past — to come over and see him at his house as soon as he conveniently could. He accordingly hastened to Maxwell.

Arrived there, he found his elderly partner sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, and surrounded in a solicitous way by his family. He presented the appearance of quite a sick man. The Maxwell family never concealed their appreciation of the fact that Barclay had been their salvation from ruin, and their manner on the present occasion was not less full of affectionate gratitude towards him than formerly.

Maxwell feebly put out his hand to take that of the visitor.

"Well, here I am," said he, affecting cheerfulness, as invalids do. "Here I am, laid up in dry-dock, and hardly likely ever to get afloat again, worth mentioning."

"Don't say that! — What seems to be the trouble?"

"The same old trouble, — liver and kidneys, I suppose. Perhaps I've never said quite enough about it to you. Never fear, it is n't going to finish me this time. I thought, one while, it was. There's one simple little straightforward thing, though, that's got to be done, and that's why I've sent for you."

"Let us do this simple little straightforward thing at once, then, by all means," returned the younger partner smilingly.

"I have got to give up business. You must run the factory alone."

"What?" cried Barclay, astounded to find his own proposition taken out of his mouth in the reverse sense, and used against him. "I cannot think of it."

"You must. There is no alternative.

It's either a dissolution of the partnership or a dissolution of the senior partner. The doctors told me to stop work long ago, or it would stop me. I didn't do it, and this is what it has come to."

"I leave all my interests in your hands," he went on presently. "You shall give me what you please. All we have in the world, any way, comes from you, and why should we not trust it with you to the most unlimited extent?"

"You magnify a very small matter," protested his hearer modestly.

"It's so, and I want you to be willing to hear it. I have no fear but the business will prosper, and all of us with it. You have got to prosper; you are too good not to, if there's any justice. I have no fear of your not being able to run the factory alone. You are a born manager; you're a great success, and the very man for it."

Careful inquiry and conference in detail with the medical advisers and the family but served to confirm the truth of the state of things here outlined. Retirement from the partnership was no mere whim of Maxwell's, but an inexorable necessity. Barclay saw that he would be obliged to remain in the place until a proper winding up of the new responsibilities thus falling to his charge could be effected. He would not have hesitated to sacrifice his own financial interests by hasty action, but those of others could not be lightly treated. He must remain till there could be a sale and transfer of the business to other hands, and an equitable division of the proceeds.

As he left the house, his heart partly sank with an added depression, partly fluttered with a strange elasticity, at the thought of his enforced change of plan, and what might happen during the new period of his stay. Another change of temperature had occurred; the brief, unseasonable touch of spring weather was already over. The wind now blew

from the northeast, driving all the ethereal mildness before it, and bearing some cutting snow-flakes on its wings. While still at Maxwell's house, Barclay had heard the din of the fire tocsin in the muffled way in which it is conveyed to closed interiors. He now heard the brazen clangor taken up by one bell after another, till it reached the dimensions of a general alarm, and he saw many persons running wildly towards the river. He followed in the same direction, which was on his homeward way. When he reached a rising ground he saw that fire had broken out at a number of points along the river. The focus of the whole was surely at or near his own property on Barclay's Island. He remembered the events of the morning, suspected incendiarism on the part of the dissuaded strikers, and hurried in hot haste towards the scene.

This is what had happened. The bark *Ocean Wanderer* had come into the harbor with everything drawing, and something so abnormal in her handling, so nervous in her haste, that calamity seemed announced in advance. She did not lower any sail, but tore through the *Straight Cut* at her greatest pace. Her steering was so wild that the light-house keeper thought it a miracle she was not dashed to pieces against the piers. He saw a part of her small crew lying on her decks, as if utterly exhausted, while others furiously worked the deck pumps. A speed of four miles an hour was decorously prescribed as the maximum for vessels moving in the river, but this, together with all other marine regulations, she disregarded. The harbor master's deputies marked her with wondering eyes, and, recovering themselves, followed after her along the docks, to arrest her at the first opportunity, and subject her to condign penalties for such infringement. But she was not easily overtaken; she seemed to have no idea of stopping. Some small craft in her way avoided her with

much difficulty, and their amazed crews, when safe, hurled imprecations after her. The lower bridges flew open before her, to avoid collision, and she entered the wide, open expanse, or basin, by Barclay's Island, in the very heart of the city. Where vessels were so frequent, to escape entanglement with her was impossible. She barely missed a schooner, carrying away a yawl from its davits, and the next moment struck a brigantine, head on, and sent this luckless craft to the bottom. Some of her men, meanwhile, danced about, called and signaled in a wild way, and ended by jumping overboard.

The mystery of her strange conduct was soon disclosed. From the yawning seams, opened by the shock, leaped forth tongues of flame, which licked up the sides of the hull, and quickly seized the shrouds and sails. The enigma was solved: the *Ocean Wanderer* was on fire. The hatches had been battened down, to keep the air from it, and the crew had fought it bravely, hoping to save the cargo, and bring their vessel within reach of efficacious assistance; but at the last moment they were too exhausted even to shorten sail, or properly direct her course.

A patrol from a harbor fire-boat got aboard, and let go an anchor; but, the flames so wreathing the tackles that the sails could not be interfered with, the bark still drove onward, with such a momentum as caused the chain to snap. A hawser was then hurriedly made fast, and an enterprising tug undertook to draw her away from further mischief, and detain her where she could be effectually dealt with, but this burned off almost immediately. The heat now became so intense that all hands were obliged at last to seek their own safety, and leave her to her disastrous fate.

When Barclay arrived in the vicinity he found that the coal-yards of Miller & Blake, with the disputed vessel of the morning, and his own principal build-

ings as well, had been kindled by sparks from the floating fire-bug, and were well-nigh consumed. Foreman Akins, with a few assistants, was passing buckets of water to save a few of the minor outlying structures of the factory, but the whole essential part was blazing beyond repair. Old Fahrenstock, to whom calamities and notable happenings of every kind were portents connected with the approaching destruction of the world, was muttering, as he worked, apt quotations from Daniel and the Apocalypse.

The singular agent of destruction grew momentarily more dangerous. The sheets of flame streamed yet higher and more wildly about from her inflammable cargo. Her sails still drew, and the breeze that filled them, made the more capricious by the very heat of the conflagration, caused her to tack and veer about the basin as with a kind of malignant deliberation. One would have said a crew of demons on board directed her movements to where she might do the greatest possible harm. The fire-bells on shore were ringing continuously; all the fire-engines were out and in active use. The citizens thronged to the water-side in thousands, to witness so unheard-of a spectacle.

The news had been brought to William Alfsen by vessels hastily changing their moorings and escaping up the river. Lieutenant Gregg, as has been said, was serving as groomsman at a wedding. About this very time he was going up the central aisle, at St. Jude's. The beautiful bridesmaid on his manly arm was no less a person than Justine DeBow. Whether it was only pique on her part, or whether it was genuine liking for the lieutenant, suddenly developed, and that she was reconciled to her disappointment, — as we all become reconciled to the inevitable, — it is certain that she had never treated the commander of the cutter so well as now. And again, whether springing from an idea that had already entered her head,

or only one that was to mature there by slow degrees, it may perhaps be added here as well as anywhere that she was to walk beside him as principal in another similar procession before the year was out.

The wedding march pealed forth from the organ at St. Jude's. A modish bride in white satin and orange blossoms, beside a groom who looked a trifle stiff and embarrassed, paced back again down the aisle; four handsome bridesmaids in tea-rose and pink, with four gallant groomsman, — Justine DeBow was making a mental note of the whole, and resolving that her own wedding should be very nearly like it, — followed them; and four pretty children, with baskets of flowers, brought up the rear of the procession. In the church porch itself, Lieutenant Gregg was accosted by a messenger, sent by Alfsen to apprise him of what was taking place on the river. The messenger had waited a little time, it appeared, not having dared interrupt him at an earlier stage of the proceedings. There were great festivities still to take place at the house of the bride; rice and old shoes were to be thrown after her as she stepped into her carriage to start on her wedding journey; but the honest lieutenant knew that his duty lay elsewhere, and he hastened away. If his vessel were lost, it would be no excuse to make to the government that he had been assisting even at the most distinguished of marriage ceremonies.

When he reached the place of the cutter's moorings, however, she had gone. Alfsen, in fact, finding him long in coming, had not waited for him. As the terror in the river increased, he had put on a full head of steam, to be prepared for emergencies. Information was brought him that the destruction below was appalling; all efforts to check it were vain; the whole town might be burned. A startling inspiration suddenly took possession of him. He hastily

recruited a small force from the shore to aid that on board, cast off his lines, put out into the river, and turned his bow down the stream.

Ludwig Trapschuh opened his bridge for him, staring very hard indeed; lively curiosity mingling both with his dislike and the excitement of the moment.

"What he's goin' down stream instead of up for?" he wondered. "And what he's goin' to do with them guns?"

The Florence Lane was a side-wheel steamer, of some four hundred tons burden, carrying two light deck guns forward and two aft. Alfsen shifted all these guns to the same side, and prepared as for action. The multitude of other witnesses around the margin of the basin when the cutter first appeared shared the curiosity of Trapschuh. Why was she actually coming down to court the danger, instead of seeking safety for herself in flight? But all occasion for uncertainty was soon dispelled. The Florence Lane, after passing the bridge, wore round, manœuvred to windward, then ran down daringly close to the burning vessel, and delivered a telling broadside into her. An enthusiastic cheering from the shores filled the air: the plan was understood; a form of deliverance had at last appeared.

A singular naval battle now ensued on this quiet stream, in the midst of the town. The pieces were but of small calibre, and the marauder, though staggered and checked in her headway, was not yet disposed of. Barclay, among others, saw her reel towards her assailant, as if actuated by a conscious purpose of revenge. The cutter glibly evaded her, and again manœuvred for a place of vantage. The fickle current of air that had caused the fire-ship to seem to follow the other abandoned her, and, appearing to disdain to chase further so cowardly an antagonist, she veered off once more towards the shore. She gathered speed as she went. She seemed to threaten in a direct line the

most dangerous point yet selected,—one of the great imposing wheat elevators. One touch of her fiery beak, one blast of her burning breath, and it was gone beyond hope of rescue.

At this time Lieutenant Gregg arrived, having followed his missing cutter down the river. He shouted to Alfsen some hoarse orders through his coupled hands, and ran about in search of a boat in which to put off. The subordinate, in command, however, made no apparent change in his purposes. He steamed after the receding bark, and fired into her another broadside, this time astern. She reeled under it even more than before, but still kept threateningly on, and the distance between her and the shore was rapidly diminished.

Once more Alfsen ran boldly down to windward, and trained his guns, loaded with pieces of chain cable, on her quarter. The roar of this final report went forth from all the brazen throats at once. The death wound was inflicted; the bark's side was stove in. She gave a violent lurch downward; the waters poured over her; and with dense, suffocating clouds of steam from the contact of fire and water, she sank heavily out of sight. Only a small portion of her spars and cordage still remained above the surface, and these crackled and snapped awhile till they were consumed.

The danger and great further loss of property averted, William Alfsen, to whom it was considered due, became the hero of the hour. A purse was started for his benefit. This, not being completed under the inspiration of the moment, languished, after the manner of such subscriptions, and amounted to nothing important. A more tangible reward from Washington, in the shape of promotion, was also kept back for some time by the opposition of Lieutenant Gregg. That commander could not quite reconcile himself to having allowed another to reap the principal

glory, and was even inclined to make charges against his subordinate. But this ill-will was eventually withdrawn, and Alfsen came to be estimated as a man in the way of yet higher advancement.

Paul Barclay, having seen the Stamped-Ware Works reduced to ashes, turned away. Little time now was needed for cumbrous adjustments of affairs. It was but a question of collecting the insurance money. His experience and his quandary had been ended in the

most effectual of ways; he was free to go when he would.

He put some minor matters that might need attention into the hands of a reliable agent. He made provision for the hands thrown out of work, that they might not suffer till they had had ample time to find employment elsewhere. Then, when all was completed, and the preparations for his departure were made, at the very last moment, he went to pay his final respects to Mrs. Varemberg.

William Henry Bishop.

THE LAW'S PARTIALITY TO MARRIED WOMEN.

MR. JOEL PRENTISS BISHOP in his *Law of Married Women* makes the following comments on the Act of 1874, one of a series of Massachusetts statutes for the amendment of the law of married women: "It leaves but little, as respects property and personal rights, to be complained of by the most ardent advocates of the policy which yields to wives the double advantages of matrimony and single bliss, and lifts from the shoulders of their husbands none of the burdens borne when the law gave them compensatory advantages. It remains only to add a provision compelling every young man to marry instantly the girl who chooses him, and the end of domestic woe will have come in Massachusetts."

As Mr. Bishop is here criticising recent legislation, it will be necessary briefly to compare these statutes with the common law which they amended before we shall be prepared either to admit or to deny his conclusions.

Up to about forty years ago the common law of married women, essentially unchanged from what it was in the times of Blackstone, Coke, and Littleton, prevailed in England and in most of the

United States. The legal position of married women is described by Blackstone as follows: "The husband and wife are one person in law; the legal existence of the woman is incorporated into that of the husband, under whose wing, protection, and cover she performs everything." This unity of the husband and wife was the fundamental principle about which was built up a nicely adjusted system of law. For example, by the marriage all the personal property owned by the wife before the marriage or acquired by her during it, including her private earnings, vested absolutely in the husband; that is, in the absence of any ante-nuptial agreement to the contrary. Her choses in action — her property not in her possession, and the possession of which could be obtained only by an action at law — also became the husband's, if during the marriage he reduced them to his possession. He was entitled also to the rents and profits of her real estate during the marriage; and if issue were born capable of inheriting, and the husband survived the wife, he had a life estate in all her lands.

On the other hand, as compensation

to the wife, the husband was liable for all her ante-nuptial debts, and had to supply her and her children with the necessities of life suitable to their station. If she survived him, she was entitled to a life estate in one third of all real estate owned by him at any time during the marriage. The wife's legal capacity being merged in that of her husband, she could make neither a contract nor a will, nor could she control her own person. In the family the husband's will was law. Even Prince Albert maintained his legal rights as head of the royal family; and when Queen Victoria was advised to regard and to rule him as one of her subjects, she replied that she had promised to obey as well as to love and cherish.

To be sure, in some cases rights thus denied married women at common law were obtained in equity. For example, equity permitted the wife to receive direct gifts, whether of land or of goods and chattels, to contract with her husband, and even to sue him. But for the most part the common law, as above stated, prevailed, and bore with unjust severity upon married women. The latter fact is well set forth in a report to the English Law Amendment Society: "Among the higher and wealthier classes, parents rarely allow their daughters to marry without securing for them some provision by the interference of trustees. . . . But in all cases where parties marry without any ante-nuptial contract, and where property is bequeathed to or acquired by the wife, without the technical words which create separate property, such property and acquisitions fall into the possession and absolute power of the husband. The operation of the law is that the rich are enabled, in many cases, to avoid the harshness of the common law, from which the middle class and those too poor to encounter the expenses of courts of equity are unable to escape."

Between 1850 and 1860 there was

much agitation for the amendment of the law of married women, both in England and in the United States. The society above mentioned recommended a uniform rule of law which should provide for all relations of the marriage state, apply to all classes, and prevail in all courts. Petitions with as many as 24,000 signatures, including the names of such eminent women as Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Gaskell, were presented to Parliament by Lord Brougham and Sir Erskine Perry. Several measures of reform were introduced in Parliament, but none were passed, and very little immediate relief was obtained.

In the United States, however, the movement was more successful. For here the English custom of marriage settlements, by which women contemplating marriage stipulated for the reservation and protection of certain property rights, never prevailed to so great an extent, and hence was felt a more urgent need of reform. The cause was taken up with zeal by the advocates of women's rights. By setting forth flagrant examples of the wrongs permitted by the laws, they aroused public sentiment and obtained immediate legislative action. The agitation spread over most of the States, and of the amendatory statutes enacted those passed in Massachusetts may be taken as examples.

In Massachusetts, as early as 1787, the power had been given to the Supreme Judicial Court to authorize a wife, when her husband had abandoned her or had been confined in state prison, to convert to her own use her real estate and the personal property held by the husband through the marriage. The Statute of 1845 allowed a wife to hold property for her separate use by an ante-nuptial contract, or to become the owner of property by conveyance or devise without the customary interference of a trustee, and with the same rights and liabilities as if she were unmarried.

The Statute of 1855 permitted a wife to carry on a trade or business and perform labor or service on her separate account and to her sole profit, and enacted further that all property which a woman might own at the time of marriage, the profits of the same, and whatever property came to her during the marriage, whether by descent or devise, bequest or gift, from any person other than her husband, should be her separate property, independent of her husband's control and not liable for his debts. By the General Statutes of 1860, a married woman was authorized to "bargain, sell, and convey her separate real and personal property, enter into any contracts in reference to the same, carry on any trade or business, and perform any labor or services on her sole and separate account, and sue and be sued in all matters having relation to her separate property, business, trade, services, labor and earnings, in the same manner as if she were sole." By the Act of 1874, supplementary of the preceding, she was allowed to "make contracts, oral and written, sealed and unsealed, in the same manner as if she were sole, . . . but her separate conveyance of real estate shall be subject to her husband's contingent interest therein, and nothing in this act shall authorize a married woman to convey to or make contracts with her husband."

In short, a married woman may now hold as her separate property, free from the control and interference of her husband, whatever property she has at the time of marriage, whatever comes to her during marriage, and whatever she acquires by business or labor on her separate account, with the rents and income of all such property; and that, too, with the same rights and subject to the same rules, responsibilities, and liabilities as a single woman. Except as regards her husband, she may make contracts, make her will, and may sue or be sued, as if she were unmarried. Such

is the law in Massachusetts, and such, substantially, is the law in most of the States. England, too, has finally yielded to the reform. Married Women's Property Acts passed Parliament in 1870, in 1874, and in 1882; and as a result the fact of marriage no longer effects any alteration in a woman's right to, or power over, her property.

Thus gradually have the statutes transferred from the husband to the wife the control, the responsibility, and the ownership of her separate property, breaking up the former unity of property between them, and recognizing in the wife a distinct legal existence and capacity. But the theory of the common law was that the wife should contribute toward the support of the family; and hence it gave the husband her labor, her goods and chattels, and the profits of her realty. Has the statute law, in withholding this gift, afforded him any equivalent compensation? Has the wife assumed a part of the burden, as well as taken a part of the means, of supporting the family?

To be sure, the husband is, in general, no longer liable for debts of his wife contracted before the marriage, nor for such of her debts, taxes, or other liabilities incurred during the marriage as refer to her separate property, trade, business, labor, or services. Moreover, he still remains the head of the family, can fix the place of residence, and can regulate the household. But in these respects there is no adequate compensation, and in England and in most of the United States the separate property of the wife is in no way liable for the common support. The husband alone is bound to maintain his wife and children in a manner suitable to his station and condition in life, although she has property of her own; and he is responsible for any ordinary contracts or purchases made by her in his name, unless it can be shown that he has expressly forbidden others to supply her on his

account. But even then he is answerable for the reasonable, necessary expenses of herself and of such of their children as live with her; and the term "necessaries" in this use is interpreted by the courts to include not food and clothing merely, but also "such articles of utility as are suitable to maintain her according to the estate and degree of her husband."

A recent speaker in Tremont Temple, Boston, stated it as his belief that there had been too much transcendentalism in our legislation during the past one hundred years, and he could not have found a better illustration of the idea than in the preceding statutes. The common law of married women required to be changed to meet the needs of advancing society. But some of the changes that have been made seem to be the product of sentiment unbalanced by common sense. That marriage is a union between two persons, a combination of their effort and resources for the promotion of common interests, apparently has been forgotten, and in the seeking to obtain justice for the wife injustice has been done the husband. Perhaps it will be said that, although the husband must support the family, the wife fills an equally important position in supervising the domestic service and in training the children. No doubt these functions are essential, and the wife's *moral* obligations to home and children are, as a rule, recognized and performed. But this supervision of the home and training of the children are not required of her as a *legal* duty; and it is the wife's legal, not moral, obligations which we are considering. Mr. Bishop again states the facts when he says: "If she chooses, she may leave her babes for him [her husband] to look after and nurse, and her meals for him to prepare with his own, while she engages in business on her own separate account, and accumulates money, not a cent of which or its increase is she required to appropriate

to the support of her family or even of herself." Is it, then, far from the truth that the law "yields to wives the double advantages of matrimony and single bliss"? It is plainly unjust that a married woman, even though she be a faithful wife and mother, should not be required, when able, to share the common expenditure; but how much more unjust it is that the law permits her, in addition, to neglect her husband and children that she may enrich herself with the profits of trade, and does not require her in the least to contribute from those profits either to the support of herself or of the family, or to the education of the children!

It is to be presumed that in most cases nature supplies the deficiency of the law, and the mother's love for home and children makes her generous toward them. So under the common law the husband was seldom so unkind and ungenerous as to seize as his own the gifts to his wife from parents or friends. Nevertheless, such act would have been lawful, and was based on a right which was occasionally exercised; and it was to prevent even the possibility of such flagrant injustice that the advocates of women's rights began, some forty years ago, the agitation for the amendment of the law of married women, and obtained statute after statute in their favor. Those reformers aimed to emancipate the wife from the domination of the husband by giving her the control of her property. They were not seeking to make married women a privileged class. Nor could this have been the intention of the legislature. For while giving the wife direct recognition and protection, the statutes have in general made her directly amenable to the laws; and while securing for her the control and income of her property, they have made her chargeable for all taxes and dues assessed upon it. If, then, the property of the wife is chargeable for the support of the State, should

it not contribute to the maintenance of the family ?

The English common law is perhaps the only considerable system of law that does not require some contribution from the wife to the expenses of the marriage. Under the civil law the husband had the management and income of a definite part of the wife's separate property, called the *dos*, or dowry, as her gift "*ad sustinenda onera matrimonii*." This law still exists in Italy, and, as *le régime dotal* in France, may govern the marriage if it be so stipulated beforehand. This principle is seen also in the three systems of community of property, which are based upon the Roman law. Under the Communauté Universelle, which prevails in Holland, in parts of Germany, and in Neuchâtel, all property owned by either party at the marriage or acquired during it becomes common property, under the management of the husband, and is liable for the debts of the community. By the Communauté des Meubles et d'Acquêts, the movable property that either party owns at the marriage or acquires during it, all profits of the same, and all realty acquired for a consideration during the marriage form the common property, which is managed by the husband and is primarily answerable for the common support. This was adopted by the Code Civil as the common or universal law of France, to govern marriages not made under ante-nuptial contract; in a modified form, it existed in Scotland until recently assimilated to the English law, and it is still the law in some of the cantons of Switzerland. Lastly, under the Communauté d'Acquêts, the income of all property owned by either party at the marriage or acquired during it in exchange for such property, all earnings and savings, and all profits of trade carried on jointly or separately belong to the community, is managed by the husband, and is liable for the community debts. This is the law in parts of Germany and in Spain. By

the law of Louisiana, which is based on the Code Civil, the right of Communauté d'Acquêts exists in all marriages in which there is no stipulation to the contrary. But by ante-nuptial contract the parties may agree to keep their property separate, and may fix the amount that each shall contribute to the marriage expenses; and in case of no agreement upon the latter point the wife contributes to the half of her income. The law of Louisiana has influenced that of other sections, and in Texas, California, Nevada, Washington, Idaho, and Arizona exists a similar community of gains, though largely modified by common law principles.

But even in European countries where there is separation, not community, of property, namely in Russia, Austria, and in parts of Germany and of Switzerland, the husband is legal manager of that part of his wife's property not reserved to her own control, and if required to surrender his charge, he need not account for its income; this he is presumed to have expended for the wife's benefit or for the expenses of the household.

In some portions of the United States, however, the common law has already been modified by statute. In Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Oregon, Washington, Alabama, and New Mexico, husband and wife are equally liable for the expenses of the family and the education of the children, and either or both may be sued. In Pennsylvania and Alabama a debt for necessities for the family may be enforced against the wife's property after an execution against the husband is returned unsatisfied; and in Vermont, Missouri, and Arkansas a judgment or execution against the husband for a debt for necessities furnished to the wife or to the family may be enforced against her separate property, real or personal. But this legislation is presented rather to show a widely spread demand for a modification of the common law than to afford a model upon which the change

should be made. The States mentioned are mostly in the West and Southwest; and the measures themselves, however just and expedient where society is forming on new principles and under new conditions, might, in older communities, be so radical or so abrupt as to work hardship and injustice. The marriage relation is established upon legal tradition, and any reform should come with the utmost respect for the past that is consistent with the demands of the present.

In England and in most of the States of the Union the husband is solely liable not only for his own support, but for that of his wife and children. Should the wife be required to share with the husband the necessary expenses of herself and their children only, or of the whole family, those of the husband included? There is room here for difference of opinion, but to limit her contribution to the support of herself and children seems impracticable. For since many chief means of subsistence are enjoyed by all members of the family in common, it would be impossible to estimate what portion of the common expense should be assigned to any one member.

If, then, the wife should share the necessary expenses of the whole family, should her part be equal with that of her husband? It seems not. Her separate property at present contributes nothing toward the common expenditure, and it would be unwise at one step to require it to become responsible for one half. Let a statute be passed substantially recognizing the principle that the wife shall share the burden of support, though her portion at first be small. Then let experience under the statute indicate how and when her part of the burden shall be increased.

Moreover, for the present, to make the wife's liability equal with that of the husband would be unjust. For though the wife possess property equal

in value to that of the husband, she is not ordinarily in a position to obtain from it an equally large income. Her own instincts, the economy of the household, and the sentiment of the community require her to devote the best of her time and energy to the home and to her children. That she should engage actively in the management or acquisition of property is as a rule both contrary to her desires and detrimental to the welfare of the family. The husband, on the other hand, is expected to leave to the wife the care of home and children, and to enter business or professional life. Such a life is not only congenial to his tastes and adapted to his capacities, but it also gives opportunity for the investment of capital and the accumulation of property.

The disadvantage of the wife is even more noticeable if, giving over to others the care of her household, she engages in manual or mental labor. Not only are some of the more desirable and more lucrative pursuits practically closed to her, but even where her labor is accepted, either from her inferior endurance and power of application or from unjust discriminations, it receives but poor reward.

These remarks, however, apply with less force to those exceptional cases in which married women take up a business, a trade, or a profession on their own account and on equal terms with men. In such cases it is evident that the wife's contribution should more nearly, if not quite, equal that of the husband. But as a rule, let an unequal part, say one fourth or one third, of all necessary family expenditure be chargeable to the separate property of the wife. Let all suits for necessities, whether of husband, of wife, or of children, be brought jointly against husband and wife; and upon judgment rendered, let separate executions issue, one against the property of the wife for one fourth or one third of the judgment, and the other against the

property of the husband for the remaining three fourths or two thirds. In case no separate property of the wife is found, let fresh execution issue against the husband for the share for which the wife was primarily liable. Thus, at the last resort, the husband would be, as he is now, liable for the whole debt. But in no case should the wife be liable for more than her one fourth or one third, even though the husband be insolvent and his share of the debt remain unsatisfied.

This plan seems not only just to the parties, but also commended by public policy. It would discourage extravagance and fraud: for, the wife being exempted from the debts of the husband, it has become a common and disgraceful practice, favored by the difficulty of obtaining evidence, for the husband to place his property in the name of his wife, and thus to escape the payment of his just debts; and this evil would be largely diminished by making the wife jointly liable with the husband

for the necessary expenses of the family.

But if the creditor be disregarded, and the relief of the husband alone be contemplated, it might be better to give the husband the option of claiming or of waiving the contribution of his wife. Then, if the wife have separate property, and the husband deem himself aggrieved at her refusal to share the necessary family expenses, he should be permitted to petition the probate or surrogate court; and the court should have power, after a hearing of the parties, to determine in its discretion both the nature and the extent of the liability, if any, which the wife should assume.

It cannot be expected at once and by a single statute to secure an equitable adjustment of the burdens of the marriage state. But there is urgent need of some measure, either along the line above suggested or after a wiser plan, to be followed later, if it shall seem expedient, by an adequate settlement of the question.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE SHELL AND THE WORLD.

THE world was like a shell to me, —
Its voice with distant song was low:
But now its mysteries I know;
I hear the turmoil of the sea.

The whirling, soft, and tender sound
That meant I knew not what of lore, —
I dream its mystery now no more;
Its reckless meaning I have found.

O shell, I held thee to my ears
When I was young, and smiled with pride
To stand aglow at marvel's side!
O world, thy voice is wild with tears!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

SECOND PAPER.

VII.

ON THE PETTY DEPRECIATION OF GREAT
NATIONAL MOVEMENTS.

DURING all the difficult time of the French passage from real monarchy to real democracy, the English had a way of treating the French democratic evolution which was peculiarly their own. They refused to see anything natural or regular in the remarkable process that was going on before their eyes, and perceived only a series of accidents combined with spasmodic human efforts in one direction or another. They did not discern that through the accidents and the efforts a great natural force was acting with real, though not always visible, constancy, — the great force which is impelling modern societies to work for democratic objects and assume democratic forms.

I have been struck by a passage in one of Mr. W. R. Greg's well-known essays in *Enigmas of Life*, where he speaks with a total absence of sympathy for the growth of democratic institutions in France, and betrays the curious but common English belief that, if somebody had done something that was easy at a particular time, such institutions might have been prevented from taking root in the country.

"In France," Mr. Greg wrote, "as is every year becoming more recognized by all students of her history, the ochlocracy, which is now driving her to seemingly irretrievable downfall, is traceable to the fatal weakness of monarch and ministers alike in February, 1848, when a parliamentary demand for a very moderate extension of a very restricted franchise was allowed to become, first a

street riot, and then a mob revolution, though ordinary determination and consistency of purpose among the authorities might have prevented it from ever growing beyond the dimensions of a mere police affair, and have crushed it at the outset."

This, I should say, is an extremely English way of looking at French affairs. The "ochlocracy" (why not simply have said "popular government"?) is driving France to irretrievable downfall, — a result not wholly displeasing to her neighbors, — and the democratic development might have been prevented if the bourgeois king and his ministers had only shown "ordinary determination." A wiser king than Louis Philippe would, no doubt, have made the change to complete democracy gentler and easier by timely concessions; but the ultimate establishment of democratic institutions was inevitable in any case, and inevitable long before Louis Philippe ascended his precarious throne. It was inevitable from the hour when Mirabeau gave his immortal answer to the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé: "*Nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, et nous n'en sortirons que par la puissance des baïonnettes.*" From that hour, on the 23d of June, 1789, when the "will of the people" was openly recognized in a French parliament as superior to the will of the king, the establishment of what Mr. Greg called an ochlocracy, in its complete development, was simply a question of time.

It is not an easy transition to democratic government in an old country like France, where the monarchy, in such comparatively recent times as those of Louis XIV., had been the strongest and most splendid monarchy in the

world, the realization of that ideal monarchy in which the king is not simply a figure-head, but a governor, whom all in his realm obey, they being his real, not nominal, *subjects*, thrown under his feet by a destiny outside of choice. Neither was Louis XIV. simply a governor; he was at the same time a kind of demi-god, who dwelt in the midst of a ceremonious cultus, whereof he was the centre and the object. And although this great prince had degraded the nobility into courtiers, the noble class was still a numerous and a coherent caste, which had to be pulverized by democratic legislation before the democratic principle could be finally established. Surely, it is not surprising that every step in advance should have been followed by a reaction. Restorations, periods of lassitude, experiments, mistakes, — all these were the natural concomitants of a transition for which French history shows no precedent; yet so long as the transition was actually in progress how few Englishmen understood it, — how few of them perceived that the modern democratic idea was always, in spite of appearances, steadily making its way! The received English fashion of talking about the French was to attribute every oscillation to their fickleness, to their lack of settled opinions and fixed tendencies. When the old and new parties were more evenly balanced than they are now, the oscillations were most disturbing in their magnitude, and it was easily, though unphilosophically, assumed that the French could never again have stable institutions. This view was uncivilly expressed by Tennyson (who loves not France), in verses that asked the French why they changed the names of their streets, and told them they were fools for doing so,

as they would want all the old names again. It was easy for the English to assume this tone towards their neighbors, as they had themselves gone through their own revolutionary period, and secured the means of altering everything in the future by a vote of the House of Commons. The revolutionary period occurred later in French history, but there are so many points of resemblance between the two that history has almost repeated itself. Our ancestors decapitated a king, and the French decapitated theirs; the difference being that the axe was used in one case, and a more ingenious mechanical contrivance in the other. After the execution of Charles I. the English were not yet ripe for liberty, so they fell under the dictatorship of a soldier. After the execution of Louis XVI. the French were in too crude a state for a parliament to work smoothly, so, after some experiments, they fell under the dictatorship of a soldier. When the English were not disposed to endure the Stuarts any longer, they sent them across the Channel. When the French were not disposed to endure the Bourbons any longer, they sent them across the Channel. The constant tendency in both countries has been to increase the power of the representative chamber and diminish that of the nominal head of the state, with this final result: that in France the National Assembly (the two chambers meeting as one) is declared to be sovereign, and in England the Marquis of Hartington has openly attributed sovereignty to the House of Commons, quoting Professor Dicey in reply to an old-fashioned member, who stood aghast at what seemed to him an almost treasonable employment of the word.¹

¹ For the reader's convenience I quote four passages from Dicey on the subject of sovereignty in England. The references are to the first English edition.

"If the true ruler or political sovereign of England were, as was once the case, the king, legis-

lation might be carried out in accordance with the king's will by one of two methods." (The Law of the Constitution, page 354.)

"Parliament is, from a merely legal point of view, the absolute sovereign of the British Empire." (Id., page 354.)

There is, however, one very real and essential difference between the English and the French progress towards democracy. The point of departure is the same, the sovereignty of the king; the point of arrival is the same, the sovereignty of the people; but the intermediate stage is not the same. Thanks to the strength of her aristocracy, and especially to its fine energy and spirit, England has been able to pass through a highly convenient intermediate stage, that of an aristocratic republic preserving monarchical appearances. France has not been able to do this, because she had not the kind and quality of aristocracy that was necessary for such a work. In all very disturbing changes there is nothing so convenient, nothing so conducive to prudent deliberation, as a shelter whilst the change is going on. If you destroy your old house to build a new one on its site, you will be glad to hire a temporary residence in the neighborhood. The English were most fortunate in this, that they had a fine, substantial-looking mansion to retire to, a dignified building, that looked as if it would last forever; the French were out in the cold, and had to dwell in tents, by which figure of speech I mean their temporary written constitutions.

Ah, those temporary constitutions, — what occasions for the enemy to rejoice! How many there have been of them I cannot exactly inform the reader. Dicey gives a minimum of sixteen; there may have been more. The number of them is of no importance; the state of mind that produced them is alone of any real consequence.

It has commonly been assumed by the English that a state of mind which could produce so many constitutions was animated by the love of change. This

is exactly the opposite of the truth. Those who love change provide for it by the most elastic arrangements, in order to leave everything open. The state of feeling that induces men to bind themselves, or try to bind themselves, by written rules for their future guidance is a desire for order and permanence. All that can be truly said against the French is that their hopes of orderly arrangements were premature. During many years they failed to perceive that their political life was still too much unsettled to be cast into fixed forms. At last, without abandoning the safeguard of a written constitution, which they still believe to be necessary in their case, they have provided for future changes by making revision possible under conditions that have hitherto completely assured the maintenance of order.

The comparison with England is unfair in two ways. The English critic takes France during her revolutionary period and compares her with England at another stage, when she has got through her revolutionary period and is in her reforming period. A more just comparison would be to take England between 1630 and 1730, and France between 1780 and 1880. The other injustice in the comparison with England is due to the fact that in England it has not been customary to make written constitutions. In that country, changes which elsewhere would be considered revolutionary can be quietly accomplished with all the external appearances of conservatism. The enormous change by which cabinet government was instituted was equal to any revolution, but it took place silently under the old external forms, and only students are aware of it. The other change, by which

"The electorate is, in fact, the sovereign of England. It is a body which does not, and from its nature hardly can, itself legislate, and which, owing chiefly to historical causes, has left in existence a theoretically supreme legislature." (Id., page 355.)

"Our modern code of constitutional morality secures, though in a roundabout way, what is called abroad 'the sovereignty of the people.'" (Id., page 355.)

the modern House of Commons has gradually absorbed all power into its own hands, is far more fundamental and portentous than the mere deposition of one royal family to replace it with another, yet it has made so little noise that we are only just opening our eyes to the accomplished fact.¹ There have, no doubt, been equally great changes in France, but in that country they have been both visible and noisy.

Although Sir Henry Maine is a severe critic of popular government, he recognizes its tendency to fix things by custom and be ultimately conservative. My belief about the French is that their real tendency is decidedly not revolutionary, but towards a democratic conservatism, and that they move towards this end by gradually including first one thing and then another in the catalogue of fixed usages. Of the novelties proposed by the first republic, the calendar has been dropped as unnecessary (though it was both beautiful and rational); but others, such as the decimal system of coinage and weights and measures, and the division of the country into departments, are now as definitively parts of fixed custom as if they had existed for a thousand years. The same may be said of the university system organized by Napoleon I., and in a general way of the departmental administration. Since its introduction, for good or for evil, universal suffrage has entered into the fixed habits of the country, and is now as firmly established as the tricolor. I see no reason for supposing that the form of government itself may not be fixed by custom in the same way, and my belief is that the fixing process has already begun.

"It is hard to settle order once again,"

¹ "In spite of appearances," said Mr. Frederic Harrison on the 1st of January, 1886, "and conventional formulas, habits, and fictions to the contrary, the House of Commons represents the most absolute autocracy ever set up by a great nation since the French Revolution. Government here is now merely a committee of that huge dem-

but the French have always been trying to settle order. They are far from being a disorderly people, naturally. What can be more orderly than the elections in France, even in the most exciting times? Those who vote go to the polling without any noisy demonstration, put their voting papers in the "urns," and go home again without more ado; those who abstain from voting pass election Sunday just as usual. In other matters the people submit most patiently to form which they believe to be conducive to order, as may be seen at any railway station, and when there is a *queue* at the door of a theatre on the day of a popular, or, still better, of a gratuitous, performance.

VIII.

WHETHER THE ENGLISH OR THE
FRENCH ARE LIKELY TO ENJOY
MORE STABILITY IN THE FUTURE.

It is customary with the reactionary parties in France to look to England as the model of everything that is stable; and as their ignorance of English affairs prevents them from seeing what is going on beneath the surface, they conclude that what they believe to be the British constitution is invested with indefinite durability, whilst the French republican constitution is always about to perish.

In calculating thus, the French reactionists omit one consideration of immense importance. They fail to see that the very presence of old institutions, unless they are so perfectly adapted to modern wants as to make people forget that they are old, is in itself a provocative to the spirit of change, and that it

ocratic club, the House of Commons, without any of the reserves of power in other parts of the constitution which are to be found in the constitutions of France and the United States." Only the most intelligent English people are beginning to perceive the possible future inconveniences of this cameral autocracy.

excites a desire for novelty which has never been more common than it is now. The old thing may quicken the impulse to modernize, when a new thing would have left that special passion unawakened.

In many European towns old buildings have been destroyed, not because they were either ugly or in the way, but simply because they were *old*, and because the modern spirit did not like what was old, and wanted to put it out of sight. Changes have therefore been made in these towns that would not have been thought of in some new American town, where there is nothing to irritate the modern spirit.

It cannot be denied that the presence of some old institutions in England does just now excite the desire for change. Great numbers of the English electors and many of their representatives are animated by the same tendency to destroy and reconstruct which used to be very active in France. It does not require any special clearness of vision to perceive that, so far from having closed the era of great changes, Great Britain and Ireland have only entered upon it.

In France, on the other hand, there is a visible desire for rest, after the most disturbed century of her existence. The one wish of the people is to pursue their vocations in peace, and, if the exact truth must be told, they have no longer the old capacity for political enthusiasm. The true royalist sentiment is almost extinct; if it lingers at all, it is only in a few aristocratic families, and hardly even in these since the death of Henri V. deprived it alike of object and aliment. On the other hand, the republican sentiment, though resolute as to the preservation of republican forms, has certainly become wonderfully cool. The epoch of Gambetta already belongs to the past almost as completely as that of Mirabeau. The coolness of the young men is especially remarkable and significant. They are mostly republic-

ans, it is true, and have no belief in the possibility of a monarchical restoration; but the more intelligent of them see the difficulties and the defects of a republican government very plainly, and they have a tendency to dwell upon those difficulties and defects in a manner that would astonish the militant republicans of the past. This composed and rational temper is the state of mind that comes upon all of us after the settled possession of an object, and it is a *sign* of settled possession. "Modern France," said an able French lawyer, "has got the political system that answers to her needs."

In England, the indications of future change become more numerous and more visible every day. This year Mr. Labouchere had so powerful a minority in favor of his resolution against the hereditary principle in the House of Lords that a sign from Mr. Gladstone would have immediately converted it into a majority, and Mr. Gladstone's support of the resolution was refused in terms scarcely more consolatory for hereditary legislators than those of the resolution itself. The House did not listen to Mr. Labouchere's speech with indignation, but with amusement, and the only incident of any solemnity was the exclamation of a member who cried out, "The Writing on the Wall!" when the formidable minority was made known. Now, although the English have no written constitution, all foreigners have hitherto been accustomed to believe in the dignity and permanence of the House of Lords, and they have believed it to be a part of that great reality which was called "*La Constitution Anglaise*." How is it possible to retain these old beliefs after such a parliamentary incident as this?

With regard to the church, there is no greater prospect of permanence in England than in France itself. England has, for the present, the advantage of being more in advance; of having got through the conflict with Rome, with

the powerful help of Protestantism. The enemy is the same in both cases, but England has had the luck to have a national form of Protestantism, connected with patriotism, on her side. As Protestantism is weak in France, its alliance is of little practical value, and the conflict is between the secular state, simply, and the sacerdotal power. This conflict is in its nature eternal, being between two irreconcilable principles; and it can have only one end, the separation of the churches from the state. But in England, also, the separation of church and state is in the programme of the advancing and popular party, so that there is no greater appearance of stability, on this ground, in one country than in the other. In England the real motive of the agitation against established churches is not religious, but social: it is simply because Dissenters dislike being treated as inferiors; they are weary of being put "under the ban."¹ In France the opposition to the sacerdotal power is a fight for political independence, because the church is a great political institution which aims at supremacy over all others, and has never yet been contented with anything less. Now, the condition of affairs between church and state in both France and England has this in common, that religion has little or nothing to do with the matter in either case. In England it is a social, and in France a political question; consequently in both countries the real and genuine religious hatred which belonged to the old spirit of enmity between Catholic and Protestant has given place to a newer and less virulent kind of antagonism. It seems likely, therefore, that the separation of religion from the state will be accomplished in both countries by the ordi-

nary processes of legislation, probably about the same time, or with the interval of only a few years; and there is no reason to apprehend any civil war about it except the war of speeches and newspaper articles.

I now approach a much more delicate question, — the probable duration of the presidency in France and the monarchy in England. The difference between the two terms of this question is that there is nothing conventionally sacred about the presidency, so that the utility of it and its chances of lasting are discussed with the utmost freedom, whilst the monarchy is a sacred institution, and is therefore not much discussed, except in private. I think, however, that all who have lived in England, or even visited England frequently, during the last twenty years will agree with me in the opinion that the strength of the monarchy is now far less than it used to be in the institution itself, and far more in the personal character of the occupant of the throne. The Queen, as we all know, is as safe as any monarch ever was or could be, but the temper of the country would certainly not now tolerate a tyrannical king, out of mere respect for his office. It remains a question, too, whether the country would endure a king who, without being what might be called a tyrant, was simply determined to make his position a reality. Suppose, for example, that, instead of being a minister, Lord Salisbury, with his governing instincts, had been king. He would have attempted to control many things, but would the loyalty of the country have borne the strain? What thoughtful English people say now in private amounts to this: that the Queen will certainly remain undisturbed, that her eldest son will

¹ I remember reading a letter from a Dissenter who had visited America, describing the (to him) novel and delightful sensation of being in a country where he was not put "under the ban" on account of his religious opinions, and the sensation he had felt on returning to England, where,

as a Dissenter, he felt at every step that he was placed in an inferior caste. These social experiences of Dissenters are the origin of the unceasing warfare that is now sapping the foundations of the establishment.

probably have a quiet reign, but that beyond him nothing is known. The old positive certainty about the duration of monarchy in England, whatever the quality of the monarch, has given place to personal considerations. Some go so far as to predict a division of the country between two extreme parties: the advocates of a really strong monarchy, with an active, ruling king, and a powerful republican party in the House of Commons. If ever this should come to pass, it is hard to see how civil disturbance can be avoided; yet, on the other hand, the present state of things cannot last indefinitely, as it depends upon the personal regard which the English people have for Queen Victoria, mingled with their chivalrous feeling towards a monarch of her sex who ascended the throne in her girlhood. On the whole, then, the future must be considered insecure, — far less secure than it appeared to our fathers, for whom the throne, the church establishment, and the House of Lords appeared not less durable than parliamentary representation itself, and ten thousand times more august.

I was brought up in a Tory family of the old school, and I well remember how *fixed* the constitution appeared to my friends, and the calm, contemptuous pity with which they looked upon the French for not having a fixed constitution like the British. Certainly to them and to all other old-fashioned Tories of that time, the constitution included as essential parts both a state church and hereditary legislators. One of the last letters I received from one of these old Tory friends, a short time before his death, expressed the firm belief that if Gladstone attempted to disestablish the Church of England God would interfere to prevent him, probably by taking away the aged statesman's life. That temper of reverence which regarded the more august parts of the constitution as sacred and inviolable was, in fact, their best and surest protection; and if they

are in some danger now, it is not because the church is worse, for it is better than it was; not because the House of Lords has become less respectable, for the aristocracy is more sober and better educated; certainly not because the Queen is less refined than Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne; but simply because the old faith in august institutions is on the wane, and the leaders of thought, instead of having that faith *themselves*, only suppose that it may be good for the common people. In our day, everything is criticised and asked to show cause why it should not be annihilated. The feeling of permanence and security is gone. The constitution, being unwritten, provides no special safeguards against revolutionary reform, like those in America and France. The youngest radical member may propose to abolish any institution, and if he can get supporters the institution will be saved only by the intervention of a minister who will deprecate present action as premature.

"The President of the second French republic," says Sir Henry Maine, "was directly elected by the French people, in conformity with the modern practice of the Americans; and the result was that, confident in the personal authority witnessed to by the number of his supporters, he overthrew the republic, and established a military despotism. The President of the third French republic is elected in a different and a safer way; but the ministers whom he appoints have seats in the French legislature, mix in its debates, and are responsible to the Lower House, just as are the members of an English cabinet. The effect is that there is no living functionary who occupies a more pitiable position than a French President. The old kings of France reigned and governed. The constitutional king, according to M. Thiers, reigns, but does not govern. The President of the United States governs, but he does not reign. It has

been reserved for the President of the French republic neither to reign nor yet to govern."

All this is said with epigrammatic neatness, but, notwithstanding the deference due to an eminent writer, I find myself unable to realize the idea that the position of the French President is a "pitiable" one. I do not quite understand — perhaps nobody quite clearly understands — what reigning without governing may mean. If it means representing the state officially in ceremonial matters, the President certainly does that, but he has more important though less visible functions. He frequently presides over cabinet councils; he is a sort of permanent minister, with unnumbered opportunities for exercising a moderating influence. There is nothing sacred in his position, but it has sufficient dignity to be regarded by all French republicans as the first prize in the state. The country looks to him with satisfaction as the nearest approach to permanence which a democratic constitution can admit. What Bagehot said of the Queen twenty years ago is in a great measure true of the French President to-day. Amidst the frequent changes of ministers he is comparatively stable. The peasants follow with difficulty the names of successive ministers, but they all know the name of the President, and his portrait is seen everywhere. Their belief about the President is that he is a respectable, trustworthy man: "C'est un brave homme, Mossieu Grévy, je le crois b'en, moi." Is that nothing? It is not the Russian's adoration of the Czar, but it is an element of tranquillity in the state.

President Grévy, especially since his reelection, represents that desire for stability which is prevalent all over France, except in the Chamber of Deputies. In his important message on reelection (all the more important from the rarity of such documents from him) he read Parliament a lesson, in the

name of the country and in the plainest terms, on the necessity for greater stability in cabinets. Certainly a President who can send such a message to Parliament, in his own words, is in a more dignified position, so far, than if he were a constitutional sovereign reading paragraphs composed for him by ministers, — paragraphs containing, perhaps, the most decided declarations, which the next cabinet will refuse to carry out, and which will be criticised openly and mercilessly in Parliament itself as the work of their real authors.

We know nothing of the future, but there are several reasons for thinking it probable that the presidential office will be maintained for a long time in France, and pass, perhaps, into a fixed custom. It will be maintained as a function by all men of eminence, who themselves aspire to it as the crown of their own careers; it will be maintained by all lovers of stability as the most stable of the high offices; and it will be maintained, unless an improbable royalty takes its place, by all who feel the necessity for a stately ceremonial representative of the entire nation.

As with all offices of dignity, its dignity will increase with age. It is already a more respected office since M. Grévy completed his first term.

IX.

THE ANTAGONISM BETWEEN POOR AND RICH.

The distrust that English people feel with regard to French institutions is much increased by the conviction that in France the classes of society are hostile, and especially that the poor detest the rich. I find, for instance, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1885, the statement about France that "wealth creates the most savage enmity there,

because it is conceived as a means for gratifying appetites of the most selfish and vile kind." When I read such comprehensive statements I refer to my own experience, if it happens to be of a nature to throw any light upon the subject; so with regard to this particular statement, I call to mind a considerable number of more or less poor French people, and ask myself in what way they exhibit their savage enmity towards wealth. I am not a rich man, — far from it; but as French people know nothing about my professional income, they think it comes from money in the funds, and take me for a comfortable *rentier*. Now, I have never once been insulted or rudely spoken to in any way in France for being tolerably well dressed: on the contrary, numbers of people, whose names I do not know, are in the habit of lifting their hats to me; and if I drive along the road on a market day, when the peasants are returning to their homes, I have to keep my right hand free to answer their salutations by lifting my own hat, according to the courteous French custom. One of my friends, a Frenchman, is really a rich man, and when we walk out together in the town where he is best known, he is constantly raising his hat. I find this practice to be much the same in other towns with well-to-do men who are local notables; and I know an important village where any one who looks like a gentleman will be saluted by every inhabitant he meets. Now let me compare this state of things with a well-remembered English experience. I do not wish to say anything harsh or unkind of the Lancashire people, and very likely they have improved in this respect, but I distinctly recall the time when well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were often openly criticised by the lower classes, whose tongues were both sharp and merciless, and entirely free from any restraint of deference.

¹ "Paid for, is it? It would not have been if thou hadst had to earn the money."

One occasion I particularly remember. I happened to be wearing a new top-coat, and was passing near some houses in course of erection. One of the masons shouted out from his ladder something very coarse and ill-natured about my top-coat; so I stopped to reason with him, and said, "Why cannot you let my coat alone? I came by it honestly; it is paid for." "*Paid for, is't?*" he answered, with a sneer of ineffable contempt. "*It woddn't 'a bin if th' 'ad 'ad t' addle th' brass.*"¹ So I went away defeated, amidst the jeers of the other workmen. I was once wearing a gold breastpin (men wore gold pins in those days), and a tenant of my own told me that if I did not wear such things I could spend her rent in improvements. A lady, who was a neighbor of ours in Lancashire, happened to be walking in a muddy street, so she lifted her skirts a little. This, unluckily, occurred near a group of factory girls, whose sharp eyes, of course, noticed the lady's stockings, which were of some unbleached material. Thereupon one factory girl cried out, "Well, afore *Oi'd* don stockin's na better wshed nur them there!"² and there was a general explosion of laughter, before which the lady was glad to drop the curtain of her skirts. In those days the easy, natural impudence and the aggressive disposition of the Lancashire population, sometimes mingled with anger against the comfortable classes, and sometimes with contemptuous humor, afforded an endless abundance of anecdotes such as these. I may, perhaps, trouble the reader with another, in which there is more real hostility. When I was a boy, an old Lancashire mason was making an alteration in a room that was to be my bedroom. This involved the blocking-up of an old window; and, instead of building a wall of the full thickness, the mason contented himself with a thin wall,

² "Well, before *I'd* put on stockings no better washed than those!"

leaving a recess. "I shall be glad of this recess," I said; "it will do to put the washing-stand in." The mention of such a luxury irritated the man's democratic sentiments, and he swore at the washing-stand and at me with many a bitter oath, although he was working for my uncle.

Even when the Lancashire people did not intend to be uncivil, their manners often asserted a sense of equality that I have never met with from the corresponding class in France. I have often stayed in Lancashire with a friend, now no more, who was one of the richest men in his neighborhood, and in Lancashire this means great wealth. As there was an old intimacy between us, we called each other by our Christian names: he was Henry, and I was Philip. This was natural in our case; but what seemed less explicable was that when we walked out together, and met the wage-earning people in the neighborhood, the men would keep their hands in their pockets, and sometimes, as a sort of special favor, cock their heads on one side by way of a bow, and say, "Well, 'Ennery!" in token of friendly recognition. Assuredly, there was not, in such a salutation, any trace of "savage enmity" against wealth, but neither was there any especial respect for it. Either because rich men were common in Lancashire, or because the people were extremely independent, wealth used to get but a very moderate amount of deference there.

I lived at one time close to Towneley Park, and remember that although we always called the then representative of that very wealthy and very ancient family Mr. Towneley, till he became colonel of the local militia regiment, after which we gave him his military title, the peasantry spoke of him either as "Tayunly" or as "Charles," and his brother they called "John." In a French neighborhood this familiarity would be simply inconceivable. The

greatest land-owner is always either called by his title, or at least gets the usual "Monsieur." He is Monsieur le Marquis, or Monsieur de Quelquechose, and often, with a mixture of local feeling and respect, he is "Notre Monsieur," to distinguish him from other people's Messieurs. I never in my life heard a French peasant call a country gentleman by his bare name, or by his Christian name only. I know all the tenants on an estate where the rents were raised in a manner that created the greatest dissatisfaction, but, whilst expressing this dissatisfaction in just and straightforward language, the tenants never infused any hatred into their talk, as Irish tenants would probably have done, nor did they abandon the usual respectful forms in speaking of the landlord, or adopt anything like Lancashire familiarity. They said that Monsieur de B. was hard with them, and that he was acting against his own interest, which he did not seem to understand, as it was impossible for a tenant to work the farms permanently on the new terms. This is the whole substance of what they said, the complete expression of their "savage enmity." The worst I wish them is that a day may come when they will no longer be obliged to pay additional rent as interest on their own improvements.

I have sometimes heard peasants say rather severe things of gentlefolks, but not in a malignant way, and rather in amusement at their own sharpness than in hostility to the rich. On the other hand, when a rich man is really kind to them and good to the poor, how readily and willingly his kindness is acknowledged! "C'est un bon monsieur," they say; or, if they include his family, "Ce sont de braves gens, c'est du bon monde." I know an honest French country gentleman and his wife, who are always ready with kindness and money when there is any case of real distress, and I do not believe that there is any country

in the world where they would be more esteemed than they are in their own neighborhood.

At election times I never found that it was a ground of objection to a republican candidate that he was a rich man. Social hostility becomes intense only when it is excited by political hostility. There has been a sort of understanding amongst many reactionary rich people in France, since the last elections, to give as little employment as possible to the wage-earning classes, in order to

punish them for voting in favor of republican candidates. This has excited much natural indignation amongst the working-classes, who think they have as good a right to vote according to their own judgment as any other electors, and who consider that wealth has its duties as well as its pleasures; but when those duties are even partially and incompletely fulfilled, when there is even any visible desire to fulfill them, there is no hostility against riches, except amongst anarchists and agitators.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

MADemoISELLE JOAN.

SEVERAL years ago, my doctor ordered me to break up all old associations, find my way into some quiet place, and there rest for a year or two. Accordingly, I left the United States, hurry, and money-making behind me, crossed the St. Lawrence, and, after long and lazy loiterings through French Canada, settled down in the obscure little hamlet of St. Robideaux. My chief business was to think of nothing, and to sleep. I lived there, if you choose to call it living, for a year. St. Robideaux was quiet and hushed as any moor-hen's nest in the reeds. Nothing more active than dreams was ever there hatched into life.

The village, a cluster of gray cottages with steep red and yellow roofs, lay in a hollow of the hills, up the sides of which wheat-fields and orchards stretched, trying to warm themselves in the chilled sunlight. The river, cool and dark, flowed lazily alongside of the grassy road, which we called Rue Honoré. Sometimes a lumberman floated down on his raft from the great pine forests above. You could hear him shouting to the boys, or singing, "Ay! ay! Douce seur Doré!" until he was out of sight.

The little *auberge*, with Repos des Voyageurs thrust out upon a creaking sign from the sycamore in front, stood close to the river. Vain hospitality! No *voyageur* except myself came to St. Robideaux in that year. Madame Baltharre, when she had finished her work and mixed her *pot-au-feu*, sat, with her knitting, on the gallery of the house, like the other women, and watched the sun from day to day as it ripened the peas in her garden below, or tinged and purpled the pale green grapes on the wall. She had abundance of leisure. She would look for hours at the low, bellying clouds swooping down all day long over the ramparts of the hills, to disappear in the gorge below.

The old curé and M. Demy came up every afternoon to bear me company on my end of the gallery. We were all, I think, of good accord: hence we talked but little.

I had brought several different kinds of tobacco with me. It was a solemn event when we opened a new package. We puffed our pipes in silence awhile, and, if the flavor was good, we nodded to each other and loved the world better than before.

"There were two live people in St. Robideaux before you came, monsieur," Père Drouôt would say, — "our friend Olave Demy, here, and myself. Now there are three. When we talk with you on literature and affairs, I feel that my hand is on the wheel of the great machine yonder."

The "literature" which we discussed was an occasional two months old copy of the London Times which the curé produced to enliven my exile.

"I have a friend in Quebec who sends me this great sheet," he would say. "You will have heard, perhaps, that it is called the Thunderer in England? Ah, *ça, ça!* What a world we live in! The sweep of it quite takes away my breath!" and he would gaze with awe at the yellow page, fold it carefully, put it into his pocket, and light his pipe again.

The "affairs" which occupied us were the ripening of the curé's corn or the condition of the hay in St. Robideaux parish. In the morning we usually sat under the great cedar in the curé's garden, to discuss the effect of that day's weather on these crops; and in the afternoon, when the sun came around to the gallery of the inn, we migrated to it and talked it all over again. No one was offended if the others occasionally dropped into a doze.

The brief hot summer crept thus slowly away, and the briefer high-colored autumn began to be whitened with frost. M. Labadie now came sometimes to smoke a pipe with us. His summer's work was over; his harvest having gone down the river in two great cases on the last raft. All the village assembled to see it go, and most of the lookers-on fervently threw the sign of the cross after it for good luck. Everybody was a friend to M. Labadie.

"There is no such honey in America," said Madame Baltarre. "Pure juice of the flowers."

The little farm of the bee-grower lay a mile or two north of the village: its

only crops were white clover and violets. The old gray house with its steep red roof rose out of the gardens. The sun always shone there, and the air was heavy with perfume; there was no sound but the buzzing of the black, gold-banded Italian bees, darting here and there through the sweet clover. Nature in St. Robideaux slept, with long, full, quiet breaths; but in the old bee-farm she woke with a cheerful smile.

M. Labadie, according to Père Drouôt, was the only one of the habitants "of education." He was even more silent than the other slow-speaking villagers; but in the matter of bees, at least, I found him learned, full of facts and humorous, keen observations. His bees were entirely human to him, always spoken of as "Messieurs;" a shrewd, intelligent race, with whom he had been allied by business relations and friendship for forty years.

On Sundays I used to watch for the tall, stooping figure of the bee-grower, clothed in a brown frogged surtout made twenty years ago, as he came down the road to church, leading his little girls, Rose and Josephine, by the hand. After mass was over the three would stop to shake hands and chatter with their neighbors, and then they would betake themselves to a sunny corner of the churchyard, where a grave, apart from all others, was covered with white clover and violets. The bees hummed over it all day long. They would kneel there to say a prayer; and then seat themselves on a low stone bench, near by, to eat their little *gâteaux* for the noon meal.

I joined them one warm afternoon, and observed that when anything of interest was said they glanced eagerly to the grave, as if some unseen listener hid there. Little Josephine, with whom I had an old friendship, whispered to me, nodding downward, —

"Voilà ma chère mère. She expects us on the Sunday afternoon."

Then M. Labadie, his gnarled face a shade paler, explained to me in laborious English that it would have been their comfort to keep *her* at home: in the garden, *par exemple*, which was her joy, or in the orchard, where were her seat and work-table under the great plum-tree for thirty years. But that was not ground consecrated. "So it is that she lies here, monsieur," waving both hands downward. "But it is her own violets and clover that grow here; and *mes amis*," looking at the bees and lowering his voice, "they do not forget; they are always with her."

A few weeks after this, one cold November day, M. Labadie consented to remain with my other friends, to share my supper of a fricassee of bacon, potatoes, and chives, and brown bread. Madame Baltarre's coffee was hot and delicious, and we sat about the table, which she had drawn up to the great open fire after supper, sipping it thoughtfully, while she removed the dishes and set the apartment to rights. There was another fireplace in the long, low room, and when she had finished she pinned a fresh white apron over her snuff-colored gown, and sat down beside it, at her sewing. The red glow of the firelight twinkled on the white floor, the old mahogany *armoire*, the picture of the Child Jesus with a bleeding heart, and the shelves full of red cups and plates. A heavy snow had fallen that day, and the lonely white stretches outside of the window and the flat graying sky made the warmth and snugness within more cheerful. We all felt it. The curé flung another log on the fire, opening up red depths of heat; we pulled our chairs closer. Olave Demy was persuaded to tell about the October bear-hunt again; the curé sang a plaintive ballad in Canadian *patois*, with a voice like a fine cracked flute; and I adroitly turned the talk so as to bring in some of my own best stories. They had immense success. The French habitant has a hun-

gry curiosity about everything belonging to "the States." It is to him what Europe is to the untraveled American.

"M. Labadie," said the curé, "is the only person in St. Robideaux who has been to the States. Before you came, monsieur, he used every day to give us of his experience in that great country."

M. Labadie adjusted his waistcoat and looked into his cup with a vain attempt at unconsciousness.

"You traveled in the West, monsieur,—in the South?"

"I did not penetrate so far as I had purposed," he said gravely, for the subject was too weighty to be approached carelessly. After sipping his coffee critically awhile, he continued: "It was not I, monsieur. Madame Labadie, my little Jeannette, she had ambitions for me. She said when we were first married, 'You must visit the States. You must see the world, Georges.' But the children came fast,—one, four, six, eleven. I had then but few colonies of Messieurs my friends, to keep soup in the pot. Sometimes there was no soup. But Jeannette still cries, 'You must go to see the world. There are bee-farms in Massachusetts, in Cincinnati, in California. You must visit them all.'

"*Bien*, the children, they grow, they leave us, they sicken and come home, some of them, to die. We have only Rose and Josephine left. But in all these years Jeannette lays by money secretly, sou by sou. Then she gives it to me. 'Go, mon ami,' she says,—'go to California, to Florida. See all the bee-farms in that great country.' I could not balk her, monsieur. She had worked for it for thirty years. I went."

"To California?"

"No; I did not even reach Le Niagarra, which I had hoped much to see." He set down his cup nervously. "Traveling is more expensive than we supposed. I was careful, most careful. But when I reached Utica, on the second day, I found my money would just take me

back home again. But I had already seen much in the States to please and benefit my family."

"And your neighbors!" exclaimed the curé zealously.

"That you did, monsieur. How many winter nights have we sat here, hearing of that journey!" added Olave.

M. Labadie stood up to go, still smiling and pleased with these compliments. The night had fallen while we talked. As he drew on his old shawl and tied it about him, an odd thing happened. Since nightfall the wind had risen, fitful and gusty. It blew now suddenly through the gorge with a shrill cry.

M. Labadie, at the sound, stopped, listening. His pleased face became strained and ghastly. The curé and M. Demy, too, hearing this most commonplace natural noise, had started forward to the old bee-grower, as if to protect him. They stood breathless a moment, watching the window, which was now but a square patch of gray darkness, as though they expected to see a face there.

While I looked on, astonished, the wind boisterously rattled the window-panes and the creaking sign outside. The curé and M. Demy gave uneasy, foolish laughs, and sat down, apparently relieved. But M. Labadie was greatly shaken. His lower jaw trembled like that of a paralytic.

"It is only the wind, ha? It had — it had the effect of a call. I thought I heard my name."

"Ah, bah, monsieur! You heard no call. It was that villainous norther. I will walk home with you, if you will allow me. Only to stretch my legs," said Olave Demy. After they had said adieu, he tucked the old man's arm under his own, and led him away.

"What does it all mean?" I asked, after the curé and I had puffed away at our pipes awhile in silence.

He answered reluctantly: "It is an old story, a singular occurrence."

Madame Baltarre, who was close beside us, began closing the window shutters hastily. Her fat, placid face was pinched and blue, as with cold.

"You had better leave your stories and singular occurrences until daylight," she snapped angrily; "nobody knows who hears you now."

Père Drouôt shot one uncomfortable glance at the window, and then asserted his position.

"Go to rest, my daughter. Be tranquil. We will await M. Demy's return."

Madame meekly bade us good-night, and, gathering up her sewing, went quickly clattering up the stairs.

We smoked on without speaking, the curé reflectively watching the smoke from his pipe as it drifted into the chimney; and it was not until M. Demy had returned and taken his seat that he broke the silence, speaking, as he always did when much moved, in Canadian French.

"It certainly was a singular occurrence, monsieur; possibly, easy to explain by some scientific law, but I never have been able to explain it. I should like to lay it before you for your opinion. It happened in this way: —

"Six years ago, in April, a voyageur arrived, like yourself, in St. Robideaux, from the States, — a woman, a widow, of about forty or fifty years; an unpleasantly white woman, with puffy fair skin which looked as if water was below it, light gray eyes, faded yellow hair. La Veuve Badleigh lodged here with Madame Baltarre. She was soon known to all the village. In every house I would find this fat person, in her unclean yellow gown, with big paste diamonds in her ears, pouring out flat-teries to women and men with the gestures of an excitable young girl, while her cold eyes kept a keen watch from under their thick, half-shut lids. All my people cried out, 'Oh, how pious, how friendly, she is, this Veuve Bad-

leigh !' But, monsieur, when I see the finger-nails of a woman not clean, and her shoe-laces untied," — the good father shook his head, — "something is wrong in her soul. Bien ! The one place where I found her most often was on the gallery of M. Labadie's house. There she sat in the sun. She was enraptured with the sun, with the old house, with the fields of white clover and violets ; she lapped up honey as a cat does cream ; she caressed Rose and Josephine. I protest, monsieur, my flesh crept when I saw her thick fingers paddling with the little hands of the children. M. Labadie sat beside her, telling her of Messieurs the bees, of the witty sayings of Rose and Josephine, and of his wife, poor Jeannette, with tears streaming from his eyes. Well, well, monsieur, you know what occurs when a man talks to another woman of his wife, with the tears streaming ! In September they were married." Père Drouôt shrugged his shoulders, spreading out both hands. "Ah-a ! No sooner was Veuve Badleigh established in the easy-chair on the porch, in the sun, mistress of the house, the bees, the little girls, and poor M. Labadie, than presto ! all is changed !

"I know not what went on there. Nobody has ever known. M. Labadie was poor, as all we others. One does not raise and clothe and feed and nurse and bury so many little ones by the help only of a few bees, and meantime live on meat and white bread, like a governor-general. My faith, no ! The table and clothes of our friend had always been scant and poor. But he was never in debt, not a penny. Yet in six months after his second marriage he had mortgaged his farm to raise money for the new yellow gowns and rich *plats* of madame ! Ah, monsieur, it was execrable ! St. Robideaux was convulsed with rage and pity. But we kept silent, such regard have we for M. Labadie.

"Alas ! this was nothing to that

which was to come. A young man appeared in the village, a vulgar fellow, lean, pimpled, loud-talking, dressed in the New York fashion. His oaths and his jokes made the very air of the street filthy. He was Paul Badleigh, son of madame. She had not told M. Labadie of this son until he appeared. He swaggers about the bee-farm, he makes servants of Rose and Josephine, he swears at their father. Was he her son ? Ah, monsieur, how can I tell ? Sometimes I think he is a thief, a *vaurien*. I know him to be a drunkard and a gambler, and she, perhaps, is an accomplice. But how can I tell ?

"So the autumn goes, and the winter comes. Paul Badleigh had been drinking hard, and was not able to leave the farm. The Veuve Badleigh (I never could bring myself to call her Madame Labadie) came into the village at times, more unclean, more watchful, than ever. She did not take the trouble now to flatter the poor villagers ; she had reaped her harvest.

"Rose and Josephine came in to mass, the thin, scared little creatures. When they met their old friends, they ran past like guilty things. The shame of that woman and of her foul son was upon the children."

"As to M. Labadie," interrupted Olave Demy, "he never came into the village, not even for mass. The humiliation was too heavy upon him."

"I met him once on the road, near the church," said Père Drouôt ; "but he crept out of sight, as if he were the thief and gambler. When he passed the churchyard he turned his head, that he might not see his poor Jeannette's grave." He sighed, sipped his coffee, and continued : —

"It was about this time, monsieur, that my friend Olave and myself were sitting here by the fire, just as now, one cold evening. The wind was blowing a hurricane. Suddenly it sounded, as tonight, with a shriek down the gorge,

and then came a sharp tap on the window, another and another, as of a person in great haste. Then the door was pushed open, and a woman entered, throwing quick, keen glances before her. She was a dark, lean little body" —

"Clean," said M. Demy emphatically, between the puffs of his pipe.

"Yes, noticeably clean and trig. She always looked like an officer buckled up for action. She ordered supper and a room, and then she stood by the fire knocking off the snow, sharply scanning M. Demy and myself.

"'You are a priest,' she said presently. 'You know the people among these hills. Have you by chance met a woman named Badleigh, in your journeys?'

"Madame Baltarre carried the word from me. 'She is here,' said she, nodding with meaning.

"'Ah! here?' The woman looked from one to the other. She waited as if she expected bad news, a charge or accusation.

"'She is married,' said madame, 'to M. Labadie, one of the oldest and foremost citizens of St. Robideaux.'

"'God pity him!' cried the stranger. 'Married! This is too much!'

"As she stood looking into the fire, I noted her closely. She had the expression of an honest, right-minded woman. But the obstinacy, the determination, in her insignificant features! Monsieur, she could have driven a hundred men before her into battle.

"She coughed violently now and then. I am something of a mediciner, and I saw that her hold on life was weak and would be short.

"Olave went home presently, and Madame Baltarre left the room. Then she turned on me.

"'You are a man of God,' she said. 'You ought to help me. What has she done? There is no time for mincing matters. I am her sister Joan. I am responsible for her.' She rubbed her

wrists nervously as she talked, exposing her thin, bloodless arms. 'I have not much time left in which to control her.'

"I answered her gently that I knew nothing definite of the *Veuve Badleigh*, but that I feared the marriage had not been a happy one for M. Labadie and his little girls.

"'There are children? And little girls!' she cried, starting up. 'Come! I must go at once. You will show me the way?'

"It was a cold night, but the road was free from snow. She hurried on in silence, but the quick motion brought on a racking cough. 'You are not fit for this work, *mademoiselle*,' I said, kindly.

"The poor creature was touched. She began to cry, like any sick, tired woman. 'It is all I have to do now. But I shall be done with it all and go soon,' she said. We did not speak again until we reached the gate before M. Labadie's house. A man's voice was howling out some drunken song within. She stopped. 'Who is that?'

"'It is her son, M. Paul Badleigh,' I said.

"She stood quite still a moment. 'I must go in alone. It is worse than I thought,' she said.

"I watched until the door shut behind her, and came home, sure of but one thing, — that whatever she had to do must be done quickly. She was marked with death.

"The next day Madame Baltarre sent up her portmanteau, which came with her on the boat, and we heard nothing more from the bee-farm for a month. Then, one evening, little Rose came for me. *Mademoiselle Joan* was dying. The child cried: the woman had been kind to her, and she needed kindness. 'She is not Catholic, but she will see you, father,' the little one said, holding my hand as she trotted along by my side.

"The Veuve Badleigh sat at one side of the bed, and her son at the other, watching every breath of the dying woman with ill-suppressed triumph. She pulled her life together to speak to me. 'They think they will be free now,' she whispered, pointing to them. 'My sister has done great harm in the world, but I' —

"Veuve Badleigh thrust a cup to her mouth. 'Drink this medicine,' she said. The flabby white creature trembled with fear of exposure.

"I put her back, and lifted her sister, that she might get her breath. 'God, forgive them!' she cried.

"This was an hour before she died. In that time I gathered from her that for ten years she had held these two in check; that after she was gone it was their purpose to bring some nameless disaster on the children, Rose and Josephine; that she had sent for me to warn me of their danger. She lay still for some moments; she had almost ceased to breathe. A look of satisfaction and relief, terrible to see, came into both the faces bent over her. Her eyes opened; she saw it.

"Monsieur, she was a small, insignificant woman, but the soul going out of her body was inexorable. It was that of a great fighter. She held them with her eyes; she raised herself slowly in the bed.

"'You shall not hurt those children. You shall come with me.'

"Before the words passed she was cold and pulseless. It was as if the soul had spoken out of a dead body."

"Is that the end?" I asked; for the curé had stopped, and was mechanically puffing his pipe, which had gone out.

"No," said M. Demy, "it is not all, monsieur. But that which follows is so strange, so incredible, that one fears to tell of it. All the village know it to be true, yet it is never mentioned among us."

I waited in silence, and after a while the curé said: —

"I will tell you briefly the facts, monsieur, and you must make from them your opinion. I interfered on behalf of the children, but M. Labadie was obstinate. No harm was coming to them, he averred. His wife wanted their companionship. I had no proof against her or her son; only the vague accusations of a dying woman, which, after all, might be prejudice. Two weeks passed when — M. Demy, you will correct me if I mistake in the facts?"

M. Demy rose nervously, and stood in front of the fire. "You are correct so far, father. It was just two weeks, — a cold, still night."

"Not a breath of wind blowing," said the curé. "We were sitting about the fire here with two or three other neighbors. Paul Badleigh lay on that bench yonder. He had been drinking heavily, and was asleep. Suddenly a high, keen wind swept down the gorge, with a shrill sound like a cry. Badleigh stopped snoring, and sat up, staring. Then, monsieur, there was a stroke on the window; another, and another, sharp, — decisive. We all heard it" —

"And words," amended M. Demy.

"And words. What they were none of us could make out, but Badleigh understood them. He got up, and went staggering to the door.

"'I am coming,' he said.

"We never saw him alive again. The next morning he was found at the foot of the Peak Jené, miles from the village, dead."

"It appears to me," I ventured, after a pause, "that this could be explained without any reference to a supernatural cause. The man was terrified by the noise made by the wind, and, stupid from drink, lost his way."

The curé bowed his head gravely. "I have not finished, monsieur. Four days after Paul Badleigh's death, M. Labadie came to the village, like a man

whose reason was shattered. His children were gone! His wife had enticed them out for a walk, and had boarded a boat which was descending the river. She had taken her jewels and all the money she could find. They had been gone some hours.

"Monsieur, every man in the village went to work as though his own child had been stolen. The three boats in St. Robideaux were manned by the strongest oarsmen. I was in the first, with Olave, here, and M. Labadie. We overtook the fugitives at nightfall. They had landed, and the woman and children were in an auberge, in the village of Pont de Josef. She was very quiet and cool, smiled and jested, saying she had but meant to give the little demoiselles a glimpse of the world, and would have returned to-morrow. M. Labadie had not a word for her. He clung to his children as if they had come back safe out of hell to him; he would not loose his hold on them,—no, not for a minute.

"It was impossible that we could return that night. We must remain at the auberge, where the *Veuve Badleigh* had ordered for herself the only chamber. The others were inside. I went out to the gallery, and walked up and down. I could see through the windows M. Labadie with his little girls on his knees, Olave and the other men, and quite apart, by herself, the fat white woman, with her cheap jewelry shining in her ears, leering stupidly about her. The sun had just gone down, and the snow lay white on the ground. The moon hung low in the red sky. It was still so clear that I could have seen a moth in the air. But, monsieur, as I stood for a moment, something passed me by that I did not see. It had a rushing force like the wind, but it was not the wind. It was nothing which I had ever felt before. I cried out on God, and my heart died in me. I looked to the lighted room within. What had

happened I knew not. But they were standing, haggard, waiting, like men who had heard the call of death."

"It was a sound that we heard," said M. Demy, "like a cry, and then there were three sharp strokes on the window and a voice. But no one understood the words but the *Veuve Badleigh*. She got up and walked to the door, as one that is dragged, step by step."

"I saw her," continued the curé, "as she passed me, going across the gallery into her own chamber. She had the face of one who had been fighting a battle all through her life, and was defeated at last, forever. Yet the miserable, leering smile was there still. She went in and shut the door." He stopped abruptly.

"In the morning," said M. Demy, breaking the silence, "she was found there dead. She had taken an overdose of opium. She was buried at Pont de Josef." He added, after a pause, "Only think, monsieur, what a will that little woman had! She could thrust her hand out of the grave and drag those two creatures after her. I am truly glad," knocking the ashes out of his pipe reflectively, "that I know no one who is dead that has a will like that."

We smoked in silence a while longer. Then the curé, glancing at the clock, which told midnight, rose to go.

"That is the end of the history, monsieur," he said. "M. Labadie came back to his happy, quiet life again, gradually paid off his debts, and has almost forgotten his sore trouble. He has but one fear. There are times when he thinks that his call to go may come in the same manner, and that he will find the *Veuve Badleigh*, her son Paul, and *Mademoiselle Joan* waiting for him beyond."

The next Sunday was one of those clear, balmy days which come in November, even in Canada.

After mass I waited near the church,

watching the villagers as they leisurely climbed the rocky street and disappeared in the vine-covered cottages. The balsam scent from the neighboring forests was heavy on the sunlit air; a soft strain from the organ still came fitfully through the silence; around the close horizon the tender blue of the sky melted into the blue of the mountains. It was surely but a thin veil which hid heaven from earth to-day.

I saw M. Labadie, with his little Rose and Josephine, seated on the stone bench beside the grave, as usual; they had eaten their *gôûter*, and were talking and laughing together, as if their dead had really come back to them, and made them the happier for coming.

They made room for me beside them.

"It seems to me, monsieur," said M. Labadie, presently, "as if to-day those who are gone come closer to us than at other times. The soft air and the clear light give to one that thought."

"It may be so, monsieur."

"My children," he said gently, after a silence, "are scattered in their graves over all Canada. But I think they have found each other there beyond. We always know that the mother is

with us here every Sunday, but to-day it seems as if they were with her, — all of us here together."

He softly patted Josephine's hand on his knee, looking beyond her to those whom she could not see.

A rising wind rustled the trees over our heads. He half rose, looking about uneasily.

"Run away, *mes petites*. See if the good father is still in the church." When they were out of hearing, he leaned forward, and said to me, "There are some others besides Jeannette and my children whom I know yonder. Do you think I shall have to go to them? Can they claim me?"

"It is a wide country, M. Labadie," I ventured to say, "and they are not of your kind. They have no claim on you."

He nodded gravely two or three times, the light kindling again in his eyes as he looked over the grave into the far, soft haze. "You are right," he said at last. "But Jeannette and the children are of my kind. Something tells me that those others will never find me. It is a wide country, monsieur, — a wide country. But we go there to our own."

Rebecca Harding Davis.

CONFESSIONS OF A BIRD'S-NEST HUNTER.

LET it be said at the outset that the seeker after bird's-nests is never without plenty of company, of one sort and another. For instance, I was out early one cloudy morning last spring, when I caught sight of a black and white animal nosing his way through the bushes, not many rods distant. Evidently he had come forth on the same errand as myself; but though he was an extremely pretty creature, I felt no great degree of pride in our community of interest. I did not offer to exchange the compli-

ments of the morning with him, nor, indeed, make any overtures whatever toward a more intimate acquaintance. I knew him by name and reputation, — *Mephitis mephitis* the scientific folk call him, with felicitous reverberative emphasis, — and that sufficed. It was not pleasant to think of him as in any sense a rival; yet such he undoubtedly was, and I very much feared that he would anticipate me in finding a certain veery's nest, which I had been looking for in vain, but which I believed to be

not far from either of us. At another time, a few weeks later than this, I overheard an unusual commotion among the birds in our apple orchard. "Some rascally cat!" I thought; and, picking up a stone, I hastened to put a stop to his depredations. But there was no cat in sight; and it was not till I stood immediately under him that I discovered the marauder to be a snake, which was just then slowly making toward the ground, with a young bird in his jaws. Watching my opportunity, while he was engaged in the delicate operation of lowering himself from one branch to another, I shook the trunk vigorously, and down he tumbled at my feet. Once and again I set my heel upon him; but the tall grass was in his favor, and he succeeded in getting off, leaving his dead victim behind him.¹

It is noble society in which we find ourselves, is it not? In the front rank are what we may call the *professional* oölogists, — such as follow the business for a livelihood: snakes, skunks, weasels, squirrels, cats, crows, jays, cuckoos, and the like. Then come the not inconsiderable number of persons who, for a more or less strictly scientific purpose, take here and there a nest with its contents; while these are followed by hordes of schoolboys, whom the prevalent mania for "collecting" drives to scrape together miscellaneous lots of eggs, — half-named, misnamed, and nameless, — to put with previous accumulations of postage-stamps, autographs, business cards, and other like precious rubbish.

Alas, the poor birds! These "perils of robbers" and "perils among false brethren" are bad enough, but they have many others to encounter; "jour-

neyings often" and "perils of waters" being among the worst. Gentle and innocent as they seem, it speaks well for their cunning and endurance that they escape utter extermination.

This phase of the subject is especially forced upon the attention of observers like myself, who search for nests, not mischievously, nor even with the laudable design of the scientific investigator, but solely as a means of promoting friendly acquaintance. We may not often witness the catastrophe itself; but as we go our daily rounds, now peeping under the bank or into the bush, and now climbing the tree, to see how some timid friend of ours is faring, we are only too certain to come upon first one home and then another which has been rifled and deserted since our last visit; till we begin to wonder why the defenseless and persecuted creatures do not turn pessimists outright, and relinquish forever their attempt to "be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth."

Thinking of these things anew, now that I am reviewing my last spring's experiences, it is doubly gratifying to recall that I robbed only one nest during the entire season, and that not of malice, but by accident. It happened on this wise. A couple of solitary vireos had taken up their abode on a wooded hillside, where they, or others like them, had passed the previous summer, and one day I proposed to a friend that we make it our business to search out the nest. It proved to be not very difficult of discovery, though, when we put our eyes upon it, it appeared that we had walked directly by it several times, all in sight as it was, suspended from near the end of an oak-tree branch, perhaps nine feet from the ground. It

¹ The birds at once became quiet, and I went back complacently to my book under the lindentree. Who knows, however, whether there may not have been another side to the story? Who shall say what were the emotions of the snake, as he wriggled painfully homeward after such an unprovoked and dastardly assault? Myself no veg-

etarian, by what right had I belabored him for liking the taste of chicken? It were well, perhaps, not to pry too curiously into questions of this kind. Most likely it would not flatter our human self-esteem to know what some of our "poor relations" think of us.

contained five eggs, including one of the cow-bird; but just as my companion was about to let go the branch, which he had been holding down for my convenience, the end snapped, up went the nest, and out jumped four of the eggs. We were sorry, of course, but consoled ourselves with the destruction of the parasite, which otherwise would very likely have been the death of the vireos' own offspring. Meanwhile, the birds themselves took matters coolly. One of them fell to singing as soon as we withdrew, while the other flew to the nest, looked in, and without a word resumed her seat. After all, the accident might turn out to be nothing worse than a blessing in disguise, we said to each other. But before many days it became evident that the pair had given up the nest, and I carried it to a friend whom I knew to be in want of such a specimen for his cabinet.

It is worth noticing how widely birds of the same species differ among themselves in their behavior under trial. Their minds are no more run in one mould than human minds are. In their case, as in ours, innumerable causes have worked together to produce the unique individual result. Much is due to inheritance, no doubt, but much likewise to accident. One mother has never had her nest invaded, and is therefore careless of our presence. Another has so frequently been robbed of her all that she has grown hardened to disaster, and she also makes no very great ado when we intrude upon her. A third is still in a middle state,—alive to the danger, but not yet able to face it philosophically,—and she will become hysterical at the first symptom of trouble.

At the very time of the mishap just described I was keeping watch over the household arrangements of another and much less stoical pair of solitary vireos. These, as soon as I discovered their secret (which was not till after several attempts), became extremely jealous of

my proximity, no matter how indirect and innocent my approaches. Even when I seated myself at what I deemed a very respectful distance the sitting bird would at once quit her place, and begin to complain in her own delightfully characteristic manner,—chattering, scolding, and warbling by turns,—refusing to be pacified in the least until I took myself off. Once I remained for some time close under the nest, on purpose to see how many of the neighbors would be attracted to the spot. With the exception of the wood wagtails, I should say that nearly all the small birds in the immediate vicinity must have turned out: black-and-white creepers, redstarts, chestnut-sided warblers, black-throated greens, a blue golden-wing, red-eyed vireos, and a third solitary vireo. If they were moved with pity for the pair whose lamentations had drawn them together, they did not manifest it, as far as I could see. Perhaps they found small occasion for so loud a disturbance. Possibly, moreover, as spectators who had honored me with their presence (and that in the very midst of their busy season), they felt themselves cheated, and, so to speak, outraged, by my failure to finish the tragedy artistically, by shooting the parent birds and pulling down the nest. Creatures who can neither read novels nor attend upon dramatic performances may be presumed to suffer at times for lack of a pleasurable excitement of the sensibilities. At all events, these visitors contented themselves with staring at me for a few minutes, and then one by one turned away, as if it were not much of a show after all. To the interested couple, however, it was a matter of life and death. The female especially (or the sitter, for the sexes are indistinguishable) hopped close about my head, sometimes uttering a strangely sweet, pleading note, which might have melted a heart much harder than mine. Her associate kept at a more cautious remove, but made amends by

continuing to scold after the danger was all over. By the bye, I noticed that in the midst of the commotion, as soon as the first agony was past, the one who had been sitting was not so entirely overcome as not to be able to relish an occasional insect, which she snatched here and there between her vituperative exclamations. Faithful and hungry little mother! her heart was not broken, let us hope, when within a week or so some miscreant, to me unknown, ravaged her house and left it desolate.

Not many rods from the vireos' cedar-tree was a brown thrasher's nest in a barberry bush. It had an exceedingly dilapidated, year-old appearance, and I went by it several times without thinking it worth looking at, till I accidentally observed the bird upon it. She did not budge till I was within a few feet of her, when she tumbled to the ground, and limped away with loud cries. Perceiving that this worn-out ruse did not avail, she turned upon me, and actually seemed about to make an attack. How she did rave! I thought that I had never seen a bird so beside herself with anger.

Shortly after my encounter with this irate thrush I nearly stepped upon one of her sisters, brooding upon a ground nest; and it illustrates what has been said about variety of temperament that the second bird received me in a very quiet, self-contained manner; giving me to understand, to be sure, that my visit was ill-timed and unwelcome, but not acting at all as if I were some ogre, the very sight of which must perforce drive a body crazy.

In the course of the season I found three nests of the rose-breasted grosbeak. The first, to my surprise, was in the topmost branches of a tall sweet-birch, perhaps forty feet above the ground. I noticed the female flying into the grove with a load of building materials, and a little later (as soon as my engagement with an interesting company of

gray-cheeked thrushes would permit) I followed, and almost at once saw the pair at their work. And a very pretty exhibition it was, — so pretty that I returned the next morning to see more of it. It must be admitted that the labor seemed rather unequally divided. The female not only fetched all the sticks, but took upon herself the entire business of construction, her partner's contribution to the enterprise being limited strictly to the performance of escort duty. When she had fitted the new twigs into their place to her satisfaction (which often took considerable time) she uttered a signal, and the pair flew out of the wood together, talking sweetly as they went. The male was aware of my presence from the beginning, I think, but he appeared to regard it as of no consequence. Probably he believed the nest well out of my reach, as in fact it was. He usually sang a few snatches while waiting for his wife, and, as he sat within a few feet of her and made no attempt at concealment, it could hardly be supposed that he refrained from offering to assist her for fear his brighter colors should betray their secret. Some different motive from this must be assigned for his seeming want of gallantry. To all appearance, however, the parties themselves took the whole proceeding as a simple matter of course. They were but minding the most approved grosbeak precedents; and after all, who is so likely to be in the right as he who follows the fashion? Shall one bird presume to be wiser than all the millions of his race? Nay; as the Preacher long ago said, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be." Nothing could have been more complacent and affectionate than the lady's voice and demeanor as often as she gave the finishing touches to a twig, and called to her companion, "Come, now, let's go for another." Naturally, the female is the one most concerned about the stability and comfortable shape

of the nest, and possibly she does not count it prudent to entrust her spouse with any share in so delicate and important an undertaking; but, if so, she must know him for an arrant bungler, since the structure which she herself puts together is a most shabby-looking affair, scarcely better than the cuckoo's.

Such happiness as that of these married lovers was perhaps too perfect to last. At any rate, it was only a week before their idyl all at once turned to tragedy. A sharp *click, click* attracted my attention, as I passed under their birch (on my way to call upon a pair of chickadees, who were keeping house in a low stump close by), and, glancing up, I saw the bushy tail of a red squirrel hanging over the edge of the nest. The male grosbeak was dashing wildly about the invader, while a wood thrush, a towhee bunting (who looked strange at such a height), a red-eyed vireo, and a blue golden-winged warbler were surveying the scene from the adjacent branches, — though the thrush withdrew in the midst of the tumult, and fell to singing (as one may see happy young couples going merrily homeward after witnessing the murder of Duncan or Desdemona). Meanwhile, the squirrel, having finished his work, descended leisurely toward the ground, snickering and chuckling, as if he felt immensely pleased with his achievement. Probably his emotions did not differ essentially from those of a human sportsman, but it was lucky for him, nevertheless, that I had no means of putting an end to his mirth. I could have blown his head off without compunction. When he had gone, and the visiting birds with him, the grosbeak returned to his nest, and in the most piteous manner hovered about the spot, — getting into the nest and out again, — as if completely dazed by the sudden disaster. Throughout the excitement the female did not show herself, and I wondered whether she could have submitted to be killed rather

than desert her charge. To the honor of her kind be it said that the supposition is far from incredible.

My second nest of this species was within twenty rods of the first, and was in use at the same time; but it met with no better fate, though I was not present to see it robbed. The third was more prosperous, and, unless something befell the young at the last moment, they were safely launched upon the wing. This nest was situated in a clump of witch-hazel bushes, at a height of eight or nine feet. I remarked a grosbeak singing near the spot, and, seeing him very unwilling to move away, concluded that his home could not be far off. It was soon found, — a slight, shapeless, frail-looking bundle of sticks, with the female upon it. I took hold of the main stem, just below her, and drew her towards me; but she would not rise, although I could see her moving uneasily. I had no heart to annoy her; so I called her a good, brave bird, and left her in peace. Her mate, while this was going on, continued to sing only a few rods away. To judge from his behavior, I might have been some honored guest, to be welcomed with music. The simple-hearted — not to say simple-minded — fearlessness of this bird is really astonishing; especially in view of the fact that his showy plumage makes him a favorite mark for every amateur taxidermist. He will even warble while brooding upon the eggs, a delicious piece of absurdity, which I hope sooner or later to witness for myself.

While watching my first couple of grosbeaks I suddenly became aware of a wood thrush passing back and forth between the edge of a brook and a certain oak, against the bole of which she was making ready her summer residence. She seemed to be quite unattended; but just as I was beginning to contrast her case with that of the feminine grosbeak overhead, her mate broke into song from a low branch directly be-

hind me. *She* had all the while known where he was, I dare say, and would have been greatly amused at my commiseration of her loneliness. The next morning she was compelled to make longer flights for such stuff as she needed; and now it was pleasant to observe that her lord did not fail to accompany her to and fro, and to sing to her while she worked.

The wood thrush has the name of a recluse, and, as compared with the omnipresent robin, he may deserve the title; but he is seldom very difficult of approach, if one only knows how to go about it, while his nest is peculiarly easy of detection. I remember one which was close by an unfenced road, just outside the city of Washington; and two or three years ago I found another in a barberry bush, not more than fifteen feet from a horse-car track, and so near the fence as to be almost within arm's-length of passers-by. This latter was in full view from the street, and withal was so feebly supported that some kind-hearted neighbor had taken pains to tie up the bush (which stood by itself) with a piece of dangerously new-looking rope. And even as I write I recall still a third, which also was close by the roadside, though at the very exceptional elevation of twenty-five or thirty feet.

It is one of the capital advantages of the ornithologist's condition that he is rarely called upon to spend his time and strength for naught. If he fails of the particular object of his search, he is all but sure to be rewarded with something else. For example, while I was unsuccessfully playing the spy upon a pair of my solitary vireos, a female tanager suddenly dropped into her half-built nest in a low pine-branch, at the same time calling softly to her mate, who at once came to sit beside her. Unfortunately, one of the pair very soon caught sight of me, and they made off in haste. I lingered about, till finally the lady appeared again, with

her beak full of sticks, standing out at all points of the compass. She was so jealous of my espionage, however, that it looked as if she would never be rid of her load. No sooner did she alight in the tree than she began to crane her neck, staring this way and that, and *chipping* nervously; then she shifted her perch; then out of the tree she went altogether; then back again; then off once more; then back within a yard of the nest; then away again, till at last my patience gave out, and I left her mistress of the field. All this while the male was in sight, flitting restlessly from tree to tree at a safe distance. I have never witnessed a prettier display of connubial felicity than this pair afforded me during the minute or two which elapsed between my discovery of them and their discovery of me. I felt almost guilty for intruding upon such a scene; but, if they could only have believed it, I intended no harm, nor have I now any thought of profaning their innocent mysteries by attempting to describe what I saw.

The male tanager, with his glory of jet black and flaming scarlet, is in curious contrast with his mate, with whose personal appearance, nevertheless, he seems to be abundantly satisfied. Possibly he looks upon a dirty greenish-yellow as the loveliest of tints, and regards his own dress as nothing better than commonplace, in comparison. Like the rose-breasted grosbeak and the wood thrush, however, he is brought up with the notion that it belongs to the female to be the carpenter of the family; a belief in which, happily for his domestic peace, the female herself fully concurs.

As a general thing, handsomely dressed people live in handsome houses (emphasis should perhaps be laid upon the word *dressed*), and it would seem natural that a like congruity should hold in the case of birds. But, if such be the rule, there are at least some glaring exceptions. I have alluded to the rude

structure of the rose-breast, and might have used nearly the same language concerning the tanager's, which latter is often fabricated so loosely that one can see the sky through it. Yet these two are among the most gorgeously attired of all our birds. On the other hand, while the wood pewee is one of the very plainest, there are few, if any, that excel her as an architect. During the season under review I had the good fortune to light upon my first nest of this fly-catcher; and, as is apt to be true, having found one, I immediately and without effort found two others. The first two were in oaks, the third in a hornbeam; and all were set upon the upper side of a horizontal bough ("saddled" upon it, as the manuals say), at the junction of an offshoot with the main branch. Two of them were but partially done when discovered, and I was glad to see one pair of the birds in something very like a frolic, such a state as would hardly be predicted of these peculiarly sober-seeming creatures. The builder of the second nest was remarkably confiding, and proceeded with her labors, quite undisturbed by my proximity and undisguised interest. It was to be remarked that she had trimmed the outside of her nest with lichens before finishing the interior; and I especially admired the very clever manner in which she hovered against the dead pine-trunk, from which she was gathering strips of bark. Concerning her unsuspiciousness, however, it should be said that the word applies only to her treatment of myself. When a thrasher had the impertinence to alight in her oak she ordered him off in high dudgeon, dashing back and forth above him, and snapping spitefully as she passed. She knew her rights, and, knowing, dared maintain. When a bird builds her nest in any part of a tree she claims every twig of it as her own. I have even seen the gentle-hearted chickadee resent the intrusion of a chipping sparrow, though

it appeared impossible that the latter could be suspected of any predatory or sinister design.

The shallowness of the wood pewee's saucer-shaped nest, its position upon the branch, and especially its external dress of lichens, all conspire to render it inconspicuous. It is an interesting question whether the owner herself appreciates all this, or has merely inherited the fashion, without thought of the reasons for it. The latter supposition, I confess, looks to me the more probable. It must often be true of other animals, as it is of men, that they build better than they know. Their wisdom is not their own, but belongs to a power back of them,—a power which works, if you will, in accordance with what we designate as the law of natural selection, and which, so to speak, enlightens the race rather than the individual.

After all, it is the ground birds that puzzle the human oölogist. Crossing a brook, I saw what I regarded as almost infallible signs that a pair of Maryland yellow-throats had begun to build beside it. Unless I was entirely at fault, the nest must be within a certain two or three square yards, and I devoted half an hour, more or less, to ransacking the grass and bushes, till I thought every inch of the ground had been gone over; but all to no purpose. Continuing my walk, I noticed after a while that the male warbler was accompanying me up the hillside, apparently determined to see me safely out of the way. Coming to the same brook again the next morning, I halted for another search; and lo! all in a moment my eye fell upon the coveted nest, not on the ground, but perhaps eight inches from it, in a little clump of young golden-rods, which would soon overgrow it completely. The female proprietor was present, and manifested so much concern that I would not tarry, but made rather as if I had seen nothing, and passed on. It was some time before I observed that she was

keeping along beside me, precisely as her mate had done the day before. The innocent creatures, sorely pestered as they were, could hardly be blamed for such precautions; yet it is not pleasant to be "shadowed" as a suspicious character, even by Maryland yellow-throats.

This was my first nest of a very common warbler, and I felt particularly solicitous for its safety; but alas! no sooner was the first egg laid than something or somebody carried it off, and the afflicted couple deserted the house on which they had expended so much labor and anxiety.

Not far beyond the yellow-throats' brook, and almost directly under one of the pewees' oaks, was a nest which pretty certainly had belonged to a pair of chewinks, but which was already forsaken when I found it, though I had then no inkling of the fact. It contained four eggs, and everything was in perfect order. The mother had gone away, and had never come back; having fallen a victim, probably, to some collector, human or inhuman. The tragedy was peculiar; and the tragical effect of it was heightened as day after day, for nearly a fortnight at least (I cannot say for how much longer), the beautiful eggs lay there entirely uncovered, and yet no skunk, squirrel, or other devourer of such dainties happened to spy them. It seemed doubly sad that so many precious nests should be robbed, while this set of worthless eggs was left to spoil.

I have already mentioned the house-keeping of a couple of chickadees in a low birch stump. Theirs was one of three titmouse nests just then claiming my attention. I visited it frequently, from the time when the pair were hard at work making the cavity up to the time when the brood were nearly ready to shift for themselves. Both birds took their share of the digging, and on several occasions I saw one feeding the other. After the eggs were deposited, the

mother (or the sitter) displayed admirable courage, refusing again and again to quit her post when I peered in upon her, and even when with my cane I rapped smartly upon the stump. If I put my fingers into the hole, however, she followed them out in hot haste. Even when most seriously disturbed by my attentions the pair made use of no other notes than the common *chickadee, dee*, but these they sometimes delivered in an unnaturally sharp, fault-finding tone.

My two other titmouse nests were both in apple-trees, and one of them was in my own door-yard, though beyond convenient reach without the help of a ladder. The owners of this last were interesting for a very decided change in their behavior after the young were hatched, and especially as the time for the little ones' exodus drew near. At first, notwithstanding their door opened right upon the street, as it were, within a rod or two of passing horse-cars, the father and mother went in and out without the least apparent concern as to who might be watching them; but when they came to be feeding their hungry offspring, it was almost laughable to witness the little craftinesses to which they resorted. They would perch on one of the outer branches, call *chickadee, dee*, fly a little nearer, then likely enough go further off, till finally, after a variety of such "false motions," into the hole they would duck, as if nobody for the world must be allowed to know where they had gone. It was really wonderful how expert they grew at entering quickly. I pondered a good deal over their continual calling on such occasions. It seemed foolish and inconsistent; half the time I should have failed to notice their approach, had they only kept still. Toward the end, however, when the chicks inside the trunk could be heard articulating *chickadee, dee* with perfect distinctness, it occurred to me that possibly all this persistent repetition of the

phrase by the old birds had been only or mainly in the way of tuition. At all events, the youngsters had this part of the chickadese vocabulary right at their tongues' end, as we say, before making their *début* in the great world.

But it was reserved for my third pair of tits to give me a genuine surprise. I had been so constant a visitor at their house that I had come to feel myself quite on terms of intimacy with them. So, after their brood was hatched, I one day climbed into the tree (as I had done more than once before), the better to overlook their parental labors. I had hardly placed myself in a comfortable seat before the couple returned from one of their foraging expeditions. The male — or the one that I took for such — had a black morsel of some kind in his bill, which, on reaching the tree, he passed over to his mate, who forthwith carried it into the hollow stub, in the depths of which the hungry little ones were. Then the male flew off again, and presently came back with another beakful, which his helpmeet took from him at the door, where she had been awaiting his arrival. After this performance had been repeated two or three times, curiosity led me to stand up against the stub, with my hand resting upon it; at which the female (who was just inside the mouth of the cavity) slipped out, and set up an anxious *chickadee, dee, dee*. When her mate appeared, — which he did almost immediately, — he flew into what looked like a downright paroxysm of rage, not against me, but against the mother bird, shaking his wings and scolding violently. I relieved the situation of its embarrassment by dropping to the ground, and within a few minutes the pair again approached the stub in company; but when the female made a motion to take the food from her husband's bill, as before, he pounced upon her spitefully, drove her away, and dived into the hole himself. Apparently he had not yet

forgiven what he accounted her pusillanimous desertion of her charge. All in all, the scene was a revelation to me, a chickadee family quarrel being something the like of which I had never dreamed of. Perhaps no titmouse ever before had so timorous a wife. But however that might be, I sincerely hoped that they would not be long in making up their difference. I had enjoyed the sight of their loving intercourse so many weeks that I should have been sorry indeed to believe that it could end in strife. Nor could I regard it as so unpardonable a weakness for a bird to move off, even from her young, when a man put his fingers within a few inches of her. Possibly she ought to have known that I meant no mischief. Possibly, too, her doughty lord would have behaved more commendably in the same circumstances; but of that I am by no means certain. To borrow a theological term, my conception of bird nature is decidedly anthropomorphic, and I incline to believe that chickadees as well as men find it easier to blame others than to do better themselves.

Here these reminiscences must come to an end, though the greater part of my season's experiences are still untouched. First, however, let me relieve my conscience by putting on record the bravery of a black-billed cuckoo, whom I was obliged fairly to drive from her post of duty. Her nest was a sorry enough spectacle, — a flat, unwall'd platform, carpeted with willow catkins and littered with egg-shells, in the midst of which latter lay a single callow nestling, nearly as black as a crow. But as I looked at the parent bird, while she sat within ten feet of me, eying my every movement intently, and uttering her wrath in various cries (some cat-like mewings among them), my heart reproached me that I had ever written of the cuckoo as a coward and a sneak. Truth will not allow me to take the

words back entirely, even now; but I felt at that moment, and do still, that I might have been better employed mending my own faults than in holding up to scorn the foibles of a creature who, when worst came to worst, could set me such

a shining example of courageous fidelity. It is always in order to be charitable; and I ought to have remembered that, for those who are themselves subject to imperfection, generosity is the best kind of justice.

Bradford Torrey.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

IT takes many years after an author's death to award to him a decisive allotment of fame; but literary history prizes some men as landmarks, when they are not permanently recorded as light-houses, still less as fixed stars. It is a comfort to think that many a modest author, and indeed many a mediocre one, may have an unquestioned value in relation to his time, without awaiting the result of any *appel à l'impartiale postérité*, like that which Madame Roland so laboriously prepared. In such a case as that of the late Mr. Whipple, this preliminary estimate may be made at once and without hesitation. He was an essential part of the literary life of Boston at a time when that city probably furnished a larger proportion of the literary life of the nation than it will ever again supply. He was unique among the authors of that time and place in his training, tastes, and mental habit; the element that he contributed was special and valuable; he duplicated nobody, while at the same time he antagonized nobody, and the controversial history of that period will find no place for his name. How much more than this can be claimed for him it is too early to determine; but nothing can take from him the position of an essential and noticeable landmark in our American literary history.

It is an important feature in his early career that he constituted a link between the literary and commercial Bos-

ton of forty years ago. As Dr. Holmes derived, at the beginning, a certain well-defined prestige from being in literature the representative of the medical profession, — its hero, its one conspicuous bid for literary preëminence, — so Whipple had, in like manner, the mercantile community, a far larger constituency than the physicians, behind him. He was one of themselves: the Boston Mercantile Library had been his study, the lecture room of the same association his first field of prominence, his occupation that of secretary of the Merchants' Exchange. At a time when almost all New England authors came from Harvard College and the training of Edward Channing, he stepped into the arena with only the merchants' powerful guild behind him. These sponsors could justly claim that he stood already equipped with that clearness of thought and accuracy of statement which professors of rhetoric often vainly crave in their pupils; and it is no wonder that he in turn felt the value of his backing, and repaid it by courageous labors and undoubted successes. He was, indeed, the almost solitary instance, at that period, of the self-made man in American literature; and to represent this type, now familiar enough, was in those days a distinction. He had also the merit of having visibly modeled his style upon Macaulay, then at the height of his fame, and of having been complimented by Macaulay himself; and

this, to a community just beginning the process of self-emancipation from colonial dependence, — a process still incomplete, but then inchoate, — was something. He partook too of that reaction which was just setting in from the rather grave and colorless literary style of Channing; and his crisp and often pungent sentences made this reaction palatable to many who could not yet inure themselves to Emerson. His even temperament saved him from extremes and his amiability from rancor, so that while Poe was dealing out bitter personalities in the *Broadway Journal*, and many younger writers were following in his track, Whipple, like Longfellow, passed along undisturbed.

By the mere exercise of these moral qualities, combined with great keenness of insight, he doubtless did a great deal for the American criticism of his day, and must rank with Margaret Fuller Ossoli and far above Poe in the total value of his work. It is certainly saying a great deal in his praise to admit that up to a certain time in his life there was probably no other literary man in America who had so thoroughly made the best of himself, — extracted so thoroughly from his own natural gifts their utmost resources. His memory was great, his reading constant, his acquaintance large, his apprehension ready and clear. He had no gift of extemporaneous oratory, but in conversation he excelled. What he said or wrote was so well grounded, so pithy, so candid, so neat, that you felt for the moment as if it were the final word; it was only upon the second reading that you became conscious of a certain limitation. After all, the thought never went very deep; the attraction of style was evanescent; there was no very wide outlook, no ideal atmosphere. There were wit and keenness and kindly frankness, but no subtle depths, no haunting quality, none of the "seeds of things." These restrictions may have been al-

most inseparable from the form of a popular lecture, which was that he commonly chose; but they were restrictions, all the same. In a time and place which had produced Emerson, this narrowness of range was a defect almost fatal. It did not harm his immediate success, and he is said, *in those palmy days of lecturing*, to have appeared a thousand times before audiences. But now that his lectures — or his essays which might have been lectures — are read critically, many years later, we can see that the same shrinkage which has overtaken the work of Bayard Taylor and Dr. Holland, his compeers upon the lecture platform, has also overtaken his. Whether it was that this platform, by its direct influence, restricted these men, or whether it was that a certain limitation of intellect was best fitted for producing the article precisely available for this particular market, it is clear that these three illustrate alike the successes and the drawbacks of the lecturing profession. Now that this vocation itself has nearly vanished, these comparisons have become instructive. The pursuit obviously had its perils; if it sometimes developed genius, it more often substituted for it mere talent. How insignificant seemed Thoreau, for instance, in his Concord shanty, beside the least of these three popular and successful men; yet the influence of Thoreau began to grow from the time of his death, and of the eight volumes of his writings demanded by the public six were posthumous. Already his fame surpasses that of these others, as the fame of William Blake has surpassed that of his almost forgotten patron, the one eminently popular and successful poet of his time, William Hayley. Thus tardily does the flavor of original genius vindicate itself. "The glorious emperor, the mighty potentate, has passed away, and of all his attributes there is remembered only this, — that he knew not the worth of Firdousi."

The book in which Mr. Whipple set his highest mark was his *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. Here one sees him at his best, and for that reason perceives these barriers most clearly. All that industry can do is here done, and there is proof of ample literary inquiry as distinct from the severer task we call scholarly research. The characters pass before us, but not one of them is, in Jonson's phrase, "rammed with life," although Jonson himself is one of them. The precise value of the book is to be best seen by measuring it with that of Hazlitt on the same subject. Hazlitt is not one of the immortals, and yet it requires no very careful examination to show that he gives fresher, stronger, and deeper suggestions, that he teaches us far more, than Whipple. Again, the style of Whipple is more even, more carefully adjusted, than that of Lowell; he has fewer irrelevancies, fewer cumbersome sentences, fewer involved metaphors; and yet Lowell's *Conversation on the Old Dramatists*, his first crude prose work, still remains more fertile and suggestive to any cultivated mind than the comparatively neat and prosaic essays of Whipple. Lowell's exuberant wealth goes far to atone for his rhetorical sins; while Whipple's rhetorical virtues do not reconcile us to his lack of exuberance.

There was a good deal of the publicist in Whipple; and while he would never have had the presence or perhaps the nerve for public debate, he would have shone as private secretary to a statesman or clerk of some high commission. He had no vanity; and in such a position all his stores of knowledge and his trained skill in statement would have been placed unselfishly at his country's service. He enjoyed better, perhaps, what was in those days the cultivated decorum of English politics than the seething tumult of our own; he read the English journals, remembered past debates in Hansard, and could at any

time have sent across the Atlantic a good leading article for the *London Times*. At home his lot fell in a period of revolution; the great anti-slavery movement touched him, though not at first profoundly; and, while never a recusant, he was never a leader in those early days. He had the literary temperament, and his willingness to accept for life a vocation then somewhat subordinate and underpaid was nothing less than admirable. In his youth, it was so much easier to be a business man than to be an author that there was really something of chivalry in his thus siding with the weaker party. Even now, when we observe how much more important to any of our universities appears the man who erects for it a great building than he who honors it by a great book, we can see how much more seductive are the paths leading to wealth than those which point toward learning. Of course one may never be rich enough to pay for the building, but so he may never be wise enough to write the book; the literary temperament is seen in the decision made by a young man as to which risk he shall incur. Whipple had no hesitation: literature was his first and last choice, and he did not swerve from it; and though he never attained to wealth, and perhaps not to an immortal fame, he doubtless never repented his decision. He unquestionably had a happy life, at least in his prime; he enjoyed his profession and found a steady demand for his work; he had a circle of warm friends and a delightful home; nor was he ever forced to that overwork found by some men so crushing. No pangs of envy ever saddened or disturbed him; he liked better to write or talk of others than of himself, and, like Leyden in Scott's description, "praised other names, but left his own unsung."

He was singularly free from all borrowed or second-hand qualities; his style was perhaps formed on Macaulay, as has been said, but it is far terser

and less measured, while less pointed and brilliant; and after Macaulay he certainly had no personal master. Coleridge and Landor, Carlyle and Emerson, came and went, but left no trace upon him. Lowell in his Biglow Papers swerved sometimes into the most flagrant Carlylese, but in Whipple there is no sign of any passing or present mannerism. This too he owed to his happy equipoise of temperament, preserving him from many faults and from some merits. His latest writings were almost his best; the essay on George Eliot, for instance, was full of discrimination and sympathy. Though fond of illustration and anecdote, he was never garrulous in talk or writing; never diluted or spun out an essay, but wrote only so long as he had, or thought he had, something to say. He had a great deal of wit, and some of his phrases will long be current, at least in Boston: "the *effete* of society," "the gentlemen of wealth and pleasure," and so on. But the wit played and never wounded, in his case; when he left a club room there was no crowding together of guests who lingered to repeat his latest sarcasms, each admirer thrilling with pleasure that the bitter arrow had penetrated somebody else than himself.

Landor's one aspiration was to have a seat, however humble, upon the small bench that holds the really original authors of the world. No man can tell for himself, we can scarcely tell for another, whether any such dream has been fulfilled. A man can no more see his own genius than his own face; if he looks in the glass for the purpose, all other

expression vanishes, and the face that his friends or foes see is not there. It was one of the fortunate traits of Whipple's temperament that he cared little about the mirror; he did his work industriously and conscientiously, letting it then stand as it was done. Where so large a portion of this work is criticism, such a habit is no slight merit. Never to write frivolously, or in malice, or with any exultation of power, or in any half-conscious spirit of retaliation for what your victim and his set have said about you and your set at some other time, — this is a rare point of superiority. But this was so essential a part of Whipple's equipment that it did not actually seem like superiority in him; nobody ever imagined that he could be anything else than dispassionate, fair-minded, and self-controlled. In this magazine, where much of his writing appeared, he contributed to the first volume a paper on Intellectual Character, of which the key-note is that all intellectual success is connected with personal manliness. His conclusion is "that virtue is an aid to insight; . . . that the austerities of conscience will dictate precision to statements and exactness to arguments; that the same moral sentiments and moral power which regulate the conduct of life will illumine the path and stimulate the purpose of those daring spirits eager to add to the discoveries of truth and the creations of art." And in making these broad statements he was but explaining the manner in which thought and character stood mutually related within his own career.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FOURTH.

XLI.

HYACINTH waited a long time, but when at last Millicent came to the door the splendor of her appearance did much to justify her delay. He heard an immense rustling on the staircase, accompanied by a creaking of that inexpensive structure, and then she brushed forward into the narrow, dusky passage, where he had been standing for a quarter of an hour. She looked flushed; she exhaled a strong, cheap perfume; and she instantly thrust her muff, a tight, fat, beribboned receptacle, at him, to be held while she adjusted her gloves to her large, vulgar hands. Hyacinth opened the door — it was so natural an assumption that they would not be able to talk properly in the passage — and they came out to the low steps, where they stood in the yellow Sunday sunshine. A loud ejaculation on the beauty of the day broke from Millicent, though, as we know, she was not addicted to facile admirations. The winter was not over, but the spring had begun, and the smoky London air allowed the baffled citizens, by way of a change, to see through it. The town could refresh its recollections of the sky, and the sky could ascertain the geographical position of the town. The essential dimness of the low perspectives had by no means disappeared, but it had loosened its folds; it lingered as a blur of mist, interwoven with pretty sun-tints and faint transparencies. There was warmth and there was light, and a view of the shutters of shops, and the church-bells were ringing. Miss Henning remarked that it was a “shime” she could n’t have a place to ask a gentleman to sit down; but what were you to do when you had

such a grind for your living, and a room, to keep yourself tidy, no bigger than a pill-box? She could n’t, herself, abide waiting outside; she knew something about it when she took things home to ladies to choose (the time they spent was long enough to choose a husband!), and it always made her feel quite miserable. It was something cruel. If she could have what she liked, she knew what she would have; and she hinted at a mystic bower, where a visitor could sit and enjoy himself — with the morning paper, or a nice view out of the window, or something like that — so that, in an adjacent apartment, she could dress without getting in a fidget, which always made her red in the face.

“I don’t know how I’ve pitched on my things,” she remarked, presenting her magnificence to Hyacinth, who became aware that she had put a small, plump book into her muff. He explained that, the day being so fine, he had come to propose to her to take a walk with him, in the manner of ancient times. They might spend an hour or two in the Park, and stroll beside the Serpentine, or even paddle about on it, if she liked, and watch the lambkins, or feed the ducks, if she would put a crust in her pocket. The prospect of paddling Miss Henning entirely declined; she had no idea of wetting her flounces, and she left those rough pleasures, especially of a Sunday, to a lower class of young woman. But she did n’t mind if she did go for a turn, though he did n’t deserve any such favor, after the way he had n’t been near her, if she had died in her garret. She was not one that was to be dropped and taken up at any man’s convenience; she did n’t keep a shop, where you could come in

only if you wanted something. Millicent expressed the belief that if the day had not been so lovely she should have sent Hyacinth about his business; it was lucky for him that she was always forgiving (such was her sensitive, generous nature) when the sun was out. Only there was one thing — she could n't abide making no difference for Sunday; it was her personal habit to go to church, and she should have it on her conscience if she gave it up for a lark. Hyacinth had already been impressed, more than once, at the manner in which his blooming friend stickled for the religious observance: of all the queer disparities of her nature, her devotional turn struck him as perhaps the queerest. She held her head erect through the longest and dullest sermon, and came out of the place of worship with her fine face embellished by the publicity of her virtue. She was exasperated by the general secularity of Hyacinth's behavior, especially taken in conjunction with his general straightness, and was only consoled a little by the fact that if he did n't drink, or fight, or steal, at least he indulged in unlimited wickedness of opinion — theories as bad as anything that people got ten years for. Hyacinth had not yet revealed to her that his theories had somehow lately come to be held with less tension; an instinct of kindness had forbidden him to deprive her of a grievance which ministered so much to sociability. He had not reflected that she would have been more aggrieved, and consequently more delightful, if her condemnation of his godlessness had been deprived of confirmatory evidence.

On the present occasion she let him know that she would go for a walk with him if he would first accompany her to church; and it was in vain he represented to her that this proceeding would deprive them of their morning, inasmuch as after church she would have to dine, and in the interval there would be no

time left. She replied, with a toss of her head, that she dined when she liked; besides, on Sundays, she had cold fare — it was left out for her; an argument to which Hyacinth had to assent, his ignorance of her domestic economy being complete, thanks to the maidenly mystery, the vagueness of reference and explanation, in which, in spite of great freedom of complaint, perpetual announcements of intended change, impending promotion, and high bids for her services in other quarters, she had always enshrouded her private affairs. Hyacinth walked by her side to the place of worship she preferred — her choice was made apparently from a large experience; and as they went he remarked that it was a good job he was n't married to her. Lord, how she would bully him, how she would "squeeze" him, in such a case! The worst of it would be that — such was his amiable, peace-loving nature — he would obey, like a showman's poodle. And pray, whom was a man to obey, asked Millicent, if he was not to obey his wife? She sat up in her pew with a majesty that carried out this idea; she seemed to answer, in her proper person, for the infallibility of the Church of England, and Hyacinth had never felt himself under such distinguished protection. When she was fine there was no one so fine; the Princess Casamassima came back to him, in comparison, as a Bohemian, a spangled adventuress. He had come to see her to-day not for the sake of her austerity (he had had too gloomy a week for that), but for that of her softer side; yet now that she treated him to the severer spectacle it struck him, for the moment, as really grand sport — a kind of magnification of her rich vitality. She had her phases and caprices, like the Princess herself; and if they were not the same as those of the lady of Madeira Crescent, they proved, at least, that she was as brave a woman. No one but a capital girl

could give herself such airs ; she would have a consciousness of the large reserve of amiability required for making up for them. The Princess wished to destroy society, and Millicent wished to uphold it ; and as Hyacinth, by the side of his childhood's friend, listened to practiced intonings, he was obliged to recognize the liberality of a fate which had sometimes appeared invidious. He had been provided with the best opportunities for choosing between the beauty of the conventional and the beauty of the original.

Fortunately, on this particular Sunday, there was no sermon (fortunately, I mean, from the point of view of Hyacinth's heretical impatience), so that after the congregation dispersed there was still plenty of time for a walk in the Park. Our friends traversed that barely interrupted expanse of irrepressible herbage which stretches from the Bird-Cage Walk to Hyde Park Corner, and took their way to Kensington Gardens, beside the Serpentine. Once Millicent's devotions were over for the day (she as rigidly abstained from repeating them in the afternoon as she made a point of the first service), once she had lifted her voice in prayer and praise, she changed her *allure* ; moving to a different measure, uttering her sentiments in a high, free manner, and not minding that it should be perceived that she had on her very best gown, and was out, if need be, for the day. She was mainly engaged, for some time, in overhauling Hyacinth for his long absence, demanding some account of what he had been "up to." He listened to her philosophically, liking and enjoying her chaff, which seemed to him, oddly enough, wholesome and refreshing, and absolutely declining to satisfy her. He remarked, as he had had occasion to do before, that if he asked no explanations of her the least he had a right to expect in return was that she should let him off as easily ; and even the indignation with which she re-

ceived this plea did not make him feel that an *éclaircissement* between them could be a serious thing. There was nothing to explain, and nothing to forgive ; they were a pair of very fallible individuals, who were united much more by their weaknesses than by any consistency or fidelity that they might pretend to practice toward each other. It was an old acquaintance — the oldest thing, to-day, except Mr. Vetch's friendship, in Hyacinth's life ; and strange as this may appear, it inspired our young man with a kind of indulgent piety. The probability that Millicent "kept company" with other men had quite ceased to torment his imagination ; it was no longer necessary to his happiness to be certain about it in order that he might dismiss her from his mind. He could be as happy without it as with it, and he felt a new modesty in regard to prying into her affairs. He was so little in a position to be stern with her that her assumption that he recognized a right on her own part to chide him seemed to him only a part of her perpetual clumsiness — a clumsiness that was not soothing, but was, nevertheless, in its rich spontaneity, one of the things he liked her for.

"If you have come to see me only to make jokes at my expense, you had better have stayed away altogether," she said, with dignity, as they came out of the Green Park. "In the first place it's rude, in the second place it's silly, and in the third place I see through you."

"My dear Millicent, the motions you go through, the resentment you profess, is purely perfunctory," her companion replied. "But it does n't matter ; go on — say anything you like. I came to see you for recreation, for a little entertainment without effort of my own. I scarcely ventured to hope, however, that you would make me laugh — I have been so dismal for a long time. In fact, I am dismal still. I wish I had your disposition ! My mirth is feverish."

"The first thing I require of any friend is that he should respect me," Miss Henning announced. "You lead a bad life. I know what to think about that," she continued irrelevantly.

"And is it out of respect for you that you wish me to lead a better one? To-day, then, is so much saved out of my wickedness. Let us get on the grass," Hyacinth continued; "it is innocent and pastoral to feel it under one's feet. It's jolly to be with you; you understand everything."

"I don't understand everything you say, but I understand everything you hide," the young woman returned, as the great central expanse of Hyde Park, looking intensely green and browsable, stretched away before them.

"Then I shall soon become a mystery to you, for I mean, from this time forth, to cease to seek safety in concealment. You'll know nothing about me then, for it will be all under your nose."

"Well, there's nothing so pretty as nature," Millicent observed, surveying the smutty sheep who find pasturage in the fields that extend from Knightsbridge to the Bayswater Road. "What will you do when you're so bad you can't go to the shop?" she added, with a sudden transition. And when he asked why he should ever be so bad as that, she said she could see he *was* in a fever; she had n't noticed it at first, because he never had had any more complexion than a cheese. Was it something he had caught in some of those back slums, where he went prying about with his wicked ideas? It served him right, for taking as little good into such places as ever came out of them. Would his fine friends—a precious lot *they* were, that put it off on him to do all the nasty part!—would they find the doctor, and the port wine, and the money, and all the rest, when he was laid up perhaps for months, through their putting such rubbish into his head, and his putting it into others that could carry it

even less? Millicent stopped on the grass, in the watery sunshine, and bent on her companion an eye in which he perceived, freshly, an awakened curiosity, a friendly, reckless ray, a pledge of substantial comradeship. Suddenly she exclaimed, quitting the tone of exaggerated derision which she had used a moment before, "You little rascal, you've got something on your heart! Has your Princess given you the sack?"

"My poor girl, your talk is a queer mixture," Hyacinth murmured. "But it may well be. It is not queerer than my life."

"Well, I'm glad you admit that!" the young woman cried, walking on with a flutter of her ribbons.

"Your ideas about my ideas!" Hyacinth continued. "Yes, you should see me in the back slums. I'm a bigger Philistine than you, Miss Henning."

"You've got more ridiculous names, if that's what you mean. I don't believe that half the time you know what you do mean, yourself. I don't believe you even know, with all your thinking, what you do think. That's your disease."

"It's astonishing how you sometimes put your finger on the place," Hyacinth rejoined. "I mean to think no more—I mean to give it up. Avoid it yourself, my dear Millicent—avoid it as you would a baleful vice. It confers no true happiness. Let us live in the world of irreflective contemplation—let us live in the present hour."

"I don't care how I live, nor where I live," said Millicent, "so long as I can do as I like. It's them that are over you—it's them that cut it fine. But you never were really satisfactory to me—not as one friend should be to another," she pursued, reverting irresistibly to the concrete, and turning still upon her companion that fine fairness which had no cause to shrink from a daylight exhibition. "Do you remember that day I came back to Lomax

Place, ever so long ago, and called on poor dear Miss Pynsent (she could n't abide me; she did n't like my form), and waited till you came in, and went out for a walk with you, and had tea at a coffee-shop? Well, I don't mind telling you that you were n't satisfactory to me then, and that I consider myself remarkably good-natured, ever since, to have kept you so little up to the mark. You always tried to carry it off as if you were telling one everything, and you never told one nothing at all."

"What is it you want me to tell, my dear child?" Hyacinth inquired, putting his hand into her arm. "I'll tell you anything you like."

"I dare say, you'll tell me a lot of trash! Certainly, I tried kindness," Miss Henning declared.

"Try it again; don't give it up," said her companion, strolling along with her in close association.

She stopped short, detaching herself, though not with intention. "Well, then, has she — *has* she chucked you over?"

Hyacinth turned his eyes away; he looked at the green expanse, faintly misty in the sunshine, dotted with Sundayfied figures which made it seem larger; at the wooded boundary of the Park, beyond the grassy moat of Kensington Gardens; at a shining reach of the Serpentine on one side, and the far façades of Bayswater, brightened by the fine weather and the privilege of their view, on the other. "Well, you know I rather think so," he replied, in a moment.

"Ah, the nasty brute!" cried Millicent, as they resumed their walk.

Upwards of an hour later they were sitting under the great trees of Kensington Gardens, those scattered over the slope which rises gently from the side of the water most distant from the old red palace. They had taken possession of a couple of the chairs placed there for the convenience of that part of the public for which a penny is not, as the French say, an affair, and Millicent, of

whom such speculations were highly characteristic, had devoted considerable conjecture to the question whether the individual charged with collecting the said penny would omit to come and ask for his fee. Miss Henning liked to enjoy her pleasures *gratis*, as well as to see others do so, and even that of sitting in a penny chair could touch her more deeply in proportion as she might feel that nothing would be paid for it. The man came round, however, and after that her pleasure could only take the form of sitting as long as possible, to recover her money. This question had been settled, and two or three others, of a much weightier kind, had come up. At the moment we again participate in the conversation of the pair Millicent was leaning forward, earnest and attentive, with her hands clasped in her lap and her multitudinous silver bracelets tumbled forward upon her wrists. Her face, with its parted lips and eyes clouded to gentleness, wore an expression which Hyacinth had never seen there before, and which caused him to say to her, "After all, dear Milly, you're a good old fellow!"

"Why did you never tell me before — years ago?" she asked.

"It's always soon enough to commit an imbecility! I don't know why I tell you to-day, sitting here in a charming place, in balmy air, amid pleasing suggestions, without any reason or practical end. The story is hideous, and I have held my tongue for so long! It would have been an effort, an impossible effort, at any time, to do otherwise. Somehow, to-day it has n't been an effort; and indeed I have spoken just *because* the air is sweet, and the place ornamental, and the day a holiday, and your company exhilarating. These circumstances have had the effect that an object has if you plunge it into a cup of water — the water overflows. Only in my case it's not water, but a very foul liquid indeed. Excuse the bad odor!"

There had been a flush of excitement in Millicent's face while she listened to what had gone before; it lingered there, and as a color heightened by emotion is never unbecoming to a handsome woman, it enriched her exceptional expression. "I would n't have been so rough with you," she presently remarked.

"My dear lass, *this* is n't rough!" her companion exclaimed.

"You're all of a tremble." She put out her hand and laid it on his own, as if she had been a nurse feeling his pulse.

"Very likely. I'm a nervous little beast," said Hyacinth.

"Any one would be nervous, to think of anything so awful. And when it's yourself!" And the girl's manner represented the dreadfulness of such a contingency. "You require sympathy," she added, in a tone that made Hyacinth smile; the words sounded like a medical prescription.

"A tablespoonful every half hour," he rejoined, keeping her hand, which she was about to draw away.

"You would have been nicer, too," Millicent went on.

"How do you mean, I would have been nicer?"

"Well, I like you now," said Miss Henning. And this time she drew away her hand, as if, after such a speech, to recover her dignity.

"It's a pity I have always been so terribly under the influence of women," Hyacinth murmured, folding his arms.

He was surprised at the delicacy with which Millicent replied: "You must remember that they have a great deal to make up to you."

"Do you mean for my mother? Ah, *she* would have made it up, if they had let her! But the sex in general *have* been very nice to me," he continued. "It's wonderful, the kindness they have shown me, and the amount of pleasure I have derived from their society."

It would perhaps be inquiring too nicely to consider whether this refer-

ence to sources of consolation other than those that sprang from her own bosom had an irritating effect on Millicent; at all events, after a moment's silence, she answered it by asking, "Does *she* know — your abominable Princess?"

"Yes, but she does n't mind it."

"That's most uncommonly kind of her!" cried the girl, with a scornful laugh.

"It annoys me very much to hear you apply invidious epithets to her. You know nothing about her."

"How do you know what I know, please?" Millicent asked this question with the habit of her natural pugnacity, but the next instant she dropped her voice, as if she remembered that she was in the presence of a great misfortune. "Has n't she treated you most shamefully, and you such a regular dear?"

"Not in the least. It is I that, as you may say, have rounded on hers. She made my acquaintance because I was interested in the same things as she was. Her interest has continued, has increased, but mine, for some reason or other, has declined. She has been consistent, and I have been fickle."

"Your interest has declined, in the Princess?" Millicent questioned, following imperfectly this somewhat complicated statement.

"Oh, dear, no. I mean only in some views that I used to have."

"Ay, when you thought everything should go to the lowest! That's a good job!" Miss Henning exclaimed, with an indulgent laugh, as if, after all, Hyacinth's views and the changes in his views were not what was most important. "And your grand lady still holds for the costermongers!"

"She wants to take hold of the great question of material misery; she wants to do something to make that misery less. I don't care for her means, I don't like her processes. But when I think of what there is to be done, and

of the courage and devotion of those that set themselves to do it, it seems to me sometimes that with my reserves and scruples I'm a very poor creature."

"You *are* a poor creature—to sit there and put such accusation on yourself!" the girl flashed out. "If you have n't a spirit for yourself, I promise you I've got one for you! If she has n't chucked you over, why in the name of common sense did you say just now that she has? And why is your dear old face as white as my stocking?"

Hyacinth looked at her awhile without answering, as if he took a placid pleasure in her violence. "I don't know—I don't understand."

She put out her hand and took possession of his own; for a minute she held it, as if she wished to check herself, finding some influence in his touch that would help her. They sat in silence, looking at the ornamental water and the landscape gardening beyond, which was reflected in it; until Millicent turned her eyes again upon her companion, and remarked, "Well, that's the way I'd have served him, too!"

It took him a moment to perceive that she was alluding to the vengeance wrought upon Lord Frederick. "Don't speak of that; you'll never again hear a word about it on my lips. It's all darkness."

"I always knew you were a gentleman," the girl went on.

"A queer variety, *cara mia*," her companion rejoined, not very candidly, as we know the theories he himself had cultivated on this point. "Of course you had heard poor Pinnie's incurable indiscretions. They used to exasperate me when she was alive, but I forgive her now. It's time I should, when I begin to talk myself. I think I'm breaking up."

"Oh, it was n't Miss Pynsent; it was just yourself."

"Pray, what did I ever say, in those days?"

"It was n't what you said," Millicent answered, with refinement. "I guessed the whole business—except, of course, what she got her time for, and you being taken to that death-bed—that day I came back to the Place. Could n't you see I was turning it over? And did I ever throw it up at you, whatever high words we might have had? Therefore what I say now is no more than I thought then; it only makes you nicer."

She was crude, she was common, she even had the vice of unskillful exaggeration, for he himself honestly could not understand how the situation he had described could make him nicer. But when the faculty of affection that was in her rose, as it were, to the surface, it diffused a sense of rest, almost of protection, deepening, at any rate, the luxury of the balmy holiday, the interlude and the grind of the week's work; so that, though neither of them had dined, Hyacinth would have been delighted to sit with her there the whole afternoon. It seemed a pause in something bitter that was happening to him, making it stop awhile or pushing it off to a distance. His thoughts hovered about that with a pertinacity of which they themselves were weary; but they regarded it now with a kind of wounded indifference. It would be too much, no doubt, to say that Millicent's society appeared a compensation, but it seemed at least a resource. She too, evidently, was highly content; she made no proposal to retrace their steps. She interrogated him about his father's family, and whether they were going to let him go on like that always, without ever holding out so much as a little finger to him; and she declared, in a manner that was meant to gratify him by the indignation it conveyed, though the awkwardness of the turn made him smile, that if she were one of them she could n't "abear" the thought of a relation of hers being in such a poor way. Hyacinth already knew what Miss Henning

thought of his business at old Crooken-den's, and of the perversity of a young man of his parts contenting himself with a career which was after all a mere getting of one's living by one's 'ands. He had to do with books; but so had any shop boy who should carry such articles to the residence of purchasers; and plainly Millicent had never discovered wherein the art he practiced differed from that of a plumber or glazier. He had not forgotten the shock he once administered to her by letting her know that he wore an apron; she looked down on such conditions from the summit of her own intellectual profession, for *she* wore mantles and jackets and shawls and the long trains of robes exhibited in the window on dummies of wire, and taken down to be transferred to her own undulating person, and had never a scrap to do with making them up, but just with talking about them, and showing them off, and persuading people of their beauty and cheapness. It had been a source of endless comfort to her, in her arduous evolution, that she herself never worked with her 'ands. Hyacinth answered her inquiries, as he had answered his own of old, by asking her what those people owed to the son of a person who had brought murder and mourning into their bright sublimities, and whether she thought he was very highly recommended to them. His question made her reflect for a moment; after which she returned, with the finest spirit, "Well, if your position was so miserable, ain't that all the more reason they should give you a lift? Oh, it's something cruel!" she cried; and she added that in his place she would have found a way to bring herself under their notice. *She* would n't have drudged out her life in Soho, if she had had gentlefolks' blood in her veins! "If they had noticed you, they would have liked you," she was so good as to remark; but she immediately remembered, also, that in that case he would have been

carried away quite over her head. She was not prepared to say that she would have given him up, little good as she had ever got of him. In that case he would have been thick with real swells, and she emphasized the "real" by way of a thrust at the fine lady of Madeira Crescent—an artifice which was wasted, however, inasmuch as Hyacinth was sure she had extracted from Sholto a tolerably detailed history of the personage in question. Millicent was tender and tenderly sportive, and he was struck with the fact that his base birth really made little impression upon her; she accounted it an accident much less grave than he had been in the habit of doing. She was touched and moved; but what moved her was his story of his mother's dreadful revenge, her long imprisonment, and his childish visit to the jail, with the later discovery of his peculiar footing in the world. These things produced a generous agitation—something the same in kind as the impressions she had occasionally derived from the perusal of the *Family Herald*. What affected her most, and what she came back to, was the whole element of Lord Frederick and the misery of Hyacinth's having got so little good out of his affiliation to that nobleman. She could n't get over her friend's not having done something, though her imagination was still vague as to what he might have done. It was the queerest thing in the world, to Hyacinth, to find her apparently assuming that if he had not been so perverse he might have "worked" the whole dark episode as a source of distinction, of glory. *She* would n't have been a nobleman's daughter for nothing! Oh, the left hand was as good as the right; her respectability, for the moment, did n't care for that! His long silence was what most astonished her; it put her out of patience, and there was a strange candor in her wonderment at his not having bragged about his grand relations. They had become vivid and

concrete to her now, in comparison with the timid shadows that Pinnie had set into spasmodic circulation. Millicent pumped about in the hushed past of her companion with the oddest mixture of sympathy and criticism, and with good intentions which had the effect of profane voices holloaing for echoes.

"Me only — me and her? Certainly, I ought to be obliged, even though it is late in the day. The first time you saw her I suppose you told her — that night you went into her box at the theatre, eh? She'd have worse to tell you, I'm sure, if she was equally frank. And do you mean to say you never broke it to your big friend in the chemical line?"

"No, we have never talked about it."

"Men are rare creatures!" Millicent cried. "You never so much as mentioned it?"

"It was n't necessary. He knew it otherwise — he knew it through his sister."

"How do you know that, if he never spoke?"

"Oh, because he was jolly good to me," said Hyacinth.

"Well, I don't suppose that ruined him," Miss Henning rejoined. "And how did his sister know it?"

"Oh, I don't know; she guessed it."

Millicent stared. "It was none of her business." Then she added, "He *was* jolly good to you? Ain't he good to you now?" She asked this question in her loud, free voice, which rang through the bright stillness of the place.

Hyacinth delayed for a minute to answer her, and when at last he did so it was without looking at her: "I don't know; I can't make it out."

"Well, I can, then!" And Millicent jerked him round toward her, and inspected him with her big bright eyes. "You silly baby, has *he* been serving you" — She pressed her question upon him; she asked if that was what disagreed with him. His lips gave her no

answer, but apparently, after an instant, she found one in his face. "Has he been making up to her ladyship — is that his game?" she broke out. "Do you mean to say she'd look at the likes of him?"

"The likes of him? He's as fine a man as stands!" said Hyacinth. "They have the same views, they are doing the same work."

"Oh, he has n't changed *his* opinions, then — not like you?"

"No, he knows what he wants; he knows what he thinks."

"Very much the same work, I'll be bound!" cried Millicent, in large derision. "He knows what he wants, and I dare say he'll get it."

Hyacinth got up, turning away from her; but she also rose, and passed her hand into his arm. "It's their own business; they can do as they please."

"Oh, don't try to be a saint; you put me out of patience!" the girl responded, with characteristic energy. "They're a precious pair, and it would do me good to hear you say so."

"A man should n't turn against his friends," Hyacinth went on, with desperate sententiousness.

"That's for them to remember; there's no danger of *your* forgetting it." They had begun to walk, but she stopped him; she was suddenly smiling at him, and her face was radiant. She went on, with caressing inconsequence: "All that you have told me — it *has* made you nicer."

"I don't see that, but it has certainly made you so. My dear girl, you're a comfort," Hyacinth added, as they strolled on again.

XLII.

Hyacinth had no intention of going in the evening to Madeira Crescent, and that is why he asked his companion, before they separated, if he might not see her again, after tea. The evenings were

bitter to him now, and he feared them in advance. The darkness had become a haunted element; it had visions for him, that passed even before his closed eyes — sharp doubts and fears and suspicions, suggestions of evil, revelations of suffering. He wanted company, to light up his gloom, and this had driven him back to Millicent, in a manner not altogether consistent with the respect which it was still his theory that he owed to his nobler part. He felt no longer free to drop in at the Crescent, and tried to persuade himself, in case his mistrust should be overdone, that his reasons were reasons of magnanimity. If Paul Muniment were seriously occupied with the Princess, if they had work in hand for which their most earnest attention was required (and Sunday was very likely to be the day they would take; they had spent so much of the previous Sunday together), it would be delicate on his part to stay away, to leave his friend a clear field. There was something inexpressibly representative to him in the way that friend had abruptly decided to reënter the house, after pausing outside with its mistress, at the moment he himself stood peering through the fog with the Prince. The movement repeated itself, innumerable times, to his mental vision, suggesting to him things that he could not bear to learn. Hyacinth was afraid of being jealous, even after he had become so, and to prove to himself that he was not he had gone to see the Princess one evening in the middle of the week. Had not he wanted Paul to know her, months and months before, and now was he to entertain a vile feeling at the first manifestation of an intimacy which rested, in each party to it, upon aspirations that he respected? The Princess had not been at home, and he had turned away from the door without asking for Madame Grandoni; he had not forgotten that on the occasion of his previous visit she had excused herself from remaining in the drawing-room. After

the little maid in the Crescent had told him the Princess was out, he walked away with a quick curiosity — a curiosity which, if he had listened to it, would have led him to mount upon the first omnibus that traveled in the direction of South Lambeth. Was Paul Muniment, who was such a rare one, in general, for stopping at home of an evening — was he also out, and would Rosy, in this case, be in the humor to mention (for of course she would know) where he had gone? Hyacinth let the omnibus pass, for he suddenly became aware, with a throb of horror, that he was in danger of playing the spy. He had not been near Muniment since, on purpose to leave his curiosity unsatisfied. He allowed himself, however, to notice that the Princess had now not written him a word of consolation, as she had been so kind as to do once or twice before, when he had knocked at her door without finding her. At present he had missed her twice in succession, and yet she had given no sign of regret — regret even for him. This determined him to stay away awhile longer; it was such a proof that she was absorbingly occupied. Hyacinth's glimpse of the Princess in earnest conversation with Muniment as they returned from the excursion described by the Prince, his memory of Paul's relenting figure crossing the threshold once more, could leave him no doubt as to the degree of that absorption.

Millicent hesitated when Hyacinth proposed to her that they should finish the day together. She smiled, and her handsome eyes rested on his with an air of indulgent interrogation; they seemed to ask whether it were worth her while, in face of his probable incredulity, to mention the *real* reason why she could not have the pleasure of acceding to his delightful suggestion. Since he would be sure to deride her explanation, would not some trumped-up excuse do as well, since he could knock that about without

hurting her? I know not exactly in what sense Miss Henning decided; but she confessed at last that there *was* an odious obstacle to their meeting again later — a promise she had made to go and see a young lady, the forewoman of her department, who was kept in-doors with a bad face, and nothing in life to help her pass the time. She was under a pledge to spend the evening with her, and it was not her way to disappoint an expectation. Hyacinth made no comment on this speech; he received it in silence, looking at the girl gloomily.

"I know what's passing in your mind!" Millicent suddenly broke out. "Why don't you say it at once, and give me a chance to contradict it? I ought n't to care, but I do care!"

"Stop, stop — don't let us fight!" Hyacinth spoke in a tone of pleading weariness; she had never heard just that accent before.

Millicent considered a moment. "I've a mind to play her false. She is a real lady, highly connected, and the best friend I have — I don't count men," the girl interpolated, smiling — "and there is n't one in the world I'd do such a thing for but you."

"No, keep your promise; don't play any false," said Hyacinth.

"Well, you *are* a gentleman!" Miss Henning murmured, with a sweetness that her voice occasionally took.

"Especially" — Hyacinth began; but he suddenly stopped.

"Especially what? Something impudent, I'll engage! Especially as you don't believe me?"

"Oh, no! Don't let's fight!" he repeated.

"Fight, my darling? I'd fight *for* you!" Miss Henning declared.

Hyacinth offered himself, after tea, the choice between a visit to Lady Aurora and a pilgrimage to Lisson Grove. He was in a little doubt about the former alternative, having an idea that her ladyship's family might have returned

to Belgrave Square. He reflected, however, that he could not recognize that as a reason for not going to see her; his relations with her were not clandestine, and she had given him the kindest general invitation. If her unjust relations were at home, she was probably at dinner with them; he would take that risk. He had taken it before, without disastrous results. He was determined not to spend the evening alone, and he would keep the Poupins as a more substantial alternative, in case her ladyship should not be able to receive him.

As soon as the great portal in Belgrave Square was drawn open before him, he perceived that the house was occupied and animated — if the latter term might properly be applied to so severe and stately an establishment. The place was pervaded by subdued light and tall domestics. Hyacinth found himself looking down a kind of colonnade of colossal footmen, an array more imposing even than the retinue of the Princess at Medley. His inquiry died away on his lips, and he stood there struggling with dumbness. It was manifest to him that some high festival was taking place, at which his presence could only be deeply irrelevant; and when a large official, out of livery, bending over him for a voice that faltered, suggested, not unencouragingly, that it might be Lady Aurora he wished to see, he replied in a low, melancholy accent, "Yes, yes, but it can't be possible!" The butler took no pains to controvert this proposition verbally; he merely turned round, with a majestic air of leading the way, and as at the same moment two of the footmen closed the wings of the door behind the visitor Hyacinth judged that it was his cue to follow him. In this manner, after traversing a passage where, in the perfect silence of the servants, he heard the shorter click of his plebeian shoes upon a marble floor, he found himself ushered into a small apartment, lighted by a veiled lamp, which, when he had

been left there alone, without further remark on the part of his conductor, he recognized as the scene—only now more amply decorated—of one of his former interviews. Lady Aurora kept him waiting a few moments, and then fluttered in with an anxious, incoherent apology. The same transformation had taken place in her own appearance as in the aspect of her parental halls: she had on a light-colored, crumpled-looking, faintly-rustling dress; her head was adorned with a kind of languid plume, terminating in little pink tips; and in her hand she carried a pair of white gloves. All her repressed eagerness was in her face, and she smiled, as if she wished to anticipate any scruples or embarrassments on the part of her visitor; frankly recognizing the brilliancy of her attire and the startling implications it might convey. Hyacinth said to her that, no doubt, on perceiving her family had returned to town, he ought to have backed out; he knew that must make a difference in her life. But he had been marched in, in spite of himself, and now it was clear that he had interrupted her at dinner. She answered that no one who asked for her at any hour was ever turned away; she had managed to arrange that, and she was very happy in her success. She did n't usually dine—there were so many of them, and it took so long. Most of her friends could n't come at visiting-hours, and it would n't be right that she should n't ever receive them. On that occasion she *had* been dining, but it was all over; she was only sitting there because she was going to a party. Her parents were dining out, and she was just in the drawing-room with some of her sisters. When they were alone it was n't so long, though it was rather long afterwards, in the dressing-room. It was n't time yet; the carriage would n't come for nearly half an hour. She had n't been to an evening thing for months and months, but—did n't he

know?—one sometimes had to do it. Lady Aurora expressed the idea that one ought to be fair all round, and that one's duties were not all of the same kind; some of them would come up, from time to time, that were quite different from the others. Of course it was n't just, unless one did all, and that was why she was going to a thing this evening. It was something very small—a sort of family thing, at some of their relations'. Since they had given her that room, for any hour she wanted (it was really tremendously convenient), she had determined to do a party now and then, like a respectable young woman, because it pleased them—though why it should, to see *her* at a place, was more than she could imagine. She supposed it was because it would perhaps keep some people, a little, from thinking she was mad, and not safe to be at large—which was of course a sort of thing that people did n't like to have thought of their belongings. Lady Aurora explained and expatiated with a kind of nervous superabundance; she talked more continuously than Hyacinth had ever heard her do before, and the young man saw that she was not in her natural equilibrium. He thought it scarcely probable that she was excited by the simple prospect of again dipping into the great world she had forsworn, and he presently perceived that he himself had an agitating effect upon her. His senses were fine enough to make him feel that he revived certain associations and quickened certain wounds. She suddenly stopped talking, and the two sat there looking at each other, in a kind of occult community of suffering. Hyacinth made several mechanical remarks, explaining, insufficiently, why he had come, and in the course of a very few moments, quite independently of these observations, it seemed to him that there was a deeper, a measurelessly deep, confidence between them. A tacit confession passed and repassed,

and each understood the situation of the other. They would n't speak of it — it was very definite that they would never do that; for there was something in their common consciousness that was inconsistent with the grossness of accusation. Besides, the grievance of each was an apprehension, an instinct of the soul — not a sharp, definite wrong, supported by proof. It was in the air and in their restless pulses, and not in anything that they could exhibit or complain of. Strange enough it seemed to Hyacinth that the history of each should be the counterpart of that of the other. What had each done but lose that which he or she had never had? Things had gone ill with them; but even if they had gone well, if the Princess had not combined with his friend in that manner which made his heart sink, and produced an effect exactly corresponding upon that of Lady Aurora — even in this case, what would prosperity, what would success, have amounted to? They would have been very barren. He was sure the singular creature before him would never have had a chance to take the unprecedented social step for the sake of which she was ready to go forth from Belgrave Square forever; Hyacinth had judged the smallness of Paul Muniment's appetite for that complication sufficiently to have begun really to pity her ladyship long ago. And now, even when he most felt the sweetness of her sympathy, he might wonder what she could have imagined for him in the event of his not having been supplanted — what security, what completer promotion, what honorable, satisfying sequel. They were unhappy because they were unhappy, and they were right not to rail about that.

"Oh, I like to see you — I like to talk with you," said Lady Aurora, simply. They talked for a quarter of an hour, and he made her such a visit as any gentleman might have made to any lady. They exchanged remarks about

the lateness of the spring, about the loan exhibition at Burlington House — which Hyacinth had paid his shilling to see — about the question of opening the museums on Sundays, about the danger of too much coddling legislation on behalf of the working-classes. He declared that it gave him great pleasure to see any sign of her amusing herself; it was unnatural never to do that, and he hoped that now she had taken a turn she would keep it up. At this she looked down, smiling, at her frugal finery, and then she replied, "I dare say I shall begin to go to balls — who knows?"

"That's what our friends in Audley Court think, you know — that it's the worst mistake you can make, not to drink deep of the cup while you have it."

"Oh, I'll do it, then — I'll do it for them!" Lady Aurora exclaimed. "I dare say that, as regards all that, I have n't listened to them enough." This was the only allusion that passed on the subject of the Muniments.

Hyacinth got up — he had stayed long enough, as she was going out; and as he held out his hand to her she seemed to him a heroine. She would try to cultivate the pleasures of her class if *they* thought it right — try even to be a woman of fashion, in order to console herself. Paul Muniment did n't care for her, but she was capable of considering that it might be her duty to regulate her life by the very advice that made an abyss between them. Hyacinth did n't believe in the success of this attempt; there passed before his imagination a picture of the poor lady coming home and pulling off her feathers forever, after an evening spent in watching the agitation of a ball-room, from the outer edge of the circle, with a white, elongated face. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," he said, laughing.

"Oh, I don't mind dying."

"I think I do," Hyacinth declared,

as he turned away. There had been no mention whatever of the Princess.

It was early enough in the evening for him to risk a visit to Lisson Grove; he calculated that the Poupins would still be sitting up. When he reached their house he found this calculation justified; the brilliancy of the light in the window appeared to announce that Madame was holding a *salon*. He ascended to this apartment without delay (it was free to a visitor to open the house-door himself), and, having knocked, obeyed the hostess's invitation to come in. Poupin and his wife were seated, with a third person, at a table in the middle of the room, round a staring kerosene lamp, adorned with a globe of clear glass, of which the transparency was mitigated only by a circular pattern of bunches of grapes. The third person was his friend Schinkel, who had been a member of the little party that waited upon Hoffendahl. No one said anything as Hyacinth came in; but, in their silence, the three others got up, looking at him, as he thought, rather strangely.

BOOK FIFTH.

XLIII.

"My child, you are always welcome," said Eustache Poupin, taking Hyacinth's hand in both his own and holding it for some moments. An impression had come to our young man, immediately, that they were talking about him before he came in, and that they would rather have been left to talk at their ease. He even thought he saw in Poupin's face the kind of consciousness that comes from detection, or at least interruption, in a nefarious act. With Poupin, however, it was difficult to tell; he always looked so heated and exalted, so like a conspirator defying the approach of justice. Hyacinth's eyes turned to the

others: they were standing as if they had shuffled something on the table out of sight, as if they had been engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit coin. Poupin kept hold of his hand; the Frenchman's ardent eyes, fixed, unwinking, always expressive of the greatness of the occasion, whatever the occasion was, had never seemed to him to protrude so far from his head. "Ah, my dear friend, *nous causions justement de vous*," Eustache remarked, as if this were a very extraordinary fact.

"Oh, nous causions — nous causions!" his wife exclaimed, as if to deprecate an indiscreet exaggeration. "One may mention a friend, I suppose, in the way of conversation, without taking such a liberty."

"A cat may look at a king, as your English proverb says," added Schinkel, jocosely. He smiled so hard at his own pleasantry that his eyes closed up and vanished — an effect which Hyacinth, who had observed it before, thought particularly unbecoming to him, appearing as it did to administer the last perfection to his ugliness. He would have consulted his interests by always looking grave.

"Oh, a king, a king!" murmured Poupin, shaking his head up and down. "That's what it's not good to be, *au point où nous en sommes*."

"I just came in to wish you good-night," said Hyacinth. "I'm afraid it's rather late for a call, though Schinkel is here."

"It's always too late, my very dear, when you come," the Frenchman rejoined. "You know if you have a place at our fireside."

"I esteem it too much to disturb it," said Hyacinth, smiling, and looking round at the three.

"We can easily sit down again; we are a comfortable party. Put yourself beside me." And the Frenchman drew a chair close to the one, at the table, that he had just quitted.

"He has had a long walk, he is tired — he will certainly accept a little glass," Madame Poupin announced with decision, moving toward the tray containing the small gilded *liqueur* service.

"We will each accept one, *ma bonne* ; it is a very good occasion for a drop of *fine*," her husband interposed, while Hyacinth seated himself in the chair his host had designated. Schinkel resumed his place, which was opposite ; he looked across at Hyacinth, without speaking, but his long face continued to flatten itself into a representation of mirth. He had on a green coat, which Hyacinth had seen before ; it was a garment of ceremony, and such as our young man judged it would have been impossible to procure in London or in any modern time. It was eminently German and of high antiquity, and had a tall, stiff, clumsy collar, which came up to the wearer's ears and almost concealed his perpetual bandage. When Hyacinth had sat down, Eustache Poupin did not take possession of his own chair, but stood beside him, resting his hand on his head. At that touch something came over Hyacinth, and his heart sprang into his throat. The idea that occurred to him, conveyed in Poupin's whole manner, as well as in the reassuring intention of that caress and in his wife's uneasy, instant offer of refreshment, explained the embarrassment of the circle, and reminded our young man of the engagement he had taken with himself to exhibit an extraordinary quietness when a certain crisis in his life should have arrived. It seemed to him that this crisis was in the air, very near — that he should touch it if he made another movement ; the pressure of the Frenchman's hand, which was meant as a solvent, only operated as a warning. As he looked across at Schinkel he felt dizzy and a little sick ; for a moment, to his senses, the room whirled round. His resolution to be quiet appeared only too easy to keep ; he could n't break it even

to the extent of speaking. He knew that his voice would tremble, and that is why he made no answer to Schinkel's rather honeyed words, uttered after an hesitation : "*Also*, my dear Robinson, have you passed your Sunday well — have you had an 'appy day ?" Why was every one so endearing ? His eyes questioned the table, but encountered nothing but its well-wiped surface, polished for so many years by the gustatory elbows of the Frenchman and his wife, and the lady's dirty pack of cards for "*patience*" (she had apparently been engaged in this exercise when Schinkel came in), which indeed gave a little the impression of gamblers surprised, who might have shuffled away the stakes. Madame Poupin, who had dived into a cupboard, came back with a bottle of green *char-treuse*, an apparition which led the German to exclaim, "*Lieber Gott*, you Vrench, you Vrench, how well you manage ! What would you have more ?"

The hostess distributed the liquor, but Hyacinth was scarcely able to swallow it, though it was highly appreciated by his companions. His indifference to this luxury excited much discussion and conjecture, the others bandying theories and contradictions, and even ineffectual jokes, about him, over his head, with a volubility which seemed to him unnatural. Poupin and Schinkel professed the belief that there must be something very curious the matter with a man who could n't smack his lips over a drop of that tap ; he must either be in love, or have some still more insidious complaint. It was true that Hyacinth was always in love — that was no secret to his friends — and it had never been observed to stop his thirst. The Frenchwoman poured scorn on this view of the case, declaring that the effect of the tender passion was to make one enjoy one's victual (when everything went straight, *bien entendu* ; and how could an ear be deaf to the whisperings of such a dear little *bon-homme* as Hyacinth ?) ; in proof of which

she deposed that she had never eaten and drunk with such relish as at the time — oh, it was far away now — when she had a soft spot in her heart for her rascal of a husband. For Madame Poupin to allude to her husband as a rascal indicated a high degree of conviviality. Hyacinth sat staring at the empty table, with the feeling that he was, somehow, a detached, irresponsible witness of the evolution of his fate. Finally he looked up, and said to his friends, collectively, “What on earth’s the matter with you all?” And he followed this inquiry by an invitation that they should tell him what it was they had been saying about him, since they admitted that he had been the subject of their conversation. Madame Poupin answered for them, that they had simply been saying how much they loved him, but that they wouldn’t love him any more if he became suspicious and *grincheux*. She had been telling Mr. Schinkel’s fortune on the cards, and she would tell Hyacinth’s if he liked. There was nothing much for Mr. Schinkel, only that he would find something, some day, that he had lost, but would probably lose it again, and serve him right if he did! He objected that he had never had anything to lose, and never expected to have; but that was a vain remark, inasmuch as the time was fast coming when every one would have something — though indeed it was to be hoped that he would keep it when he had got it. Eustache rebuked his wife for her levity, reminded her that their young friend cared nothing for old women’s tricks, and said he was sure Hyacinth had come to talk over a very different matter — the question (he was so good as to take an interest in it, as he had done in everything that related to them) of the terms which M. Poupin might owe it to himself, to his dignity, to a just though not exaggerated sentiment of his value, to make in accepting Mr. Crookenden’s offer of the foremanship

of the establishment in Soho; an offer not yet formally enunciated, but visibly in the air, and destined — it would seem, at least — to arrive within a day or two. The old foreman was going to set up for himself. The Frenchman intimated that before accepting any such proposal he must have the most substantial guarantees. “Il me faudrait des conditions très-particulières.” It was singular to Hyacinth to hear M. Poupin talk so comfortably about these high contingencies, the chasm by which he himself was divided from the future having suddenly doubled its width. His host and hostess sat down on either side of him, and Poupin gave a sketch, in somewhat sombre tints, of the situation in Soho, enumerating certain elements of decomposition which he perceived to be at work there, and which he would not undertake to deal with unless he should be given a completely free hand. Did Schinkel understand, and was that what Schinkel was grinning at? Did Schinkel understand that poor Eustache was the victim of an absurd hallucination, and that there was not the smallest chance of his being invited to assume a lieutenancy? He had less capacity for tackling the British workman to-day than when he began to rub shoulders with him, and Mr. Crookenden had never in his life made a mistake, at least in the use of his tools. Hyacinth’s responses were few and mechanical, and he presently ceased to try to look as if he were entering into the Frenchman’s ideas.

“You have some news — you have some news about me,” he remarked, abruptly, to Schinkel. “You don’t like it, you don’t like to have to give it to me, and you came to ask our friends here whether they would n’t help you out with it. But I don’t think they will assist you particularly, poor dears! Why do you mind? You ought n’t to mind more than I do. That is n’t the way.”

“Qu’est-ce qu’il dit — qu’est-ce qu’il dit, le pauvre chéri?” Madame Poupin

demanded, eagerly; while Schinkel looked very hard at her husband, as if to ask for direction.

"My dear child, *vous vous faites des idées!*" the latter exclaimed, laying his hand on him remonstrantly.

But Hyacinth pushed away his chair and got up. "If you have anything to tell me, it is cruel of you to let me see it, as you have done, and yet not to satisfy me."

"Why should I have anything to tell you?" Schinkel asked.

"I don't know that, but I believe you have. I perceive things, I guess things, quickly. That's my nature at all times, and I do it much more now."

"You do it indeed; it is very wonderful," said Schinkel.

"Mr. Schinkel, will you do me the pleasure to go away—I don't care where—out of this house?" Madame Poupin broke out in French.

"Yes, that will be the best thing, and I will go with you," said Hyacinth.

"If you would retire, my child, I think it would be a service that you would render us," Poupin returned, appealing to his young friend. "Won't you do us the justice to believe that you may leave your interests in our hands?"

Hyacinth hesitated a moment; it was now perfectly clear to him that Schinkel had some sort of message for him, and his curiosity as to what it might be had become nearly intolerable. "I am surprised at your weakness," he observed, as sternly as he could manage it, to Poupin.

The Frenchman stared at him an instant, and then fell on his neck. "You are sublime, my young friend—you are sublime!"

"Will you be so good as to tell me what you are going to do with that young man?" demanded Madame Poupin, glaring at Schinkel.

"It's none of your business, my poor lady," Hyacinth replied, disengaging

himself from her husband. "Schinkel, I wish you would walk away with me."

"Calmons-nous, entendons-nous, expliquons-nous! The situation is very simple," Poupin went on.

"I will go with you, if it will give you pleasure," said Schinkel, very obligingly, to Hyacinth.

"Then you will give me that letter first!" Madame Poupin, erecting herself, declared to the German.

"My wife, you are an imbecile!" Poupin groaned, lifting his hands and shoulders and turning away.

"I may be an imbecile, but I won't be a party—no, God help me, not to that!" protested the Frenchwoman, planted before Schinkel as if to prevent his moving.

"If you have a letter for me, you ought to give it to me," said Hyacinth to Schinkel. "You have no right to give it to any one else."

"I will bring it to you in your house, my good friend," Schinkel replied, with a little wink that seemed to say that Madame Poupin would have to be considered.

"Oh, in his house—I'll go to his house!" cried the lady. "I regard you, I have always regarded you, as my child," she declared to Hyacinth, "and if this is n't an occasion for a mother!"

"It's you that are making it an occasion. I don't know what you are talking about," said Hyacinth. He had been questioning Schinkel's eye, and he thought he saw there a little twinkle of assurance that he might really depend upon him. "I have disturbed you, and I think I had better go away."

Poupin had turned round again; he seized the young man's arm eagerly, as if to prevent his retiring before he had given a certain satisfaction. "How can you care, when you know everything is changed?"

"What do you mean—everything is changed?"

"Your opinions, your sympathies, your whole attitude. I don't approve of it — *je le constate*. You have withdrawn your confidence from the people; you have said things in this spot, where you stand now, that have given pain to my wife and me."

"If we did n't love you, we should say that you had betrayed us!" cried Madame Poupin, quickly, taking her husband's idea.

"Oh, I shall never betray you," said Hyacinth, smiling.

"You will never betray us — of course you think so. But you have no right to act for the people when you have ceased to believe in the people. Il faut être conséquent, nom de Dieu," Poupin went on.

"You will give up all thoughts of acting for me — *je ne permets pas ça!*" exclaimed his wife.

"It is probably not of importance — only a little fraternal greeting," Schinkel suggested, soothingly.

"We repudiate you, we deny you, we denounce you!" shouted Poupin, more and more excited.

"My poor friends, it is you who have broken down, not I," said Hyacinth. "I am much obliged to you for your solicitude, but the inconsequence is yours. At all events, good-night."

He turned away from them, and was leaving the room, when Madame Poupin threw herself upon him, as her husband had done a moment before, but in silence, and with an extraordinary force of passion and distress. Being stout and powerful, she quickly got the better of him, and pressed him to her ample bosom in a long, dumb embrace.

"I don't know what you want me to do," said Hyacinth, as soon as he could speak. "It's for me to judge of my convictions."

"We want you to do nothing, because we *know* you have changed," Poupin replied. "Does n't it stick out of you, in every glance of your eye and every

breath of your life? It's only for that, because that alters everything."

"Does it alter my engagement? There are some things in which one can't change. I did n't promise to believe; I promised to obey."

"We want you to be sincere — that is the great thing," said Poupin edifyingly. "I will go to see them — I will make them understand."

"Ah, you should have done that before!" Madame Poupin groaned.

"I don't know whom you are talking about, but I will allow no one to meddle in my affairs." Hyacinth spoke with sudden vehemence; the scene was cruel to his nerves, which were not in a condition to bear it.

"When it is Hoffendahl, it is no good to meddle," Schinkel remarked, smiling.

"And pray, who is Hoffendahl, and what authority has he got?" demanded Madame Poupin, who had caught his meaning. "Who has put him over us all, and is there nothing to do but to lie down in the dust before him? Let him attend to his little affairs himself, and not put them off on innocent children, no matter whether they are with us or against us."

This protest went so far that, evidently, Poupin felt a little ashamed of his wife. "He has no authority but what we give him; but you know that we respect him, that he is one of the pure, *ma bonne*. Hyacinth can do exactly as he likes; he knows that as well as we do. He knows there is not a feather's weight of compulsion; he knows that, for my part, I long since ceased to expect anything from him."

"Certainly, there is no compulsion," said Schinkel. "It's to take or to leave. Only *they* keep the books."

Hyacinth stood there before the three, with his eyes on the floor. "Of course I can do as I like, and what I like is what I *shall* do. Besides, what are we talking about, with such sudden passion?" he asked, looking up. "I have

no summons, I have no sign. When the call reaches me, it will be time to discuss it. Let it come, or not come: it's not my affair."

"Certainly, it is not your affair," said Schinkel.

"I can't think why M. Paul has never done anything, all this time, knowing that everything is different now!" Madame Poupin exclaimed.

"Yes, my dear boy, I don't understand our friend," her husband remarked, watching Hyacinth with suspicious, contentious eyes.

"It's none of his business, any more than ours; it's none of any one's business!" Schinkel declared.

"Muniment walks straight; the best thing you can do is to imitate him," said Hyacinth, trying to pass Poupin, who had placed himself before the door.

"Promise me only this — not to do anything till I have seen you first," the Frenchman begged, almost piteously.

"My poor old friend, you are very weak." And Hyacinth opened the door, in spite of him, and passed out.

"Ah, well, if you *are* with us, that's all I want to know!" the young man heard him say, behind him, at the top of the stairs, in a different voice, a tone of sudden, exaggerated fortitude.

XLIV.

Hyacinth hurried down and got out of the house, but he had not the least intention of losing sight of Schinkel. The odd behavior of the Poupins was a surprise and annoyance, and he had wished to shake himself free from it. He was candidly astonished at the alarm they were so good as to feel for him, for he had never perceived that they had gone round to the hope that the note he had signed (as it were) for Hoffendahl would not be presented. What had he said, what had he done, after all, to give them the right to fasten on him the

charge of apostasy? He had always been a free critic of everything, and it was natural that, on certain occasions, in the little parlor in Lisson Grove, he should have spoken in accordance with that freedom; but it was only with the Princess that he had permitted himself really to rail at the democracy, and given the full measure of his skepticism. He would have thought it indelicate to express contempt for the opinions of his old foreign friends, to whom associations that made them memorable were attached; and, moreover, for Hyacinth, a change of heart was, in the nature of things, much more an occasion for a hush of publicity and a kind of retrospective reserve; it could not prompt one to aggression or jubilation. When one had but lately discovered what could be said on the opposite side one did not want to boast of one's sharpness — not even when one's new convictions cast shadows that looked like the ghosts of the old.

Hyacinth lingered in the street, a certain distance from the house, watching for Schinkel's exit, and prepared to remain there, if necessary, till the dawn of another day. He had said to his friends, just before, that the manner in which the communication they looked so askance at should reach him was none of his business — it might reach him as it could. This was true enough in theory, but in fact his desire was overwhelming to know what Madame Poupin had meant by her allusion to a letter, destined for him, in Schinkel's possession — an allusion confirmed by Schinkel's own virtual acknowledgment. It was indeed this eagerness that had driven him out of the house, for he had reason to believe that the German would not fail him, and it galled his suspense to see the foolish Poupins try to interpose, to divert the mission from its course. He waited and waited, in the faith that Schinkel was dealing with them in his slow, categorical Teutonic

way, and only objurgated the cabinet-maker for having in the first place dallied with his sacred trust. Why had n't he come straight to him — whatever the mysterious document was — instead of talking it over with the inconsequents? Passers were rare, at this hour, in Lison Grove, and lights were mainly extinguished; there was nothing to look at but the vista of the low black houses, the dim, interspaced street-lamps, the prowling cats who darted occasionally across the road, and the terrible, mysterious, far-off stars, which appeared to him more than ever to see everything and to tell nothing. A policeman creaked along on the opposite side of the way, looking across at him as he passed, and stood for some minutes on the corner, as if to keep an eye on him. Hyacinth had leisure to reflect that the day was perhaps not far off when a policeman might have his eye on him for a very good reason — might walk up and down, pass and repass, as he mounted guard over him.

It seemed horribly long before Schinkel came out of the house, but it was probably only half an hour. In the stillness of the street he heard Poupin let his visitor out, and at the sound he stepped back into the recess of a doorway on the same side, so that, in looking out, the Frenchman should not see him waiting. There was another delay, for the two stood talking together interminably and in a low tone on the doorstep. At last, however, Poupin went in again, and then Schinkel came down the street towards Hyacinth, who had calculated that he would proceed in that direction, it being, as Hyacinth happened to know, that of his own lodging. After he had heard Poupin go in, he stopped, and looked up and down; it was evidently his idea that Hyacinth would be waiting for him. Our hero stepped out of the shallow recess in which he had been flattening himself, and came straight to him, and the two

men stood there face to face, in the dusky, empty, sordid street.

"You did n't let them have the letter?"

"Oh no, I retained it," said Schinkel, with his eyes more than ever like invisible points.

"Then had n't you better give it to me?"

"We will talk of that — we will talk." Schinkel made no motion to satisfy his friend; he had his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and his appearance was characterized by an exasperating assumption that they had the whole night before them. He was intolerably deliberate.

"Why should we talk? Have n't you talked enough with those people, all the evening? What have they to say about it? What right have you to detain a letter that belongs to me?"

"*Erlauben Sie*: I will light my pipe," the German remarked. And he proceeded to this business, methodically, while Hyacinth's pale, excited face showed in the glow of the match that he ignited on the rusty railing beside them. "It is not yours unless I have given it to you," Schinkel went on, as they walked along. "Be patient, and I will tell you," he added, passing his hand into his companion's arm. "Your way, not so? We will go down toward the Park." Hyacinth tried to be patient, and he listened with interest when Schinkel said, "She tried to take it; she attacked me with her hands. But that was not what I went for, to give it up."

"Is she mad? I don't recognize them," Hyacinth murmured.

"No, but they love you."

"Why, then, do they try to disgrace me?"

"They think it is no disgrace, if you have changed."

"That's very well for her; but it's pitiful for him, and I declare it surprises me."

"Oh, he came round, and he helped me to resist. He pulled his wife off. It was the first shock," said Schinkel.

"You ought n't to have shocked them, my dear fellow," Hyacinth replied.

"I was shocked myself — I could n't help it."

"Lord, how shaky you all are!"

"You take it well. I am very sorry. But it is a fine chance," Schinkel went on, smoking away. His pipe, for the moment, seemed to absorb him, so that after a silence Hyacinth resumed —

"Be so good as to reflect that all this while I don't in the least understand what you are talking about."

"Well, it was this morning, early," said the German. "You know in my country we don't lie in bed late, and what they do in my country I try to do everywhere. I think it is good enough. In winter I get up, of course, long before the sun, and in summer I get up almost at the same time. I should see the fine spectacle of the sunrise, if in London you could see. The first thing I do of a Sunday is to smoke a pipe at my window, which is at the front, you remember, and looks into a little dirty street. At that hour there is nothing to see there — you English are so slow to leave the bed. Not much, however, at any time; it is not important, my little street. But my first pipe is the one I enjoy most. I want nothing else when I have that pleasure. I look out at the new, fresh light — though in London it is not very fresh — and I think it is the beginning of another day. I wonder what such a day will bring; whether it will bring anything good to us poor devils. But I have seen a great many pass, and nothing has come. This morning, however, brought something — something, at least, to you. On the other side of the way I saw a young man, who stood just opposite to my house, looking up at my window. He looked at me straight, without any ceremony, and I

smoked my pipe and looked at him. I wondered what he wanted, but he made no sign and spoke no word. He was a very nice young man; he had an umbrella, and he wore spectacles. We remained that way, face to face, perhaps for a quarter of an hour, and at last he took out his watch — he had a watch, too — and held it in his hand, just glancing at it every few minutes, as if to let me know that he would rather not give me the whole day. Then it came over me that he wanted to speak to me! You would have guessed that before, but we good Germans are slow. When we understand, however, we act; so I nodded to him, to let him know I would come down. I put on my coat and my shoes, for I was only in my shirt and stockings (though of course I had on my trousers), and I went down into the street. When he saw me come he walked slowly away, but at the end of a little distance he waited for me. When I came near him I saw that he was a very nice young man indeed — very young, with a very pleasant, friendly face. He was also very neat, and he had gloves, and his umbrella was of silk. I liked him very much. He said I should come round the corner, so we went round the corner together. I thought there would be some one there waiting for us; but there was nothing — only the closed shops and the early light, and a little spring mist, which told that the day would be fine. I didn't know what he wanted; perhaps it was some of our business — that's what I first thought — and perhaps it was only a little game. So I was very careful; I did n't ask him to come into the house. Yet I told him that he must excuse me for not understanding more quickly that he wished to speak with me; and when I said that, he said it was not of consequence — he would have waited there, for the chance to see me, all day. I told him I was glad I had spared him that, at least, and we had some very polite conversation. He *was*

a very nice young man. But what he wanted was simply to put a letter in my hand; as he said himself, he was only a kind of private postman. He gave me the letter—it was not addressed; and when I had taken it I asked him how he knew, and if he would n't be sorry if it should turn out that I was not the man for whom the letter was meant. But I did n't give him a start; he told me he knew all it was necessary for him to know—he knew exactly what to do and how to do it. I think he is a valuable member. I asked him if the letter required an answer, and he told me he had nothing to do with that; he was only to put it in my hand. He recommended me to wait till I had gone into the house again to read it. We had a little more talk—always very polite; and he mentioned that he had come so early because he thought I might go out, if he delayed, and because, also, he had a great deal to do, and had to take his time when he could. It is true that he looked as if he had plenty to do—as if he was in some very good occupation. I should tell you that he spoke to me always in English, but he is not English; he sounded his words like some kind of foreigner. I suppose he is not German, or he would have spoken to me in German. But there are so many, of all countries. I said if he had so much to do I would n't keep him; I would go to my room and open my letter. He said it was n't important; and then I asked him if he would n't come into my room, also, and rest. I told him it was n't very handsome, my room—because he looked like a young man who would have, for himself, a very nice lodging. Then I found he meant it was n't important that we should talk any more, and he went away without even offering to shake hands. I don't know if he had other letters to give, but he went away, as I have said, like a postman on his rounds, without giving me any more information."

It took Schinkel a long time to unfold this history; he proceeded with a good-humored deliberation which took no account of any painful acuteness of curiosity that Hyacinth might feel. He went from step to step, and treated his different points with friendly explicitness, as if each would have exactly the same interest for his companion. The latter made no attempt to hurry him, and indeed he listened, now, with a kind of intense patience; for he *was* interested, and, moreover, it was clear to him that he was safe with Schinkel; the German would satisfy him in time—would n't worry him with attaching conditions to their transaction, in spite of the mistake he had made in going for guidance to Lisson Grove. Hyacinth learned in due course that on returning to his apartment and opening the little packet of which he had been put into possession, Mr. Schinkel had found himself confronted with two separate articles: one a sealed letter superscribed with our young man's name, the other a sheet of paper containing in three lines a request that within two days of receiving it he would hand the letter to the "young Robinson." The three lines in question were signed D. H., and the letter was addressed in the same hand. Schinkel professed that he already knew the hand—it was that of Diedrich Hoffendahl. "Good, good," he said, pressing his hand, soothingly, upon Hyacinth's arm. "I will walk with you to your door, and I will give it to you there; unless you like better that I should keep it till to-morrow morning, so that you may have a quiet sleep—I mean in case it might contain anything that will be disagreeable to you. But it is probably nothing; it is probably only a word to say that you need think no more about your 'engagement.'"

"Why should it be that?" Hyacinth asked.

"Probably he has heard that you repent."

"That I repent?" Hyacinth stopped him short; they had just reached the top of Park Lane. "To whom have I given a right to say that?"

"Ah well, if you have n't, so much the better. It may be, then, for some other reason."

"Don't be an idiot, Schinkel," Hyacinth returned, as they walked along. And in a moment he went on, "What the devil did you go and blab to the Poupins for?"

"Because I thought they would like to know. Besides, I felt my responsibility; I thought I should carry it better if they knew it. And then, I'm like them — I love you."

Hyacinth made no answer to this profession; he asked the next instant, "Why did n't your young man bring the letter directly to me?"

"Ah, I did n't ask him that! The reason was probably not complicated, but simple — that those who wrote it knew my address, and did n't know yours. And was n't I one of your guarantors?"

"Yes, but not the principal one. The principal one was Muniment. Why was the letter not sent to me through him?"

"My dear Robinson, you want to know too many things. Depend upon it, there are always good reasons. I should have liked it better if it had been Muniment. But if they did n't send to him" — Schinkel interrupted himself; the remainder of his sentence was lost in a cloud of smoke.

"Well, if they did n't send to him" — Hyacinth persisted.

"You're a great friend of his — how can I tell you?"

At this Hyacinth looked up at his companion askance, and caught an odd glance, accompanied with a smile, which the mild, circumspect German directed toward him. "If it's anything against him, my being his friend makes me just the man to hear it. I can defend him."

"Well, it's a possibility that they are not satisfied."

"How do you mean it — not satisfied?"

"How shall I say it? — that they don't trust him."

"Don't trust him? And yet they trust me!"

"Ah, my boy, depend upon it, there are reasons," Schinkel replied; and in a moment he added, "They know everything — everything. Oh, they go straight!"

The pair pursued the rest of their course for the most part in silence, Hyacinth being considerably struck with something that dropped from his companion in answer to a question he asked as to what Eustache Poupin had said when Schinkel, that evening, first told him what he had come to see him about. "*Il vaut du galme — il vaut du galme:*" that was the German's version of the Frenchman's words; and Hyacinth repeated them over to himself several times, almost with the same accent. They had a certain soothing effect. In fact, the good Schinkel was soothing altogether, as our hero felt when they stopped at last at the door of his lodging in Westminster, and stood there face to face, while Hyacinth waited — waited. The sharpness of his impatience had passed away, and he watched without irritation the loving manner in which the German shook the ashes out of his big pipe and laid it to rest in its coffin. It was only after he had gone through this business with his usual attention to every detail of it that he said, "*Also*, now for the letter," and, putting his hand inside of his waistcoat, drew forth the important document. It passed instantly into Hyacinth's grasp, and our young man transferred it to his own pocket without looking at it. He thought he saw a shade of disappointment in Schinkel's ugly, kindly face, at this indication that he should have no present knowledge of its contents; but

he liked that better than his pretending to say again that it was nothing — that it was only a release. Schinkel had now the good sense, or the good taste, not to repeat that remark, and as the letter pressed against his heart Hyacinth felt still more distinctly that it was something — that it was a command. What Schinkel did say, in a moment, was, "Now that you've got it, I am very glad. It is more comfortable for me."

"I should think so!" Hyacinth exclaimed. "If you had n't done your job you would have paid for it."

Schinkel hesitated a moment while he lingered; then, as Hyacinth turned away, putting in his door key, he replied, "And if you don't do yours, so will you."

"Yes, as you say, *they* go straight! Good-night." And our young man let himself in.

The passage and staircase were never lighted, and the lodgers either groped their way bedward with the infallibility of practice, or scraped the wall with a casual match, which, in the milder gloom of day, was visible in a hundred bold streaks. Hyacinth's room was on the second floor, behind, and as he approached it he was startled by seeing a light proceed from the crevice under the door, the imperfect fitting of which was in this manner vividly illustrated. He stopped and considered this mysterious brightness, and his first impulse was to connect it with the incident just ushered in by Schinkel; for what could anything that touched him now be but a part of the same business? It was natural that some punctual emissary should be awaiting him. Then it occurred to him that when he went out to call on Lady Aurora, after tea, he had simply left a tallow candle burning, and that it showed a cynical spirit on the part of his landlady, who could be so close-fisted for herself, not to have gone in and put it out. Lastly, it came over him that he had had a visitor, in his absence, and

that the visitor had taken possession of his apartment till his return, seeking sources of comfort, as was perfectly just. When he opened the door he found that this last prevision was the right one, though his visitor was not one of the figures that had risen before him. Mr. Vetch sat there, beside the little table at which Hyacinth did his writing, with his head resting on his hand and his eyes bent on the floor. He looked up when Hyacinth appeared, and said, "Oh, I did n't hear you; you are very quiet."

"I come in softly, when I'm late, for the sake of the house — though I am bound to say I am the only lodger who has that refinement. Besides, you have been asleep," Hyacinth said.

"No, I have not been asleep," returned the old man. "I don't sleep much nowadays."

"Then you have been plunged in meditation."

"Yes, I have been thinking." Then Mr. Vetch explained that the woman of the house would n't let him come in at first, till he had given proper assurances that his intentions were pure, and that he was, moreover, the oldest friend Mr. Robinson had in the world. He had been there for an hour; he thought he might find him, coming so late.

Hyacinth answered that he was very glad he had waited, and that he was delighted to see him, and expressed regret that he had n't known in advance of his visit, so that he might have something to offer him. He sat down on his bed, vaguely expectant; he wondered what special purpose had brought the fiddler so far at that unnatural hour. But he only spoke the truth in saying that he was glad to see him. Hyacinth had come up-stairs in a tremor of desire to be alone with the revelation that he carried in his pocket; yet the sight of Theophilus Vetch gave him a sudden relief by postponing solitude. The place where he had put his letter seemed to throb against his side, yet he was thank-

ful to his old friend for forcing him still to leave it there. "I have been looking at your books," the fiddler said; "you have two or three exquisite specimens of your own. Oh yes, I recognize your work when I see it; there are always certain little extra touches. You have a manner, like a master. With such a talent, such a taste, your future leaves nothing to be desired. You will make a fortune and become a great celebrity."

Mr. Vetch sat forward, to sketch this vision; he rested his hands on his knees and looked very hard at his young friend, as if to challenge him to dispute his high inductions. The effect of what Hyacinth saw in his face was to give him immediately the idea that the fiddler knew something, though it was impossible to guess how he could know it. The Poupins, for instance, had had no time to communicate with him, even granting that they were capable of that baseness; an unwarrantable supposition, in spite of Hyacinth's having seen them, less than an hour before, fall so much below their own standard. With this suspicion there rushed into Hyacinth's mind an intense determination to dissemble, before his visitor, to the last; he might imagine what he liked, but he should not have a grain of satisfaction—or rather he should have that of being led to believe, if possible, that his suspicions were positively vain and idle. Hyacinth rested his eyes on the books that Mr. Vetch had taken down from the shelf, and admitted that they were very pretty work, and that so long as one did not become blind or maimed the ability to produce that sort of thing was a legitimate source of confidence. Then, suddenly, as they continued simply to look at each other, the pressure of the old man's curiosity, the expression of his probing, beseeching eyes, which had become strange and tragic in these latter times, and completely changed their character, became so intolerable that to defend himself Hyacinth took the ag-

gressive, and asked him, boldly, whether it were simply to look at his work, of which he had half a dozen specimens in Lomax Place, that he had made a nocturnal pilgrimage. "My dear old friend, you have something on your mind—some fantastic fear, some extremely perverse *idée fixe*. Why has it taken you to-night, in particular? Whatever it is, it has brought you here, at an unnatural hour, you don't know why. I ought, of course, to be thankful to anything that brings you here; and so I am, in so far as that it makes me happy. But I can't like it if it makes you miserable. You're like a nervous mother, whose baby's in bed up-stairs; she goes up every five minutes to see if he's all right—if he is not uncovered or has not tumbled out of bed. Dear Mr. Vetch, don't, don't worry; the blanket's up to my chin, and I have not tumbled yet."

Hyacinth heard himself say these things as if he were listening to another person; the impudence of them, under the circumstances, seemed to him, somehow, so rare. But he believed himself to be on the edge of an episode in which impudence, evidently, must play a considerable part, and he might as well try his hand at it without delay. The way the old man gazed at him might have indicated that he too was able to take the measure of his perversity—that he knew he was false, as he sat there declaring that there was nothing the matter, while a brand-new revolutionary commission burned in his pocket. But in a moment Mr. Vetch said, very mildly, as if he had really been reassured, "It's wonderful how you read my thoughts. I don't trust you; I think there are beastly possibilities. It's not true, at any rate, that I come to look at you every five minutes. You don't know how often I have resisted my fears—how I have forced myself to let you alone."

"You had better let me come and live with you, as I proposed after Pinnie's

death. Then you will have me always under your eyes," said Hyacinth, smiling.

The old man got up eagerly, and, as Hyacinth did the same, laid his hands upon his shoulders, holding him close. "Will you now, really, my boy? Will you come to-night?"

"To-night, Mr. Vetch?"

"To-night has worried me more than any other, I don't know why. After my tea I had my pipe and a glass, but I could n't keep quiet; I was very, very bad. I got to thinking of Pinnie — she seemed to be in the room. I felt as if I could put out my hand and touch her. If I believed in ghosts, I should believe I had seen her. She was n't there for nothing; she was there to add her fears to mine — to talk to me about you. I tried to hush her up, but it was no use, and she drove me out of the house. About ten o'clock I took my hat and stick and came down here. You may judge whether I thought it important, as I took a cab."

"Ah, why do you spend your money so foolishly?" asked Hyacinth, in a tone of the most affectionate remonstrance.

"Will you come to-night?" said the old man, for all rejoinder, holding him still.

"Surely, it would be simpler for you to stay here. I see perfectly that you are ill and nervous. You can take the bed, and I'll spend the night in the chair."

The fiddler thought a moment. "No, you'll hate me if I subject you to such discomfort as that; and that's just what I don't want."

"It won't be a bit different in your room; there, as here, I shall have to sleep in a chair."

"I'll get another room; we shall be close together," the fiddler went on.

"Do you mean you'll get another room at this hour of the night, with your little house stuffed full and your people all in bed? My poor Theophilus,

you are very bad; your reason totters on its throne," said Hyacinth humorously and indulgently.

"Very good, we'll get a room to-morrow. I'll move into another house, where there are two, side by side." Hyacinth's tone was evidently soothing to him.

"Comme vous y allez!" the young man continued. "Excuse me if I remind you that in case of my leaving this place I have to give a fortnight's notice."

"Ah, you're backing out!" the old man exclaimed, dropping his hands.

"Pinnie would n't have said that," Hyacinth rejoined. "If you are acting, if you are speaking, at the prompting of her pure spirit, you had better act and speak exactly as she would have done. She would have believed me."

"Believed you? Believed what? What is there to believe? If you'll make me a promise, I will believe that."

"I'll make you any promise you like," said Hyacinth.

"Oh, any promise I like — that is n't what I want! I want just one very particular little pledge; and that is really what I came here for to-night. It came over me that I've been an ass, all this time, never to have demanded it of you before. Give it to me now, and I will go home quietly and leave you in peace." Hyacinth, assenting in advance, requested again that he would formulate his demand, and then the old man said, "Well, promise me that you will never, under any circumstances whatever, do anything."

"Do anything?"

"Anything that those people expect of you."

"Those people?" Hyacinth repeated.

"Ah, don't torment me with pretending not to understand!" the old man begged. "You know the people I mean. I can't call them by their names, because I don't know them. But you do, and they know you."

Hyacinth had no desire to torment Mr. Vetch, but he was capable of reflecting that to enter into his thought too easily would be tantamount to betraying himself. "I suppose I know the people you have in mind," he said, in a moment; "but I'm afraid I don't grasp the idea of the promise."

"Don't they want to make use of you?"

"I see what you mean," said Hyacinth. "You think they want me to touch off some train for them. Well, if that's what troubles you, you may sleep sound. I shall never do any of their work."

A radiant light came into the fiddler's face, and he stared, as if this assurance were too fair for nature. "Do you take your oath on that? Never anything, anything, anything?"

"Never anything at all."

"Will you swear it to me by the memory of that good woman of whom we have been speaking, and whom we both loved?"

"My dear old Pinnie's memory? Willingly."

The old man sank down in his chair and buried his face in his hands; the next moment his companion heard him sobbing. Ten minutes later he was content to take his departure, and Hyacinth went out with him to look for another cab. They found an ancient four-wheeler stationed, languidly, at a crossing of the ways, and before Mr. Vetch got into it he asked his young friend to kiss him. That young friend watched the vehicle get itself into motion and rattle away; he saw it turn a neighboring corner. Then he approached the nearest gas lamp, and drew from his breast pocket the letter that Schinkel had given him.

Henry James.

THE LINKS OF CHANCE.

HOLDING apoise in air
My twice-dipped pen,—for some tense thread of thought
Had snapped,—mine ears were half aware
Of passing wheels; eyes saw, but mind saw not,
My sun-shot linden. Suddenly, as I stare,
Two shifting visions grow and fade unsought:—

Noon-blaze: the broken shade
Of ruins strown. Two Tartar lovers sit:
She gazing on the ground, face turned, afraid;
And he, at her. Silence is all his wit.
She stoops, picks up a pebble of green jade
To toss: they watch its flight, unheeding it.

Ages have rolled away;
And round the stone, by chance, if chance there be,
Sparse soil has caught; a seed, wind-lodged one day,
Grown grass; shrubs sprung; at last a tufted tree:
Lo! over its snake root yon conquering Bey
Trips backward, fighting—and half Asia free!

Andrew Hedbrooke.

THE PAPER MONEY CRAZE OF 1786 AND THE SHAYS REBELLION.

THERE is no telling how long the wretched state of things which followed the Revolution might have continued, had not the crisis been precipitated by the wild attempts of the several States to remedy the distress of the people by legislation. That financial distress was wide-spread and deep-seated was not to be denied. At the beginning of the war the amount of accumulated capital in the country had been very small. The great majority of the people did little more than get from the annual yield of their farms or plantations enough to meet the current expenses of the year. Outside of agriculture the chief resources were the carrying trade, the exchange of commodities with England and the West Indies, and the Newfoundland whale fisheries; and in these occupations many people had grown rich. The war had destroyed all these sources of revenue. Imports and exports had alike been stopped, so that there was a distressing scarcity of some of the commonest household articles. The enemy's navy had kept us from the fisheries. Before the war, the dockyards of Nantucket were ringing with the busy sound of adze and hammer, rope-walks covered the island, and two hundred keels sailed yearly in quest of spermaceti. At the return of peace, the docks were silent and grass grew in the streets. The carrying-trade and the fisheries began soon to revive, but it was some years before the old prosperity was restored. The war had also wrought serious damage to agriculture, and in some parts of the country the direct destruction of property by the enemy's troops had been very great. To all these causes of poverty there was added the hopeless confusion due to an inconvertible paper currency. The worst feature of this

financial device is that it not only impoverishes people, but bemuddles their brains by creating a false and fleeting show of prosperity. By violently disturbing apparent values, it always brings on an era of wild speculation and extravagance in living, followed by sudden collapse and protracted suffering. In such crises the poorest people, those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows and have no margin of accumulated capital, always suffer the most. Above all men, it is the laboring man who needs sound money and steady values. We have seen all these points amply illustrated since the War of Secession. After the War of Independence, when the margin of accumulated capital was so much smaller, the misery was much greater. While the paper money lasted there was marked extravagance in living, and complaints were loud against the speculators, especially those who operated in bread-stuffs. Washington said he would like to hang them all on a gallows higher than that of Haman; but they were, after all, but the inevitable products of this abnormal state of things, and the more guilty criminals were the demagogues who went about preaching the doctrine that the poor man needs cheap money. After the collapse of this continental currency in 1780, it seemed as if there were no money in the country, and at the peace the renewal of trade with England seemed at first to make matters worse. The brisk importation of sorely needed manufactured goods, which then began, would naturally have been paid for in the South by indigo, rice, and tobacco, in the Middle States by exports of wheat and furs, and in New England by the profits of the fisheries, the shipping, and the West India trade. But in the South-

ern and Middle States the necessary revival of agriculture could not be effected in a moment, and British legislation against American shipping and the West India trade fell with crippling force upon New England. Consequently, we had little else but specie with which to pay for imports, and the country was soon drained of what little specie there was. In the absence of a circulating medium there was a reversion to the practice of barter, and the revival of business was thus further impeded. Whiskey in North Carolina, tobacco in Virginia, did duty as measures of value; and Isaiah Thomas, editor of the Worcester Spy, announced that he would receive subscriptions for his paper in salt pork.

It is worth while, in this connection, to observe what this specie was, the scarcity of which created so much embarrassment. Until 1785 no national coinage was established, and none was issued until 1793. English, French, Spanish, and German coins, of various and uncertain value, passed from hand to hand. Beside the ninepences and fourpence-ha'-pennies, there were bits and half-bits, pistareens, picayunes, and fips. Of gold pieces there were the johannes, or joe, the doubloon, the moidore, and pistole, with English and French guineas, carolins, ducats, and chequins. Of coppers there were English pence and half-pence and French sous; and pennies were issued at local mints in Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The English shilling had everywhere degenerated in value, but differently in different localities; and among silver pieces the Spanish dollar, from Louisiana and Cuba, had begun to supersede it as a measure of value. In New England the shilling had sunk from nearly one fourth to one sixth of a dollar; in New York to one eighth; in North Carolina to one tenth. It was partly for this reason that in desiring a national

coinage the more uniform dollar was adopted as the unit. At the same time the decimal system of division was adopted instead of the cumbrous English system, and the result was our present admirably simple currency, which we owe to Gouverneur Morris, aided as to some points by Thomas Jefferson. During the period of the confederation, the chaotic state of the currency was a serious obstacle to trade, and it afforded endless opportunities for fraud and extortion. Clipping and counterfeiting were carried to such lengths that every moderately cautious person, in taking payment in hard cash, felt it necessary to keep a small pair of scales beside him and carefully weigh each coin, after narrowly scrutinizing its stamp and deciphering its legend.

In view of all these complicated impediments to business on the morrow of a long and costly war, it was not strange that the whole country was in some measure pauperized. It is questionable if the war debt could have been paid even under a more efficient system of government. The cost of the war, estimated in cash, had been about \$170,000,000; and probably not more than \$30,000,000 of this ever got paid in any shape. The repudiation was wholesale because there was really no money to be had. The people were somewhat in the condition of Mr. Harold Skimpole. In many parts of the country, by the year 1786, the payment of taxes had come to be regarded as an amiable eccentricity. At one moment, early in 1782, there was not a single dollar in the treasury. That the government had in any way been able to finish the war, after the downfall of its paper money, was due to the gigantic efforts of one great man, — Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania. This statesman was born in England, but he had come to Philadelphia in his boyhood, and had amassed an enormous fortune, which he devoted without stint to the service of his adopt-

ed country. Though opposed to the Declaration of Independence as rash and premature, he had, nevertheless, signed his name to that document, and scarcely any one had contributed more to the success of the war. It was he who supplied the money which enabled Washington to complete the great campaign of Trenton and Princeton. In 1781 he was made superintendent of finance, and by dint of every imaginable device of hard-pressed ingenuity he contrived to support the brilliant work which began at the Cowpens and ended at Yorktown. He established the Bank of North America as an instrument by which government loans might be negotiated. Sometimes his methods were such as doctors call heroic, as when he made sudden drafts upon our ministers in Europe after the manner already described. In every dire emergency he was Washington's chief reliance, and in his devotion to the common weal he drew upon his private resources until he became poor; and in later years—for shame be it said—an ungrateful nation allowed one of its noblest and most disinterested champions to languish in a debtor's prison. It was of ill omen for the fortunes of the weak and disorderly confederation that in 1784, after three years of herculean struggle with impossibilities, this stout heart and sagacious head could no longer weather the storm. The task of creating wealth out of nothing had become too arduous and too thankless to be endured. Robert Morris resigned his place, and it was taken by a congressional committee of finance, under whose management the disorders only hurried to a crisis.

By 1786, under the universal depression and want of confidence, all trade had well-nigh stopped, and political quackery, with its cheap and dirty remedies, had full control of the field. In the very face of miseries so plainly traceable to the deadly paper currency, it may seem strange that people should

now have begun to clamor for a renewal of the experiment which had worked so much evil. Yet so it was. As starving men are said to dream of dainty banquets, so now a craze for fictitious wealth in the shape of paper money ran like an epidemic through the country. There was a Barmecide feast of economic vagaries; only now it was the several States that sought to apply the remedy, each in its own way. And when we have threaded the maze of this rash legislation, we shall the better understand that clause in our federal constitution which forbids the making of laws impairing the obligation of contracts. The events of 1786 impressed upon men's minds more forcibly than ever the wretched and disorderly condition of the country, and went far toward calling into existence the needful popular sentiment in favor of an overruling central government.

The disorders assumed very different forms in the different States, and brought out a great diversity of opinion as to the causes of the distress and the efficacy of the proposed remedies. Only two States out of the thirteen—Connecticut and Delaware—escaped the infection, but, on the other hand, it was only in seven States that the paper money party prevailed in the legislatures. North Carolina issued a large amount of paper, and, in order to get it into circulation as quickly as possible, the state government proceeded to buy tobacco with it, paying double the specie value of the tobacco. As a natural consequence, the paper dollar instantly fell to seventy cents, and went on declining. In South Carolina an issue was tried somewhat more cautiously, but the planters soon refused to take the paper at its face value. Coercive measures were then attempted. Planters and merchants were urged to sign a pledge not to discriminate between paper and gold, and if any one dared refuse the fanatics forthwith attempted to make it hot for him. A

kind of "Kuklux" society was organized at Charleston, known as the "Hint Club." Its purpose was to hint to such people that they had better look out. If they did not mend their ways, it was unnecessary to inform them more explicitly what they might expect. Houses were combustible then as now, and the use of firearms was well understood. In Georgia the legislature itself attempted coercion. Paper money was made a legal tender in spite of strong opposition, and a law was passed prohibiting any planter or merchant from exporting any produce without taking affidavit that he had never refused to receive this scrip at its full face value. But somehow people found that the more it was sought to keep up the paper by dint of threats and forcing-acts, the faster its value fell. Virginia had issued bills of credit during the campaign of 1781, but it was enacted at the same time that they should not be a legal tender after the next January. The influence of Washington, Madison, and Mason was effectively brought to bear in favor of sound currency, and the people of Virginia were but slightly affected by the craze of 1786. In the autumn of that year a proposition from two counties for an issue of paper was defeated in the legislature by a vote of eighty-five to seventeen, and no more was heard of the matter. In Maryland, after a very obstinate fight, a rag money bill was carried in the House of Representatives, but the Senate threw it out; and the measure was thus postponed until the discussion over the federal constitution superseded it in popular interest. Pennsylvania had warily begun in May, 1785, to issue a million dollars in bills of credit, which were not made a legal tender for the payment of private debts. They were mainly loaned to farmers on mortgage, and were received by the State as an equivalent for specie in the payment of taxes. By August, 1786, even this carefully guard-

ed paper had fallen some twelve cents below par,—not a bad showing for such a year as that. New York moved somewhat less cautiously. A million dollars were issued in bills of credit receivable for the custom-house duties, which were then paid into the state treasury; and these bills were made a legal tender for all money received in lawsuits. At the same time the New Jersey legislature passed a bill for issuing half a million paper dollars, to be a legal tender in all business transactions. The bill was vetoed by the governor in council. The aged Governor Livingston was greatly respected by the people; and so the mob at Elizabethtown, which had duly planted a stake and dragged his effigy up to it, refrained from inflicting the last indignities upon the image, and burned that of one of the members of the council instead. At the next session the governor yielded, and the rag money was issued. But an unforeseen difficulty arose. Most of the dealings of New Jersey people were in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and in both cities the merchants refused their paper, so that it speedily became worthless.

The business of exchange was thus fast getting into hopeless confusion. It has been said of Bradshaw's Railway Guide, the indispensable companion of the traveler in England, that no man can study it for an hour without qualifying himself for an insane asylum. But Bradshaw is pellucid clearness compared with the American tables of exchange in 1786, with their medley of dollars and shillings, moidores and pistareens. The addition of half a dozen different kinds of paper created such a labyrinth as no human intellect could explore. No wonder that men were counted wise who preferred to take whiskey and pork instead. Nobody who had a yard of cloth to sell could tell how much it was worth. But even worse than all this was the swift and certain

renewal of bankruptcy which so many States were preparing for themselves.

Nowhere did the warning come so quickly or so sharply as in New England. Connecticut, indeed, as already observed, came off scot-free. She had issued a little paper money soon after the battle of Lexington, but had stopped it about the time of the surrender of Burgoyne. In 1780 she had wisely and summarily adjusted all relations between debtor and creditor, and the crisis of 1786 found her people poor enough, no doubt, but able to wait for better times and indisposed to adopt violent remedies. It was far otherwise in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. These were preëminently the maritime States of the Union, and upon them the blows aimed by England at American commerce had fallen most severely. It was these two maritime States that suffered most from the cutting down of the carrying trade and the restriction of intercourse with the West Indies. These things worked injury to ship-building, to the exports of lumber and oil and salted fish, even to the manufacture of Medford rum. Nowhere had the normal machinery of business been thrown out of gear so extensively as in these two States, and in Rhode Island there was the added disturbance due to a prolonged occupation by the enemy's troops. Nowhere, perhaps, was there a larger proportion of the population in debt, and in these preëminently commercial communities private debts were a heavier burden and involved more personal suffering than in the somewhat patriarchal system of life in Virginia or South Carolina. In the time of which we are now treating, imprisonment for debt was common. High-minded but unfortunate men were carried to jail, and herded with thieves and ruffians in loathsome dungeons, for the crime of owing a hundred dollars which they could not promptly pay. Under such circumstances, a commercial disturbance, involving wide-spread debt, entailed an

amount of personal suffering and humiliation of which, in these kinder days, we can form no adequate conception. It tended to make the debtor an outlaw, ready to entertain schemes for the subversion of society. In the crisis of 1786, the agitation in Rhode Island and Massachusetts reached white heat, and things were done which alarmed the whole country. But the course of events was different in the two States. In Rhode Island the agitators obtained control of the government, and the result was a paroxysm of tyranny. In Massachusetts the agitators failed to secure control of the government, and the result was a paroxysm of rebellion.

The debates over paper money in the Rhode Island legislature began in 1785, but the advocates of a sound currency were victorious. These men were roundly abused in the newspapers, and in the next spring election most of them lost their seats. The legislature of 1786 showed an overwhelming majority in favor of paper money. The farmers from the inland towns were unanimous in supporting the measure. They could not see the difference between the State making a dollar out of paper and a dollar out of silver. The idea that the value did not lie in the government stamp they dismissed as an idle crotchet, a wire-drawn theory, worthy only of "literary fellows." What they could see was the glaring fact that they had no money, hard or soft; and they wanted something that would satisfy their creditors and buy new gowns for their wives, whose raiment was unquestionably the worse for wear. On the other hand, the merchants from seaports like Providence, Newport, and Bristol understood the difference between real money and the promissory notes of a bankrupt government, but they were in a hopeless minority. Half a million dollars were issued in scrip, to be loaned to the farmers on a mortgage of their real estate. No one could obtain the

scrip without giving a mortgage for twice the amount, and it was thought that this security would make it as good as gold. But the depreciation began instantly. When the worthy farmers went to the store for dry goods or sugar, and found the prices rising with dreadful rapidity, they were at first astonished, and then enraged. The trouble, as they truly said, was with the wicked merchants, who would not take the paper dollars at their face value. These men were thus thwarting the government, and must be punished. An act was accordingly hurried through the legislature, commanding every one to take paper as an equivalent for gold, under penalty of five hundred dollars fine and loss of the right of suffrage. The merchants in the cities thereupon shut up their shops. During the summer of 1786 all business was at a standstill in Newport and Providence, except in the bar-rooms. There and about the market-places men spent their time angrily discussing politics, and scarcely a day passed without street-fights, which at times grew into riots. In the country, too, no less than in the cities, the goddess of discord reigned. The farmers determined to starve the city people into submission, and they entered into an agreement not to send any produce into the cities until the merchants should open their shops and begin selling their goods for paper at its face value. Not wishing to lose their pigs and butter and grain, they tried to dispose of them in Boston and New York, and in the coast towns of Connecticut. But in all these places their proceedings had awakened such lively disgust that placards were posted in the taverns warning purchasers against farm produce from Rhode Island. Disappointed in these quarters, the farmers threw away their milk, used their corn for fuel, and let their apples rot on the ground, rather than supply the detested merchants. Food grew scarce in Providence and Newport, and

in the latter city a mob of sailors attempted unsuccessfully to storm the provision stores. The farmers were threatened with armed violence. Town-meetings were held all over the State, to discuss the situation, and how long they might have talked to no purpose none can say, when all at once the matter was brought into court. A cabinet-maker in Newport named Trevett went into a meat-market kept by one John Weeden, and, selecting a joint of meat, offered paper in payment. Weeden refused to take the paper except at a heavy discount. Trevett went to bed supperless, and next morning informed against the obstinate butcher for disobedience to the forcing-act. Should the court find him guilty, it would be a good speculation for Trevett, for half of the five hundred dollars fine was to go to the informer. Hard-money men feared lest the court might prove subservient to the legislature, since that body possessed the power of removing the five judges. The case was tried in September amid furious excitement. Huge crowds gathered about the court-house and far down the street, screaming and cheering like a crowd on the night of a presidential election. The judges were clear-headed men, not to be browbeaten. They declared the forcing-act unconstitutional, and dismissed the complaint. Popular wrath then turned upon them. A special session of the legislature was convened, four of the judges were removed, and a new forcing-act was prepared. This act provided that no man could vote at elections or hold any office without taking a test oath promising to receive paper money at par. But this was going too far. Many soft-money men were not wild enough to support such a measure; among the farmers there were some who had grown tired of seeing their produce spoiled on their hands; and many of the richest merchants had announced their intention of moving out of the State. The new forcing-act

accordingly failed to pass, and presently the old one was repealed. The paper dollar had been issued in May; in November it passed for sixteen cents.

These outrageous proceedings awakened disgust and alarm among sensible people in all the other States, and Rhode Island was everywhere reviled and made fun of. One clause of the forcing-act had provided that if a debtor should offer paper to his creditor and the creditor should refuse to take it at par, the debtor might carry his rag money to court and deposit it with the judge; and the judge must thereupon issue a certificate discharging the debt. The form of certificate began with the words "Know Ye," and forthwith the unhappy little State was nicknamed Rogues' Island, the home of Know Ye men and Know Ye measures.

While the scorn of the people was thus poured out upon Rhode Island, much sympathy was felt for the government of Massachusetts, which was called upon thus early to put down armed rebellion. The pressure of debt was keenly felt in the rural districts of Massachusetts. It is estimated that the private debts in the State amounted to some \$7,000,000, and the State's arrears to the federal government amounted to \$7,000,000 more. Adding to these sums the arrears of bounties due to the soldiers, and the annual cost of the state, county, and town governments, there was reached an aggregate equivalent to a tax of more than \$50 on every man, woman, and child in this population of 379,000 souls. Upon every head of a family the average burden was some \$200 at a time when most farmers would have thought such a sum yearly a princely income. In those days of scarcity most of them did not set eyes on so much as \$50 in the course of a year, and happy was he who had tucked away two or three golden guineas or moidores in an old stocking, and sewed up the treasure in his straw mattress

or hidden it behind the bricks of the chimney-piece. Under such circumstances the payment of debts and taxes was out of the question; and as the same state of things made creditors clamorous and ugly, the courts were crowded with lawsuits. The lawyers usually contrived to get their money by exacting retainers in advance, and the practice of champerty was common, whereby the lawyer did his work in consideration of a percentage on the sum which was at last forcibly collected. Homesteads were sold for the payment of foreclosed mortgages, cattle were seized in distrainer, and the farmer himself was sent to jail. The smouldering fires of wrath thus kindled found expression in curses aimed at lawyers, judges, and merchants. The wicked merchants bought foreign goods and drained the State of specie to pay for them, while they drank Madeira wine and dressed their wives in fine velvets and laces. So said the farmers; and city ladies, far kinder than these railers deemed them, formed clubs, of which the members pledged themselves to wear homespun,—a poor palliative for the deep-seated ills of the time. In such mood were many of the villagers when in the summer of 1786 they were overtaken by the craze for paper money. At the meeting of the legislature in May, a petition came in from Bristol County, praying for an issue of paper. The petitioners admitted that such money was sure to deteriorate in value, and they doubted the wisdom of trying to keep it up by forcing-acts. Instead of this they would have the rate of its deterioration regulated by law, so that a dollar might be worth ninety cents to-day, and presently seventy cents, and by and by fifty cents, and so on till it should go down to zero and be thrown overboard. People would thus know what to expect, and it would be all right. The delicious *naïveté* of this argument did not prevail with the legislature of Massachusetts,

and soft money was frowned down by a vote of ninety-nine to nineteen. Then a bill was brought in seeking to reëstablish in legislation the ancient practice of barter, and make horses and cows legal tender for debts; and this bill was crushed by eighty-nine votes against thirty-five. At the same time this legislature passed a bill to strengthen the federal government by a grant of supplementary funds to Congress, and thus laid a further burden of taxes upon the people.

There was an outburst of popular wrath. A convention at Hatfield in August decided that the court of common pleas ought to be abolished, that no funds should be granted to Congress, and that paper money should be issued at once. Another convention at Lenox denounced such incendiary measures, approved of supporting the federal government, and declared that no good could come from the issue of paper money. But meanwhile the angry farmers had resorted to violence. The legislature, they said, had its sittings in Boston, under the influence of wicked lawyers and merchants, and thus could not be expected to do the will of the people. A cry went up that henceforth the law-makers must sit in some small inland town, where jealous eyes might watch their proceedings. Meanwhile the lawyers must be dealt with; and at Northampton, Worcester, Great Barrington, and Concord, the courts were broken up by armed mobs. At Concord one Job Shattuck brought several hundred armed men into the town and surrounded the court-house, while in a fierce harangue he declared that the time had come for wiping out all debts. "Yes," squeaked a nasal voice from the crowd, — "yes, Job, we know all about them two farms you can't never pay for!" But this repartee did not save the judges, who thought it best to flee from the town. At first the legislature deemed it wise to take a lenient view of

these proceedings, and it even went so far as to promise to hold its next session out of Boston. But the agitation had reached a point where it could not be stayed. In September the Supreme Court was to sit at Springfield, and Governor Bowdoin sent a force of 600 militia under General Shepard to protect it. They were confronted by some 600 insurgents, under the leadership of Daniel Shays. This man had been a captain in the continental army, and in his force were many of the penniless veterans whom Gates would fain have incited to rebellion at Newburgh. Shays seems to have done what he could to restrain his men from violence, but he was a poor creature, wanting alike in courage and good faith. The militia, too, were lacking in spirit. After a disorderly parley, with much cursing and swearing, they beat a retreat, and the court was prevented from sitting. Fresh riots followed at Worcester and Concord. A regiment of cavalry, sent out by the governor, scoured Middlesex County, and, after a short fight in the woods near Groton, captured Job Shattuck and dispersed his men. But this only exasperated the insurgents. They assembled in Worcester to the number of 1200 or more, where they lived for two months at free quarters, while Shays organized and drilled them. Meanwhile the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended for eight months, and Governor Bowdoin called out an army of 4400 men, who were placed under command of General Lincoln. As the state treasury was nearly empty, some wealthy gentlemen in Boston subscribed the money needed for equipping these troops, and about the middle of January, 1787, they were collected at Worcester. The rebels had behaved shamefully, burning barns and seizing all the plunder they could lay hands on. As their numbers increased they found their military stores inadequate, and accordingly they marched upon Springfield, with the intent to cap-

ture the federal arsenal there, and provide themselves with muskets and cannon. General Shepard held Springfield with 1200 men, and on the 25th of January Shays attacked him with a force of somewhat more than 2000, hoping to crush him and seize the arsenal before Lincoln could come to the rescue. But his plan of attack was faulty, and as soon as his men began falling under Shepard's fire a panic seized them, and they retreated in disorder to Ludlow, and then to Amherst, setting fire to houses and robbing the inhabitants. On the approach of Lincoln's army, three days later, Shays retreated to Pelham, and planted his forces on two steep hills protected at the bottom by huge snowdrifts. Lincoln advanced to Hadley and sought to open negotiations with the rebels. They were reminded that a contest with the state government was hopeless, and that they had already incurred the penalty of death; but if they would now lay down their arms and go home, a free pardon could be obtained for them. Shays seemed willing to yield, and Saturday, the 3d of February, was appointed for a conference between some of the leading rebels and some of the officers. But this was only a stratagem. During the conference Shays decamped and marched his men through Prescott and North Dana to Petersham. Toward nightfall the trick was discovered, and Lincoln set his whole force in motion over the mountain ridges of Shutesbury and New Salem. The day had been mild, but during the night the thermometer dropped below zero and an icy, cutting snow began to fall. There was great suffering during the last ten miles, and indeed the whole march of thirty miles in thirteen hours over steep and snow-covered roads was a worthy exploit for these veterans of the Revolution. Shays and his men had not looked for such a display of energy, and as they were getting their breakfast on Sunday morning at Petersham they were taken by surprise. A

few minutes sufficed to scatter them in flight. A hundred and fifty, including Shays himself, were taken prisoners. The rest fled in all directions, most of them to Athol and Northfield, whence they made their way into Vermont. General Lincoln then marched his troops into the mountains of Berkshire, where disturbances still continued. On the 26th of February one Captain Hamlin, with several hundred insurgents, plundered the town of Stockbridge and carried off the leading citizens as hostages. He was pursued as far as Springfield, defeated there in a sharp skirmish, with a loss of some thirty in killed and wounded, and his troops scattered. This put an end to the insurrection in Massachusetts.

During the autumn similar disturbances had occurred in the States to the northward. At Exeter in New Hampshire and at Windsor and Rutland in Vermont the courts had been broken up by armed mobs, and at Rutland there had been bloodshed. When the Shays rebellion was put down, Governor Bowdoin requested the neighboring States to lend their aid in bringing the insurgents to justice, and all complied with the request except Vermont and Rhode Island. The legislature of Rhode Island sympathized with the rebels, and refused to allow the governor to issue a warrant for their arrest. On the other hand, the governor of Vermont issued a proclamation out of courtesy toward Massachusetts, but he caused it to be understood that this was but an empty form, as the State of Vermont could not afford to discourage immigration. A feeling of compassion for the insurgents was widely spread in Massachusetts. In March the leaders were tried, and fourteen were convicted of treason and sentenced to death; but Governor Bowdoin, whose term was about to expire, granted a reprieve for a few weeks. At the annual election in April the candidates for the governorship were Bowdoin and Han-

cock, and it was generally believed that the latter would be more likely than the former to pardon the convicted men. So strong was this feeling that, although much gratitude was felt toward Bowdoin, to whose energetic measures the prompt suppression of the rebellion was due, Hancock obtained a large majority. When the question of a pardon came up for discussion, Samuel Adams, who was then president of the Senate, was strongly opposed to it, and one of his arguments was very characteristic. "In monarchies," he said, "the crime of treason and rebellion may admit of being pardoned or highly punished; but the man who dares to rebel against the laws of a republic ought to suffer death." This was Adams's sensitive point. He wanted the whole world to realize that the rule of a republic is a rule of law and order, and that liberty does not mean license. But in spite of this view, for which there was much to be said, the clemency of the American temperament prevailed, and Governor Hancock pardoned all the prisoners.

Nothing in the history of these disturbances is more instructive than the light incidentally thrown upon the relations between Congress and the state government. Just before the news of the rout at Petersham, Samuel Adams had proposed in the Senate that the governor should be requested to write to Congress and inform that body of what was going on in Massachusetts, stating that "although the legislature are firmly persuaded that . . . in all probability they will be able speedily and effectively to suppress the rebellion, yet, if any unforeseen event should take place which may frustrate the measures of govern-

ment, they rely upon such support from the United States as is expressly and solemnly stipulated by the articles of confederation." A resolution to this effect was carried in the Senate, but defeated in the House through the influence of western county members in sympathy with the insurgents; and incredible as it may seem, the argument was freely used that it was incompatible with the dignity of Massachusetts to allow United States troops to set foot upon her soil. When we reflect that the arsenal at Springfield, where the most considerable disturbance occurred, was itself federal property, the climax of absurdity seems to have been reached. It was left for Congress itself, however, to cap that climax. The progress of the insurrection in the autumn in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, as well as the troubles in Rhode Island, had alarmed the whole country. It was feared that the insurgents in these States might join forces, and in some way kindle a flame that would run through the land. Accordingly, Congress in October called upon the States for a continental force, but did not dare to declare openly what it was to be used for. It was thought necessary to say that the troops were wanted for an expedition against the Northwestern Indians! National humiliation could go no further than such a confession, on the part of our central government, that it dared not use force in defense of those very articles of confederation to which it owed its existence. Things had come to such a pass that people of all shades of opinion were beginning to agree upon one thing, — that something must be done, and done quickly.

John Fiske.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XXII.

CONSCIENCE, the great moral inquisitor, whose sessions are held in secret, whose absolute justice is untempered by mercy, whose processes are unrelated and superior to the laws of the land, makes manifest its decrees only at such long intervals that we are prone to consider their results exceptional. Although its measures are invariably meted, they are seldom so plainly set forth as in Peter Rood's fate. Alethea, listening to 'Gustus Tom's story, saw in aghast dismay how he had been pursued by those terrible potencies of the right which he had sought to disregard. Many things that had been vague were made distinct. She understood suddenly the meaning of the strange words he had spoken at the camp-meeting, when his spiritual struggles had nearly betrayed him. She divined the mingled fear and self-reproach, and at the same time the cowardly gratulation he experienced because of his fancied security, when entrapped to serve on the jury. She remembered with a new comprehension his joyous excitement when it appeared that the idiot boy had not been drowned, and the pallid anguish on his face as the lawyer dexterously reversed the probabilities. It might seem that he had expiated his deed, but the extremest penalties were not abated. He had been a pillar in the church, renowned for a certain insistent piety, and zealous to foster good repute among men; and this last possession that he held dear upon earth, which may be maintained even by a dead man, who can carry naught out of the world, was wrested from him.

The truth which he had so feared, which he had so labored to hide, over which the grave had seemed to close,

was at last brought to light by very simple means.

On the eventful morning, the miller's erratic grandson, awaking early, he knew not why, had sought to utilize the occurrence by robbing an owl's nest in the hollow of a tree beside the mill. The day had not yet dawned, and he hoped that one or the other of the great birds would be away on its nocturnal foragings, so that he might the more easily secure the owlet, which he had long wanted for a pet. It was very still, 'Gustus Tom said. The frogs by the water had ceased their croaking; the katydids were silenced long ago; he heard only the surging monotone of the gleaming cascade falling over the natural dam. He had climbed the tree to the lower limbs, and had perched on one of them to rest for a moment, when there broke upon the air the sound of the galloping of a horse far away, approaching at a tremendous rate of speed. Presently he came into view, his head stretched forward, his coat flecked with foam, his rider plying both heel and whip.

This rider was Peter Rood, whom 'Gustus Tom knew well, as he often came to the mill. He dismounted hastily, close to the water-side. He walked uncertainly, even pausing sometimes to steady himself by holding to the supports of the old mill. He was evidently very drunk, and thus it appeared to 'Gustus Tom the less surprising that he should drag two or three fence rails stranded on the margin of the river, — which was high and full of floating rubbish, — and laboriously place them in a position to cumber the wheel; an empty barrel, too, he found and put to this use, some poles, driftwood. He paused after a careful survey of his work, and held up his head, looking away toward

the east, as if he were listening. It seemed to 'Gustus Tom, all veiled by the dew-tipped chestnut leaves, that Rood was strangely intent of purpose for a drunken man. He heard, long before the boy did, some monition of approach in the distance, for he caught eagerly at his horse's bridle. Yet he was drunk enough to find difficulty in mounting. As the animal swerved, he was obliged to grasp the stirrup with one hand in order to steady it, so that he could put his foot in it; then he flung his right leg over the saddle, and away he went along the grassy margin of the road, — noiseless, swift, dark, like some black shadow, some noxious exhalation of the night.

'Gustus Tom explained at this point, with tears and many anxious twistings of the button on his shirt front, — which was quite useless, the correlative button-hole being torn out, — that he understood so little of what all this meant at the time that it seemed to him the only important point involved was to remember to tell his grandfather early in the day of Pete Rood's drunken freak of clogging the mill-wheel. He did not call out and make his presence known, because he was frightened by the man's strange conduct and his terrible look. As he still sat meditating on the limb of the tree, the sound which had aroused Peter Rood again broke upon the silence. Once more the regular thud of hoofs, — of many hoofs. The pace was far slower than the rattling gallop at which Pete Rood had come. There were several men in the group that presently appeared. 'Gustus Tom knew some of them, — he could n't help knowing Mink Lorey from far off; he looked so wild and gamesome; the moonlight was on his face and all his hair was flying. He knew Mink well. Mink it was who climbed the timbers of the race and lifted the gate. And once more 'Gustus Tom, with quivering lips and twisting the futile button on his shirt front, be-

gan to exculpate himself. He did not understand what Mink was about to do until the gate was lifted and the water surged through. The wheel, turning with its curiously contrived clogs, jerked spasmodically, gave sudden violent wrenches, finally breaking and crashing against the shanty, that itself tottered and careened and fell. He heard Tad scream, for the idiot, having incurred the miller's displeasure during the day, had been locked in the mill, supperless, to sleep. 'Gustus Tom did not see the boy in the river, because of the breaking timbers, the clouds of dust and flour and meal, and the splashing of the water. The men, evidently frightened, galloped away, Mink among them. For the house had been alarmed by the noise; old Griff ran out, wringing his hands and crying aloud, first for the loss of the mill, then for the fate of the idiot. The others of the family came, too. 'Gustus Tom easily slipped down unobserved from the tree, in the midst of the excitement, and no one ever was aware, except sister Eudory, that he knew more than the rest. Lately she had noticed that he was afraid of the dark and would not sit alone; and she had begun to say so much of this that he was alarmed lest she might excite the suspicions of others. And so, thinking she would keep his secret, — he would have divulged it to no one else, — he told her that he was afraid of Peter Rood, who was dead, and who perhaps had found out in the other world that he knew the secret, and would come and haunt him to make sure that he did not reveal it. And at the renewal of these ghastly terrors 'Gustus Tom bent his head upon his arm, and began to sob afresh.

"Why did n't ye tell at fust, 'Gustus Tom?" asked Alethea, her mind futilely reviewing the complications that circumstance had woven about Mink Lorey.

'Gustus Tom lifted his head, a gleam

of this world's acumen shining through the tears in his eyes.

"He'd hev walloped the life out'n me, ef I hed told. He kem nigh every day ter the mill arterward, whenst they war a-s'archin' fur the body. An' his eyes looked so black an' mad an' curious whenst he cut 'em round at me, I 'lowed he knowed what I knowed. An' I war afeard o' him."

Aunt Dely could not be altogether repressed. "Waal, 'Gustus Tom, ye air a bad aig," she remarked, politely. "Ye ter know all that whenst ye war down thar at Shaftesville, along o' yer gran'dad, an' seen them men a-talkin' by the yard-medjure, an' a-cavortin' 'bout in the court, ez prideful ez ef thar brains war ez nimble ez thar tongues; an' ye look at 'em try Mink fur bustin' down the mill an' drowndin' Tad, an ye ter know ez Pete Rood done it, — an ye say nuthin'!"

"Waal," said 'Gustus Tom, sorely beset, "he war a-settin' thar in the cheer; he could hev told hisself."

"Why n't ye tell arter he drapped dead?" suggested the politic Mrs. Purvine.

The boy winced at the recollection. "He looked so awful!" he said, putting up his hand to his eyes, as if to shut out the image presented. "I war 'feared he'd harnt me."

It occurred to sister Eudora that this investigation was degenerating into a persecution of 'Gustus Tom. She had looked from one to the other in grave excitement and with a flushing face, as she stood on the hearth, the breath from the fire waving her flaxen hair, hanging upon her shoulders.

Suddenly, with an accession of color, she stepped across the broad, ill-joined stones, and, fixing a threatening eye on Mrs. Purvine's moon-face, she lifted her fat hand, and retributively smote that lady on the knee.

'Gustus Tom had never manifested any special desire to suit his own con-

duct to a high standard of deportment; but he appeared to entertain the most sedulous solicitude concerning sister Eudory's manners, and to be jealous that she should be esteemed the pink of juvenile propriety. His scandal at the present lapse was very great. It expressed itself in such unequivocal phrase, such energetic shakings of his tow-head, which seemed communicated, with diminished rigor, however, to her plump little shoulders, — for he went through all the motions of discipline, — that Mrs. Purvine, beaming with injudicious laughter, was forced to interfere. Her indulgence did not serve to reassure sister Eudory, who stood dismayed at the fullness of fraternal displeasure. She presently put her hands before her eyes, although she did not shed tears, and thus she was led toward the door, to be taken home as unfit for polite society. Mrs. Purvine hurried after her, carrying the roasted egg — which was very hot, in its shell — between two chips, and further pressing upon her a present of a sweet-potato, an ear of pop-corn, and a young kitten, all of which sister Eudory, regardless of the animate and the inanimate, the hot and the cold, carried together in her apron. The affront was but a slight matter to aunt Dely, whose lenient temperament precluded her from viewing it as an enormity; but as the brother and sister went away in humiliation, one could well guess that sister Eudora would be a woman grown before she would be allowed to contemplate with indifference the dreadful day when she "hit Mis' Purvine."

In whatever manner it might have seemed judicious to make use, in Mink's interest, of the disclosures of Peter Rood's agency in the destruction of the mill, anything like caution, or reserve, or secrecy was rendered impossible by the circumstance that it was Mrs. Purvine who shared in the discovery of the fact. For weeks no one passed the house, going or coming on the winding

road, whom she did not descry through the worldly glass windows, — which thus demonstrated an additional justification for their existence, — and whom she did not hail with a loud outcry from the unsteady flight of steps, and bring to a not unwilling pause as she hurried out to the fence, with her glib tongue full of words. There was no weather too cold for the indulgence of this gossip. Sometimes aunt Dely would merely fling her apron over her head, if the exigency suggested haste; or she would hood herself with her shawl, like a cowed friar, and stand in the snow, defiant of the rigors of the temperature. More often, however, the passer-by would suffer himself to be persuaded to come in and sit down by aunt Dely's fire, and discuss with her all the details so tardily elicited. Pete Rood's death, considered as a judgment upon him, was a favorite point of contemplation, offering that symmetrical exposition of cause and effect, sin and retribution, peculiarly edifying to the obdurate in heart and acceptable to the literalist in religion. So much was said on this subject at the store, and the blacksmith-shop, and the saw-mill, — those places where the mountain cronies most congregated, — that it came to the ear of Rood's relatives with all the added poignancy of comment. They indignantly maintained that only the ingenuity of malice could feign to attach any special meaning to the moment or manner of his death, for it was widely known that he had for years suffered from a serious affection of the heart; they stigmatized the whole story as an effort to blacken his name in order to clear Mink Lorey. Their attitude and sentiment enlisted a certain sympathy, and it was only when they were not of the company that the counter-replication was made that it was a supremely significant moment when Peter Rood's doom fell upon him, and that it behoves those who sit in the shadow of death to be not easily diverted from the

true interpretation of the darkling signs of the wrath of God.

It was a scene of pathetic interest when his aged mother, resolved upon forcing a recantation, came herself to the miller's home. A dark, withered, white-haired crone she was, with a hooked nose and a keen, fierce, intent eye that suggested strength of mind and purpose defying age and ailments. She shrewdly questioned the boy, and sought to involve him in discrepancies and to elicit some admission that the story had been prompted by Alethea Sayles. Her dark-browed sons stood about the great white-covered ox-wagon, their bemired boots drawn high over their trousers, their broad hats pulled down to their lowering eyes, maintaining a sedulous silence. So strong a family resemblance existed between them and the dead man that 'Gustus Tom was greatly perturbed as from time to time he glanced at them; looking away instantly with a resolution to see them no more, and yet again with a morbid fascination turning his eyes to meet theirs, before whose dark and solemn anger he quailed. Now and then the sobs would burst from him, and he would lay his head on his arm against the rails, as he cowered in the fence corner; for the old woman would not enter the miller's house, but stood upon the frozen crust of snow by the roadside, and looked upon the denuded site of the mill, and the turbulent river, and the austere bleak bluffs on the opposite bank. The miller appeared in his door, himself the impersonation of winter, his snowy locks and beard falling about his rugged face; the desolate little shanty was plainly to be seen among the naked and withered boughs of the orchard, that bore only snow and icicles in the stead of the bloom and fruit they had known.

Cross-questioning, threats, all the devices of suggestion, availed naught. The terrible story once told, 'Gustus Tom found the pluck somehow to stand by it

without other support than the uncognizant affection of sister Eudory; for the miller's mind was darkening daily, and the shallow Sophy cared for none of it. She came to the door once to lead the old man within from the piercing wind, and she lingered for a moment, her golden hair flying in the blast; her placid blue eyes and superficial smile underwent no change when the old woman turned away, baffled and hopeless and stricken.

"I 'lowed my son war dead," she said to the cluster of gossips who had assisted at the colloquy. She shook her head as she leaned upon her stick, and hobbled down across the frozen ruts of the road toward the wagon. "I 'lowed my son war dead, an' I mourned him. But I said the words of a fool, for he war alive; the best part of him, his good name, war lef' ter me. An' now he air beset, an' druv, an' run down ter death, — fur ye air now a-murderin' of him in takin' his good name. Lemme know, neighbors," — she turned, with her hand upon the wheel, — "when the deed air fairly done, so ez I kin gin myself ter mournin' my son, fur then he'll be plumb dead."

The two dark-browed brothers said never a word; the slow oxen started; the wagon moved creaking down the road toward the snowy mountains, with their whitened slopes and black trees, and gray shadows.

The public sentiment excited in favor of Mink Lorey by the developments during his trial, and which had expressed itself in the riot and attempt at a rescue, had sustained a rebuff consequent upon his assault on Judge Gwinnan. Nevertheless, it is difficult to nullify a popular prepossession, and the discovery that the young mountaineer had been the victim of the machinations of the true criminal, that he had been placed in jeopardy, had suffered many months' imprisonment, had still longer duress in prospect, served to justify him in some sort,

and reinstated him in the feelings of the people, never very logical. All the details of the trial were canvassed anew with reviviscent interest. Now that the veil of mystery was torn from it, there seemed still other inculpations involved. It would appear to imply some gross negligence, some intentional spite, some grotesque perversion of justice, that the criminal should have been one of the jury impaneled to try an innocent man. The fact itself was shocking. It was significant that only through accident had it come to light, and it augured grievous insecurity of liberty, life, and property.

Mr. Harshaw, who shortly returned to Shaftesville to spend the Christmas vacation, was not slow to note the direction and progress of popular favor. In the state of his feelings toward Gwinnan, he had no great impulse to combat the position taken by the unlearned that it was a grave dereliction on the part of the court that Pete Rood had been admitted to the panel. Why should he expound the theory of judicial challenges, the conclusiveness of the *voir dire*, in instances of general eligibility? He truly believed that in the incarceration of the jury Gwinnan had sacrificed the interests of the defense and a favorable verdict, and as he felt much reminiscent interest in the details of his cases he could listen with all the relish of mental affirmation to the denunciations of the stranger judge, who was often profanely apostrophized and warned to show his head no more in Cherokee County.

"Somebody besides Mink Lorey 'll try ter beat some sense inter it, ef he do," said Bylor. The bitterness of the affront offered to the jury by their imprisonment had grown more poignant as time went on, for while the general excitement had gradually subsided, the fact remained. Not one of the unlucky panel, venturing from time to time into town with peltry, or game, or produce for

sale, could escape the gibes and laughter of retrospective ridicule. The dignity of the interests involved had ceased to be as a shield to them. Even the acrimony excited by their failure to agree had yielded to light sarcasm and jocular scorn, — not ill-natured, perhaps, but sufficiently nettling to proud and sensitive men whom accident had succeeded in immuring behind the bars. Everywhere the subject lurked in ambush, — in the stores, at the tavern, on the streets. The jailer was the most hospitable man alive. "When 'll ye kem an' take pot-luck agin, gentlemen?" he would hail them in chance encounters. "My door air easy ter open — *from the outside.*" Or he would call out, with a roguish twinkle in his brown eyes, "How's 'rithmetic up in the cove?" in allusion to the unlucky thirteen on the panel. It seemed to them that humiliation was their portion, and the festive and gala occasion known as "goin' ter town," which had hitherto been so replete with excitement and interest, and was in the nature of a tour and a recompense of toil, had resolved itself into a series of mortifications.

Harshaw's law-office proved in some sort a refuge to the coterie, as it had always been more or less a resort. It had some of the functions of a club-house, and its frequenters felt hardly less at home than its proprietor. He was a man difficult to be taken amiss by his country friends. He had a sonorous, hearty greeting for whoever came. If he were at work, half a dozen sprawling fellows talking about his fireside were no hindrance to the flow of his thought, the scratch of his pen, or the chase of some elusive bit of legal game through the pages of a law-book. More often he bore a part in the conversation. The bare floor defied the red clay mire that came in with the heavy boots; the broken bricks in the hearth were not more unsightly in his eyes for the stains of tobacco juice. The high mantel-

piece was ornamented by a box of tobacco, a can of kerosene, and an untrimmed lamp that asserted its presence in unctuous odors. There were some of the heavy books of his profession in a case, and many more lying in piles on the floor, near the walls, defenseless against the borrower. There was a window on one side of the office, and another opening upon the street. At this a face was often applied, with a pair of hands held above the eyes to shut out the light, that the passer-by might scan the interior, perchance to see if some one sought were within; perchance merely to regale an idle curiosity. The unique proceeding occasioned no comment and gave no offense. An open door showed an inner apartment, where consultations were held when too important for the ear of the indiscriminate groups in the main office, and where there was a lounge, on which he slept during court week, or when political business was too brisk to admit of his driving out to his home on his farm, some miles from the town.

"Well," said Harshaw, tilting his chair back upon its hind legs, until it creaked and quaked with the weight, and clasping both hands behind his yellow head, "I wonder you ain't willing for Gwinnan to be a fool, considering what Mink got for beating his skull into a different shape."

The county boasted no weekly newspaper, and without it the news was a laggard. Ben Doaks looked up with interest; Bylor paused expectant. Jerry Price, too, was present, for there was an unusual number from the coves in town to-day, — the Saturday before Christmas, — to sell and purchase many commodities designed to promote Christmas cheer; to see also the little display the village made, to profit by the crowd and the event.

The hickory logs crackled on the hearth, above the gleaming coals, and the white and yellow flames were broad-

ly flaring; great beds of gray ashes lay beneath, for they were seldom removed; the murmurous monotone of the fire filled the pause.

"Yes, sir," said Harshaw, taking his pipe from his lips and knocking the ashes from the bowl, "Mink got a sentence for twenty years in the penitentiary, for assault with intent to commit murder."

There was dead silence. The clay pipe that Jerry Price was smoking fell from his hands unheeded, and broke into fragments on the hearth. This knowledge affected the group more than the news of Mink's death might have done. That at least was uncertain. The mind flags and fails to follow in the journey to the unknown the spirit that has quitted the familiar flesh, — the entity for which it has merely a name, an impression, an illusion of acquaintance. But this sordid, definite fact, this measure of desolation bounded by four walls, this hopeless rage, this mental revulsion from ignominy, all were of mortal experience and easily imagined.

"Yes, sir," resumed Harshaw; his florid face was grave, but firm. He had the air of a man whose feelings have been schooled to calmness, but who protests against a fact. "I did what I could for Mink. I could n't defend him myself, — could n't leave the interests of my constituents in the House for the sake of an individual; but I put the case in Jerome Maupert's hands. Maupert could n't help it. Mink was locking the door of the state prison and double-locking it every time he lifted his hand to strike Gwinnan. A *judge*, you know," — he rolled his eyes significantly at the group, — "a judge is a mighty big man, and Mink is just a poor mountain boy."

He stuck his pipe into his mouth again, and vigorously puffed it into a glow.

"The crowd in court cheered when the jury gave their verdict," he said.

The group looked at each other with quick, offended glances; then lapsed into

gazing at the fire and contemplating the circumstances.

"'Pears like ez nobody kin git even with Gwinnan right handy," said Bylor. "Ef 't war n't fur makin' bad wuss fur Mink, I'd wisht ez he hed killed him."

"Shucks!" said Harshaw scornfully. "Gwinnan thinks he's mighty popular with the people. He's always doing the humbugging and bamboozling dodge. Just before I left Glaston the attorney-general — Kenbigh, ye know — showed me a letter from Judge Gwinnan asking him to take no notice of Mink's assault, as he was n't willing to prosecute."

He brought his chair down with a thump on its fore-legs, and looked about the circle, his roseate plump face full of bantering sarcasm.

"What war his notion fur that?" demanded Doaks, slowly possessing himself of the facts.

"To impose on the people — so good — so lenient" —

"Mighty lenient, sure!" interpolated Bylor. He rubbed his wrist mechanically; he never was quite sure that he had not been shackled.

"Letter dated just about two weeks after Mink was sentenced," Harshaw sneered.

"Waal, who war the prosecutor, then?" demanded Jerry Price, at a loss.

"Why, of course they did n't wait for a prosecutor. Mink was tried on a presentment by the grand jury; and as the criminal court came on right straight, Kenbigh just hurried him through. He's a regular blood-hound, Kenbigh is."

There was silence for a few moments. Several of the sticks of wood had burned in two and fallen apart, and were sending up dull columns of smoke, some of which puffed into the room, — an old trick of the chimney's, if the testimony of the blackened ceiling be admitted.

"As if," cried Harshaw, suddenly uncrossing and crossing his legs, reversing

their position, "Gwinnan, of all the men in the world, would n't know and think of that! But Kenbigh seemed to take it *all* in, — seemed to think 't was Gwinnan's modesty. He showed me the answer he wrote to the judge." Harshaw cast up his eyes meditatively to the ceiling, as if seeking to recall the words. "He begged to express his admiration of Judge Gwinnan's modesty in thinking that so serious an injury to one of the most brilliant ornaments of the state judiciary could fail to be summarily punished, or would need his personal interposition as prosecutor."

They all listened with an absent air, as if the refusal to hear the compliments nullified them.

Harshaw gave a short, satirical laugh, showing his strong white teeth.

"I wisht ter Gawd that thar Gwinnan wanted ter go ter Congress, or sech, ez would fling him 'fore the vote o' Cher'kee County, — it be in the same congressional deestric' whar he hails from, — I'd show him," said Bylor, shaking his head with the savagery of supposititious revenge, and in the full delusion of unbridled power characteristic of the free and independent American unit. "*I'd show him.*"

"I reckon everybody don't feel like we-uns do," said Jerry Price, who, although he smarted under the unmerited disgrace he had experienced at the hands of Gwinnan, had submitted to it as a judicial necessity. Its rankling pangs were manifested only when, chancing to meet the foreman, Jerry would ask, in a manner charged with interest and an affectation of mystery, whether he had had his tongue measured yet, and how many joints it had been ascertained to have.

"They're a little more disgruntled over in Kildeer than you are here," Harshaw declared. "You'd allow the court-room was a distric' school, if you could know the way he domineers over there. I always look to see the learned

counsel put his finger in his mouth and whine when Gwinnan gets on the rampage."

"Why, look-a-hyar, Mr. Harshaw," demanded Bylor, "do you-uns call this a free country? Ain't thar no way o' stoppin' him off? Goin' ter hev five mo' years o' him on the bench?"

"He'll be impeached some day, mark my words," Harshaw declared; and then he fell to eying the smoking fire with slow, sullen, vengeful speculation, and for the rest of the day he was not such jovial company as his general repute for good fellowship might seem to promise.

In this interval of leisure which the holidays afforded him, both as legislator and lawyer, Harshaw devoted himself to furthering his political prospects and strengthening his hold upon the predilections of the people. He was a man of many mental and moral phases: he sang loud and long at the "watch meeting," at the cross-roads church; he attended the rural merry-makings; there was egg-nog at his house on Christmas Day for all who came that way, and the flavor of his hospitality was not impaired by his shaking hands with his guests, and violently promising to vote for them at the next election, each enlightened and independent citizen being himself not quite clear as to who was the prospective candidate: but the whole episode faded from recollection with the day, mingling with the vain phantasmagoria of wild elation, and subsequent drowsiness, and retributive headache, and physical repentance. He went on a camp hunt with a party of roaring blades. The weather in the changeful Southern winter had turned singularly fine and dry; the air had all the crisp buoyancy of autumn and all the freshness of spring; fires drowsed on hearths; doors stood ajar; the sunshine was pervasive, warm, languorous, imbued with pensive vernal illusions. One might wonder to see the silent sere grass; were there indeed no

whirring songs, no skittering points of light, hovering in mazy tangles, and telling the joy that existence might prove to the tiniest insect life? Birds? The trees were empty, but one must look to make sure: only the rising quail from the clumps of withered weeds; only the infrequent cry of the wild turkey down the bare, sunny vistas of the woods. The shadows of the deciduous trees were spare and linear, distinctly traced on the brown ground or upon the gray rock. In these fine curves and strokes of dendritic scripture a graceful sylvan idyl might perchance be deciphered by the curious. But the dense masses of laurel and the darkling company of pines cloaked themselves in their encompassing gloom, in these bright days as ever, and in their shade the dank smell and the depressing chill attested the winter solstice. Vague shimmers hung about the mountains, blue in the distance, garnet and brown and black close at hand. The terrible heights and unexplored depths, the vast sheer, precipitous descents, the titanic cliffs, the breadth, the muscle, the tremendous velocity, of the torrents hurling down the gorges, gave august impressions of space unknown to the redundant richness of the summer woods. There were vistas of incomparable amplitude, as still, with the somnolent sunshine and the sparse shadow, as if they were some luminous effect on a canvas, painted in dark and light browns, graduated through the tints of the sere leaf in ascendant transition to the pale gold of the sunbeams; affording, despite the paucity of detail, an ecstasy to the sense of color.

It was a moment of preëminent consequence to Harshaw one day, when far up a stately avenue a deer appeared with the suddenness of an illusion, yet giving so complete a realization of its presence that the very fullness and splendor of its surprised eyes left their impression. Then, as in some jugglery of the senses, the animal with consummate grace and

lightness, vanished, bounding through the laurel.

The wind was adverse and the hounds did not readily catch the scent. A few tentative, melancholy yelps of uncertainty arose; then a deep, musical, bell-like bay, another, and the pack opened with a great swelling, oscillating cry, that the mountains echoed as with a thousand voices, and in a vast compass of tone. The mounted men, hallooing to one another, dashed off in different directions, making through the woods toward various "stands" which the deer might be expected to pass. Now and then the horn sounded to recall the stragglers, — inexpressibly stirring tones, launched from crag to crag, from height to height; far-away ravines repeated the summons with a fine and delicate mystery of resonance, rendered elusive and idealized, till one might believe that never yet did such sound waves float from the prosaic cow-horn of the mountaineer.

Harshaw's pursuits had not been those of a Nimrod, and although a good horseman and a fair marksman he had found himself at a grievous disadvantage with others of the party who were mountaineers and crack shots. Stimulated by rivalry, they had achieved prodigies in instances of quickness of sight and unerring aim in unpropitious, almost impossible circumstances. They had already had some good sport, in which he had acquitted himself creditably enough; but his inexperience and ignorance of the topography of the country had given him some occasion to perceive that without more familiarity with the localities he could not fully enjoy a camp hunt. He was not surprised when, becoming involved in an almost impenetrable tangle of the laurel, he lost his companions, who got over the broken ground with an amazing swiftness, divination of direction, and quickness of resource. He drew rein upon emerging, and listened to the baying hounds: now loud, now faint and far away; now sharply yelping for the

lost trail, and again lifting the exultant, bell-like cry of bated triumph. He despaired of rejoining his friends till the deer was lost or killed, and, remembering the pluck of the *personnel* of the diversion, of the deer, the hounds, and the mountaineers, he reflected that this result might not soon ensue.

The echoes infinitely confused the sounds, giving no reliable suggestion of the direction which the hunt was taking. He pushed on for a time, — a long time, his watch told him, — in the complete silence of the wintry woods. He began to experience a dull growing apprehensiveness. He had no faint approximate knowledge concerning the locality; there was no path, not even a herder's trail. He could himself establish no landmark by which he might be guided. There was a lavish repetitiousness in the scene: grand as it might be with scarred cliffs and sudden chasms and stupendous trees, it was presented anew with prolific magnificence forty yards further, and ride as he might he seemed to make no progress. As time passed, there recurred to his recollection instances — rare, it is true, but as uninviting to the imagination as infrequent — of men who have been lost in these fastnesses, trained woodsmen, herders, the familiars of the wild nature into whose penetralia even they had ventured too far. A handful of bleaching bones might tell the story, or perhaps the mysterious disappearance would be explained by much circling of birds of prey. Mr. Harshaw felt a sudden violent appreciation of the methods and interests and affluent attractiveness of the civilized world. He could not sufficiently condemn his folly in venturing out of its beaten track; in leaving, even for a space, the things he loved for the things he cared not for. The scene was inexpressibly repugnant to him; the woods closed him in so frowningly; his mind recoiled from the stern, Gorgon-like faces of the crags on every hand. The wintry sunlight was

reddening; he could see only the zenith through the dense forest, and upon its limited section were interposed many interlacing outlines of the bare boughs; nevertheless, he was aware that the sky was clouding. The wind did not stir; the woods were appallingly still; there was no sound of horn or hounds; the chase had gone like a phantom hunt, — suddenly evoked, as suddenly disappearing.

XXIII.

As Harshaw paused to let his mare breathe, an abrupt sound smote his ear; he lifted his head to listen. It was the fitful clank of a cow-bell — and again; nearer than he had thought at first. He experienced infinite relief. The prosaic jangling had a welcome significance. It intimated the vicinity of some dwelling-place, for at this season the cattle are not at large in the withered pasturage of the mountain. He heard the bushes cracking at a little distance; he pressed his reluctant mare in that direction, through a briery tangle, over the trunks of fallen trees, pausing now and then to listen to the sound. Suddenly there was a great thwack; a thick human tongue stammered a curse. There was something strange and repellent and unnatural in the mouthing tones. The next moment he understood. The laurel gave way into the open aisles of the brown woods; a red suffusion of the sunset lingered among the dark boles on the high slopes, contending with, rather than illuminating, the lucent yellow tints on the dead leaves. A red cow shambled along at a clumsy run amid the pervasive duski-ness, that was rather felt than seen; and driving her with a long hickory sprout was a tall mountain boy, who turned his head at the sound of the hoofs behind him, showing under the bent and drooping brim of an old white hat a pale and flabby face, on which pitiless nature had

fixed the stamp of denied intelligence. He gazed, with open mouth and starting eyes, at the horseman; then, regardless of Harshaw's friendly hail, he dropped his stick, and with a strange, unearthly howl he fled along the woodland ways like a frightened deer. He plunged into the laurel, and was out of sight in a moment.

Harshaw began to drive the cow along, hoping she would take the familiar barn-yard way. He could hardly gauge his relief when, almost immediately, he saw before him a rail fence; and yet he had an accession of irritation because of the folly, the futility, of the whole mishap. His consciousness was so schooled to the exactions of political life that he experienced the sort of grotesque shame as if the misadventure were already added to the capital of a political opponent expert in the art of ridicule.

No one was visible in the little clearing. Smoke, however, was curling briskly from the chimney of a log hut; there was a barn of poles hard by, evidently well filled. Harshaw hallooed, with no response save that his hearty voice roused the dogs; they came trooping from under the house and from out of it, sharply barking, although two or three, still drowsy, paused to stretch themselves to a surprising length and to yawn with a vast dental display. The cow went in by the way, doubtless, that she had come out, stepping over the fence, where a number of rails had been thrown off. Harshaw, thinking it as well to encounter the dogs within the inclosure as without, followed her example, the mare resisting slightly, and stumbling over those of the rails that lay upon the ground. He saw that his approach had occasioned a commotion within the house; there was a vague flutter of skirts elusively appearing and disappearing. Across the doorway, low down, were nailed wooden slats, doubtless to restrain the excursiveness of a

small child, who suddenly thrust his head over them, and was instantly snatched back by some invisible hand.

Nevertheless, the inhabitants were presently induced to hold a parley, perhaps because of Harshaw's manifest determination to force an entrance, despite the dogs that leaped and yelped about his stirrup irons, their vocal efforts more shrilly keyed as his whip descended among them; for although he held his revolver cocked, he was too shrewd a politician to present its muzzle to a mountaineer's dog save in the direst emergency. A woman suddenly appeared at the door. She looked at him with so keen and doubtful a gaze, with a gravity so forbidding, a silence so significant, that, accustomed as he was to the hospitable greeting and smile of welcome that graces the threshold of every home of the region, however humble, he lost for the moment his ready assurance. When he told her of his plight, she received the statement with the chilling silence of incredulity. Nevertheless, upon his request for shelter for the night and a guide the next morning, she did not refuse, as he had feared, but told him in a spiritless way to 'light and hitch, and that the boy would look after his horse. He strode up to the house, the dogs, suddenly all very friendly, at his heels, and stepped over the barricade that restrained the adventurous juvenile who was now hanging upon it, looking with eager interest at the world of the doorway, which was a very wide world to him. He followed Harshaw to his seat by the fire, eying with great persistence his boots and his spurs. The latter exerted upon him special fascinations, and he presently stooped down and applied a small inquisitive finger to the rowel. The interior was not unlike the other homes of the region,—two high beds, a ladder ascending to a chamber in the roof, a rude table, a spinning-wheel, at which a gaunt, half-grown girl was working as industriously as if oblivious of

the stranger's presence. The woman sat with her arms folded, her eyes on the fire, pondering deeply. A young man came to the back door, glanced in, and turned away.

When the woman fixed her grave, wide, prominent eyes upon Harshaw, there was something in their expression so unnerving that his refuge seemed hardly more comfortable than the savage wilderness without. But he said bluffly to himself that he had not stumped Kildeer and Cherokee for nothing; he rallied his traditions as a politician. Surely, he reflected, he who could so beguile other men's adherents to vote for him could win his way to a simple woman's friendship, if he tried.

He looked at the child and smiled, and said that the boy was "mighty peart." He dropped into the vernacular as a conscious concession to the habits of the "plain people."

The woman's fierce face was transfigured. "That's a true word, stranger," she said, beamingly. "Philetus ain't three year old yit, air he, Sereny?"

The girl in an abrupt, piping way confirmed the marvel, and Harshaw looked again at Philetus, who had no sort of hesitancy in seeking to take off the spurs and convert them to his own use.

His mother went on: "Philetus, though, ain't nigh so pretty ez three others I hed ez died. Yes, sir, we-uns lived up higher than this, on a mountin over yander thar."

"You have n't been living here long?" said Harshaw, merely by way of making talk.

The woman instantly resumed her stony, impassive manner. "'T ain't long nor short by some folkses' medjure," she said equivocally. She looked watchfully at him from time to time. An old gray cat that sat on the warm stones in the corner of the hearth, purring, and feigning to lift now one of her forepaws and then the other, eyed him with a round, yellow, somnolent stare, as if she

too had a charge to keep him under surveillance. She got up suddenly, arching her back, to affectionately rub against the great booted feet of the idiot, who came and leaned on the chimney and gazed solemnly at the stranger. He was overgrown and overfat, and had a big, puffy, important face and a cavalier, arrogant manner.

"Don' want'er," he said, in his thick, mouthing utterance, as the woman, once more seeming flustered and anxious, told him to take the basket and fill it with chips.

The whirl of the spinning-wheel was suddenly silent, and the girl, who officiated as a sort of echo of her mother's words, a reflection of her actions, came and emptied the basket of the few bits of bark within it, and handed it to him.

"G' way, Sereny," he said good-naturedly, but declining the duty.

The unfathomable dispensation of idiosyncrasy, its irreconcilability with mundane theories of divine justice or mercy, its presentment at once repellent and grotesque, has its morbid effect when confronted with sanity. Harshaw was a man neither of delicate instincts nor any subtle endowment, but the contemplation of the great vacant face grimacing at him, coupled with the singular influences of his reception, required a recollection of the anguished anxiety he had experienced, the sound of the rising wind without, the sight of the whirling dead leaves, the gathering gloom of the cloudy dusk, to reconcile him to the conditions of his refuge.

"Well, my man," he said, looking at the boy, "what's *your* name?"

The idiot grinned importantly. "Tad," he stuttered thickly, — "Tad Simpkins. What's *yourn*?"

Harshaw sat for a moment in stunned surprise. Then all the discomforts of the situation vanished before the triumphs of this discovery. This — this great, well-fed, hearty creature, the for-

lorn, maltreated idiot depicted by the evidence in Mink Lorey's trial; this, the pitiable boy drowned in the mill like a rat in a trap; this, the elusive spectre of the attorney-general's science! The next moment it occurred to him that he must use special caution here; the motives that had led these people to harbor the idiot, if not to conceal him, were suspicious, and favored his theory in the trial — which he had adopted more from the poverty of his resources than a full credulity — that the retirement of the boy reputed drowned was prompted by a deep-seated enmity to Mink Lorey.

He turned to the woman, all his normal faculties on the alert.

"Well, that's a fact, Mrs. Simpkins; your son ain't plumb bright, — I can see that, — but he's right there. I ought to tell you *my* name."

"Mine ain't Simpkins," said the woman suddenly, responding quickly to his clever touch, "an' Tad thar ain't my son." She was mixing corn-meal batter for bread in a wooden bowl; she stirred it energetically as she went on with a sort of partisan acrimony: "Mebbe he ain't bright, ez ye call it, but I ain't never hearn o' Tad doin' a mean thing yit, — not ter the chill'n, nor dogs, nor cats, nor nuthin'. He may be lackin' in the head, but he ain't lackin' in the heart; thar's whar's the complaint o' mos' folks ez ain't idjits. I dunno which air held gifted in the sight o' the Lord. 'Tain't in human wisdom ter say. Tad 'll make a better show at the jedgmint day 'n many folks ez 'low they hev hed thar senses through life."

"Ain't no idjit, nuther," protested Tad, gruffly.

"Well, my name's Harshaw, — Bob Harshaw." The guest leaned forward, with his elbows on his knees, looking steadily at her as he talked. She held her head on one side, listening eagerly, almost laboriously, sedulous that she should lose no point, showing how sharp had been her desire for him to give an

account of himself. As he noticed this, he was more than ever sure that the household had some cause to fear the law. His vanity received a slight shock in the self-evident fact that she had never before heard of him. "I'm a lawyer from Shaftesville. I defended Mink Lorey when he was tried for drowning that chap."

"Flung me in the water!" exclaimed Tad parenthetically.

"I hearn 'bout that," said the woman. She had knelt on the broad hearth-stone, depositing the bowl beside her while she made up the pones in her hands, tossing them from one palm to the other, then placing them upon the hoe which smoked upon the hot live coals drawn out from the bed of the fire. "I war glad the rescuers tuk him out," she continued, "fur Tad ain't drowned."

"The rescuers did n't take him out," said Harshaw, sharply.

The woman looked up, surprised; her hand shook a little with the bread in it; she was evidently capable of appreciating the weight of responsibility.

"Why, Lethe Sayles told me so," she said.

"Lethe Sayles!" he exclaimed, perplexed. Her name instantly recalled Gwinnan — incongruous association of ideas! — and Mink's persuasion of Gwinnan's enmity toward him for her sake. Had she known the judge before? he wondered. Had Mink some foundation for his jealousy beyond the disasters of the trial? Somehow, this false representation to the people who knew that the lad was not drowned had, he thought, an undeveloped significance in view of that fact. Harshaw resolved that there should be no question of the substantiality of Tad's apparition when the case should come up to be tried anew. He forgot himself for the moment. "I'll produce you in open court, my fine fellow," he said, swaggering to his feet and striking the boy on his fat shoulder. "That's what I'm bound for!"

He had naught in mind save the details of his case. He regarded the incident only as the symmetrical justification of his conduct of the evidence and his evolution of the theory of the crime. He did not pause to reflect on its slight and ineffective value to Mink himself, to whom the complete result could only mean that a few years were not to be added to the long term of imprisonment which already impended for him. He did not even notice that the woman rose suddenly from her knees, went toward the door, and beckoned in the burly young fellow who had appeared on the porch at intervals, covertly surveying the scene within.

"Naw, sir," she exclaimed, with an agitated, accelerated method of speech and a fierce eye, "ye won't! Ye ain't a-goin' ter kem in hyar an' spy us out an' perdue us in court, fur yer profit an' our destruction." Harshaw turned and gazed at her, with a flushing, indignant face and an amazement that knew no bounds. The young man had his rifle in his hand; she herself was taking down a gun which lay in a rack above the fireplace. "Ye war n't axed ter kem in hyar, but it be our say-so ez ter when ye go out."

The surprise of it overpowered him for a moment; he stood blankly staring at them. The next, he realized that his pistols were in the holster with his saddle, and his gun that he had placed beside the door had been removed. He was not, however, deficient in physical courage.

"Take care how you attempt to detain me!" he blustered.

She laughed in return, shrilly, mirthlessly; as he looked at her he was sure that she would not hesitate to draw the trigger that her long, lean fingers, bedaubed with the corn-meal batter, already touched.

The idiot put his hands before his eyes, with a hoarse, wheezing moan of horror and remonstrance. The girl

looked on with the tranquillity of sanity.

Harshaw could rely only on the superiority of his own intellectual endowments.

"Why, look here, madam," he said bluffly, rallying his wits, "what do you want of me, — to stay here? I have got no notion of going, I assure you; not till daybreak, anyhow."

He flung himself into his chair, and looked up at her with an exasperating composure, as if relegating to her all the jeopardy of the initiative and the prerogatives of action.

She quailed before this unexpected submission. She could have had no doubts as to her course had he shown fight; the tall and subsidiary young man also wore an air of sheepish defeat. Harshaw stifled his questions; he gave no sign of the anger that seethed within him, the haunting fear that would not down. He stretched out his booted legs to the warm fire, feeling in the very capacity of motion, in the endowment of sensation, a relief, an appreciated value in sheer life which is the common sequence of escape, and remembering that by this time, but for his quick expedient, he might be in case to never move again. He thrust his broad hat far back on his yellow head, put his hands into his pockets, and looked in his confident fashion about his surroundings, while the woman lowered her weapon, and presently went mechanically about her preparations for supper, evidently attended by some lurking regret for her precipitancy. She looked askance at him now and then, and after a time ventured upon a question.

"Ye say yer name be Harshaw?" she asked.

"I said so," Harshaw replied. So alert were her suspicions that she fancied significance in the simple phrase. She exchanged a quick glance with the young man, who appeared at once lowering and beset with doubt.

Even Tad apprehended the meaning in the look.

"Ye know my name, 'pears like, better 'n yourn," he grinned, with a guttural, foolish laugh.

As the boy spoke Harshaw was impressed anew with the change in his fate: the creature of cuffs and curses, who had been the very derision of perverse circumstances, was a marvelous contrast to the well-fed, fat, kindly-tended lad who leered good-humoredly from where he lounged against the great chimney. Yet despite this attestation of benignant impulses harbored here, there was the rifle, which had had such importunate concern for his attention, standing ready at the woman's right hand.

"Well, madam," said the politician, "I have been about right smart in the mountains, and I have partaken of the cheer around many a hearth-stone, but this is the first time I have ever been invited to look down the muzzle of a rifle."

She winced visibly at this reflection upon her hospitality, as she knelt on the hearth, slipping the knife under the baking pones on the hoe, and turning them with a dextrous flip.

"I would n't have believed it," continued Harshaw. "I have never heard of anybody but law-breakers giving themselves to such practices, — moonshiners and the like."

The woman suddenly lifted her face, her dismayed jaw falling at the significant word. Harshaw could have laughed aloud. The simple little riddle was guessed. And yet the situation was all the graver for him. There was a step outside; the door opened for only a narrow space; darkness had fallen; the room was illumined by the flaring flames darting up the chimney; he knew that he was scrutinized sharply from without, and now and then he heard the sound of voices in low conference.

It was well, doubtless, that the secret

petitions he preferred to the powers of the earth and the air for the utter confusion and the eternal destruction of the mountain hunters who had made so slight and ineffective a search for him — or perhaps none at all — could not be realized, or his misfortune might have engendered far-reaching and divergent calamity, disproportionate in all eyes save his own.

He knew now that he had stumbled upon a gang of moonshiners, and had been taken for a revenue spy, or a straggler from a raiding party. How to escape with this impression paramount, or indeed how to escape at all, was a question that bristled with portentous dubitation. He was content to pretermit it in the guarded watchfulness that absorbed his every faculty, as one by one the men strode in to the number of four or five, each casting upon him a keen look, supplementing the survey through the door.

One of them he suddenly recognized. "I have seen you before," he said, with a jolly intonation. "This is Sam Marvin, ain't it?"

The owner of the name was discomfited when confronted with it, and, seeing this, Harshaw was sorry that he had, with the politician's instinct, made a point of remembering it.

He could with difficulty eat, despite the fatigues of the day, but he sat down among them, with a hearty show of appetite and with his wonted bluff manner. His sharpened attention took cognizance of many details which under ordinary circumstances he would not have noticed. He could have sworn to every one of the rough faces — and right welcome would have been the opportunity — grouped about the table. The men ate in a business-like, capacious fashion, especially one lean, lank fellow, with unkempt black hair and a thin face, the chin decorated with what is known as a goatee. Notwithstanding their roughness they were not altogether unkind.

Philetus could not complain of disregarded pleas as he begged from chair to chair, under the firm impression that there was something choice in the *menu* not included in the contents of the pan placed for him on a bench, which should serve as table, while he was to be seated on an inverted noggin. And the dogs spent the time of the family meal alternately in a petrified expectancy and sudden elastic bounds to catch the bits flung liberally over the shoulders.

When the repast, conducted chiefly in silence, was concluded, the group reassembled about the hearth-stone, the pipes were lighted, and conversation again became practicable. It required some strong control of his faculties to bear himself as an honored guest instead of a suspected informer, trapped, but Harshaw managed to support much of his wonted manner as he lighted a pipe that he had in his pocket and pulled it into a strong glow. Nevertheless, he was beset with a realization of how easy it would be for them to rid themselves of him without a possibility that his fate would excite suspicion. As he looked into the flaming coals of the fire, his quickened imagination could picture a man lying lifeless at the foot of great crags, — lying lifeless where he had fallen, but with an averted face, — and another vista in which his horse, with an empty saddle, with pistols in the holster, cropped the grass on a slope. He thought of it often afterward, — the man lying lifeless beneath the crags, with a face he did not see! This was the doom that persistently forced itself upon him as most obviously, most insistently, his; naught else could so readily release these desperadoes from the peril that threatened them. He began to remember various stories of Marvin's old encounters with the "revenuers:" on one occasion shots had been exchanged; one or more of the posse had been killed; he could not remember accurately, but he thought this was accredited to Jeb

Peake, — "hongry Jeb," who could, according to the popular account of him, "chaw up five men of his weight at a mouthful an' beg for more." They had much at stake; perhaps, as they looked into the fire with that slow, ruminative gaze, they also saw a picture, — a halter wavering in the wind. The room alternately flared and faded as the flames rose and fell. It bore traces of renovation: the door was new, the floor patched. He made a rough guess that Marvin had taken possession of one of the long-deserted huts seen at intervals in the mountains. Raindrops presently pattered on the roof; then ceased, as if waiting breathlessly for some mandate; and again a fusillade; and anon torrents. The melancholy elements in the wild wastes without seemed not uncheerful companions in lieu of the saturnine group about the fire. Alack, for liberty, the familiar thing! Harshaw sought to reassure himself, noting their kindness to the idiot and to the little child. Philetus climbed over their feet, and made demands, of a frequency appalling to a mind less repetitious than the one encased in the downy yellow head, to be ridden on their great miry boots.

Suddenly Marvin spoke: "My wife 'lows ez how ye defended Mink Lorey when he war tried."

"I did," said Harshaw jauntily.

"Waal, did this hyar gal, — this Lethe Sayles, ez lives yander at the t'other eend o' the county, — did she up an' tell in court ennything 'bout me?"

Harshaw was not a truthful man for conscience' sake; but in the course of his practice he had had occasion to remark the inherent capacity of the truth for prevailing. He was far too acute to prevaricate.

"Yes," he said, sticking two fingers into his vest pocket and swinging the leg he had crossed over the other, "she swore that you were moonshining and told her so; she had told me as much before. We wanted to prove that Mink

was drunk, and had somewhere to get whiskey besides the bonded still. We could n't get in all the evidence, though."

The fire snapped and sparkled and flared. The pendent sponge-like masses of soot clinging to the chimney continually wavered in the strong current of air; now and then fire was communicated to it, and a dull emblazonment of sparks would trace some mysterious characters, dying out when half realized.

Harshaw could but see that his frankness had produced its impression: there was a troublous cast in all the stolid countenances around the hearth; but he was glad to be regarded as a problem as well as a danger.

"In the name o' Gawd," exclaimed Marvin irritably, "why did ye kem hyar ter this hyar place fur? Ain't Shaftesville big enough ter hold ye?"

Harshaw repeated the account of himself which he had already given to Mrs. Marvin. "I ain't ready to go yet," he remarked. "But when your wife thought I wanted to, by George, she got down the gun and said I should n't."

"Ye know too much," suddenly put in "hongry Jeb," who looked as cadaverous and as melancholy as his name might imply.

"I know enough to shut my mouth," said Harshaw bluffly, "and keep it shut."

He looked eagerly at "hongry Jeb," as he threw this out tentatively.

The mountaineer's face was distinct in the firelight, and he gazed at the leaping flames instead of at the speaker.

"I ain't able ter afford ter resk it," said "hongry Jeb." He made a sudden pass across his jugular toward his left ear, exclaiming "Tchisk!" — the whites of his eyes and the double row of his shining teeth showing as he smiled horribly on Harshaw.

The lawyer turned sick. How could he hope that these moonshiners would jeopardize aught for his sake? He could trust only to himself.

There was some drinking as the evening wore on; the monotony of this proceeding was beguiled by the fact that one of the dogs took a drop occasionally, at the instance of the youngest of the moonshiners — a mere boy of twenty — and Marvin's son Mose. It was desired that he should extend his fitness as a boon companion by the use of a pipe, but he revolted at fire and distrusted smoke, and displayed much power of shrillness when snatched by the ears and cuffed. He was finally kicked out, to crawl wheezingly under the house, debarred from the hearth-stone which unaccomplished dogs who were not even bibulous, much less smokers, were privileged to enjoy.

But the evening was not convivial. The moonshiners brooded silently as they drank and smoked. Among them, unmolested, Tad sat. He had never been so happy as now, poor fellow. He goggled about and laughed to himself till he fell asleep, his grotesque head dropping to one side, his mouth open, snoring prosperously.

Marvin glanced at him presently. Then he looked at Harshaw, showing his long tobacco-stained teeth as he laughed. "I hearn ye hev all been in a mighty tucker ter know what hed kem o' Tad, down yander in the flat-woods," he said. He sat in a slouching posture as he smoked, his legs crossed, his shoulders bent, his head thrust forward. "Lethe Sayles tole me 'bout'n it."

"Old Griff has nearly lost his mind about Tad," said Harshaw.

"What?" demanded Marvin, with an affectation of deep surprise. "Can't he find nuthin' else ter cuss an' beat?"

"Pore — old — man!" exclaimed "hongry Jeb," wagging his black head, and showing the gleaming whites of his eyes in his characteristic sidelong glance.

"Well, I expect Tad has been a good deal better off along of you," Harshaw admitted. "But that don't make it right for you to have kidnapped him."

"Lord knows, we-uns did n't want him," said Marvin. "We-uns ain't gifted in goadin' sech a critter ez him, like old man Griff. We can't git work enough out'n him ter make him wuth the stealin'. He jes' kem up ter whar we-uns lived, one night. I reckon 't war jes' a few nights arter he war flung in the water. He looked mighty peaked."

"An' I never see a critter so hongry," put in the pullet boldly from her seat in the chimney corner, her long yellow feet dangling beneath her short homespun skirt, her hair, which was luxuriant, gathered in a sort of top-knot on her head, "'thout 't war Jeb thar." She gave a cackling laugh of elation at this thrust, as she knitted off her needle in a manner that might make one wonder to see a pullet so deft.

Jeb good-naturedly grinned, and Marvin went on:—

"We reckoned he war a spy for the revenuers, kase they 'lowed we would n't s'pect sech ez him, sent ter find out edzac'y whar the place be, an' we war 'feared ter let him go back."

Harshaw winced.

"So we jes' kerried him off along o' we-uns. Mebbe 't war n't right, but folkses sech ez we-uns 'air can't be choosers."

"Naw, sir; else we can't be folkses," said "hongry Jeb."

How could he grin, with that lean, ghastly countenance, whenever he contemplated his terrible jeopardy!

"Ef Tad hed been well keered fur at home I'd hev felt wuss, but 't would n't hev made no differ," said Marvin; "but I know'd I could do better by him 'n old Griff."

"Mink's in jail now for drowning him," said Harshaw, surprised at his own boldness.

"Waal, stranger," said Marvin satirically, evidently going to make the best of it, "the court air gin over ter makin' mistakes, an' we pay taxes ter support a S'preme Court ter make some mo'.

Man's human, arter all; he can't be trested ter turn from everything else, an' take arter the right an' jestic. He ain't like my gran'dad's dog, ez would always leave the scent of deer or b'ar an' trail Injun. That dog knowed what war expected of him, an' he done it. But man's human. Man's nuthin' but human."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed "hongry Jeb," in appreciative elation.

A pause ensued.

The sound of the rain on the roof was intermitted at intervals, and the wind lifted a desolate voice in the solitudes. The sense of the vast wilderness without, measureless, trackless, infinitely melancholy, preyed upon the consciousness. Perhaps Harshaw, in the quick transition from the artificial life of the world, was more susceptible to the influence, more easily abashed, confronted with the grave, austere, and august presence of Nature. He had a fleeting remembrance of life in the city: the gush of soft light; the mingled sound of music and the babbling of the fountain in the rotunda of the hotel; the Capitol building, seen sometimes through morning fogs and contending sunshine, isolated in the air above the roofs of the surrounding town, like a fine mirage, some castellated illusion; and again its white limestone walls ponderously imposed, every line definite, upon the deep blue midday sky.

That other sphere of his existence seemed for the moment more real to him; he had a reluctance as of awakening from a trance, as he gazed at the unkempt circle of mountaineers about the dying fire.

They were beginning to yawn heavily now. Marvin was laying the chunks together and covering them with ashes, to keep the coals till morning. Harshaw looked on meditatively. Once, as he lifted his eyes, he became aware that they were all covertly watching him with curiosity and speculation.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

THE various temperance organizations of the country have been endeavoring for some time to secure the appointment, by Congress, of a commission to inquire into and report upon the effects of the liquor traffic. During the last session, a bill providing for such a commission passed the Senate; that being the sixth time the upper chamber had testified its willingness to make the investigation. The annual report of the National Temperance Society relates succinctly the further fortune of the measure: "In the House of Representatives the Senate bill has been reported adversely, with a minority report in its favor, by the Select Committee on the Alcoholic Liquor-Traffic. It is not probable that the bill will pass the present House." When it is remembered that the public conscience is at present manifesting unprecedented sensitiveness on the temperance question, and that the gravity and extent of the drink-evil are recognized more generally to-day than ever before, the apparent apathy of the popular branch of the national legislature is the more striking. It is possibly true that the commission asked for would, if appointed, effect little. But the mischief done by drink is so palpable, the waste of capital upon it is so enormous, its action as a generator of crime is so direct and patent, its agency as an obstacle to progress and a check to civilization is so positive and undeniable, that it does not seem easy for an ostensibly representative body to make any valid defense of its refusal to inquire formally into a subject of such importance and scope.

But it is not Congress alone that in this matter appears to be in opposition to a strong and constantly growing popular sentiment. In two States, New York and New Jersey, the legislatures

have recently refused to give the people the opportunity to vote upon the temperance question. In neither of these cases have the politicians who took this course any explanation to offer which can be regarded as justifying their action. How is it, then, that while, in the absence of absorbing political issues, this great question is attracting more and more attention among the people, the politicians of both the old parties seem to close their ears, shut their eyes, and turn their backs with increasing obstinacy to all demands and solicitations on behalf of temperance? The answer to this question is not hard to find. It is that party politics in the United States to-day are controlled by the saloon, and that when action against the drink-evil is proposed politicians revolt as from a parricidal proposition. For many years the political corruption of American cities has been a source of perplexity to reformers. All kinds of schemes for amending and purifying municipal government have been devised, but none of them have proved successful. Changes of party control have simply substituted hungry spoilsmen for gorged ones. There have been now and then flashes of improvement, but they have passed quickly, and the old knavery, plunder, and bad government have returned. In vain have Citizens' parties, Independent parties, all manner of new experiments, been tried. Against every effort at reform the discipline and power of the saloon have prevailed, and have restored the old conditions. Long ago the saloon abolished party politics in our largest cities. To-day, in every such city, the local government is vested in neither party, but is in the hands of the saloon itself. Nominally, the government may be Democratic or Republican. Actually, it is in commission by

a band of venal politicians, who have no convictions or principles, who trade and "swap" opportunities for plunder with one another, who act as agents for the so-called party leaders, but who acknowledge allegiance only to the saloon.

A government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" is the ideal of democracy; but the American people assuredly do not enjoy it at present, whatever they may do in the future. The delusion that the suffrage as now exercised enables any citizen to express his own opinions is perhaps less widely diffused than formerly, but even yet it interferes with a just comprehension of the hold the saloon has obtained upon our politics. In order to make the situation intelligible a few figures are here necessary. There are in round numbers 135,000 saloons in the country. These places and the 8000 wholesale liquor stores together absorb every year a revenue estimated at from seven to nine hundred million dollars. It is in the cities that the saloon is most powerful. Now, the ten largest cities in the Union — namely, New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and New Orleans — contain nearly one tenth of the entire population of the country, while fifty other cities, of 30,000 and over, contain another tenth; so that sixty cities comprise one fifth of the whole population. It is in these cities that the saloon is most strongly intrenched, and it is here that it exercises that mastery in politics which renders it so formidable and so mischievous.

What have the seven thousand saloons of New York city done for her? They have fastened upon her citizens the most shamefully corrupt government ever endured by a community indulging in the illusion that it was free; they have almost made it impossible for an honest, educated man to touch local politics, much less take office; they have

degraded the conduct of public affairs to their own low level; they have brutalized every institution they have had to do with; they have perverted and spoiled the democratic system, making a hissing and a reproach of American citizenship and the suffrage, establishing political shambles, pandering to the worst vices of the worst classes, defiling everything decent and pure with their ribald scoffing, and producing at intervals, as proof of their quality, tendencies, and power, such abominable scandals as that of the Tweed Ring, or the more recent sale of votes in the board of aldermen. But evil as are the results of the combination between the saloon and the politicians, it is not just to hold the latter responsible for all the mischief they cause. In truth, they are the result of conditions which could not produce anything better, and it is unreasonable to blame the product while refusing to interfere with the generating agencies. The saloon is an arrangement for the maintenance and propagation of the worst vice with which humanity is afflicted; a vice which destroys every elevating influence, kills shame, manhood, ambition, family affection, honor, all that makes life worth living; a vice which fosters brutality, self-indulgence, and all the train of ignoble and degrading passions and inclinations. Now, the purpose and intent of the saloon being what it is, the developments noted are simply what ought to have been expected when so large a share in the government of the country was permitted to be seized by this sinister agency. The American system of government is theoretically sound. The means of education are accessible to all. But when our children have passed through the public schools and enter into active life, if they wish to take part in public affairs they must descend to the saloon for instruction in politics, and in the same institution the foreign immigrants must graduate before they can exercise the right of cit-

izenship. These are our political schools, in fact, and they give the tone to our politics, city, state, and national. The candidate for office finds it indispensable to "make himself solid with" the rum power. He must buy the favor of the saloon-keepers. He must frequent these places and flatter the vanity of those who gather there. Through them he must obtain the votes of the idle, the vicious, the criminal, classes. He must become familiar with all the ward "strikers" and loafers. He must be represented at the caucuses which are always held where drink abounds. He must defer to the views of men of the lowest intelligence. He must subscribe to platforms drawn up by demagogues and time-servers. Is it any wonder that self-respecting men so often shrink from these ordeals, and prefer the obscurity of private life to a political career demanding such sacrifice and such debasement? The foreigner who lands in this country obtains his first ideas of its governmental system from the saloon. There he is introduced to the lowest intrigues of factional conflict. There he is taught that the chief end and aim of politics is to make as much as possible for the "workers." There he is enlisted into one or the other of the great organizations which have reduced party politics to periodical battles for plunder, to contests for the opportunity to misgovern. There he learns that honor and principle are simply "molasses to catch flies," as a notorious politician once expressed it. There he is made to understand that he is not expected to think for himself, but that he must obey implicitly the party mandates, reverence the saloon-keepers of his ward, submit himself humbly to his "boss," and on election day be thankful that he can sell his vote for a couple of dollars or a debauch on bad whiskey. This is no fanciful picture. There is not a considerable city in the United States in which purchased votes are not cast by the thou-

sand at every important election, and these votes are almost invariably bought and paid for in and through the saloon.

It is absurd to expect that under such a state of things politics can be anything but corrupt. It is absurd to look, in parties dependent upon the saloon, for enlightened patriotism, progressive policies, or any real care for the welfare of the nation. The country is now in a defenseless condition. All the riches of its sea-board cities lie at the mercy of any fifth-rate power with which we may happen to quarrel. Yet it has been impossible to rouse Congress to action. While throwing itself with feverish zeal into struggles over place and patronage, while exhibiting demagogic eagerness in squandering the public funds upon unnecessary local works, it has shown itself indifferent to this vital question; has betrayed a want of public spirit which would be remarkable and perplexing, were it not apparent that members have been desirous only of enacting measures redounding to their personal or party advantage. A Congress which refuses to investigate the liquor traffic, and will not authorize the necessary appropriations for the defense of the coasts against foreign enemies, is in one sense a pattern legislature. It is a pattern, that is to say, of the best that can be expected from the saloon in politics. It can be relied upon to protect the rum power. It cannot be relied upon to defend the country against invasion from without or corruption from within.

But nothing is to be gained by putting all the weight of responsibility upon the congressmen. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that they are what the political system makes them. If the people want a Congress of patriotic, upright, independent, able men, they must provide other machinery for electing them. At present, they are for the most part representatives less of the public than of the saloon, and it would be carping criticism to say that they are

not worthy of their origin. In the rural districts and in a few Western States, it is still possible for a candidate to be chosen on his merits, without self-humiliation. But in the cities those who seek office can scarcely avoid demagogism and venality, for they can only run subject to the indorsement of the rum power. As regards municipal offices, the record is so clear and full that little remains to be said. The kind of political judgment cultivated by the saloon has been exhibited lately in a startling way. What it produces cannot be better described than in the words of Tennyson: —

“Men loud against all forms of power,
Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues,
Expecting all things in an hour,
Brass mouths and iron lungs !”

However wild and foolish and impolitic the demands of saloon-made socialism may be, nevertheless, he who seeks public office where it is influential must avow his belief in its wisdom and justice, and declare his readiness to further its aims. So it is that fuddled anarchism finds a hearing, and that the subversive doctrines which have been filtered through the beer-keg and the whiskey-bottle are sometimes paraded solemnly as the expression of American public opinion.

Yet it will not avail us to rail at the work of the saloon. If we choose to establish competitive examinations in politics on the principle of the Dutch auction, giving the highest marks to those who show the least merit, rewarding demagogism and lack of principle and venality with offices, and disqualifying for the public service such as will not stoop to baseness or corruption for their own advancement, we have no right to complain of the results of the methods we have adopted. Nor can we with reason find fault because, after subjecting our least advanced classes to the degrading and brutalizing influences of the saloon, they learn their lessons more thoroughly than we expected, and threat-

en the country with the danger of a venal proletariat. We are reaping as we have sown. We have chosen to ignore the growth of this evil. We have shut our eyes obstinately to the real cause of the political corruption scourging us. We have allowed partisanship to blind us to the inevitable consequences of alliance or even compromise with the rum power. We have valued votes only, caring nothing how they were obtained. We have let things drift until the influence of the saloon in politics has become almost paramount.

Many men of sound capacity have wondered why the idea of woman suffrage has not made more progress in this country. The usual explanation has been that the measure is incompatible with “practical politics,” and a variety of minor objections have been raised, as that women “know nothing of public questions,” that “they are wanting in judgment,” and so forth. When the fearful mess that men have made of politics is impartially considered, it can scarcely be maintained soberly that women, however inexperienced, could do much worse. It is, indeed, hardly possible to conceive of worse being done by any kind of creatures. But there are obviously some things now done by men which women could be trusted not to do. For example, we may be quite sure that they would not squander five hundred million dollars a year in strong drink, and then coolly ignore this extravagance, and threaten to revolutionize the country on the ground that they were not receiving their fair share of the wealth they produced. They would not, we may be confident, strike for eight hours a day while permitting their husbands to work sixteen. They would not, at the week's end, spend seven eighths of their wages in the saloon, and then beat their hungry and naked children instead of feeding and clothing them. But when one thinks of the suffering and misery which the saloon inflicts upon woman,

the opposition it exhibits to woman suffrage is perfectly intelligible. There is nothing so cruel, nothing so brutal, nothing so uncivilized, in American politics to-day, as the dominance of the spirit which refuses a voice in the government to that sex upon whose virtues, piety, and long-suffering every worthy hope of the nation depends. But the difficulties of refusing this measure of justice, this logical and inevitable extension of the democratic principle, become greater with every tentative effort in the direction of a broader suffrage. The proposition can no longer be rejected on the ground that it is untried. It has been tried, and wherever it has had a fair trial it has produced satisfactory results. Naturally, woman suffrage is hostile to the saloon, whether in or out of politics. It is to woman the serpent of Scripture. The antagonism is fundamental, radical, inevitable. Woman stands for all the elevating influences in this stage of existence. The home, the family, the church, the school, all derive from her their best qualities, their highest capabilities. The saloon stands for all that is retrogressive, destructive, debasing, vile, and evil. It ruins the home, breaks up the family, undermines religion, nullifies educational agencies, checks intellectual and moral growth, fosters brutality, coarseness, immorality, and dishonesty. Yet man, enlightened and civilized as he thinks himself, cannot be persuaded to trust his helpmate with even a share of the government whose present abuses weigh so heavily upon her; cannot believe that the judgment and clear-sightedness which, if he is candid and prudent, he is glad to avail himself of in private life would produce as beneficent results when applied to the general concerns.

In this perversity the average man takes a course eminently calculated to maintain the supremacy of the saloon in politics. He shuts himself out from the only zealous help he is certain of. He deprives himself of the one ally who

is pledged, by nature as by condition, to eternal war upon the rum power. It is scarcely necessary to point out that, if women could vote, the saloon as an active force in politics would speedily disappear. Therefore, we may be certain that so long as the saloon holds the reins of power it will oppose all its energies to the extension of the suffrage. This is not, however, an additional argument against the saloon. It is simply one of the conditions of its existence. Having been permitted to attain its present strength, having been recognized as a perfectly legitimate institution, it has a right to fight for its life, and it would certainly do so, whether or not such a right could be demonstrated. The point to be emphasized is that the American people are themselves mainly accountable, and that, while they may take action to remove what has become a gigantic abuse, they are not justified in denouncing those who have profited by it as though they had not acted throughout with popular sanction and scarcely tacit popular approval.

Fairness to the beneficiaries of an evil agency, however, must not interfere with the thorough exposure of the evil itself. We may be — nay, are — all more or less responsible for its continuance. It is a national sin, to be nationally put away and repented of, or to be persisted in at the general peril. But that it is a great and even growing evil there can be no doubt. The corruption of American municipal government is not a diminishing quantity; on the contrary, close observers of politics must perceive that there is a tendency to the development of "rings" much earlier in the growth of towns than formerly. Once, the curse of local misgovernment fell usually upon the largest cities alone. Now, every town of twenty thousand inhabitants is exposed to the same danger, and not many escape plunder permanently. This is not mysterious or wonderful. The tendencies of the saloon in

politics are the same in the village as in the metropolis. The difference is merely one of opportunities. The saloon everywhere generates the same class of politicians, with the same low standard of action, the same greed, the same cynicism, the same atrophy of public spirit. In these days, moreover, the saloon is better organized than ever before. It has its state and national "protective" associations, formidable by reason of their funds and deriving fresh confidence from their union. The prohibition movement has driven the rum power into a more solid and compact organization than it previously occupied, and has caused it to enter politics with more pronounced and definite aims. Formerly, it may be said to have been content to exercise a general patronage over the worst vices of the community, and to diffuse them as much as possible. Now, it goes farther, and requires that every political candidate shall pledge himself in distinct terms not to favor any temperance legislation, or take his chance of escaping the "knife" of the rum power. The prohibitionists, in fact, while making it apparent that public opinion is deeply moved on this question, have also caused the saloon to reveal something like its full strength, and a very formidable and menacing array it makes when thus brought to bay.

The stubborn and persistent opposition of professional politicians to civil service reform has usually been ascribed to other causes, but reflection will show that the saloon influence is the *fons et origo mali*. Here as elsewhere the theory of governmental administration taught in the saloon is based upon the grossest form of selfishness. The public is regarded from that point of view as a mere aggregation of tax-producing dullards, to be fleeced on every possible occasion by the "smart" men who adopt politics as a business. The chief object of politics, in the eyes of the saloon, is to furnish the cover for schemes of plunder. Of-

fice is regarded as a means of robbing the treasury, on the one hand, and, on the other, of recompensing partisan service and cementing the organization. This is "the cohesive power of public plunder," a thoroughly saloon conception. Now, civil service reform, which is neither more nor less than the adoption of common sense business principles in public affairs, must, in the nature of things, be violently resisted by saloon politicians. For whereas it demands efficiency in the public service and the entire removal of opportunities for dishonesty, the saloon in politics cannot exist without the constant help of these abuses. All the incompetent loafers who hang about the cross-road taverns, corner groceries, and rum shops of the land; all the blatant demagogues who make their living by manipulating these loafers in politics; all the people who keep saloons and all those who furnish them with their stock in trade, are necessarily loud against this reform. To substitute tests of competence, proofs of efficiency, experience of faithful work, for the arbitrary rewards of ward strikers and local "bosses;" to put the public service upon the rational footing of private business, whence already so large a class of lazy adventurers has been excluded by its vices and its habits; to put an end to the halcyon state of affairs in which the highest prizes were reserved for the most intrepid liars, the most brazen hypocrites, the most corrupt knaves, and the most unprincipled demagogues; to close the avenues to office with an impassable barrier of examinations; to make fitness the gauge instead of the doing of dirty work, is to carry despair, rage, and disgust to the hearts of all these supporters and beneficiaries of the spoils system.

What the spoils system has done to demoralize party politics was strikingly shown the other day, when a distinguished Democratic member of Congress deliberately stultified both himself and

his party by a proposition to emasculate the civil service law, and when other members of the House rose in their places and coolly denounced one of the most obviously righteous and necessary measures on the statute books. If such politicians cannot perceive the implications of their position on this question; if they do not realize that they are declaring themselves in league with public plunderers and corruptionists, and consequently in opposition to the plainest interests of the American people, the fact is attributable to the diffusion of that negative quantity which may be termed saloon ethics. When, too, we find public journals speaking contemptuously of the principles of civil service reform,—that is to say, of honesty, efficiency, and trustworthiness,—and sneering at all who uphold those principles as “dudes” or “doctrinaires,” we must credit the saloon in politics with these proofs of moral blindness and perversity, and must remember that it is to pander to this influence that men of education so debase themselves.

But the politicians and the papers which oppose the proper performance of the public business, and clamor for the restoration of the old corrupt conditions, are not primarily responsible. It is the people themselves who have indorsed all the evils which they now suffer from, and who have suffered abuses to strike root so deeply that their extirpation becomes increasingly difficult. When the politics of the country embraced great and stirring issues, public attention was too much absorbed to take note of the progress being made beneath the surface by the evil elements. Loyalty to party, then as always, covered many faults, and the knowledge of this encouraged hypocrisy and demagogism. While weighty questions were before the people, really strong and public-spirited men held their place at the front, and controlled party politics in the main. As the grave questions of the day were

one after another determined, and as the two parties ceased to be sharply divided, the worst elements in both acquired greater influence, and especially the influence of the saloon increased. In effect, the character of party politics has been deteriorating for several years, but it is only recently that this has become apparent to any considerable portion of the voters. Habit is a strong tie in all things. In settled times men come to hold their political opinions far more as matter of custom than of conviction. That they should do this in politics is not remarkable, seeing that the same practice is often followed in regard to religion. The tendency to take the line of least resistance is very strong in the average man, and it is one reason why all established abuses are so hard to get rid of. It is not that the public morals are really debauched, so much as that the public conscience is asleep. Moreover, it must be admitted that the mendacity and slander of factional journalism throw such an atmosphere of doubt over nearly all charges of political corruption that plain men are furnished a plausible excuse for discrediting such evidence when presented to them.

So habit intrenches saloon politics, while social custom obscures the worst features of the evil. But the saloon is always active, whether the people sleep or wake, and its work is never of a doubtful character. During the late labor disturbances, for example, it was observed that an element among the workmen seemed to manifest a marked and growing disregard for property rights. It was not exactly the kind of hatred for private property affected by the socialists and anarchists. It was really one of the effects of saloon politics upon unenlightened minds. There is no phase of life with which workingmen become so soon familiar as that of party politics as conducted in our cities. In the saloon they encounter all who live by politics, and the first thing they real-

ize is that here is a distinct class, which subsists by an organized system of plunder. Of course there is no pretense of concealment when saloon politicians are in their congenial haunts. Newspapers may speak delicately of such things, as a concession to their partisan relations, but the masses do not try to humbug one another. They know what "bosses" are, and how they become rich, and how they keep up their power, and whose money they distribute, and to what extent the public have to provide them with funds. They see that saloon politics is at bottom an organized method of robbery. They see that it succeeds; that the boldest thieves get the largest prizes; that, as a rule, the more they steal, the more they may steal; that their shameful prosperity entails neither ostracism nor general condemnation; that, in short, robbery of the public is regarded as venial among a class so numerous that their own lax opinion becomes a sort of defense to them. What wonder that ignorant workingmen, perceiving all this, should fail to draw distinctions between public and private property, and, when heated by disputes with their employers should sometimes apply, in a new and alarming way, the doctrine they have picked up in the saloons? In the cities, indeed, labor has had plenty of practical instruction in public plunder, as witness the scores of public buildings and works all over the country, which have been made excuses for perennial appropriations, expended, as every one knows, in keeping up party strength by furnishing subsistence to men who neither do nor are expected to do the work for which they are paid, and often paid above the market rate.

The growth of a venal proletariat has proceeded so far that the problem of municipal government is almost given up in despair. Local politics has been reduced to a science of obtaining votes under false pretenses, when they cannot be bought outright. It is a structure in

which hypocrisy rests on corruption. There is the sounding declaration of principles for the innocent voter who thinks he is called upon to exercise his free choice; there is the list of candidates selected by the "machine;" and there is the solid body of disciplined followers who obey orders without caring two straws about any moral issue involved in their action. Intelligent citizens of course revolt against this condition of things, but when all parties are the same at bottom there is no room for choice, and the machinery is controlled too firmly by the saloon element to permit much hope of reform. Indeed, the state of the cities would before now have become the state of the whole country, but for the fact that the rural vote has hitherto escaped the blighting influence referred to. It is in the rural districts that the integrity of the suffrage is alone maintained. Prejudice, ignorance, blind partisanship, no doubt interfere often with its most effective exercise even there, but the vote of the country districts is to a great extent untrammelled, and it counteracts the vicious tendencies of the urban suffrage on important occasions.

No permanent security can, however, be anticipated from this comparative freedom and purity of the country vote, for the population of the cities is increasing much more rapidly than that of the rural districts, and as it increases it tends to fall more and more under the influence of the saloon in politics. In fact, the danger of a merely ignorant vote may be regarded to-day as less menacing than that of a vote which is organized for sinister purposes, and handled with military precision; nor, so long as the saloon is permitted to fulfill its normal functions, can there be any reasonable expectation of a change for the better. For this institution has a double hold upon its votaries. It controls them by ministering to an appetite which, when developed, is perhaps the

most masterful of all the vices man is subject to. It debauches the intellects of its followers, and it fosters their egotism on the lowest plane. The man whose fondness for drink leads him to neglect wife and children is already well on his way to the mental condition in which the hope of public plunder silences all scruples. The man whose introduction to politics consists in making the acquaintance of the gaudily attired rowdies who swagger about the bars of political "headquarter" saloons will soon learn to look with admiration upon the methods which produce those flowers of civilization. The nature of whosoever frequents these places is "subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." The saloon, too, can emulate the public schools in producing after its kind. Its fecundity is prodigious, and where it flourishes most rankly all the higher forms of life tend to perish.

To think of political reform with the influence of the saloon in politics what it is seems almost fatuous. To discuss the subject of political reform without taking this weighty factor into consideration seems almost puerile. To belittle the importance of the saloon is most dangerous. To essay compromise with it is a fatal mistake. In the nature of the case it must be eliminated, or it must dominate everything. Full freedom having been accorded it thus far, it has made a long stride toward dominion. Even among those who clearly recognize the perils of the situation, it has become an axiomatic statement that it is useless to oppose the saloon in the cities. If that were true, the prospect would be dark. It is, in fact, an undemonstrated assertion, and really signifies no more than a conviction that such an undertaking must be attended with great difficulties. But we cannot afford to make so disastrous an admission, for the future of the country depends largely upon the possibility of abolishing this gigantic evil.

All the causes of uneasiness which have appeared of late are, directly or indirectly, subsidiary to this. If it does not produce every one of them, it certainly aggravates them all. By debauching politics, by setting and maintaining a low moral standard, by teaching toleration for corruption, by excluding the fittest from politics, by making careers for demagogues and trimmers, by honoring baseness and incompetence, by scoffing at integrity and efficiency, by substituting the bad for the good throughout the political liturgy, the saloon has spread demoralization everywhere, and infected all the movements of the day with its own vileness and foulness. What is called "practical politics" is really the application to party of the saloon code of ethics. It is practical politics to disregard all moral considerations; to traffic and dicker and covenant with all the corrupt elements for the sake of votes; to exchange, if the occasion seems to demand it, the security of a whole community for enough votes to elect a ticket; to wink at the most flagitious schemes of robbery, provided their promoters can and will help elect the party candidates; to break every pledge given to the people in the party platform, if it is necessary to do so in order to secure the adhesion of some influential gang of manipulators. The cheerful theory of the practical politician is that human nature is totally depraved, anyhow, and that it is all nonsense to act upon any other belief; that, having to do with this omnipresent depravity, it is necessary to humor it; that everything is fair that tends to the success of the party; and that while ethical considerations may be very well in church, they have no place whatever in the management of public affairs. This kind of politician plumes himself on his entire freedom from narrowness and his adaptability to emergencies of all kinds. He has no embarrassing scruples. He regards the "offices," with all that the

term implies, as the be-all and the end-all of party warfare. In a word, he is a perfect illustration of the ripest results of the saloon in politics.

The country has become so habituated to this state of affairs that many very good people really find it impossible to conceive of any other way of doing things. We are all so accustomed to take it for granted that the "political pool" must be "filthy" that we seldom think of reflecting whether a clean pool might not be substituted. If we assume that the saloon is ineradicable, then, indeed, it will have to be admitted that no cleansing process is available, for it is the saloon influence that imparts its filthiness to the pool. But is it ineradicable? That is a question than which none more important can be taken into consideration by the American people. The results of experiments in thinly settled districts or small towns cannot afford trustworthy indications for the populations of large cities. But there is in the results of these experiments one circumstance which seems to give some promise. The staple argument that men cannot be made sober by legislation appears to have been to a great extent refuted by the actual facts. It is now pretty clearly demonstrated that the removal of temptation to drink *does* promote sobriety. There is nothing new in this. Shakespeare long ago observed, —

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done."

Weak human nature, assailed by strong appetite and cozened by opportunity, falls easily, first into indulgence, then into excess. Nor does the fact that many men will seek the means of intoxication when it is denied them outweigh the former consideration, for in all such cases the number who abstain when unable easily to obtain liquor is undoubtedly much greater than that of those who persist in seeking it. The common argument is probably not altogether sin-

cere, and it is certainly not very formidable. No doubt the drink-habit has been firmly rooted in a large class, but, equally without doubt, quite as large a class has, within fifty years, emancipated itself more or less completely from that habit, and this without the assistance which removal of opportunity constitutes. To this it may be said that the spread of knowledge and the growth of refinement so changed custom that relative abstinence became easy and natural; but that the same reforming processes would not apply if an attempt to abolish the saloon in large cities were made. The inference from this line of argument would be that the only hope lay in the gradual growth of education and culture among the masses. But the situation is difficult. The saloon is entrenched to-day. It has become an institution. It is an organized, disciplined force. It has obtained control of municipal politics; it is an influential factor in state politics; and it openly declares its intention to exert itself in national politics. Being so formidable at present, the country may well inquire what this element will be in another half century, if left to develop and extend itself freely.

In this paper the effects of the saloon upon society have been only touched incidentally, but in any review of the general prospect they would have to be considered carefully and fully. Side by side with its political growth proceed the growths of crime, pauperism, disease, which it fosters. It is obvious that it also constantly produces elements which are incapable of existence in a more wholesome environment, and which, while from their nature dangerous to society, are for the same reason devoted to the agency whence they issue. In a democracy, moreover, the control of the political machinery of both parties in the centres of population is always liable to lead to the control of politics in the country. Should circumstances once

throw such a power into the hands of the saloon interest, it cannot be supposed that it would neglect the opportunity to reinforce itself still more strongly, nor is the suggested danger by any means chimerical. What the saloon is and does in American politics has been partially shown here. The first necessity is to awaken public sentiment on the question, and the best way to do that seems to be by telling the truth plainly and unequivocally. One of the most insidious vices of the times is the disposition to compromise. The present stage of social evolution has produced, while softening the hearts and polishing the manners of the educated classes, a reluctance to say and do positive things which is a real and dangerous weakness. It shows itself in forms which sometimes strike foreigners with surprise. When Mr. Herbert Spencer visited this country he observed the meekness with which we put up with the abuse of crowding the cars on all the transportation lines, and he pointed out the mischievous tendencies of this popular complacency and supineness. The habit of avoiding friction, of submitting to inconvenience, of suffering the deprivation of rights, rather than quarrel, or complain, or invite notoriety, is one which will have to be shaken off, or it will lead to serious practical evils. In fact, it has led to them already, and one of them is the establishment of the saloon in politics upon a

basis of assumed dignity and respectability.

Now, the saloon is utterly base and vile in all its relations and connections, and it is necessary that this should be said, and said plainly. Its influence in politics is altogether depraving and mischievous. It can only paralyze or destroy public spirit, and substitute the worst kind of demagogism. It can only give a preposterously disproportionate weight in public affairs to the elements which should, because of their unfitness, be the least in evidence. It can only discourage and exclude from public life the worthiest and most capable citizens. It can only encourage and thrust to the front the most impudent and incapable. Every vicious and debasing theory, every corrupt "spoils" doctrine, every line of thought which tends to brutalize and degrade politics, every aspect of them which is an insult and a wrong to the religion, the virtue, the womanhood, of the nation, may be traced to the saloon. The placid toleration of so rank and gross an evil is a shame to us as a people. The pretense that we can live in peace and harmony and fellowship with it is a reproach to the general intelligence. This is the question of the immediate future. It will not down at the behests of politicians. It will not cease to disturb the national conscience until remedial action is determined upon.

George Frederic Parsons.

SCHUYLER'S AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

MR. SCHUYLER was well advised in deciding to give permanent form to the two courses of lectures which he lately delivered at Cornell University and elsewhere.¹ The first series espe-

cially is full of information, both useful and interesting, for that personage whom it is the fashion, we believe, to call the average citizen, about a branch of our public service concerning which he has

¹ *American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of Commerce.* By EUGENE SCHUYLER, Ph. D.,

LL. D., etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

very vague notions, not unmingled with grave republican scruples. Even those exceptional citizens, who are sent to Congress to make the laws on which our diplomatic system rests, and to vote the appropriations by which it is supported, can learn some things from a man who served us abroad for a score of years in every part of Europe. For the work furnishes the most complete and the most judicious account of that system which exists in print.

We suspect, however, that the foreigner into whose hands the book may fall will find much of the first part surprising, not to say unintelligible. He will be puzzled to know why Mr. Schuyler should labor so gravely to defend propositions which are axiomatic in the diplomatic philosophy of all other states, and to expose errors which seem to be survivals from barbarism. If a German or a Frenchman were writing a treatise on the subject, he would not think it necessary to argue that an envoy should be a gentleman; that he should speak the language of the country; that he should be personally acceptable to the court which is asked to receive him; that he should not make himself conspicuous and offensive by his costume or conduct. These truths he would treat as self-evident, and in need of no demonstration. Even without other specific support, they could all be deduced from the one general proposition that the best equipped and most agreeable envoy is likely to render the best service to the country which he represents. No European understands this better than Mr. Schuyler. But he also understands the audience which he is addressing and the prejudices which he has to combat, so that he patiently labors to enforce the most elementary lessons of diplomatic common sense as if they were novel and startling discoveries. Now and then his explanations are relieved by a certain grave humor, and by anecdotes which are both characteristic and felicitous.

Let us illustrate by one or two examples.

It pleased Congress, some twenty years ago, to pass an act which in effect declared that our envoys abroad should no longer appear in costume acceptable to their hosts. A captious person might say that this meant that the envoys should cease to conform to the ordinary rules of good breeding. Nothing of the kind. The principle was that the representatives of the American republic should wear in their official capacity only the ordinary garments of the American citizen. It is true that the garments of American citizens vary somewhat according to their rank in our democratic society, and according to their geographical location. The great point apparently was, not to secure a costume characteristic of America, but to reject a costume, or all costumes, which usage and precedent prescribed for the diplomatic agents of other countries. Did not Benjamin Franklin appear at the court of Louis XVI. in the ordinary homespun garments which he brought with him from America, and captivate the brilliant French capital by his homely simplicity? Here Mr. Schuyler interposes with his realistic facts, and shows the exact significance of the famous incident. Franklin was summoned to an audience immediately after his arrival at Versailles, and was expressly enjoined not to delay for a change of toilet, but to appear as he was. Nothing could have been further from the intentions of Louis, or from the interpretation which the philosopher himself would have put upon the invitation, than the use which has since been made of the incident. But Mr. Schuyler has other facts which still further illustrate the burning question. It appears that the act of Congress forbidding the use of diplomatic costume was passed at the instance of a gentleman who at the time was our envoy at Brussels, and who, fired by a holy zeal

for democratic simplicity, took up with enthusiasm the cause of the American toilet. Then he caused himself to be appointed a brigadier-general or major-general in the militia of his native Western State, and in the proper uniform of his rank thenceforth solved the problem for himself. This is one of the many ways in which our envoys avoid the necessity of appearing at foreign courts in the costume of the waiters. For the act is so drawn that while, if broadly interpreted, it might be taken to forbid the wearing of any clothes whatever, it does not, when read strictly, inhibit court dress, which, as Mr. Schuyler points out, is neither an official costume nor a uniform. Where there is no prescribed court dress, envoys of the republic have been known to appear in ordinary black evening dress, with a sword and *chapeau bras*, — a combination which we refer to the consideration of Herr Teufelsdröckh.

The aversion to a diplomatic costume is in strange contrast to the belligerent character which the average citizen seems to ascribe to our foreign representatives. On reading the diplomatic articles in the public prints, or hearing the speeches of our more impressionable congressmen, one is forced to believe that we send envoys abroad to make war on behalf of the republic. Not for us the weak theory that a minister should represent the dignity, the culture, the self-restraint, the good breeding, of his country, and should strive by an affable demeanor and correct conduct to make himself, and through himself his government, popular. Such a man is at once suspected as a traitor. What is needed is a representation of militant Americanism; and to secure this in the highest degree it might seem natural to send out envoys in the most warlike uniform that could be devised, — men with heavy swords, rattling spurs, and ferocious epaulets; with a stride to awe the courtiers, and a voice to make des-

pots tremble. Instead of that we employ men in mild civilian dress, of which the only peculiarity is that the wearers are more or less likely to be ordered by their fellow-guests at any time to bring a napkin or a finger-bowl. The inconsistency is, however, more apparent than real. The dress of our ambassadors being offensive to their hosts is itself in the nature of a challenge, and thus asserts the superiority of the republic to the servile rules of courtesy and good breeding. The same spirit finds frequent expression in the choice of individuals to fill our diplomatic missions, and according to a certain school of reformers ought always to prevail. Fortunately, too, for this system, it is never difficult to find men who are personally obnoxious to foreign governments. We can or could appoint a Fenian to London, an ultramontane to the Quirinal, a fierce Protestant to Madrid, a denouncer of Austrian tyranny to the court of the Hapsburgs, a sand-lot politician to China, a Prussian revolutionary exile to Berlin. It may happen that our nominees are accepted by foreign statesmen with only an indifferent shrug of the shoulders, or an ironical inquiry about the principles of selection that prevail on this side of the Atlantic. Or, if they are rejected, our secretary of state has an opportunity for a fine outburst of rhetoric, which is sure to split the ears of the groundlings. We can pursue, and at times have pursued, this policy. But Mr. Schuyler, like a stern iconoclast, gives a rude shock to this precious tradition by showing that it not only flies in the face of courtesy and good sense, but that it is distinctly unwise from a selfish point of view, and prejudicial alike to the reputation and the real interests of the republic.

The same objection applies to a practice which seems at first view to have much in its favor. We refer to the practice — for it can perhaps be called such — of sending to foreign countries,

as our diplomatic and especially our consular representatives, natives of those countries, who have become naturalized American citizens. The *prima facie* reason for such a custom is that it insures us officials who are familiar with the language, the institutions, the usages, and the society of the country, and are on that account likely to render the more efficient service. But Mr. Schuyler shows that this is a delusion. He gives several excellent reasons against the practice, and we may add one general consideration which seems conclusive. We ought not to send naturalized citizens as ministers or consuls to the countries of their birth, because they are not welcome in such capacities. This alone impairs their usefulness, and on any true system ought to make their selection impossible. If they are political refugees, their appointment is in the nature of an insult; and, even when not, their presence among their former countrymen, with their acquired American citizenship, excites reflections and comparisons which cause annoyances and many disagreeable frictions. And it ought not to be true that only our German compatriots understand the language and the institutions of the Fatherland, that Gauls alone are proper to send to Gaul, or that the only men fit to negotiate at Rome are Italian counts from Union Square.

The state department, under the different secretaries, has been largely responsible for the evils of which we have spoken. Favoritism, partisanship, ignorance of diplomatic usage, and indifference to international courtesy have been often and arrogantly displayed by it, and upon it must rest the blame for the extraordinary folly which has too frequently marked the selection of envoys. What choice specimens of Southern chivalry used to represent us abroad in the palmy days of slavery! What an interesting study in human nature is afforded by the case of the gentleman who, becoming secretary of state on the

accession of his friend to the presidency, changed, according to Mr. Schuyler, nearly the entire *personnel* of the service during his tenure of six days, and then retired to accept one of the leading legations! The history of the department is full of scandals, though fortunately of few so gross as this.

Yet the state department is not the worst offender. The secretaries have long had to administer it under the spoils system, and, like their colleagues in the cabinet, they have a right to insist on a division of the blame with Senators and members of Congress. And there is one class of evils for which the legislature is primarily and mainly responsible. One is the neglect to establish the rank of ambassador, which is no longer, if it ever was, an exclusively monarchical institution, and which would put our country on a level with the other great powers of the world. Another is the refusal to equip the legations properly, and to remunerate the ministers so liberally that men without fortunes could accept appointments and live within their salaries. Mr. Schuyler is not ignorant of the current sophisms by which demagogues defend and many honest men excuse the policy of keeping our envoys on a plane with those of Belgium and Switzerland, and of compelling those who are not millionaires to be content with establishments out of all relation to the wealth, pride, and dignity of the republic. But his arguments for a more liberal system, though they may not change the opinion of demagogues, will, we believe, prove irresistibly convincing to all thoughtful persons who earnestly consider them. We might say a word, finally, about the frequent and capricious changes in the rank and pay of the legations; the creation of posts for party favorites, and the abolition of posts which happen to have no patronage; and especially the heartless system of legislating men out of office by refusing

to appropriate their salaries. The latter practice is perhaps frequent enough to be called a system. We believe Mr. Schuyler was himself a victim of it; and though he puts forward no personal grievance, there is a touch of just indignation in his reference to faithful envoys or consuls who, thousands of miles away from home, learn from the newspapers that their salaries ceased months before. No secretary of state would venture to commit such an injustice. But a member of Congress can propose it in the interest of "economy," and when the House ratifies the proposal the point of responsibility is lost among three hundred persons.

Mr. Schuyler's work is divided, as the title indicates, into two parts. The first consists of three lectures or chapters, — one on the department of state, one on the consular system, and one on diplomatic officials. Together they form a complete treatise on what, in the language of physics, may be called the statics of our foreign service. These are then appropriately followed by the dynamics of the subject, or the institution in action in many grave controversies and many acute crises of history. This second part includes chapters on the piratical Barbary powers, the right of search and the slave-trade, the free navigation of rivers, neutral rights, the fisheries, and commercial treaties. Our relation to some of the most important of international questions is thus discussed.

It is no reproach to Mr. Schuyler to say that in our judgment these chapters are less successful and less useful than those in the first part. The first series is full of important practical information; and being also critical in treatment, it invites further discussion, and points out the way to useful reforms. But the topics embraced in the second part are each vast enough for a volume. In the small space which was at the author's command it was impossible to

give more than a hurried sketch, a limitation which nobody probably feels more keenly than he. This fact has not, however, lessened his sense of responsibility, or been made an excuse for negligence, since the pages give evidence of laborious research, often among authorities little used and scarcely known. Yet Mr. Schuyler keeps his own person modestly, perhaps too modestly, in the background. He gives succinct, dispassionate, and strictly historical accounts of the conduct of American diplomacy, and withholds his own opinion even at times when it would be welcome and valuable.

It will nevertheless be a relief for the reader to turn from our diplomatic machine to a contemplation of what that machine, in spite of its defects, has accomplished in the cause of international progress. This will afford him almost unmingled satisfaction. With singular uniformity, under all administrations and at all periods of our national history, we have been on the side of freedom as against restriction, of humanity as against cruelty, of equality as against privilege, of progress as against reaction, of light as against darkness, in nearly all the discussions and quarrels which have agitated the diplomacies of the world. We were the first to resist successfully the English claim to search the vessels of other powers in time of peace. We were the pioneers in asserting the free navigation of international rivers. We were the first to resist, and, so far as our own ships and citizens were concerned, to put an end to, the outrages of the Barbary pirates. Our influence has supported the rights of neutral commerce in time of war, and even the principle of the immunity from capture of private property of belligerents on the ocean. This is certainly a flattering record, and it is scarcely marred by our refusal to accede to the Declaration of Paris in 1856. To accept the four rules as they were seemed at the time suicidal, while

we showed our good faith by proposing an amendment which, carrying the reform still further forward, made it possible for us, on that condition, to give in our adhesion. The selfishness of England alone defeated this humane proposition. Nor does it seem necessary to adopt Dr. Woolsey's magnanimous theory, that our good record is due principally to the accident of our remoteness from the scene of European disputes. That has undoubtedly had a conservative influence, favorable to a pacific and unaggressive policy. But we think it may justly be claimed that the public sentiment of the country has in the main taken a liberal and elevated view of the principles which should regulate the relations of states, alike in war and in peace. This public sentiment our statesmen, too, have fairly represented. At times they have even trained, encouraged, and led it. Our diplomacy has often been unnecessarily brusque and peremptory in tone, and it has been served by awkward instruments. But in spirit it has been sound, healthy, and honorable.

The author's literary style calls for no special comment. The reader will find the work written without any attempt

at rhetorical elegance, but rather in the easy, unaffected language of a man of the world, thoroughly familiar with his subject. Once or twice, indeed, a careless statement or an obscure sentence appears. Thus a slip of the pen makes Mr. Schuyler say (page 234) that "at the formation of the Constitution in 1787 an article was inserted prohibiting entirely the importation of slaves after January 1, 1808." And we are not quite sure that the lay reader will catch the sense of the passage where the author, after describing the impatience of the Russian government at the interference of belligerent vessels, in 1778, with commerce to the port of Archangel, says, "If they" (the ships engaged in this trade) "were taken, the goods might wait for a whole year for a foreign purchaser; but once the goods having been bought and dispatched to a foreign port, it made no difference to Russia whether the English or the Americans profited by them." It is possible, also, that an English critic might have some reply to Mr. Schuyler's discussion of the legislation and negotiations for the suppression of slavery and the slave-trade. But we have observed few errors which slight changes would not correct.

GRANT'S MEMOIRS: SECOND VOLUME.

WHICH is the more interesting matter of study for posterity in the career of a great general, the course of his campaigns or the development of his character? The second volume of Grant's life may be read from either of these points of view; but probably its greatest and most lasting interest will be from its elucidation of the personal traits that marked the man,—its biographical rather than its historical aspect. Behind the battles lay the genius

or individual quality, whatever it was, which fought those battles; and which, in the tremendous competition of military selection, left this man above all his immediate competitors in his own field. Even in regard to the lives of Cæsar and Napoleon, we can observe that for one person who enters into the details of the strategy, there are ten who are interested in the evolution of the man. But in the case of Grant a new and peculiar interest is developed, for

this reason, that he is the first great and conquering commander developed by modern republican institutions. This makes it almost certain that he will be one of the monumental men in history; and there is therefore no problem of the kind more interesting than to consider his character in the almost unerring light thrown by autobiography, and to comprehend what manner of man it is that has been added, in our own day, to those of whom Plutarch wrote.

The most conspicuous quality manifested by the second volume of these memoirs is that same simplicity which was shown in the first. It would not have been strange if the habit of writing about himself — an exercise so wholly new to Grant — had by degrees impaired this quality, as the book went on; but it really characterizes the later pages as much as the earlier, and the work might, so far as concerns this feature, have been struck off at a white heat. The author never poses or attitudinizes; never wavers for an instant from his purpose to tell plain facts in the plainest possible way. The tremendous scenes through which he has passed never overwhelm or blur his statement; he tells of the manœuvring of hundreds of thousands of men as quietly as if he were narrating a contest of fishing boats at Long Branch. When he describes that famous interview between himself and General Lee, in which was settled the permanent destiny of the American nation, the tale is told far more quietly than the ordinary reporter would describe the negotiations for a college rowing match. Such a description, read in connection with Lincoln's Gettysburg address, shows that simplicity stands first among all literary gifts; that the greater the occasion, the more apt men are to be simple; and that no time or place has ever surpassed, in this respect, the examples left behind by these two modern American men.

Next to the unconscious exhibition of

character given by every man in writing about himself comes the light indirectly thrown upon his own nature by his judgments of others. In this respect, also, Grant's quietness of tone places him at great advantage. He sometimes praises ardently, but he censures very moderately. Of Bragg's disastrous tactics at Chattanooga he only says, "I have never been able to see the wisdom of this move." Of Buell's refusal to accept a command under Sherman, on the ground that he had previously ranked Sherman, Grant says, "The worst excuse a soldier can give for declining service is that he once ranked the commander he is ordered to report." Again, when a question arose between Palmer and Schofield, as to whether the latter had a right to command the former, the comment is, "If he [Palmer] did raise this question while an action was going on, that act alone was exceedingly reprehensible." That besetting sin of military commanders, the habit of throwing the responsibility for failure upon subordinates, never seems to tempt Grant. In speaking of Burnside's losing an important advantage at Spottsylvania, he says, "I attach no blame to Burnside for this, but I do to myself, for not having a staff officer with him to report to me his position." When we compare this guardedness of tone with the sweeping authoritativeness which marks many of our civilian critics of campaigns, the difference is certainly most gratifying. The only matters that rouse Grant to anything like wrath, in the telling, are those acts which imply crimes against humanity, like the massacre of colored troops at Fort Pillow; and in this case he simply characterizes Forrest's report of the affair as something "which shocks humanity to read." He does not even allow himself the luxury of vehemence against fate, or fortune, or inevitable destiny. Even when he describes his immense local obstacles in the country

round Spottsylvania, — a heavily timbered region, full of little streams surrounded by wooded and marshy bottom lands, — he gently says, "It was a much better country to conduct a defensive campaign in than an offensive one." The man who can speak charitably of Virginia swamps may certainly lay claim to that virtue which is chief among the blessed three.

The severest test offered in this volume, as to Grant's judgment on men, is in his estimate of one whom he had allowed, in the opinion of many, to be most grievously wronged, — the late Major-General Gouverneur K. Warren. The great civil war caused a vast multitude of deaths, directly and indirectly, but among all these there was but one conspicuous and unquestionable instance of broken heart, — in the case of the high minded and most estimable man who was removed by Sheridan from the command of an army corps, just before the battle of Five Forks, and who spent the rest of his life in vainly endeavoring to secure even an investigation before a Court of Inquiry. All who remember General Warren's refined and melancholy face, with its permanent look of hopeless and crushing sorrow, will turn eagerly to those pages of this volume in which his case is mentioned. Instead of evading the subject, Grant meets it frankly. It has always been supposed among the friends of General Warren that the main objection to ordering a Court of Inquiry in his case was the known affection of the commander-in-chief for Sheridan, and his willingness to let Warren be sacrificed rather than expose his favorite officer to blame. Those who read this book will be satisfied that no such theory will suffice. It is upon himself that Grant takes the main responsibility of Warren's displacement. He had made, as he avers, a careful study of Warren's peculiar temperament, long before this event occurred. He had at first felt in him a

confidence so great that he would have put him in Meade's place had that officer fallen (ii. 216), but he came gradually to a very different opinion. He always regarded him as a "gallant soldier, an able man," and always thought him "thoroughly imbued with the solemnity and importance of the duty he had to perform." But he thus analyzes his character (ii. 214) : —

"Warren's difficulty was twofold: when he received an order to do anything, it would at once occur to his mind how all the balance of the army should be engaged so as properly to coöperate with him. His ideas were generally good, but he would forget that the person giving him orders had thought of others at the time he had of him. In like manner, when he did get ready to execute an order, after giving most intelligent instructions to division commanders, he would go in with one division, holding the others in reserve, until he could superintend their movements in person also; forgetting that division commanders could execute an order without his presence. His difficulty was constitutional and beyond his control. He was an officer of superior ability, quick perceptions, and personal courage to accomplish anything that could be done with a small command" (ii. 214-15).

This certainly gives a very clear analysis of a certain type of character; and whether the observer was correct or incorrect in his diagnosis, he was bound to act upon it. It farther appears that Warren was again and again a source of solicitude to Grant. In some cases he did admirably, as at Cold Harbor. "The enemy charged Warren three separate times with vigor, but were repulsed each time with loss. There was no officer more capable, nor one more prompt in acting, than Warren, when the enemy forced him into it" (ii. 266). Again, at the siege of Petersburg, Warren obeyed orders perfectly, when Burnside paid no attention to him (ii. 313).

Nevertheless, Grant was "very much afraid," taking all things into consideration, "that at the last moment he would fail Sheridan." He accordingly sent a staff officer to Sheridan to say that, although he personally liked Warren, it would not do to let personal feeling stand in the way of success, and "if his removal was necessary to success" Sheridan must not hesitate. On this authority the removal was made; and Grant only blames himself for not having assigned Warren, long before, to some other field of duty (ii. 445).

All this throws light not merely upon Grant's sustaining Sheridan in the removal of Warren, but on his uniform refusal afterwards to order any Court of Inquiry. This was the one thing for which Warren and his friends longed; and it was always assumed by them that it was refused merely in order to shield Sheridan. Yet it was the one thing which would have been, from Grant's point of view, utterly useless. When an officer is removed for an actual moral fault, as cowardice, drunkenness, or disobedience of orders, a formal investigation may settle the matter; for it is then a question of definite charges. But where a man of the highest character turns out to be, from mere peculiarities of temperament, unsuited to a certain post, his displacement may be just as necessary; nor can war be carried on in any other way. The stake is too tremendous, the interests of the nation are too momentous, for the matter to rest on any other basis. Nor is it essential that the superior officer should be assumed as infallible; under these circumstances he must do the best he can. Had there been a Court of Inquiry, nothing would have been established except that Grant and Sheridan honestly believed that Warren was not the man for the place, and that they therefore set him aside, as they might have done, under like circumstances, with any other officer in himself estimable,—as, for instance,

Burnside. Grant may have sincerely thought that to say this before a Court of Inquiry would really hurt Warren more than Sheridan, and that it was better for the sufferer himself to let the matter rest where it lay. This was probably mistaken kindness, if kindness it was. A man smarting under a real or supposed injustice always prefers an investigation, even if the result of that tribunal is sure to be against him. Nor is it sure that it would have been technically against Warren. The considerations which influenced Grant and Sheridan were to some extent intangible, and General Humphreys has shown that on some points they were mistaken, and Warren had done rightly. But the real question is whether Grant was also mistaken in his final analysis of Warren's character; and it is upon this, after all, that the whole thing turned.

This particular instance has been thus emphasized because it is, more than any other, a test of Grant's habit of justice to his subordinates; a quality in which, we are bound to say, he surpasses almost all writers of military autobiographies. So far as justice to himself is concerned, he could not have well helped doing it, had he tried, for any man shows himself as he is, either willingly or unwillingly, when he tells his own story. Nor is there any evidence that he sought to help it.

The latter part of the book bears literary marks of the tremendous strain under which it was written, but it bears no moral marks of it; and he keeps clear, from beginning to end, of all that ill-concealed enthusiasm about himself which is the common bane of autobiographies. He is perfectly content to stand for what he was,—a combination of plain and almost commonplace qualities, developed to a very high power, and becoming at length the equivalent of what we call military genius. This, at least, is the inference to be drawn from his book. Whether he was or was

not, in the way of distinctive genius, a greater man than he thought himself must be left for the military historians of a future generation to determine. In any case, the spectacle of an eminent commander who habitually underrates himself is rare enough to be very pleasing.

This process of self-development is never, of course, directly stated, or even intimated, in this book. Had it been otherwise, the quality of unconsciousness would have been wanting. But the adaptation of supreme good sense to the conditions and exigencies of army life may constantly be traced here, not merely between the lines, but in maxim after maxim, each an *obiter dictum*, given with a homely simplicity that half disguises its real wisdom. What Lincoln would have put into an anecdote or local proverb, — as when, for instance, he expressed his unwillingness to swap horses while crossing a stream, or to cross Fox River before he reached it, — Grant condenses into some plain statement: "Accident often decides the fate of battle" (ii. 212). "It would be bad to be defeated in two battles fought on the same day; but it would not be bad to win them" (ii. 20). "It is men who wait to be selected, and not those who seek, from whom we may always expect the most efficient service" (ii. 117). "The fact is, troops who have fought a few battles and won, and followed up their victories, improve upon what they were before to an extent that can hardly be reckoned by percentage" (ii. 109). "No man is so brave that he may not meet such defeats and disasters as to discourage him and dampen his ardor for any cause, no matter how just he deems it" (ii. 419). "It had been my intention before this to remain at the West, even if I was made lieutenant-general; but when I got to Washington, and saw the situation, it was plain that here was the point for the commanding-general to be. No one

else could probably resist the pressure that would be brought to bear upon him to desist from his own plans and pursue others" (ii. 116).

In each passage we see clearly the working of Grant's mind. When once his convictions had taken shape in one of these simple formulæ, it was no more necessary for him to reconsider it than for a mathematician to go behind a preceding proposition. This clear and pellucid mental habit, joined with much reticence and a good deal of obstinacy, made a very powerful combination; kept him from being entangled by his own plans or confused by those of others; enabled him to form a policy, to hold to it, to overcome obstacles, to escape depression in defeat or undue excitement in victory. With all this — and here comes in the habit of mind generated by a republic — he never forgot that he was dealing with his own fellow-countrymen, both as friends and foes, and that he must never leave their wishes and demands, nor even their whims and prejudices, out of sight. Many of his early risks were based upon the conviction that the friends of the Union needed a victory or two, and must have it. All his strategy, during the closing campaign, was based upon the conviction — a conviction which Wellington or Von Moltke might very probably have missed — that the Confederates were thoroughly tired of the war, and were losing more men by desertion than they could possibly gain by impressment. Even in the terms at last given to Lee, the same quality of what we may call glorified common sense came in; and there is no doubt that the whole process of reconstruction was facilitated when Grant decided that the vanquished Confederate soldiers had better keep their horses, to help them in getting in their crops. All these considerations were precisely those we should expect a republican general to apply. It would be natural for him to recognize

that the war in which he was engaged was not a mere competitive test of military machines, human or otherwise, but that it must be handled with constant reference to the instincts and habits that lay behind it. The absence of this ready comprehension helped to explain the curious failure, in our army, of many foreign officers who knew only the machine. The fact that Grant and Lincoln, however they might differ in other respects, had this mental habit in common was that which enabled them to work together so well. A striking instance of this was their common relation to the slavery question, which both had approached reluctantly, but which both accepted at last as the pivotal matter of the whole conflict. Both saw that it could be met in but one way, and both divined that the course of events was steadily abolitionizing all Union men. In general, Lincoln with sympathetic humor and Grant with strong sense kept always in mind the difference between a people's war and a mere contest of soldiers.

In other words, they were both representative Americans. So much stronger is the republican instinct among us than any professional feeling which even West Point can create that Grant, though trained to the pursuit of arms, never looked at things for a moment merely from the soldier's point of view. This was the key to his military successes, — the time, the place, the combatants being what they were, — and this was the key to the readiness with which, at last, both Grant and the soldiers under him laid down their arms. Here at last, Europe thought, was the crisis of danger; here was the "man on horseback," so often prophesied as the final instrument of Providence, surely destined to bring this turbulent republic back among the mass of nations that obey with ease. The moment of fancied peril came; and it turned out that old Israel Putnam, galloping in his shirt-sleeves to the battle of Bunker Hill, was not more harmless to the liberties of America than this later man-on-horseback, Grant.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is interesting to notice what a difference there is in words as to their atmosphere. Two terms that the dictionaries give as being nearly or quite synonymous may have widely different values for literary use. Each has its own enveloping suggestiveness, — "airs from Heaven," or emanations from elsewhere. Of two words denoting the same object or action, one may come drawing with it "a light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud;" the other bringing a disagreeable smudge. Accordingly, in the literary art, it is not enough to use language with an exact sense of definitions; one must add to this logical pre-

cision a nice instinct for atmospheric effect. Just as a tone of a particular pitch is one thing on a flute, and another on a horn, each having its own *timbre*, so a term having a precise meaning is one thing if it has dropped caroling out of Grecian skies, and from the delicate hands of Keats and Shelley, but quite another thing if it has come clattering and rumbling up out of clod-hoppers' horse-talk. Moreover, just as the difference between tones on various instruments is due to their diverse groups of harmonic over-tones, one superposed on another, so the individual atmosphere of any word comes from its having its

own composite set of associations, some faint and vague, some strong and definite, that have through all its history been clustering upon it.

Now, this timbre or clang-tint of words cannot be learned from any dictionary. It must be caught, little by little, from a kind of household familiarity with the choicest writers. *Euphuists*, we may call these best writers of every age; for that much-misunderstood movement of old times, known and ridiculed as *euphuism*, was in reality only a product of this instinct of refinement in the choice of terms. In that passage from Wordsworth's Brougham Castle, — a warm bit of color that stands out from a cold poem like a flash of red sunset on bare trees in the snow, —

"Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;
'Quell the Scot!' exclaims the Lance;
'Bear me to the heart of France!'
Is the longing of the Shield,"

what could have been substituted for "*quell*"? "*Crush*," "*beat*," "*kill*," "*smash*," — either one would have been out of the question. Or what could have been used instead of "*bear*"? "*Bring*," "*take*," "*fetch*," "*lug*," — each is impossible. "*Quell*" and "*bear*," by the way, are not terms of every-day use in common speech; yet this is the poet who is popularly supposed, by those who have read about him more than they have read him, to have abjured all merely literary language. The truth is, his distinction is rather that of having passed honest coin instead of counters. He used language not for the sound of it, but for the sense of it. The verse-carpenters had been in the habit of patching up their products with unfelt and unmeant "poetic words;" their work was called "poetry" because it was not prose. But Wordsworth never used a word, whether big or little, Latin or Saxon, except to carry an idea; and he picked them not only according to their exact sense, but according to their exact clang-tint as well.

No doubt one of the most charming among the atmospheric qualities of words is that inevitable suggestion of sincerity in their use which clings about the homely diction of every-day intercourse. Not only Wordsworth, but all of the good modern poets, sing for the most part in the same language in which they would talk; and, for that matter, did not Chaucer, and did not Shakespeare? The best literature and the best conversation contrive to get on with but one vocabulary. It is only the dreary scribblers that persist in prodding our inattentive brains with startling forms of speech. It is already merry times in literature when we are not any longer afraid of our mother tongue. We instinctively sheer off from any writer who uses what Rogers ("the poet Rogers") called "album words." Certain type-metal terms have come to serve as ear-marks of insincerity and of the mere ambition to write something, — terms that are never used in honest speech, and the employment of which in conversation would make a man feel absurd. When we find the ideas common and the words uncommon we have learned that we may as well put down the volume, or turn the leaf of the magazine. The newspapers have some words of this sort, dear to them, but the *bêtes noires* of all lovers of straightforward English; such are "*peruse*" and "*replete*."

One gets a vivid sense of the different atmosphere about words substantially synonymous in trying to make substitutions in a proof-sheet. For example, the lynx-eyed proof-reader has some day conveyed to you, by means of the delicately unobtrusive intimation of a blue-pencil line, the fact that you have repeated a word three times in the space of a short paragraph. You have to find a substitute. It is easy to think of half a dozen terms that stand for very nearly the same idea, but it is in the incongruous implications of them all that the

difficulty lies. You consult your Book of Synonyms, and find there nearly all you have already thought of, but never any others. There is, however, one further resource. You have had from boyhood the *Thesaurus of English Words*. Hundreds of times, during all these years, you have referred to its wonderful wealth of kindred terms. You seem dimly to remember that on one occasion in the remote past you did find in it a missing word you wanted. It shall have one more chance to distinguish itself. Perhaps the sentence to be amended reads thus: "As he tore open the telegram a smile of bitter mockery flickered across his haggard features, and he staggered behind the slender column." Suppose, now, it is the word "*mockery*" for which you seek a substitute. The *Thesaurus* suggests, a smile of bitter *bathos*, bitter *buffoonery*, bitter *slip-of-the-tongue*, bitter *scurrility*. Or suppose it is "*staggered*" that is to be eliminated. You find as alluring alternatives, he *fluctuated*, he *curveted*, he *librated*, he *dangled*. If each one of these would seem to impart a certain flavor that is hardly required for your present purpose, you may write, he *pranced*, he *flapped*, he *churned*, he *effervesced*, behind the slender column. Or should the word to be removed be "*haggard*," you have your choice between his *squalid* features, his *maculated* features, his *besmeared* features, his *rickety* features. Or, finally, if you are in search of something to fill the place of "*column*," your incomparable hand-book allows you to choose freely between the slender *tallness*, the slender *may-pole*, the slender *hummock*, *promontory*, *top-gallant-mast*, *procerity*, *monticle*, or *garret*. The object of this work, says the title-page, is "to facilitate the expression of ideas, and assist in literary composition."

— What is the essential quality in that view of life which we are accustomed to call "romantic"? What is it

that constitutes yonder amiable friend of ours a "romantic" person? What was it about that pretty notion, expressed a moment ago, that made us call it a "romantic" notion? To begin with, it is plainly something that we regard with disfavor. It evidently implies, in a character, a lack of good sense; in an idea, a lack of solid truth. Furthermore, it appears to belong to the region of views concerning the future; we do not speak of "romantic" ideas of what has happened, but of what will happen. A "romantic" person is one who indulges in "romantic" expectations. Will not this, then, answer for a definition? A *romantic* disposition is a disposition to expect ends without means; a *romantic* notion is a notion that the desirable thing will somehow happen, without our having made any adequate provision for it. This use of the word originated, of course, from the term *romances*; the idea being that things in real life may be expected to turn out as they do in the story-books. We must not make the mistake of supposing that the romances are therefore responsible for the prevalence of romantic notions. If there is a relation of cause and effect here at all, it is the other way round. The irrational views of life in the story-books have always had their origin in the perennial romanticism of the human mind.

For, if we are willing to come to the dissecting-room for a moment, who of us will not be found to have his mind infested with romantic ideas of life? Dear youth, you step up trippingly to the examination, for you have not yet so much as come to the knowledge that there are false views of life, — illusions, *idola*; as yet, whatsoever impressions you find in your fresh young brain seem to you, as a matter of course, to be the correct, and the only possible correct, ones. But, nevertheless, as I tenderly remove the *os frontis* and the *dura* and the *pia mater*, there come

swarming out a wonderful flight of preposterous notions, thick as the vague moth-imps from Pandora's casket. And you, mature world-citizen, that have arrived at full knowledge of the abundant existence of illusions in other men's minds, — I know you for the sport of many a delusive expectation; there are *muscæ volitantes* as big as moons dancing about over your wise-looking eyes. And even you, too, my ancient Jaques, my self-confident old cynic, — we understand why you have found life a perpetual disappointment: it is because you have perpetually expected some metaphysical fourth dimension of happiness to develop itself spontaneously in your affairs.

But Francis Bacon said all this much more briefly, and therefore much better. "Doth any man doubt," quoth he, "that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, *flattering hopes*, false valuations, *imaginationes as one would*, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and displeasing to themselves?" His drift just here is to the point that these unsubstantial pith-contents of men's brains make, on the whole, for contentment and agreeable living. But this might well be disputed. In the days when the youngsters used to beset me for questions suitable to debate in their clubs and societies, I wonder I never thought to give them this: *Whether illusions be conducive to happiness*. Bacon, it should be noted, takes care to say just afterward, "But howsoever these things are thus *in men's depraved judgments and affections*, yet truth . . . is the sovereign good of human nature." So that, after all, the boys might quote the philosopher on both sides of their question.

"*Flattering hopes*," "*imaginationes as one would*," — I have italicized these as belonging especially to the brain-pith of the romantic disposition. Do we not

know them very well, and recognize them as we lean carefully over the edge of our mind and peer down into the dark mirror of our own consciousness? — the hope to have friends without being friendly, and to be loved without being lovely; the hope to become famous without ever producing "works meet for" fame-winning; the hope to be rich without the work or the wit to effect it, or any reliable lien on luck that should be trusted to help; the hope that *she* — some definite or some "not impossible she" — will fall into our arms, unwooded and unwon, like a ripe apple into a basket left accidentally under the tree. "*Flattering hopes*," because they all imply that we are somehow favorites of the Powers, exceptions to the laws of inertia and gravitation. "*Imaginationes as one would*," — not only the dreaming of what we wish things were (which would be a harmless enough amusement), but the dreaming that things are as we wish them, — this marks well the distinction between the positive or scientific mind and the fanciful or romantic mind. The one tries to imagine how things really are; the other tries to imagine things as they are not and cannot be.

There are two little old tales that I like, as illustrating romantic expectations in common life: one, of the rustic lad, who was sent to sell a load of pumpkins in the city, and who returned at night with his cart still heaping full, reporting that he had driven through all the streets, and nobody had said a word to him about pumpkins; the other, of the dairy-maid, who sat all day in the middle of the field upon her milking-stool, and "not a cow came up to be milked."

It is a mark of a great poet when we find universal life-truths crystallized into a few lines of a poem, possibly for the first time, or certainly never so well expressed before. In the Spanish Gypsy, Fedalma is seated on a bank in mourn-

ful meditation, when Hinda comes to bring her

"A branch of roses —

So sweet, you'll love to smell them. 'T was the last.

I climbed the bank to get it before Tralla,
And slipped and scratched my arm. But I don't mind.

You love the roses — so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
Then all the valley would be pink and white
And soft to tread on. . . .
Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
Will it rain roses?

"*Fedalma.* No, my prattler, no!

It never will rain roses: *when we want*

To have more roses, we must plant more trees."

Is there anywhere in literature so perfect a picture of the romantic and the positive dispositions of mind?

— Walking in my garden towards the close of summer, the decadence of various profuse bloomers attracted my attention, and sent me off on an odd train of fancy and speculation. I saw that the scarlet gladiolus sported at the tip of its long staff but one solitary blossom, which seemed to overlook pensively the embers of preceding days' floral pagentry. Also, the foxglove and perennial larkspur displayed but a remnant of bloom crowning their tall stems, — gay valedictorians, about to doff their caps and bid good-by to the summer world. The dry botanical fact that the common rule for spiked inflorescence is that the flowers unfold from the base upwards, progressively, became on a sudden illuminated for me. I could fancy that nature breathes the watchword, "Aspire!" and that, receiving it, the plant obeys, its flowers seeking the heights and climbing by their own alpenstock; that an impalpable current, the ruling principle of flower life, ascends through the material and vegetable body of the plant, like a pure flame burning clear and beautiful, mounting by degrees until the apex of the stem is reached. Then whither? Up and away to its own soliciting heaven! We

say that a plant is "out of blossom," but is it not rather the blossom that is out of the plant, — its spiritual life and finer love? Grant that an unnamed virtue or delicate vital effluence is always ascending from the earth, that a plant is its good conductor, — nay, more, that the bloom of the plant is the sign of its passing, as the flash of lightning shows the direction taken by the electric current; then will it appear that

Day by day the soul of things

Up its countless ladders springs,
Fleeting back to whence it came, —
Inviolatè, ethereal flame!

Hast thou marked its changing shapes,
Coils, and turnings, deft escapes?

Airy pyramid of grass

At its motion yields a pass;

Through the wind-loved wheat it flows,

Up the tufted sedge-flower goes;

Scales the foxglove's leaning spire,

Fans the wild lobelia's fire,

Where beside the pool it flashes;

And the slender vervain's lashes,

By the climbing spirit swayed,

All their purple length unbraided: —

Thus the soul of blooming things

Up its countless ladders springs.

— Self-conceit is one of the faults which, in other people at least, we all agree to condemn. It would be idle, or worse, to argue against the justice of a verdict so unanimous. Indeed, the attempt would be only an egregious display of the very foible in question. For what is a love of paradox but a disposition to set one's individual opinion above the general judgment of mankind? Let me premise, then, that I am not so inhuman but that to me, also, the sight of a prig, whether of the social, intellectual, religious, or whatever other sort, is inevitably, though in varying degrees, offensive. Precisely how meritorious this feeling of mine is, what part of it is a righteous concern for the abstract fitness of things, and how much is merely wounded self-esteem of my own at seeing another rate himself above me, — this I do not pretend to be sure of. My impression is that those who are most unassuming themselves are least troubled with the arrogance of others, though as

to this I would gladly believe myself in error. I have discovered that I am inclined to juggle with words, — to tolerate as self-respect in my own case what I denounce as self-conceit in the case of my neighbor. I sometimes mistrust, too, that I am more disturbed at having shown a silly pride than at having had it. My regret, I fear, is mainly chagrin. It hurts my self-conceit that others should have found it out. Why could I not have looked unconscious of my virtue? At the very worst, I might have held my tongue! Then all the world (*my* world, that is) would not now be laughing at me behind my back. So I go on, berating the fool within me, till by the lapse of time and the distraction of passing events I am put again in good humor. Human nature is a sorry contradiction. Its very repentance, for the most part, needs to be repented of.

In other moods, however, I ask myself whether, after all, this innate propensity to see ourselves at our best, or a little better, may not have its good side. Here, now, is my friend Smith, the parish minister. His is not a brilliant intellect. You may hear him preach fifty sermons without being arrested by a profound thought or an original and happy turn of expression. Yet his loyal parishioners have some ground for saying — as they do, in our Yankee dialect — that their minister is “a pretty smart man.” This very opinion of theirs, indeed, may be taken as a kind of proof that, as the world goes (I might have said as the *church* goes), he is successful in his calling. Not that he has converted all the sinners or perfected all the saints. There is still a sad want of holiness within the fold, and a miserable superfluity of naughtiness just outside of it. But withal, the Sunday “services” are well attended, the pastor’s salary is promptly paid, and everything moves on quite as well as could be expected, — much better, at any rate, than in either one of the three or

four adjoining parishes; and Smith is devoutly complacent. On the whole, he has reason, he thinks, to be encouraged. He is not puffed up, is grateful rather than proud. Nothing could be more unministerial in his eyes than a disposition to strut and swagger; such a disposition as, alas, he has now and then met with among his professional brethren. He knows his own shortcomings, he avers (he would be wiser than Solomon, if this were true; but Humility is a glib liar); he confesses with unction that we are all of us unprofitable servants; far be it from him to boast, but he may at least be humbly thankful that so unworthy an instrument has been so signally blest. He *has* been successful; it would be hypocritical to profess otherwise. Moreover, he has not achieved his prosperity by catering to any carnal desire for novelty and false doctrine on the part of his hearers. Brother B. and Brother C., his near neighbors, have fallen into certain erroneous ways of thinking, he grieves to say it. They have begun to question some of the tenets of that system of belief in which they, like himself, were educated, and which, in short, is the truth. But, for one, he has kept to the old paths. Truth is constant, and his preaching of it has been, as preaching ought always to be, without variableness or shadow of turning.

Evidently, my friend the parson has a considerable bump of what in a layman we should not hesitate to characterize as self-conceit. Yet in his own way he is certainly a man to be liked and respected: high-minded, good-hearted, and useful, — more useful, possibly, than he would be were he better aware of the meagreness of his intellectual furniture and the too easy standards by which he has been accustomed to measure himself. As for his absolute certainty touching the hundred and one points of his sectarian “theology,” it is of course absurd, in one aspect of it.

Abstractly considered, it is nothing short of ridiculous that an ordinary man, here in the village of —, should believe himself infallible on such themes. But looking upon his position as a practical one, we may allow it to be less preposterous, and may even come to doubt whether his exalted opinion of himself and his creed is not in some respects a positive advantage to him. It gives him a standing and authority among his people which it is to be feared that the most perfect humility would never confer. If he were more thoroughly acquainted with modern science, for example (that enemy of all righteousness and child of the devil), would he not find it less easy to refute it every few Sundays in one or two sharp-cornered paragraphs? And would not the faith of the faithful suffer accordingly? Sometimes, indeed, I have endeavored to imagine what would be the effect were his eyes to be suddenly opened to the depths of his ignorance upon subjects concerning which he now feels the utmost assurance. How his life would go to pieces, like a ship

striking at full speed upon an iceberg! If he could see the *truth*, indeed, the shock might be worth while; but merely to find out that the truth is not what he has heretofore taken it to be, — that, in all likelihood, would be nothing but a disaster.

I have cited my friend as an example, simply. We are all of us deluded, and most of us conceited; never more so than when we are surest of the contrary. The fact is that we are still children. As such, who knows but we have a right to be somewhat over-confident of our opinions and capacities? People who think themselves good for nothing usually end with verifying their own estimate; while those who set out to do wonders are very likely to accomplish *something*, however they may come short of their ideal.

I fall back upon my old position. If one could only be a little conceited, and yet not play the fool! Taking things as they are, that is perhaps as much as the best of us have any right to hope for.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel and Sport. Glimpses of Three Coasts, by Helen Jackson (Roberts), is a posthumous collection of sketches of travel on the Pacific coast, in Scotland and England, and in Scandinavia and Germany, published originally in periodicals. Mrs. Jackson was an admirable traveler, never jaded, always capable of new and worthy enthusiasm, and with an insight which often enabled her to see a tree where others only saw trees. There was, besides, so quick a sympathy with humanity that the world in which she was living at any time was very close to her, and she succeeded in making her readers feel its presence. — *India Revisited*, by Edwin Arnold. (Roberts.) Mr. Arnold illustrates the adage that he who would bring away the wealth of the Indies must carry that wealth to it. He has something more than a knowledge of India; he has a love for the country and its people. But his knowledge tempers his zeal, and his book is an honest, temperate record of travel; the kind of book which an English gen-

tleman may write who knows his audience as well as his subject, and desires to instruct them while they think they are entertained. The references to himself and his famous poem are modest and in good taste. — *Southern California: its valleys, hills, and streams; its animals, birds, and fishes; its gardens, farms, and climate*, by Theodore S. Van Dyke (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is the work of a man who has a healthy love of out-door life, who is a hunter as well as a traveler, and who is capable of measuring the country with the eye of a respective farmer and grazier. He is an enthusiast, but not blind, and his hearty, well-written book reads like the work of a man whose testimony one may trust. — *Canoeing in Kanuckia* (Putnam's) has the additional title of *Haps and Mishaps, Afloat and Ashore, of the Statesman, the Editor, the Artist, and the Scribbler*, recorded by the commodore and the cook, Charles Ledyard Norton and John Habberton, by which one may see that the book is a contribution to the already

large class of comic adventures in vacation. It has the liveliness which comes from much literary jumping, and it has also some plain walking in the way of narrative and comment on canoes, their construction and management. Cast away in a canoe on Red Lake, at equal distances from a mosquito and a companion, one might find the book readable. — *The American Salmon Fisherman*, by Henry P. Wells (Harpers), is a practical, interesting guide to the sport of salmon fishing. The tyro will read it through profitably; the old hand will not be offended by it as too elementary. The author is not anxious to be funny, bless him, but he is alert and companionable.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Dr. Fred-eric Henry Hedge has brought together into a substantial volume, with the title *Hours with German Classics* (Roberts), the substance of his work through many years as professor of German literature. But the reader might easily form a wrong impression of the scope and character of this book by reading such a statement, for the professor stands to most as the boxer of literature, not the opener. Dr. Hedge, with his vigorous thought, his sturdy morality, and his penetration, is an admirable interpreter of great books and great writers. He is just and catholic; he gives every man a fair show, and does not substitute his reading for his author's work. Yet he never fails to leave upon the reader's mind a clear, well-defined impression of the place and bearing of each great name reviewed. — *The Iliad of Homer*, done into English verse, by Arthur S. Way, Vol. I., Books I.-XII. (Sampson Low & Co., London.) Mr. Way has already translated the *Odyssey* into Spenserian verse. Here he has used a rhymed hexameter, with occasional triplets. The work is well worth attention, if for nothing else for the spirit with which the translator has kept his pace. He swings along as if he enjoyed it, and carries the reader by the force of his swift movement. We think he has missed it in not using the repetitions as Homer used them, for he varies the form, and so loses the rest which comes from the familiar term. There is a loss also of simplicity, but who indeed gets all of Homer into his English rendering? Mr. Way gets more than most. Is it because he has sailed the seas and is helping to make the new England of Australia? — *Representative Poems of Living Poets, American and English*, selected by the poets themselves. (Cassell.) Miss Gilder was the projector of this volume, and Mr. G. P. Lathrop has written an interesting introduction. The scheme, we think, is not entirely novel, — did not Miss Brock execute a similar volume? — but whether novel or not, it is a scheme which cannot fail to attract lovers of poetry. We are not sure that these poets do not sometimes betray their weaknesses; we wonder if they did not sometimes choose what they thought they ought to choose. Indeed, to make the volume the basis for comparative criticism, one ought to know ever so much of the interior history of it, and to have a private view of each poet's mind. But it is a capital collection of current poetry, whoever chose it. — *Bolingbroke and Voltaire in*

England, by John Churton Collins. (Harpers.) These essays are not so much comprehensive judgments as special literary investigations and contributions toward fuller statements. — The second volume of John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies* (Macmillan) in the neat edition now appearing is occupied with papers on Vauvenargues, Turgot, Joseph de Maistre, and Condorcet. — George Eliot and her Heroines, by Abba Gould Woolson (Harpers), is the estimate made by an American woman, who is, perhaps, helped by her American gift of hope and courage to a more optimistic faith than George Eliot possessed. Her criticism is often sagacious and sensible, and if she does not show singular insight, neither does she strain a point, but writes like a clear-minded, healthy woman who speaks to it, as they say in the country. — Not quite so much can be said for W. F. Dana's *The Optimism of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Cupples, Upham & Co), a little book which is cheerful and hearty, but rather thin as a philosophical survey of the spirit of the times. — *Hood's Up the Rhine* (Putnam's) is even more entertaining now than when it was first published, for it has grown quaint with age, and the sketches of life are sufficiently remote to gain by the perspective. — Anster's translation of Goethe's *Faust*, first part, has been published in Harper's Handy Series. It has an introduction by H. R. Haweis, so short as to make one wonder what it accomplishes. — In the same series is printed *The Choice of Books*, by Frederic Harrison, already referred to in these notes. — Recent issues in Cassell's National Library are *Life and Adventures of Baron Trenck*; *The Lady of the Lake*; *Selections from the Table Talk of Martin Luther*; *Macaulay's essay on Bacon*; *Burke's Thoughts on the Present Discontents and Speeches*; *Crabbe's Poems*; *Swift's The Battle of the Books and other short pieces*, and *Voyagers' Tales from the Hakluyt collection*.

Fiction. John Bodewin's *Testimony*, by Mary Hallock Foote (Ticknor), is a story of Western life in scene and circumstance, but it derives its value not from any mere record of local life, but from its appeal to human sentiment and faith. — *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, by Thomas Hardy (Holt), will be welcomed by this author's readers because of its introduction to a fresh company of those English rustics who, if not real, are as good as real, in Mr. Hardy's stories. It is, besides, a strong, vivid story, which makes one ask if there is any English novelist who combines in better measure the qualities of a great story-teller than Mr. Hardy. It is more even than *Blackmore*, more inventive than *Black*, and more virile and humorous than the mob of lesser novelists who write with alarming ease. — *Face to Face* (Scribners) is an amusing story, in which the surface characteristics of English and American life are played with; but does not the author Americanize his young woman a little too deeply, after all, at the outset? We suspect that he has read his American notions into an English family after a fashion which would be easily detected by an English-bred reader. — *Justina* (Roberts) is one of

those sternly romantic tales in which the heroine suppresses herself, the hero comes and goes in a half-mysterious fashion, a little too noble for ordinary purposes, and after a bookful of experience, in which the two characters are separated by a dreadful wife who exists in order to ruin their happiness, there is a crash, the wife dies, the man thinks he is going to, the heroine rushes across the Atlantic to him, — and the curtain falls on the newly married pair standing with upturned eyes. — *The Wreckers, a Social Study*, by George T. Dowling (Lippincott), will not be found so drearily close to a treatise on economics as the title might suggest. The author has a story to tell, and if the story is not very new or very important, he tells it with a good deal of interest in it. His interest is sometimes contagious, yet the book can hardly be called a very skillful one. — *A Moonlight Boy*, by E. W. Howe. (Ticknor.) Mr. Howe is still forming, and it is hard to say what will come of his work. He has an intangible something, which cannot be concealed by Dickens or Mark Twain, or any other novelist whom he may put between himself and the light, and we hope that his individuality will yet assert itself in a novel genuinely true. All his work is alive, but all is not equally genuine, and this unequal book, as we intimated, leaves the reader still in doubt what is to be the outcome of E. W. Howe. — *Barbara's Vagaries*, by Mary Langdon Tidball. (Harpers.) A short novel, in which the interest moves languidly in a circle about a North Carolina girl of ingenuous flirtatiousness, set in the midst of conventional people at a watering-place. — *Haschisch*, by Thorold King. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) A sensational story, in which the drug plays a marvelous part. The author is not without a certain power, but he has managed to conceal a natural gift by too free use of the extraordinary and unreal. — *Not in the Prospectus*, by Parke Danforth. (Houghton.) A bright, somewhat unskillful, but well-bred story, in which the humors of a personally conducted tour provide the incidents which the author seems hardly capable of inventing. The humor and gayety of the book are its sufficient excuse for being. — *The Midnight Cry*, by Janet Marsh Parker. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A story of the Millerite delusion, written with a good deal of spirit, and with evident desire to be truthful to the general theme of the book. A little more of a rest in the music would have improved the air. There is a certain feverishness in the style, as if the author feared to be dull, whereas the reader is often relieved by patches of sober narrative in the record of such excitements. — *Won by Waiting*,

by Edna Lyall (Appleton), is a well-written novel the scene of which is laid in the Franco-Prussian War and after, with a transfer of the heroine from France to England. The writer is evidently a conscientious artist, and, though giving no promise of singular power, is likely to produce novels more acceptable to the well-bred girls of the day than Miss Yonge, for example. — *Taras Bulba*, the first of a series of translations from Gogol, by Isabel F. Hapgood (Crowell), is likely to open the way to a Gogol cult. That author's fame has been like a cloud in the horizon, but, with the advantage of translation direct from the Russian, we do not see why he should not find a place which even Turgenef failed to secure, — a place that is among those who want their stories told, and are impatient at having so many things "understood," as the grammarians say. Moreover, the poetic passion of Gogol will justly attract many who were repelled by the more sardonic humor of Turgenef. We are likely to return to Gogol. — *Children of the Earth*, by Annie Robertson Macfarlane, is one of the *Leisure Hour Series*. (Holt.) It has dash and vigor, and a great deal of the sort of writing which women indulge in when they wish to make men more manly than they are; but with all its braveries it is a distinctly feminine book, and not a very pleasant one. — *The Man who was Guilty*, by Flora Haines Loughhead (Houghton), has for its theme the hard lines of a man once overtaken in a fault, who suffered voluntarily for it, but could not expiate his crime to society, until a woman, who with a woman's pertinacity in taking the blame upon herself held herself responsible for his fall, took his affairs in her hands. Together they worked out a sort of triumph. The theme in itself is not an untrue one, and there is much in this book which is genuine; all of it is in earnest, but a little more naturalness, a little more equitable and reasonable adjustment of the relations of the people in the book, would not have lessened its worth. The scene is laid on the California coast, and intentionally bears hard on certain local defects in San Francisco justice. — Recent numbers of Harper's *Handy Series* are *Doom!* by Justin H. McCarthy; *If Love be Love*, by D. Cecil Gibbs; *Pluck*, and *Army Society Life* in a *Garrison Town*, by John Strange Winter; and *A Daughter of the Gods*, by Jane Stanley. — Recent numbers of Harper's *Franklin Square Library* are *A Stern Chase*, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey; *The Heir of the Ages*, by James Payn; *A Faire Damzel*, by Esine Stuart; and *Pomegranate Seed*, by the author of *The Two Miss Flemings*.

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cent life—that stirs in them; till one day a seer comes along with as many eyes as a spider, and sets us all agog with his revelations. Then every tree becomes an inhabited world; the Virginia creeper at our windows is transformed into a Jacob's ladder swarming with ascending and descending existences; the wheat-fields sparkle with living gauze and coleopterous populations that we had not dreamed of; and every grass-blade is sown with seminiferous atoms. Of such seers is John Burroughs.

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It is certain that modern American humor is quite different from English humor. We use the word "modern" advisedly, because it should be remarked that the popular, or

more characteristic, form of American humor is of quite recent origin. There is another and older form of American humor which is of a far higher quality. This may

be called the literary humor, and among its chief exponents are Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and Charles Dudley Warner. Nor should the name of Howells be forgotten. These writers are humorists, but they are a great deal more. They are accomplished

and charming authors, whose books should be in everybody's hands. They do not, like the mass of the popular humorists, write to be funny. With them humor steps in as it were unbidden, but always welcome; not interrupting the flow of the thought, but aiding and enlivening it.

The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

The Dial, of Chicago, says of this novel :—

It is, on the whole, the best thing which Miss Murfree has done, and the humble and homely life which it depicts becomes, under her treatment, invested with the interest which more readily attaches to higher and

more heroic themes. . . . Her descriptions are terse and powerful. They have the magical style and the synthetic feeling of the larger utterances of poetry.

The Liverpool (Eng.) *Mercury* observes :—

There can be no question that it is a striking and beautiful book. Its best qualities are its atmosphere and picturesqueness. A strong feeling for scenic nature, keener eyes to see nature, and a firmer and subtler hand to describe nature, we have not encountered in modern literature. And the human nature

is only less vividly realized. The types are limited, and they are not complex. They are rude, almost savage types, but such as they are, they are well depicted. So much and such sustained atmosphere we hardly know where to find outside this author's last book.

Prudence Palfrey in England.

Apropos of the republication of Mr. Aldrich's delightful novel, "Prudence Palfrey," by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, the London *Saturday Review* remarks :—

There is a question that frequently puzzles us : How is it that American girls—in books—are so infinitely more attractive on their own side of the Atlantic than on ours ? Nothing is pleasanter than to read of that calm, leisurely, prosperous life in the old-fashioned country towns and hill farms, or even for a little to share in the stir and bustle of New York ; but when we meet those

same young ladies in London or Paris, a sense of effort and weariness takes possession of us. Prudence Palfrey, however, is a most pleasant acquaintance. The book is an example of good story-telling. . . . Humor there is, too, in plenty. . . . We are quite sure no one will guess the crowning event of the story, not even the most veteran novel-reader.

This story has just appeared in the Riverside Paper Series, for the convenience and delight of summer readers.

Stedman's "Poets of America."

Probably no volume of criticism of American literature has had or merited so large a sale as Mr. Stedman's latest book has had. Professor W. C. Wilkinson, in the *Baptist Review*, says of it :—

It is safe to say that no writer known to the public could have done the work, which Mr. Stedman in this volume set himself to do, better than Mr. Stedman has done it. It was an infinitely delicate task ; we do not see how, upon the whole, the task could have been more felicitously achieved. . . . Mr.

Stedman, by his command of prose style, by his scholarship, by his culture, by his bland temperament, by his exercised taste, by his sound judgment, by his long-practiced art in verse, by his addition to the best masters, was singularly well qualified to produce this body of criticism.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 1 contains a long and appreciative article on this book, and says that "Mr. Stedman deserves thanks for having devoted his profound erudition and the lofty impartiality of which he is capable to making us acquainted with the literature of poetry as it has existed from the beginning in his country. His important and thorough study

is conducted with the method, the scrupulousness, the perspicacity, which he applied formerly to the work of the Victorian Poets."

Rev. George W. Cooke, author of excellent works on Emerson and George Eliot, says, in the *Unitarian Review* :—

A true critical insight enables Mr. Stedman to deal with his subject in a generous and a noble spirit, and yet in one that is eminently just and faithful to fact. His critical

gifts are of a kind rarely to be found in this country, and none are more needed in our literature at the present time.

Mrs. Piatt's Poems.

The London *Saturday Review* remarks :—

Of all the concourse of singers, ungallantly described in their own land as "female poets," Mrs. Piatt is the most racy, and, in a word, the most American. . . . The new selection of Mrs. Piatt's poems should be most welcome to all who seek in American

poetry something more than a pale reflection of the British commodity. With all their whim and inconstancy, they are charmingly sincere, artless, piquant, and full of quaint surprise.

This is no less applicable to Mrs. Piatt's poems just published, "In Primrose Time," which draws its inspiration largely from Irish themes and legends, but will surely be no less welcome to all lovers of poetry and of justice.

American Commonwealths: Kansas.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* pronounces Professor Spring's book on Kansas "a most happy addition to the set of American Commonwealths which have already found such a hearty welcome," and, after alluding to the bitter contest over the settlement and organization of the State, adds that he "has attacked the subject bravely, and out of the mass of conflicting evidence, speeches, and reports he has been able to draw with great impartiality a most admirable sketch of the difficulties between the slave and the non-slave elements in Kansas."

The New York *Examiner* says :—

If the history of all the American Commonwealths is as well told as that of Kansas has been, little will be left to be desired. The birth of this State is a thing of yesterday, and many of the readers of this notice have personal recollections of the stirring episodes that form the subject of the author's researches. Few, however, even of actual par-

ticipants in the Kansas struggle, had so complete a knowledge of it that they cannot learn something from this narrative. Professor Spring has been diligent in research to a degree that merits special praise, and his diligence has been inspired and controlled by method, so that it has borne rich fruits.

Rev. J. G. Dougherty, of Kansas, writes of it :—

Only a very brave as well as a very just man could pen and publish such sentiments while professor in Kansas State University. It is a grand example, to the young men in

the college who will read it, of a candor which regards truth only, and not popular applause.

Mr. Story's Books.

Mr. Story's "Fiammetta" is pronounced by the *Christian Register*, of Boston, "exquisitely beautiful, both in its style and in the situation and development. . . . The setting of the story is as charming as the heroine."

The Boston *Transcript*, speaking of Mr. Story's Poetical Works, says : "The issue of the poems of William Wetmore Story in their present exqui-

site form will be a boon to cultured readers." The Boston *Daily Advertiser* remarks that "he has no small share of that lyric faculty which the greatest poets of every class must possess in some degree; of that inspiration which flashes out with supreme force, even in the knottiest philosophical blank verse of Browning, of whom, indeed, Mr. Story frequently reminds us."

White's Studies in Shakespeare.

The London *Spectator* says of this book:—

A melancholy interest attaches to this work, which is the literary legacy of a man whose death deprives American critical literature of one of its brightest ornaments. The late Mr. Richard Grant White was a ripe scholar, a forcible and brilliant writer, a singularly quick observer, and a sane, sober, and virile thinker, with that aptitude for really penetrating and illuminating criticism which only belongs to those who, in addition to all other qualifications, possess the indispensable gift of "saving common sense." In addition to these things he had a specially keen moral sense, and a fine passion for na-

tional and individual rectitude. . . . The numerous and brilliant talents with which he was endowed have seldom been displayed to better advantage than in this latest work from his pen. In his first paper, "On Reading Shakespeare," he very wisely recommends the youthful student to "throw the commentators and editors to the dogs;" but there is, of course, a time when the commentators and editors become not only interesting, but profitable; and when that time arrives, the seeker after aid could not betake himself to any one more fit to give it than Mr. Grant White.

A Notable Book of Folk-Lore.

Professor Crane's admirable volume of "Italian Popular Tales" is not an ephemeral book, but one of permanent interest and worth. *The Independent*, of New York, says:—

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The New York *Examiner*, speaking of the volumes in this series, says: "These monographs are invaluable to the student of American history." The *Christian Union* observes, concerning the book on Samuel Adams:—

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judicial fairness. Samuel Adams was a typical Puritan. His portrait stands out clear and strong, with other characters grouped about him in the background; and the reader gets at once a picture of the man and of his times concerning which we can find little to criticise and in which there is much to be praised.

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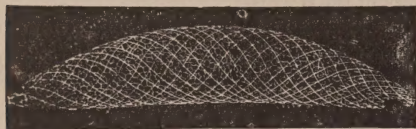
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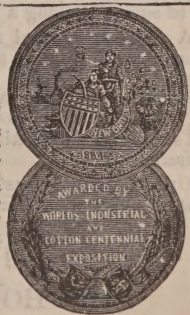
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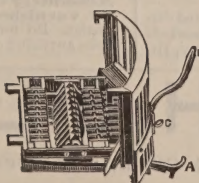
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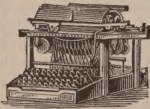


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VOL. LVIII. — OCTOBER, 1886. — No. CCCXLVIII.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FIFTH.

XLIV.

"AND Madame Grandoni, then?" asked Hyacinth, reluctant to turn away. He felt pretty sure that he should never knock at that door again, and the desire was strong in him to see once more, for the last time, the ancient, troubled *sui-vante* of the Princess, whom he had always liked. She had seemed to him ever to be in the slightly ridiculous position of a confidante of tragedy in whom the heroine should have ceased to confide.

"*E andata via, caro signorino*," said Assunta, smiling at him as she stood there holding the door open.

"She has gone away? Bless me, when did she go?"

"It is now five days, dear young sir. She has returned to our country."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Hyacinth, disappointedly.

"*E possibilissimo!*" said Assunta. Then she added, "There were many times when she almost went; but this time — *capisce*" — And without finishing her sentence the Princess's Roman tirewoman indulged in a subtle, suggestive, indefinable play of expression, to which her hands and shoulders contributed, as well as her lips and eyebrows.

Hyacinth looked at her long enough to catch any meaning that she might have wished to convey, but gave no sign of apprehending it. He only remarked, gravely, "In short, she is here no more."

"And the worst is that she will probably never come back. She didn't go for a long time, but when she decided herself it was finished," Assunta declared. "*Peccato!*" she added, with a sigh.

"I should have liked to see her again — I should have liked to bid her good-by." Hyacinth lingered there in strange, melancholy vagueness; since he had been told the Princess was not at home he had no reason for remaining, save the possibility that she might return before he turned away. This possibility, however, was small, for it was only nine o'clock, the middle of the evening — too early an hour for her to reappear, if, as Assunta said, she had gone out after tea. He looked up and down the Crescent, gently swinging his stick, and became conscious in a moment that Assunta was regarding him with tender interest.

"You should have come back sooner; then perhaps she would n't have gone, *povera vecchia*," she rejoined in a moment. "It is too many days since you

have been here. She liked you — I know that.”

“She liked me, but she did n’t like me to come,” said Hyacinth. “Was n’t that why she went, because we came?”

“Ah, that other one — *quel’ grande* — yes. But you are better.”

“The Princess does n’t think so, and she is the right judge,” Hyacinth replied, smiling.

“Eh, who knows what she thinks? It is not for me to say. But you had better come in and wait. I dare say she won’t be long, and it would gratify her to find you.”

Hyacinth hesitated. “I am not sure of that.” Then he asked, “Did she go out alone?”

“*Sola, sola*,” said Assunta, smiling. “Eh, don’t be afraid; you were the first.” And she flung open the door of the little drawing-room, with an air of irresistible solicitation and sympathy.

He sat there nearly an hour, in the chair she habitually used, under her shaded lamp, with a dozen objects around him which seemed as much a part of herself as if they had been portions of her dress or even tones of her voice. His thoughts were tremendously active, but his body was too tired for restlessness; he had not been to work, and had been walking about all day, to fill the time; so that he simply reclined there, with his head on one of the Princess’s cushions, his feet on one of her little stools — one of the ugly ones, that belonged to the house — and his respiration coming quickly, like that of a man in a state of acute agitation. Hyacinth was agitated now, but it was not because he was waiting for the Princess; a deeper source of emotion had been opened to him, and he had not on the present occasion more sharpness of impatience than had already visited him at certain moments of the past twenty hours. He had not closed his eyes the night before, and the day had not made up for that torment. A fever of reflection had de-

scended upon him, and the range of his imagination had been wide. It whirled him through circles of immeasurable compass; and this is the reason that, thinking of many things while he sat in the Princess’s chair, he wondered why, after all, he had come to Madeira Crescent, and what interest he could have in seeing the lady of the house. He had a very complete sense that everything was over between them; that the link had snapped which bound them so closely together for a while. And this was not simply because for a long time now he had received no sign or communication from her, no invitation to come back, no inquiry as to why his visits had stopped. It was not because he had seen her go in and out with Paul Muniment, nor because it had suited Prince Casamassima to point the moral of her doing so, nor even because, quite independently of the Prince, he believed her to be more deeply absorbed in her acquaintance with that superior young man than she had ever been in her relations with himself. The reason, so far as he became conscious of it in his fitful meditations, could only be a strange, detached curiosity — strange and detached because everything else of his past had been engulfed in the abyss that opened before him as, after Mr. Vetch had left him, he stood under the lamp in a paltry Westminster street. That had swallowed up all familiar feelings, and yet out of the ruin had sprung the impulse which brought him to where he sat.

The solution of his difficulty — he flattered himself he had arrived at it — involved a winding up of his affairs; and though, even if no solution had been required, he would have felt clearly that he had been dropped, yet as even in that case it would have been sweet to him to bid her good-by, so, at present, the desire for some last vision of her own hurrying fate could still appeal to him. If things had not gone well for

him, he was still capable of wondering whether they looked better for her. It is a singular fact, but there rose in his mind a sort of incongruous desire to pity her. All these were odd feelings enough, and by the time half an hour had elapsed they had throbbled themselves into weariness and into slumber. While he remembered that he was waiting now in a very different frame from that in which he waited for her in South Street, the first time he went to see her, he closed his eyes and lost himself. His unconsciousness lasted, he afterwards perceived, nearly half an hour; it terminated in his becoming aware that the lady of the house was standing before him. Assunta was behind her, and as he opened his eyes she took from her mistress the bonnet and mantle of which the Princess divested herself. "It's charming of you to have waited," the latter said, smiling down at him with all her old kindness. "You're very tired—don't get up; that's the best chair, and you must keep it." She made him remain where he was; she placed herself near him on a smaller seat; she declared that she was not tired herself, that she did n't know what was the matter with her—nothing tired her now; she exclaimed on the time that had elapsed since he had last called, as if she were reminded of it simply by seeing him again; and she insisted that he should have some tea—he looked so much as if he needed it. She considered him with deeper attention, and wished to know what was the matter with him—what he had done to use himself up; adding that she must begin and look after him again, for while she had the care of him that kind of thing did n't happen. In response to this Hyacinth made a great confession: he admitted that he had stayed away from work and simply amused himself—amused himself by loafing about London all day. This did n't pay—he was beginning to discover it as he grew older; it was

doubtless a sign of increasing years when one began to perceive that wanton pleasures were hollow, and that to stick to one's tools was not only more profitable, but more refreshing. However, he did stick to them, as a general thing; that was no doubt partly why, from the absence of the habit of it, a day off turned out to be rather a grind. When Hyacinth had not seen the Princess for some time, he always, on meeting her again, had a renewed tremendous sense of her beauty, and he had it to-night in an extraordinary degree. Splendid as that beauty had ever been, it seemed clothed at present in transcendent glory, and (if that which was already supremely fine could be capable of greater refinement) to have worked itself free of all earthly grossness and been purified and consecrated by her new life. Her gentleness, when she was in the mood for it, was something divine (it had always the irresistible charm that it was the humility of a high spirit), and on this occasion she gave herself up to it. Whether it was because he had the consciousness of resting his eyes upon her for the last time, or because she wished to be particularly pleasant to him in order to make up for having, amid other preoccupations, rather dropped him of late (it was probable the effect was a product of both causes), at all events, the sight of her loveliness seemed none the less a privilege than it had done the night he went into her box, at the play, and her presence lifted the weight from his soul. He suffered himself to be coddled and absently, even if radiantly, smiled at, and his state of mind was such that it could produce no alteration of his pain to see that on the Princess's part these were inexpensive gifts. She had sent Assunta to bring them tea, and when the tray arrived she gave him cup after cup, with every restorative demonstration; but he had not sat with her a quarter of an hour before he perceived that she scarcely measured a

word he said to her, or a word that she herself uttered. If she had the best intention of being nice to him, by way of compensation, this compensation was for a wrong that was far from vividly present to her mind. Two points became perfectly clear: one was that she was thinking of something very different from her present, her past, or her future relations with Hyacinth Robinson; the other was that he was superseded indeed. This was so completely the case that it did not even occur to her, it was evident, that the sense of supersession might be cruel to the young man. If she was charming to him, it was because she was good-natured and he had been hanging off, and not because she had done him an injury. Perhaps, after all, she had n't, for he got the impression that it might be no great loss of comfort not to constitute part of her life to-day. It was manifest from her eye, from her smile, from every movement and tone, and indeed from all the irradiation of her beauty, that that life to-day was tremendously wound up. If he had come to Madeira Crescent because he was curious to see how she was getting on, it was sufficiently intimated to him that she was getting on well; that is, that she was living more than ever on high hopes and bold plans and far-reaching combinations. These things, from his own point of view, ministered less to happiness, and to be mixed up with them was perhaps not so much greater a sign that one had not lived for nothing than the grim argument which, in the interest of peace, he had just arrived at with himself. She asked him why he had not been to see her for so long, quite as if this failure were only a vulgar form of social neglect; and she scarcely seemed to notice whether it were a good or a poor excuse when he said he had stayed away because he knew her to be extremely busy. But she did not deny the impeachment; she admitted that she had been busier than

ever in her life before. She looked at him as if he would know what that meant, and he remarked that he was very sorry for her.

"Because you think it's all a mistake! Yes, I know that. Perhaps it is; but if it is, it's a magnificent one. If you were scared about me three or four months ago, I don't know what you would think to-day — if you knew! I have risked everything."

"Fortunately, I don't know," said Hyacinth.

"No, indeed, how should you?"

"And to tell the truth," he went on, "that is really the reason I have n't been back here till to-night. I have n't wanted to know — I have feared and hated to know."

"Then why did you come at last?"

Hyacinth hesitated a moment. "Out of a kind of inconsistent curiosity."

"I suppose, then, you would like me to tell you where I have been to-night, eh?"

"No, my curiosity is satisfied. I have learned something — what I mainly wanted to know — without your telling me."

She stared an instant. "Ah, you mean whether Madame Grandoni was gone? I suppose Assunta told you."

"Yes, Assunta told me, and I was sorry to hear it."

The Princess looked grave, as if her old friend's departure was indeed a very serious incident. "You may imagine how I feel it! It leaves me completely alone; it makes, in the eyes of the world, an immense difference in my position. However, I don't consider the eyes of the world. At any rate, she could n't put up with me any more — it appears that I am more and more shocking; and it was written!" On Hyacinth's asking what the old lady would do, she replied, "I suppose she will go and live with my husband." Five minutes later she inquired of him whether the same reason that he had

mentioned just before was the explanation of his absence from Audley Court. Mr. Muniment had told her that he had not been near him and his sister for more than a month.

"No, it is n't the fear of learning something that would make me uneasy : because, somehow, in the first place it is n't natural to feel uneasy about Paul, and in the second, if it were, he never lets one see anything. It is simply the general sense of real divergence of view. When that divergence becomes sharp, it is better not to pester each other."

"I see what you mean. But you might go and see his sister."

"I don't like her," said Hyacinth, simply.

"Ah, neither do I!" the Princess exclaimed, smiling; while her visitor remained conscious of the perfect composure, the absence of false shame, with which she had referred to their common friend. But she was silent after this, and he judged that he had stayed long enough and sufficiently taxed a preoccupied attention. He got up, and was bidding her good-night, when she checked him by saying, suddenly, "By the way, your not going to see so good a friend as Mr. Muniment, because you disapprove to-day of his work, suggests to me that you will be in an awkward fix, with your disapprovals, the day you are called upon to serve the cause according to your vow."

"Oh, of course I've thought of that," said Hyacinth, smiling.

"And would it be indiscreet to ask what you have thought?"

"Ah, so many things, Princess! It would take me a long time to say."

"I have never talked to you about this, because it seemed to me indelicate, and the whole thing too much a secret of your own breast for even so intimate a friend as I have been to have a right to meddle with it. But I have wondered much — seeing that you cared less and less for the people — how you would

reconcile your change of heart with the performance of your engagement. I pity you, my poor friend," the Princess went on, with a heavenly sweetness, "for I can imagine nothing more terrible than to find yourself face to face with such an engagement, and to feel at the same time that the spirit which prompted it is dead within you."

"Terrible, terrible, most terrible," said Hyacinth, gravely, looking at her.

"But I pray God it may never be your fate!" The Princess hesitated a moment; then she added, "I see you feel it. Heaven help us all!" She paused, then went on: "Why should n't I tell you, after all? A short time ago I had a visit from Mr. Vetch."

"It was kind of you to see him," said Hyacinth.

"He was delightful, I assure you. But do you know what he came for? To beg me, on his knees, to snatch you away."

"To snatch me away?"

"From the danger that hangs over you. Poor man, he was very pathetic."

"Oh yes, he has talked to me about it," Hyacinth said. "He has picked up the idea, but he knows nothing whatever about it. And how did he expect that you would be able to snatch me?"

"He left that to me; he had only a general conviction of my influence with you."

"And he thought you would exercise it to make me back out? He does you injustice; you would n't!" Hyacinth exclaimed, smiling. "In that case, taking one false position with another, yours would be no better than mine."

"Oh, speaking seriously, I am perfectly quiet about you and about myself. I know you won't be called," the Princess returned.

"May I inquire how you know it?"

After a slight hesitation, she replied, "Mr. Muniment tells me so."

"And how does he know it?"

"We have information. My dear fellow," the Princess went on, "you are so much out of it now that if I were to tell you, you would n't understand."

"Yes, no doubt I am out of it; but I still have a right to say, all the same, in contradiction to your imputation of a moment ago, that I care for the people exactly as much as I ever did."

"My poor Hyacinth, my poor infatuated little aristocrat, was that ever very much?" the Princess asked.

"It was enough, and it is still enough, to make me willing to lay down my life for anything that will really help them."

"Yes, and of course you must decide for yourself what that is; or, rather, what it's not."

"I did n't decide when I gave my promise. I agreed to take the decision of others," Hyacinth said.

"Well, you said just now that in relation to this business of yours you had thought of many things," the Princess rejoined. "Have you ever, by chance, thought of anything that *will* help the people?"

"You call me fantastic names, but I'm one of them myself."

"I know what you are going to say!" the Princess broke in. "You are going to say that it will help them to do what you do — to do their work, and earn their wages. That's beautiful so far as it goes. But what do you propose for the thousands and thousands for whom no work — on the overcrowded earth, under the pitiless heaven — is to be found? There is less and less work in the world, and there are more and more people to do the little that there is. The old ferocious selfishnesses *must* come down. They won't come down gracefully, so they must be smashed!"

The tone in which the Princess uttered these words made Hyacinth's heart beat fast, and there was something so inspiring in her devoted fairness that the vision of a great heroism flashed

up again before him, in all the splendor it had lost — the idea of a tremendous risk and an unregarded sacrifice. Such a woman as that, at such a moment, made every scruple seem a prudence and every compunction a cowardice. "I wish to God I could see it as you see it!" he exclaimed, after he had looked at her a minute in silent admiration.

"I see simply this: that what we are doing is at least worth trying; and that as none of those who have the power, the place, the means, will try anything else, on *their* head be the responsibility, on *their* head be the blood!"

"Princess," said Hyacinth, clasping his hands, and feeling that he trembled, "dearest Princess, if anything should happen to *you*" — and his voice fell; the horror of it, a dozen hideous images of her possible perversity and her possible punishment, were again before him, as he had already seen them, in sinister musings; they seemed to him worse than anything he had imagined for himself.

She threw back her head, looking at him almost in anger. "To me! And pray why not to me? What title have I to exemption, to security, more than any one else? Why am I so sacrosanct and so precious?"

"Simply because there is no one in the world, and there has never been any one in the world, like you."

"Oh, thank you," said the Princess, with a kind of dry impatience, turning away.

The manner in which she spoke put an end to their conversation. It expressed an indifference to what it might interest him to think about her to-day, and even a contempt for it, which brought tears to his eyes. His tears, however, were concealed by the fact that he bent his head over her hand, which he had taken to kiss; after which he left the room without looking at her.

XLV.

"I have received a letter from your husband," Paul Muniment said to the Princess, the next evening, as soon as he came into the room. He announced this fact with a kind of bald promptitude, and with a familiarity of manner which showed that his visit was one of a closely connected series. The Princess was evidently not a little surprised by it, and immediately asked how in the world the Prince could know his address. "Could n't it have been by your old lady?" Muniment inquired. "He must have met her in Paris. It is from Paris that he writes."

"What an incorrigible cad!" the Princess exclaimed.

"I don't see that — for writing to me. I have his letter in my pocket, and I will show it to you, if you like."

"Thank you, nothing would induce me to touch anything he has touched," the Princess replied.

"You touch his money, my dear lady," Muniment remarked, with the quiet smile of a man who sees things as they are.

The Princess hesitated a little. "Yes, I make an exception for that, because it hurts him, it makes him suffer."

"I should think, on the contrary, it would gratify him by showing you in a condition of weakness and dependence."

"Not when he knows I don't use it for myself. What exasperates him is that it is devoted to ends that he hates almost as much as he hates me, and yet that he can't call selfish."

"He does n't hate you," said Muniment, with that tone of pleasant reasonableness that he used when he was most imperturbable. "His letter satisfies me of that." The Princess stared at this, and asked him what he was coming to — whether he was leading up to advising her to go back and live with her husband. "I don't know that I would

go so far as to advise," he replied; "when I have so much benefit from seeing you here, on your present footing, that would n't sound well. But I'll just make bold to prophesy that you will go before very long."

"And on what does that extraordinary prediction rest?"

"On this plain fact — that you will have nothing to live upon. You decline to read the Prince's letter, but if you were to look at it it would give you evidence of what I mean. He informs me that I need count upon no more supplies from your hands, as you yourself will receive no more."

"He addresses you that way, in plain terms!"

"I can't call them very plain, because the letter is written in French, and I naturally have had a certain difficulty in making it out, in spite of my persevering study of the tongue and the fine example set me by poor Robinson. But that appears to be the gist of the matter."

"And you can repeat such an insult to me without the smallest apparent discomposure? You're the most remarkable man!" the Princess broke out.

"Why is it an insult? It is the simple truth. I do take your money," said Paul Muniment.

"You take it for a sacred cause; you don't take it for yourself."

"The Prince is n't obliged to look at that," Muniment rejoined, laughing.

His companion was silent for a moment; then, "I did n't know you were on his side," she replied, gently.

"Oh, you know on what side I am!"

"What does he know? What business has he to address you so?"

"I suppose he knows from Madame Grandoni. She has told him that I have great influence upon you."

"She was welcome to tell him that!" the Princess exclaimed.

"His reasoning, therefore, has been

that when I find you have nothing more to give to the cause I will let you go."

"Nothing more? And does he count *me*, myself, and every pulse of my being, every capacity of my nature, as nothing?" the Princess cried, with shining eyes.

"Apparently he thinks that I do."

"Oh, as for that, after all, I have known that you care far more for my money than for me. But it has made no difference to me," said the Princess.

"Then you see that by your own calculation the Prince is right."

"My dear sir," Muniment's hostess replied, "my interest in you never depended on your interest in me. It depended wholly on a sense of your great destinies. I suppose that what you began to tell me is that he stops my allowance."

"From the first of next month. He has taken legal advice. It is now clear — so he tells me — that you forfeit your settlements."

"Can I not take legal advice, too?" the Princess asked. "Surely I can contest that. I can forfeit my settlements only by an act of my own. The act that led to our separation was *his* act; he turned me out of his house by physical violence."

"Certainly," said Muniment, displaying even in this simple discussion his easy aptitude for argument; "but since then there have been acts of your own." He stopped a moment, smiling; then he went on: "Your whole connection with a secret society constitutes an act, and so does your exercise of the pleasure, which you appreciate so highly, of feeding it with money extorted from an old Catholic and princely family. You know how little it is to be desired that these matters should come to light."

"Why in the world need they come to light? Allegations in plenty, of course, he would have, but not a particle of proof. Even if Madame Grandoni were to testify against me, which is in-

conceivable, she would not be able to produce a definite fact."

"She would be able to produce the fact that you had a little bookbinder staying for a month in your house."

"What has that to do with it?" the Princess demanded. "If you mean that that is a circumstance which would put me in the wrong as against the Prince, is there not, on the other side, this circumstance, that while our young friend was staying with me Madame Grandoni herself, a person of the highest and most conspicuous respectability, never saw fit to withdraw from me her countenance and protection? Besides, why should n't I have my bookbinder, just as I might have (and the Prince should surely appreciate my consideration in not having) my physician and my chaplain?"

"Am I not your chaplain?" said Muniment, with a laugh. "And does the bookbinder usually dine at the princess's table?"

"Why not, if he's an artist? In the old times, I know, artists dined with the servants; but not to-day."

"That would be for the court to appreciate," Muniment remarked. And in a moment he added, "Allow me to call your attention to the fact that Madame Grandoni *has* left you — *has* withdrawn her countenance and protection."

"Ah, but not for Hyacinth!" the Princess returned, in a tone which would have made the fortune of an actress, if an actress could have caught it.

"For the bookbinder or for the chaplain, it does n't matter. But that's only a detail," said Muniment. "In any case, I should n't in the least care for your going to law."

The Princess rested her eyes upon him for a while in silence, and at last she replied, "I was speaking just now of your great destinies, but every now and then you do something, you say something, that makes me doubt of them. It's when you seem afraid.

That's terribly against your being a first-rate man."

"Oh, I know you have thought me a coward from the first of your knowing me. But what does it matter? I have n't the smallest pretension to being a first-rate man."

"Oh, you're deep, and you're provoking!" murmured the Princess, with a sombre eye.

"Don't you remember," Muniment continued, without heeding this somewhat passionate ejaculation — "don't you remember how, the other day, you accused me of being not only a coward, but a traitor; of playing false; of wanting, as you said, to back out?"

"Most distinctly. How can I help its coming over me, at times, that you have incalculable ulterior views, and are only using me — only using us all? But I don't care."

"No, no; I'm genuine," said Paul Muniment, simply, yet in a tone which might have implied that the discussion was idle. And he immediately went on, with a transition too abrupt for perfect civility: "The best reason in the world for your not having a lawsuit with your husband is this: that when you have n't a penny left you will be obliged to go back and live with him."

"How do you mean, when I have n't a penny left? Have n't I my own property?" the Princess demanded.

"The Prince tells me that you have drawn upon your own property at such a rate that the income to be derived from it amounts, to his positive knowledge, to no more than a thousand francs — forty pounds — a year. Surely, with your habits and tastes, you can't live on forty pounds. I should add that your husband implies that your property, originally, was but a small affair."

"You have the most extraordinary tone," observed the Princess, gravely. "What you appear to wish to express is simply this: that from the moment I have no more money to give you I am

of no more value than the skin of an orange."

Muniment looked down at his shoe awhile. His companion's words had brought a flush into his cheek; he appeared to admit to himself and to her that, at the point at which their conversation had arrived, there was a natural difficulty in his delivering himself. But presently he raised his head, and showed a face still slightly embarrassed, but none the less bright and frank. "I have no intention whatever of saying anything harsh or offensive to you, but, since you challenge me, perhaps it is well that I should let you know that I *do* consider that in giving your money — or, rather, your husband's — to our business you gave the most valuable thing you had to contribute."

"This is the day of plain truths!" the Princess exclaimed, with a laugh that was not expressive of pleasure. "You don't count, then, any devotion, any intelligence, that I may have placed at your service, even rating my faculties modestly?"

"I count your intelligence, but I don't count your devotion, and one is nothing without the other. You are not trusted at headquarters."

"Not trusted!" the Princess repeated, with her splendid stare. "Why, I thought I could be hanged to-morrow!"

"They may let you hang, perfectly, without letting you act. You are liable to be weary of us," Paul Muniment went on; "and, indeed, I think you are weary of us already."

"Ah, you *must* be a first-rate man, you are such a brute!" replied the Princess, who noticed, as she had noticed before, that he pronounced "weary" *weery*.

"I did n't say you were weary of *me*," said Muniment, blushing again. "You can never live poor — you don't begin to know the meaning of it."

"Oh, no, I am not tired of you," the Princess returned, in a strange tone.

"In a moment you will make me cry with passion, and no man has done that for years. I was very poor when I was a girl," she added, in a different manner. "You yourself recognized it just now, in speaking of the insignificant character of my fortune."

"It had to be a fortune, to be insignificant," said Muniment, smiling. "You will go back to your husband!"

To this declaration she made no answer whatever; she only sat looking at him in sombre calmness. "I don't see, after all, why they trust you more than they trust me," she remarked.

"I am not sure that they do," said Muniment. "I have heard something this evening which suggests that."

"And may one know what it is?"

"A communication which I should have expected to be made through me has been made through another person."

"A communication?"

"To Hyacinth Robinson."

"To Hyacinth" — The Princess sprang up; she had turned pale in a moment.

"He has got his ticket; but they did n't send it through me."

"Do you mean his orders? He was here last night," the Princess said.

"A fellow named Schinkel, a German — whom you don't know, I think, but who was a sort of witness, with me and another, of his undertaking — came to see me this evening. It was through him the summons came, and he put Hyacinth up to it on Sunday night."

"On Sunday night?" The Princess stared. "Why, he was here yesterday, and he talked of it, and he told me nothing."

"That was quite right of him, bless him!" Muniment exclaimed.

The Princess closed her eyes a moment, and when she opened them again Muniment had risen and was standing before her. "What do they want him to do?" she asked.

"I am like Hyacinth; I think I had

better not tell you — at least till it's over."

"And when will it be over?"

"They give him several days, and, I believe, minute instructions," said Muniment, "with, however, considerable discretion in respect to seizing his chance. The thing is made remarkably easy for him. All this I know from Schinkel, who himself knew nothing on Sunday, being a mere medium of transmission, but who saw Hyacinth yesterday morning."

"Schinkel trusts you, then?" the Princess remarked.

Muniment looked at her steadily a moment. "Yes, but he won't trust you. Hyacinth is to receive a card of invitation to the house," he went on, "a card with the name left in blank, so that he may fill it out himself. It is to be good for each of two big parties which are to be given at a few days' interval. That's why they give him the job — because at a party he'll look in his place."

"He will like that," said the Princess, musingly — "repaying hospitality with a pistol-shot."

"If he does n't like it, he need n't do it."

The Princess made no rejoinder to this, but in a moment she said, "I can easily find out the place you mean — the house where two great parties are to be given at a few days' interval, and where the master is worth your powder."

"Easily, no doubt. And do you want to warn him?"

"No, I want to do the business first, so that it won't be left for another. If Hyacinth will look in his place at a big party, should not I look still more in mine? And as I know the individual, I should be able to approach him without exciting the smallest suspicion."

Muniment appeared to consider her suggestion a moment, as if it were practical and interesting; but presently he answered, smiling, "To fall by your hand would be too good for him."

"However he falls, will it be useful, valuable?" the Princess asked.

"It's worth trying. He's a bad institution."

"And don't you mean to go near Hyacinth?"

"No, I wish to leave him free," Muniment answered.

"Ah, Paul Muniment," murmured the Princess, "you *are* a first-rate man!" She sank down upon the sofa, and sat looking up at him. "In God's name, why have you told me this?" she broke out.

"So that you should not be able to throw it up at me, later, that I had not."

She threw herself over, burying her face in the cushions, and remained so, for some minutes, in silence. Muniment watched her awhile, without speaking; but at last he remarked, "I don't want to aggravate you, but you *will* go back!" The words failed to cause her to raise her head, and after a moment he quietly went out.

XLVI.

That the Princess had done with him, done with him forever, remained the most vivid impression that Hyacinth had carried away from Madeira Crescent the night before. He went home, and he flung himself on his narrow bed, where the consolation of sleep again descended upon him. But he woke up with the earliest dawn, and the beginning of a new day was a quick revival of pain. He was overpast, he had become vague, he was extinct. The things that Sholto had said to him came back to him, and the compassion of foreknowledge that Madame Grandoni had shown him from the first. Of Paul Muniment he only thought to wonder whether he knew. An insurmountable desire to do justice to him, for the very reason that there might be a temptation to oblique thoughts, forbade him to challenge his

friend even in imagination. He vaguely wondered whether *he* would ever be superseded; but this possibility faded away in a stronger light — a kind of dazzling vision of some great tribuneship, which swept before him now and again, and in which the figure of the Princess herself seemed merged and extinguished. When full morning came at last, and he got up, it brought with it, in the restlessness which made it impossible to him to remain in his room, a return of that beginning of an answerless question, "After all — after all" — which the Princess had planted there the night before when she spoke so bravely in the name of the Revolution. "After all — after all, since nothing else was tried, or would, apparently, ever be tried" — He had a sense of his mind, which had been made up, falling to pieces again; but that sense in turn lost itself in a shudder which was already familiar — the horror of the reappearance, on his part, of the imbrued hands of his mother. This loathing of the idea of a *repetition* had not been sharp, strangely enough, till his summons came; in all his previous meditations the growth of his reluctance to act for the "party of action" had not been the fear of a personal stain, but the simple extension of his observation. Yet now the idea of the personal stain made him horribly sick; it seemed by itself to make service impossible. It rose before him like a kind of backward accusation of his mother; to suffer it to start out in the life of her son was in a manner to publish again her own obliterated maculation. The thought that was most of all with him was that he had time — he had time; he was grateful for that, and saw a kind of delicacy in their having given him a margin, and not condemned him to be pressed by the hours. He had another day, he had two days, he might take even three. He knew he should be terribly weary of them before they were over; but, for that matter, they

would be over whenever he liked. Anyhow, he went forth again into the streets, into the squares, into the parks, solicited by an aimless desire to steep himself yet once again in the great city that he knew and loved, and that had had so many of his smiles and tears and confidences. The day was gray and damp, though no rain fell, and London had never appeared to him to wear more proudly and publicly the face of London. He passed slowly to and fro over Westminster bridge, and watched the black barges drift on the great brown river, and looked up at the huge fretted palace rising there as a fortress of the social order which he, like the young David, had been commissioned to attack with a sling and a pebble. At last he made his way to St. James's Park, and he strolled there a long time. He revolved about it, and he went a considerable distance up the Buckingham Palace Road. He stopped at a certain point and came back again, and then he retraced his steps in the former direction. He looked in the windows of shops, and he looked in particular into the long, glazed expanse of that establishment in which, at that hour of the day, Millicent Henning discharged superior functions. Millicent's image had descended upon him after he came out, and now it moved before him as he went, it clung to him, it refused to quit him. He made, in truth, no effort to drive it away; he held fast to it in return, and it murmured strange things in his ear. She had been so jolly to him on Sunday; she was such a strong, obvious, simple nature, with such a generous breast and such a freedom from the sophistries of civilization. All that he had ever liked in her came back to him now with a finer air, and there was a moment, during which he hung over the rail of the bridge that spans the lake in St. James's Park and mechanically followed the movement of the swans, when he asked himself whether,

at bottom, he had n't liked her better, almost, than any one. He tried to think he had, he wanted to think he had; and he seemed to see the look her eyes would have if he should tell her that he had. Something of that sort had really passed between them on Sunday; only the business that had come up since had superseded it. Now the taste of the vague, primitive comfort that his Sunday had given him came back to him, and he asked himself whether he might n't know it a second time. After he had thought he could n't again wish for anything, he found himself wishing that he might believe there was something Millicent could do for him. Might n't she help him — might n't she even extricate him? He was looking into a window — not that of her own shop — when a vision rose before him of a quick flight with her, for an undefined purpose, to an undefined spot; and he was glad, at that moment, to have his back turned to the people in the street, because his face suddenly grew red to the tips of his ears. Again and again, all the same, he indulged in the reflection that spontaneous, uncultivated minds often have inventions, inspirations. Moreover, whether Millicent should have any or not, he might at least feel her arms around him. He did n't exactly know what good it would do him or what door it would open; but he should like it. The sensation was not one he could afford to defer, but the nearest moment at which he could enjoy it would be that evening. *He* had thrown over everything, but she would be busy all day; nevertheless, it would be a gain, it would be a kind of foretaste, to see her earlier, to have three words with her. He wrestled with the temptation to go into her establishment, because he knew she did n't like it (he had tried it once, of old); as the visits of gentlemen, even when ostensible purchasers (there were people watching about who

could tell who was who), compromised her in the eyes of her employers. This was not an ordinary case, however; and though he hovered about the place a long time, undecided, embarrassed, half ashamed, at last he went in, as by an irresistible necessity. He would just make an appointment with her, and a glance of the eye and a single word would suffice. He remembered his way through the labyrinths of the shop; he knew that her department was on the second floor. He walked through the place, which was crowded, as if he had as good a right as any one else; and as he had entertained himself, on rising, with putting on his holiday garments, in which he made such a distinguished little figure, he was not suspected of any purpose more nefarious than that of looking at some nice thing to give a lady. He ascended the stairs, and found himself in a large room where made-up articles were exhibited, and where, though there were twenty people in it, a glance told him he shouldn't find Millicent. She was perhaps in the next one, into which he passed by a wide opening. Here also were numerous purchasers, most of them ladies; the men were but three or four, and the disposal of the wares was in the hands of neat young women, attired in black dresses with long trains. At first it appeared to Hyacinth that the young woman he sought was even here not within sight, and he was turning away, to look elsewhere, when suddenly he perceived that a tall gentleman, standing in the middle of the room, was none other than Captain Sholto. It next became plain to him that the person standing upright before the captain, as still as a lay-figure and with her back turned to Hyacinth, was the object of his own quest. In spite of her averted face he instantly recognized Millicent; he knew her shop attitude, the dressing of her hair behind, and the long, grand lines of her figure, draped in the last new

thing. She was exhibiting this article to the captain, and he was lost in contemplation. He had been beforehand with Hyacinth as a false purchaser, but he imitated a real one better than our young man, as, with his eyes traveling up and down the front of Millicent's person, he frowned, considering, and rubbed his lower lip slowly with his walking-stick. Millicent stood admirably still, and the back view of the garment she displayed was magnificent. Hyacinth, for a minute, stood as still as she. At the end of that minute he perceived that Sholto saw him, and for an instant he thought he was going to direct Millicent's attention to him. But Sholto only looked at him very hard, for a few seconds, without telling her he was there; to enjoy that satisfaction he would wait till the second comer was gone. Hyacinth gazed back at him for the same length of time—what these two pairs of eyes said to each other requires perhaps no definite mention—and then turned away.

That evening, about nine o'clock, the Princess Casamassima drove in a hansom to Hyacinth's lodgings in Westminster. The door of the house was a little open, and a man stood on the step, smoking his big pipe, and looking up and down. The Princess, seeing him while she was still at some distance, had hoped he was Hyacinth, but he proved to be a very different figure indeed from her devoted young friend. He had not a forbidding countenance, but he looked very hard at her as she descended from her hansom and approached the door. She was used to being looked at hard, and she didn't mind this; she supposed he was one of the lodgers in the house. He edged away to let her pass, and watched her while she endeavored to impart an elasticity of movement to the limp bell-pull beside the door. It gave no audible response, so that she said to him, "I wish to ask for Mr. Hyacinth Robinson. Perhaps you can tell me—a"—

"Yes, I too," the man replied, smiling. "I have come also for that."

The Princess hesitated a moment. "I think you must be Mr. Schinkel. I have heard of you."

"You know me by my bad English," her interlocutor remarked, with a sort of benevolent coquetry.

"Your English is remarkably good—I wish I spoke German as well. Only just a hint of an accent, and, evidently, an excellent vocabulary."

"I think I have heard, also, of you," said Schinkel, appreciatively.

"Yes, we know each other, in our circle, don't we? We are all brothers and sisters." The Princess was anxious, she was in a fever; but she could still relish the romance of standing in a species of back-slum and fraternizing with a personage looking like a very tame horse whose collar galled him. "Then he's at home, I hope; he is coming down to you?" she went on.

"That's what I don't know. I am waiting."

"Have they gone to call him?"

Schinkel looked at her, while he puffed his pipe. "I have called him myself, but he will not say."

"How do you mean—he will not say?"

"His door is locked. I have knocked many times."

"I suppose he is out," said the Princess.

"Yes, he may be out," Schinkel remarked, considerably.

He and the Princess stood a moment looking at each other, and then she asked, "Have you any doubt of it?"

"Oh, *es kann sein*. Only the woman of the house told me five minutes ago that he came in."

"Well, then, he probably went out again," the Princess remarked.

"Yes, but she did n't hear him."

The Princess reflected, and was conscious that she was flushing. She knew what Schinkel knew about their young

friend's actual situation, and she wished to be very clear with him, and to induce him to be the same with her. She was rather baffled, however, by the sense that he was cautious, and justly cautious. He was polite and inscrutable, quite like some of the high personages—ambassadors and cabinet ministers—whom she used to meet in the great world. "Has the woman been here, in the house, ever since?" she asked in a moment.

"No, she went out for ten minutes, half an hour ago."

"Surely, then, he may have gone out again in that time!" the Princess exclaimed.

"That is what I have thought. It is also why I have waited here," said Schinkel. "I have nothing to do," he added, serenely.

"Neither have I," the Princess rejoined. "We can wait together."

"It's a pity you have n't got some room," the German suggested.

"No, indeed; this will do very well. We shall see him the sooner when he comes back."

"Yes, but perhaps it won't be for long."

"I don't care for that; I will wait. I hope you don't object to my company," she went on, smiling.

"It is good, it is good," Schinkel responded, through his smoke.

"Then I will send away my cab." She returned to the vehicle and paid the driver, who said, "Thank you, my lady," with expression, and drove off.

"You gave him too much," said Schinkel, when she came back.

"Oh, he looked like a nice man. I am sure he deserved it."

"It is very expensive," Schinkel went on, sociably.

"Yes, and I have no money, but it's done. Was there no one else in the house while the woman was away?" the Princess asked.

"No, the people are out; she only has

single men. I asked her that. She has a daughter, but the daughter has gone to see her cousin. The mother went only a hundred yards, round the corner there, to buy a pennyworth of milk. She locked this door, and put the key in her pocket; she stayed at the grocer's, where she got the milk, to have a little conversation with a friend that she met there. You know ladies always stop like that — *nicht wahr?* It was half an hour later that I came. She told me that he was at home, and I went up to his room. I got no sound, as I have told you. I came down and spoke to her again, and she told me what I say."

"Then you determined to wait, as I have done," said the Princess.

"Oh, yes, I want to see him."

"So do I, very much." The Princess said nothing more, for a minute; then she added, "I think we want to see him for the same reason."

"Das kann sein — das kann sein."

The two continued to stand there in the brown evening, and they had some further conversation, of a desultory and irrelevant kind. At the end of ten minutes the Princess broke out, in a low tone, laying her hand on her companion's arm, "Mr. Schinkel, this won't do. I'm intolerably nervous."

"Yes, that is the nature of ladies," the German replied, imperturbably.

"I wish to go up to his room," the Princess pursued. "You will be so good as to show me where it is."

"It will do you no good, if he is not there."

The Princess hesitated. "I am not sure he is not there."

"Well, if he won't speak, it shows he likes better not to have visitors."

"Oh, he may like to have me better than he does you!" the Princess exclaimed.

"Das kann sein — das kann sein." But Schinkel made no movement to introduce her into the house.

"There is nothing to-night — you

know what I mean," the Princess remarked, after looking at him a moment.

"Nothing to-night?"

"At the duke's. The first party is on Thursday, the other is next Tuesday."

"*Schön*. I never go to parties," said Schinkel.

"Neither do I."

"Except that this is a kind of party — you and me," suggested Schinkel.

"Yes, and the woman of the house does n't approve of it." The footstep of the personage in question had been audible in the passage, through the open door, which was presently closed, from within, with a little reprehensive bang. Something in this incident appeared to quicken exceedingly the Princess's impatience and emotion; the menace of exclusion from the house made her wish more even than before to enter it. "For God's sake, Mr. Schinkel, take me up there. If you won't, I will go alone," she pleaded.

Her face was white now, and it need hardly be added that it was beautiful. The German considered it a moment in silence; then turned and reopened the door and went in, followed closely by his companion.

There was a light in the lower region, which tempered the gloom of the staircase — as high, that is, as the first floor; the ascent the rest of the way was so dusky that the pair went slowly, and Schinkel led the Princess by the hand. She gave a suppressed exclamation as she rounded a sharp turn in the second flight. "Good God, is that his door, with the light?"

"Yes, you can see under it. There was a light before," said Schinkel, without confusion.

"And why, in Heaven's name, did n't you tell me?"

"Because I thought it would worry you."

"And does n't it worry *you*?"

"A little, but I don't mind," said

Schinkel. "Very likely he may have left it."

"He does n't leave candles!" the Princess returned, with vehemence. She hurried up the few remaining steps to the door, and paused there with her ear against it. Her hand grasped the handle, and she turned it, but the door resisted. Then she murmured, pantingly, to her companion, "We must go in—we must go in!"

"What will you do, when it's locked?" he inquired.

"You must break it down."

"It is very expensive," said Schinkel.

"Don't be abject!" cried the Princess. "In a house like this the fastenings are certainly flimsy; they will easily yield."

"And if he is not there—if he comes back and finds what we have done?"

She looked at him a moment through the darkness, which was mitigated only by the small glow proceeding from the chink. "He *is* there! Before God, he is there!"

"*Schön, schön,*" said her companion, as if he felt the contagion of her own dread, but was deliberating and meant to remain calm. The Princess assured him that one or two vigorous thrusts with his shoulder would burst the bolt—it was sure to be some wretched little bolt—and she made way for him to come close. He did so, he even leaned against the door, but he gave no violent push, and the Princess waited, with her hand against her heart. Schinkel, apparently, was still deliberating. At last he gave a low sigh. "I know they found him the pistol; it is only for that," he murmured; and the next moment Christina saw him sway sharply to and fro, in the gloom. She heard a crack and saw that the lock had yielded. The door went back: they were in the light;

they were in a small room, which looked full of things. The light was that of a single candle on the mantel; it was so poor that for a moment she made out nothing definite. Before that moment was over, however, her eyes had attached themselves to the small bed. There was something on it—something black, something outstretched. Schinkel held her back, but only for an instant; she saw everything, and with the very act she flung herself beside the bed, upon her knees. Hyacinth lay there as if he were asleep, but there was a horrible thing, a mess of blood, on the bed, in his side, in his heart. His arm hung limp beside him, downwards, off the narrow couch; his face was white and his eyes were closed. So much Schinkel saw, but only for an instant; a convulsive movement of the Princess, bending over the body, while a strange low cry came from her lips, covered it up. He looked about him for the weapon, for the pistol, but the Princess, in her rush at the bed, had pushed it out of sight. "It's a pity they found it—if he had n't had it here!" he exclaimed to her. He had determined to remain calm, so that, on turning round at the quick advent of the little woman of the house, who had hurried up, white, scared, staring, at the sound of the crashing door, he was able to say, very quietly and gravely, "Mr. Robinson has shot himself through the heart. He must have done it while you were getting the milk." The Princess got up, hearing another person in the room, and then Schinkel perceived the small revolver, lying just under the bed. He picked it up, and carefully placed it on the mantel-shelf, keeping, equally carefully, to himself the reflection that it would certainly have served much better for the duke.

Henry James.

A MAD MONARCH.

ONE of the most important and salutary lessons of modern science is that which teaches us to study history in the light of psycho-pathology, and to look upon the many sovereigns who, especially in ancient and mediæval times, have been a curse to their subjects and a disgrace to humanity as morbid forces working uncontrolled in the body politic, malignant in their manifestations as cancers in the physical body, and with scarcely a greater degree of moral quality in their actions.

Of all the dreadful Roman emperors of the first century, Domitian is deservedly the most notorious for deeds of freakish cruelty and mad extravagance. He wasted in the erection of magnificent edifices and in games the treasure which his father, the prudent and economical Vespasian, had accumulated; and no sooner did financial stress put a check upon the execution of his wild projects than he became violent, and began to wreak his rage on imaginary persecutors. He lent a ready ear to venal courtiers and vile informers, and sacrificed to his morbid fears and suspicions the best men of his time.

That this ruler, whom historians have uniformly portrayed as a monster of depravity, was really a victim of *paranoia* appears scarcely to admit of question. Modern alienists would entertain no doubt whatever in such cases, and modern parliaments would not suffer such persons to remain in power and do detriment to the state. So far, at least, even in Germany, where constitutional government is as yet in its infancy, the people, through their representatives, can effectually restrain

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

Had Ludwig II. been an absolute monarch, with obsequious ministers and ser-

vile satellites to do his bidding, the record of his barbarous acts would rival that of Caligula or Nero. His commands to scourge the members of his cabinet and other men of political position, and to put out their eyes, could not have then been met with a simple smile of compassion, but might have been as fatal to Von Lutz and Von Crailsheim as the suspicions of Domitian were to Helvidius Priscus and Herennius Senecio. That the advisers of the crown have shown themselves very weak, and deserve reproof and correction for enduring so long the follies and whimsies of a crazy monarch, seems to be generally admitted; but the only punishment that can be properly administered to offending ministers in free countries is to be beaten at the polls, the legally authorized whipping-post for recreant politicians.

Nero was a gentle youth, of rare endowments and rather poetic temperament, and passionately fond of music. These qualities appealed strongly to the imagination and excited the admiration and enthusiasm of the Roman people, who thought they recognized in him an heir to the imperial purple who would do honor to his teacher and counselor, the philosopher Seneca. He ascended the throne at seventeen, and died a suicide at thirty-one, after having gratified, during the last ten years of his reign, almost every conceivable form of lust and lavishness. His expenditures for gorgeous theatrical spectacles and architectural extravagances, of which his famous golden house (*aurea domus*) was a specimen, exhausted the resources of Italy. It would be difficult to find in human annals a more striking example of the demoralizing and deranging effects of absolute and irresponsible power upon a more than usually bril-

liant but highly imaginative and immature intellect.

Making due allowance for difference in time and place, and for eighteen centuries of progress in civilization and the science of government, it was under somewhat analogous circumstances that Ludwig II. came to the Bavarian throne. In the first place, there was a double taint of insanity in his blood, derived collaterally both from the Hohenzollern and the Wittelsbach stock. A sister of his father, was a mild lunatic, and his mother was first cousin to the crazy Frederick William IV. of Prussia. Then his early education was bad for him. His father was a sort of pedagogical doctrinaire, who applied with extreme and injudicious rigor certain theories of education, which are always of doubtful correctness, and were certainly wrong and decidedly hurtful in this case. In order to make him earnest and manly, he was deprived of his playthings at an age when children take most delight in them and receive the greatest benefit from them. For a long time after the confiscation of his toys, there was nothing left for him to love and fondle but a little mud-turtle, a rather reticent and unreciprocating pet, of retiring habits, and not especially adapted to awaken and develop the affections. Even this sluggish and unsympathetic playmate was finally set aside as "too dissipating" for the youthful mind. This harsh and wholly absurd discipline, which was intended to produce strength of character and self-reliance, rendered the child surly and selfish and unnaturally prone to solitude. No wonder, too, that he hated the memory of his father; it would be hardly possible for him to entertain any other feelings towards such a parent.

Again, King Maximilian thought to inculcate the virtue of economy by putting his children, Ludwig and Otto, on very short allowances financially. The pocket-money of each prince amounted

to about twenty-five cents a week. It is said that Otto, having heard that a sound tooth was worth ten florins, tried to increase his funds by requesting a dentist to pull out one of his best bicuspid and sell it. But this attempt to raise the wind only brought a domestic hurricane upon his head. The queen, however, pondered this thing in her heart, and the *Taschengeld* of the boys was soon afterwards slightly increased. The heir to the Bavarian throne very rarely enjoyed in his youth the pleasure of attending the theatre and the opera, which in Germany the poorest classes of the people are not obliged to deny themselves. Harmless and healthful diversions of this kind seem to have been quite excluded from the royal plan of education.

Had Maximilian lived to the allotted age of threescore years and ten, his severe system of instruction and discipline might have been beneficial, or at least less baneful in its results; unfortunately, he died at fifty-one, and his son was called to the throne at eighteen, just as he was about to enter the University of Würzburg for the study of politics, in the scientific sense of that much-abused and sadly-degraded term.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give a history of the reign of Ludwig II.; suffice it to say that he was a young man of fair abilities and noble aspirations, liberal-minded and animated by pure and generous motives. As he stated, on taking the oath of fidelity to the constitution, he aimed honestly to promote "Bavaria's welfare and Germany's greatness." In the *Culturkampf* he sided with culture against clericalism, and one of his chief merits as a ruler was the wholesome check which he put upon ultramontane arrogance and aggressions. The firm attitude he maintained on these questions was due in a great measure to the influence of Schiller's poetry, the legendary heroism of William Tell, and the

fiery eloquence of Marquis von Posa. These ideal conceptions, as

“the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes,”

and breathes into them the breath of dramatic life, remained, after all, the truest and weightiest privy councilors of the crowned and sceptred idealist. That he should ever have been regarded as a person of great intellectual power or exceedingly brilliant talents must be ascribed to the glamour which blurs the eyes of those who look up with admiration to royalty, especially when embodied in the form of youthful beauty and an uncommonly imposing presence. Even now, after so many dreadful and disgusting facts have come to light, one cannot but marvel at

“The great love the general gender bear him ;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to
stone,
Convert his gyves to graces.”

The excessive adulation paid to Ludwig on his accession to the throne was enough to turn the steadiest head, much more that of a romantic youth, who had led hitherto a lonely life under strict tutelage, and knew nothing of the hollow fawning of courtiers and the shameless flattery of sycophants. The local press indulged in raptures and rhapsodies and sentimental drivel, such as only the German Jenkins is capable of ; and poets fell into ecstatic fits, and vied with each other in bepraising him as “a heavenly vision,” “a godlike form,” “an avatar of beauty.” Even the octogenarian Ludwig I. bestrode again and for the last time his stiff and spavined Pegasus, — whose wonted pace is shown in the halting hexameters which adorn the arcades of the Hofgarten in Munich, — and indited a sonnet to his grandson’s eyes, comparing them to the rapt eyes of the Pompeian Adonis as he lies wounded in the arms of Venus. The occasion of this effusion was the young king’s betrothal to the Duchess

Sophie Charlotte, in 1867. An upturned movement and slight rolling of the eyes, which, according to the grandfatherly Muse, seemed

“With mystic, unpresentient light to shine,
And earthly with the heavenly to combine,”

was a marked and much-admired peculiarity of Ludwig II., supposed to indicate sublimity of thought and elevation of character. This expression, which gave him the appearance of “a saint in ecstasy,” was caused partly by a habit of throwing his head back and resting it on the nape of his neck, as he walked ; and this tendency to carry his head high, in a literal as well as in a figurative sense, grew upon him from year to year. “A high look” does not necessarily imply “a proud heart,” as the Hebrew proverbial philosopher suggests, but more frequently betokens a diseased brain. It is a phenomenon often observable in horses which are thus affected, and therefore known to jockeys and farriers as “sky-gazers.” It may well be doubted whether, in the case of a common citizen, a characteristic so strongly symptomatic of incipient mental aberration would have been so long regarded as a sign of spiritual loftiness and regal majesty.

Ludwig II. showed at an early age a decided love for the fine arts, especially for music, and considerable taste and critical penetration in his appreciation of them. Lohengrin greatly excited his enthusiasm, while he was yet Crown-Prince ; partly on account of the legendary-romantic character of the story, and partly because the swan-knight was associated with the Castle of Hohenschwangau, or Schwanstein, as it was formerly called, where he had passed much of his childhood. Through his munificent patronage of Richard Wagner, he is intimately and inseparably connected with a great epoch in the history of modern music. No competent and unprejudiced person will deny the eminently original and creative genius of

Wagner as a composer and a dramatic poet; at the same time, no one not blinded by prepossession and partisanship will fail to perceive and admit the inordinate egotism and utter selfishness and essential meanness of the man. He lived in princely style at the expense of his royal Mæcenas, whom he also persuaded to build a splendid theatre in Munich for the special representation of his "musical dramas." This project failed, owing to the violent and almost universal opposition it encountered. A fierce wrath, which even beer could not assuage, fired the hearts of the proverbially dull and phlegmatic Munichers, who fought this "new Wagnerian extravagance" with tooth and nail; and now that the proposed theatre has been established at Bayreuth, and attracts throngs of strangers with long purses, they are ready to rend their garments and tear their hair at their own short-sightedness and stupidity. They scoffed at the "music of the future," and had not the slightest presentiment of the nearness and brilliancy of that future. It is a common saying in Germany that Bavaria will be the best place to emigrate to at the approaching end of the world, since that event, like everything else, will be sure to come off there fifty years later than in any other country. The Bavarians will be behind the times even as to the point when time shall be no more, and will enter as laggards upon the eternal life.

It is no wonder that, under such circumstances, King Ludwig's premature and yet remarkably prescient attempt to further the magnificent but costly schemes of his favorite,

"And plant the great Hereafter in the Now," should have proved abortive; no wonder, too, that he felt intensely disgusted at the constant hindering and final thwarting of plans for which his sympathies had been warmly enlisted, and which he regarded as promoting the highest interests of art and the future

welfare and growth of his capital as an art-city. At the same time, one can hardly be surprised that the citizens of Munich, proud of possessing already the largest opera-house in Germany, should have regarded this scheme as a work of supererogation and sinful extravagance. Never, however, since Samson overthrew the temple at Gaza did self-complacent and contumelious Philistinism bring down swifter punishment upon its blockish head.

The strong tide of popular feeling which set in swelled to high flood, and did not ebb until it had swept away the project of the theatre and borne Wagner into exile. Could the young monarch have had his will in this matter, there is no doubt that the ultimate result would have added immensely to the material prosperity as well as to the architectural beauty and general attractiveness of Munich. A new quarter of the city would have grown up on the bluffs of the Isar, and the building mania of the king, extravagant as it afterwards became, would not have led him, demon-like, up into mountain wilds and out into desert places, but would have served, at least, to enlarge and adorn the Bavarian metropolis. Naturally enough, this unfortunate episode embittered Wagner, whose influence did not cease with his banishment, but tended to estrange the youthful sovereign from his people, and to foster in him an exorbitant sense of his royal might and majesty, which in the course of a few years assumed the form of an imperious and incurable *Grössenwahn*.

Ludwig's early training was not adapted to teach him the proper value and use of money, but merely to excite in him a feverish desire to have it and to spend it. The stinting method, which was intended to inculcate the virtue of thrift, could hardly fail to make him a reckless spendthrift. "Frugality," says Burke, "is founded on the principle that all riches have limits;" and this lesson

can be learned only from experience. Ludwig II. does not seem to have had the slightest conception of the existence of such limitations either on the side of poverty or of wealth. A thousand marks or a million marks were expressions which conveyed to his mind merely a vague idea of "much money;" just as a lake and the ocean appeal with equal force to the rude imagination of the savage as "big water." He once inquired of an attendant what his yearly income was. "Three thousand marks" (\$750), replied the man, in expectation of an increase of salary. "How in the world do you manage to spend so large a sum?" exclaimed the king, with unfeigned astonishment. And yet he would give a *pourboire* of a thousand marks for the most trivial service that pleased his fancy, and looked upon twenty million marks for building purposes as a mere bagatelle.

In the financial straits to which his prodigality reduced him, Ludwig made frantic efforts to borrow money from various sovereigns and sundry other persons, such as the emperors of Germany and Brazil, the kings of Belgium and Sweden, the Archduke of Este, and the Count of Paris. The rumor that, in his negotiations with the house of Orleans, he agreed to guarantee the neutrality of Bavaria in case of war between France and Germany, in return for a loan of forty million marks, is false. As his madness increased, he became more and more incapable of moderating his desires and enduring any check upon his will. The restraints of constitutional government grew exceedingly irksome to him, and he commissioned a Munich professor to find some autocratic state which he could get in exchange for Bavaria.

At times he was very violent, and, being a man of great physical strength, often put his attendants in peril of life and limb. About thirty persons were more or less seriously injured by him,

and one was killed, not to mention the unfortunate Dr. von Gudden. For slight offenses he condemned his servants to be confined in the donjon of his castle Neuschwanstein, or to be banished to America, where they were to be placed under the supervision of the police. One lackey, whom he accused of looking at him in an unseemly manner, was obliged to wear a black mask in the royal presence for a whole year; another had a seal set on his forehead, on account of his supposed stupidity. He cherished a particularly strong antipathy to the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and busied himself from time to time with the organization of a band of bravoës, who were to seize Frederick William, but by no means to kill him, as the king wished to keep him in close custody, and see him "pine away with grief and longing for his family."

His majesty was also the victim of many comparatively harmless hallucinations. Thus he never failed to pay homage to a certain tree, and to give his benediction to a certain hedge, as he passed them. On returning to Linderhof, after a long absence, he always embraced a column, which stands at the entrance of this lonely, and therefore favorite, country-seat. He was wont to dine with the bust of Louis XIV., treating it as if it were Le Grand Monarque himself, and frequently stood in reverential attitude for hours before a statue of Marie Antoinette, at the feet of which the court *fourrier* was obliged to kneel, with outstretched, supplicating hands, although probably in anything but a prayerful frame of mind. When the king withdrew, he did so by walking slowly backwards, and then turned away, as though the parting from the image of the person, whom he evidently worshiped as a martyred and sainted queen, were extremely painful. He was a Louis Quatorze fanatic, and endeavored to surround himself with the objects and live in the style of that epoch.

Toward the end of his life, however, he developed a passion for Chinese ceremonial.

There has been no lack of mad monarchs in the world, — not only “mad in craft,” but also “essentially in madness.” Students of English history will think first of George III., and it is evident that the brutal Frederick William I. of Prussia was not quite perfect in his mind. But the most remarkable parallel to the late King Ludwig’s case is that of the German Emperor Rudolf II., who reigned and raged from 1576 to 1612. He, too, spent immense sums in fitting up palaces, especially on the Hradschin, in Prague, where he could live in comparative seclusion, in gorgeously furnished apartments filled with costly works of art. An inordinate jealousy of his imperial dignity and sovereign rights led him to throw many innocent persons into prison, or put them to death and confiscate their property. In his love of science and appreciation of scientific men he was far in advance of his age: he protected Tycho de Brahe and John Kepler against priestly intolerance and persecution, as the Bavarian king showed marked favor to Dr. Döllinger when under the ban of the papal see. Both sovereigns were betrothed to cousins, but had an insuperable aversion to marriage, and lapsed at length into inveterate misogyny. In fact, there is hardly a characteristic in the one that does not find its counterpart in the other; unfortunately, the German emperor was not restrained in his actions by any parliamentary authority, but presented the fearful spectacle of a madman invested with absolute power. It is also significant of the age in which each lived that Rudolf was thought to be possessed of the devil, and that the church made repeated attempts to exorcise the evil spirit; while the foul fiend which tormented Ludwig was recognized at once as paranoia, a demon more dire than Beelzebub or

Baalberith, not to be cast out by the conjuring arts of the priest, but to be controlled and cured, if possible, by the scientific methods of the psychiatrist.

The traditions which cling to royal personages and become current among the lower classes are often interesting as illustrating the origin of popular legends and the growth of mythology. The chronicles of the house of Wittelsbach furnish abundant material of this kind. Duke Christopher, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and whose adventures have been so quaintly and charmingly related by Franz Trautmann, is now almost as mythical as Samson, whom he equaled in feats of strength, and surpassed in generous acts of gallantry. Even the big black stone, weighing four hundred pounds, which lies riveted to the pavement in a court of the royal palace at Munich, the iron spikes in the adjacent wall, and the old lines of doggerel, which attest the genuineness of his muscular exploits, hardly suffice to convince us that he was a real historical character, and not a mere solar hero.

At the time of King Maximilian’s sudden death in 1864, an Austrian archduke was present in Munich on a special mission from Vienna, and a report was circulated that this ambassador extraordinary had brought a poisoned brooch as a gift from the Emperor Franz Joseph, and in pinning it on the bosom of the Bavarian king had purposely pricked him in the breast, so that he died in a few hours. Now that the hegemony of Austria has come to an end, and Prussia has succeeded to the leadership in Germany, and become an object of hatred to the particularistic, or self-styled “patriotic,” or what might be called the “state’s rights,” element in Bavaria, the king of Prussia has superseded the emperor of Austria, in the legend, as the bestower of the fatal brooch. The fact is that Maximilian died of erysipelas, which began at a

point on his breast. The little red spot had troubled him for some time, but he paid no attention to it, and consulted a physician only when it was too late.

Another striking example of myth-making is the strange story told of King Ludwig's maiden aunt, the Princess Alexandra. This kind-hearted lady, whose head was a little touched, is said to have labored under the delusion that she had a sofa in her stomach. It is not true, however, that she cherished such an hallucination, but it is easy to trace the origin of the popular belief.

Canapé is the common word for sofa, and also the name of a farinaceous food or sort of pudding, of which the princess was very fond. The favorite dish seems to have been more palatable than digestible, for on several occasions she complained that the canapé lay heavy in her stomach. It is in verbal ambiguities of this kind, in the use of terms of which one of the meanings is comparatively obscure, that we discover the genesis and germination of myths.

The seclusive habits and romantic eccentricities of the late King Ludwig rendered him, even during his lifetime, the central figure of much curious folklore. Marvelous tales were told of him, many of them, however, mere inventions, like that recently published in English journals of "a circus in the royal palace at Munich." The reality is strange enough without calling in the aid of fiction. In his castles, especially at Linderhof, he surrounded himself with scenes of the sagas and of fairy-land; and as he dashed through the forests on winter nights, in a sleigh gorgeous with red and gold and blue and silver, and surmounted by two crowns glowing with electric light, no wonder the belated peasant turned aside with

superstitious fear, and crossed himself, thinking the prince of mountain sprites was passing by. The mythopoetic vein in the minds of the Bavarian people is constantly nurtured by the very nature of their religion, so that this faculty is by far the most vigorous and fruitful of their intellectual powers. It is easy to foresee what legends will grow up and cluster around the name and person of the monarch, whose tragic death was a fitting close to such an unnatural and phantasmal life.

It is also a curious coincidence that the manner of his death should have been foretold by one Simon Speer, a monk of Benediktbeuern, who, towards the end of the sixteenth century, wrote a poem in which he prophesied concerning the house of Wittelsbach. In one passage he speaks of a woman as a pest to the land, a serpent that creeps in and causes the abdication of the king:—

"Inferet heu tristem patriæ tunc fœmina pestem,
Fœmina serpentis tabe jam contacta recentis."

After this description, which calls to mind the episode of Lola Montes, he mentions another monarch, who, after turning everything topsy-turvy, perishes in the waves:—

"Et perit in undis, dum miscet summa profundis."

But not even the old Benedictine's extraordinary power as a seer enabled him to predict that a crazy king would succeed a crazy king on the Bavarian throne. Never before in the history of states has a confessedly and incurably insane person, like Prince Otto, been proclaimed king. Such a procedure, although strictly in accordance with the constitution of Bavaria, can hardly fail to strike intelligent and unprejudiced minds as the *reductio ad absurdum* of monarchism.

E. P. Evans.

A LITERARY ATHLETE.

HOWEVER it may fare with his works as a literary survival, the personality of John Wilson will always have a certain piquancy of interest. Men of his urgent vitality of make-up and fullness of sensation are rare in life, and still more rare in literature. They impress us not so much as creators of literature as breezy embodiments of that sunny intellectual clime which all men like to inhabit. In the double *rôle* of Wilson, the eloquent Edinburgh professor, and Christopher North, presiding genius of Blackwood's, and irrepressible poet, wrestler, and humorist, the subject of this sketch seemed set apart to the office of clearing the mental atmosphere, and restoring to life that evanescent quality of sparkle which belongs to things newly opened. The contagion of happy animalism is always immanent; and men of jaded sensibilities, safely housed and placidly reminiscent of their youthful exploits in this direction, were glad to come under the spell of Wilson's unconquerable health and spirits. It brought back the glow and color of life in its earlier inspirations, and renewed for the moment the fascination of things remote and untamed. With George Borrow he shares the credit of giving roadside life and character a place in letters, and the world is not likely to forget their delight in gypsies, boxers, innkeepers, and cotters.

Some one has said of Wilson, "Had he lived in the classic ages, they would have made a god of him; not because he wrote good verses, or had the gift of eloquence, but because his presence was godlike." Beauty of person came to him as a family inheritance. His mother and her ten sons and daughters were all of striking and distinguished appearance; although probably none equaled Wilson himself in that perfect poise and

dynamic intensity wherein he so nearly resembled the best Greek types. De Quincey, in alluding to a division of voices upon this point of beauty, falls back upon the terms "massy" and "dignified" to describe the countenance of his friend, lingering particularly on the Ciceronian elegance of the mouth, chin, and lower portion of the face. But current testimony, added to many scattered bits of portraiture, certainly warrant the conclusion that Wilson must have been handsome and imposing beyond the wont of men.

The full-length figure of "Christopher in his sporting jacket," which stands at the beginning of the *Recreations*, indicates a person of no ordinary frame and fibre. The often-quoted features are all there: the "eagle beak and lion-like mane,"—long yellow locks, flowing over a Byronic collar, well opened at the throat, or from beneath the flapping brim of the familiar white hat,—the ample front and defiant attitude. Doubtless, even this gives but a faint idea of the elemental graces, the shaggy strength, and pard-like agility of the original. We miss the gigantic stride, the eager, wide-eyed vision, the world-embracing motion of mind and body, with which this modern Berserker traversed a region of experience which was already becoming staid and insipid. Stalwart Allan Cunningham alone matched him in statuesque proportions and strenuousness of temperament; although in his case these had to be toned down to the requirements of Chantrey's stone-yard, instead of enjoying Wilson's background of the hills and heather.

"The aspect and character of Wilson," says his daughter and biographer, Mrs. Gordon, "have sometimes suggested to the imagination those blue-eyed and long-haired Norsemen, who made their

songs amid the smiting of swords, who were as swift of foot and strong of arm as they were skilled in lore and ready in council, fierce to their enemies, tender and true to their friends." As a whole, the picture reminds one of Walt Whitman; although there is even closer resemblance to the literary habit and constitution of the French. With all his Gallic impetuosity and want of reserve, Wilson seems little of an Englishman, and still less of the typical Borderer. He was foreign alike to the formalism and to the physical attenuation of our average writer, and would have been most likely to affiliate with that race of poets on the other side of the Channel, who celebrate a reunion by falling into each other's embraces, and stalking arm in arm across the country with the noisy abandon of boys. To understand the tumultuous energy of the elder Dumas, Hugo, Gautier, and the Daudet and Mistral of to-day, one must remember that they have all been men of large, powerful physique. Indeed, their robustness might seem at times too great and their heat of temper a trifle overdone, were it not that their poetry — and these have been poets even in their prose — is a revolt from artificiality, and a loud, lusty recall to the delights of nature.

Wordsworth is perhaps our best example of this literary reaction, but how seldom even he loses his head! Interminable walker and unquestioned lover of freedom as he was, there was nothing spontaneous and unstudied in his motion through the fields. Every step bespeaks the professional exercise of one whose observation and communion are expected to yield a preconceived result. His is, after all, a very mild form of rebellion, meditative rather than dominant, and more inclined to look down than up and on.

Wilson reveled in the outward world, not as literary capital, but for its own sake; tramping, or, more properly speak-

ing, bounding, up and down the country roads with a supreme indifference to ordinary considerations of fatigue which is truly astonishing. This he began at Oxford, where he was the envy alike of the scholar, the pugilist, and the society man. We are in a measure prepared for the assurance that his athleticism was the marvel of his day, but hardly for his examiner's pride in showing him off in the class-room, and the terms "splendid" and "glorious" as used in official reference to his manner of taking the degree. The remark of Sotheby, who happened to be present on this occasion, shows how largely temperament had already begun to affect Wilson's success in life, when he declared that it was worth coming from London to hear the young man translate a Greek chorus. We next learn of his leaving a dinner party in Grosvenor Square at nine o'clock, and appearing on foot and in full dress next morning, in time for the opening of the college gate at Oxford, sixty miles away. Later, he loved to fish his way across the Border and up among the Highland lochs; carrying a whole world of zest and cheer among the remote cottagers, who learned to look forward to the coming of their visitor with an almost superstitious feeling of wonder at his good-humored daring and endurance.

Nor were they alone in their suspicion of the man's vivacity and unconventionalism. Staid Scotchmen, as a rule, were inclined to cry "hallucination" when a college professor of morals could not pass a band of wandering tinkers, leaping and wrestling by the roadside, without stripping to the encounter. Even Border love of frolic was to have its limits, although it would be safe to say that Wilson never found them.

A walk of seventy miles and a wet skin to boot were nothing to him, so he only came back well weighted with the catch. Most fishermen are prepared to yield pursuit at the water's edge, but

Wilson waded to the waistband, or even chin; sometimes disappearing entirely, to emerge later on, swimming with one hand, and still angling with the other, so as not to lose a moment of the cloudy day. At the age of sixty-five the veteran sportsman would stand in the water up to the loins for the sake of his favorite pastime, apparently not in the least troubled by the thought of consequences. Perhaps when, later, dependence upon a crutch had actually come, the remembrance of a hundred and thirty trout taken from Loch Awe in one day may have made the price he was paying seem small. No dreamy, contemplative Walton here, who fished with texts and caught sermons, but a roistering, big-hearted lover of the brooks and streams, who was content to accept them at their face value.

Of all Lake writers, Wilson best kept the wild native flavor of the region. His rovers and sluggers are veritable flesh and blood, and, whether equally entertaining or not, convey a far more accurate impression of North Country life and character than the vanishing outlines and lay figures of Wordsworth's verse. At least they were human, and have afforded many individuals of elderly and conservative tendency a taste of social reaction without any necessity of apologizing for the company they kept. "Wordsworth was a dear old granny," remarks Theodore Parker, "with a most hearty love of mankind, especially of the least attractive portions of it, — *beggars* and *fools*." But Wilson did not repeat the experiment of the musing, self-conscious rustic of the Excursion, rather striking the key-note of the life about him in its large-limbed and Olympian features of sport.

"It is impossible," he writes, "to conceive the intense and passionate interest taken by the whole northern population in this most rural and muscular amusement, wrestling. For weeks before the great Carlisle annual contest nothing

else is talked of on road, field, flood, foot, or horseback; we fear it is thought of even in church, which we regret and condemn; and in every little comfortable 'public' within a circle of thirty miles' diameter, the home-brewed quivers in the glasses on the oaken tables to knuckles smiting the board, in corroboration of the claims to the championship of a Grahame, a Cass, a Laugkin, Solid Yaik, a Wilson, or a Wightman." Although, with unusual good fortune in these cases, Wilson himself managed to keep out of the ring, he was yet sufficiently well known among old wrestlers to enjoy the reputation of being a "varra hard un to lick," and to be glowingly spoken of throughout the countryside for his liberal encouragement to these annual festivities. Such belts and prizes as he contributed to the Ambleside games had never been striven for before. He had the name of being the best English far leaper of his day; and so familiar were his feats as a pugilist that a professional, whom he had once undertaken to punish for his insolence, turned upon him with the exclamation that he must be either "Jack Wilson or the devil." According to De Quincey, "there was no one who had any talent, real or fancied, for thumping or being thumped, but he had experienced some *preening* of his merits from Mr. Wilson."

Wilson never ceased to thank God for his bringing up in a moorland parish. Reverse of fortune finally transferred him to the city, and even at last cramped him into the traditional limits of a professor's chair; but the impulse of that earlier experience never left him. He could still make frequent excursions — *incursions*, those who watched him often felt inclined to call them — into the old haunts. Then at his desk he could live over the out-door scenes and pleasures which came to constitute so large a part of his literary material. There was the festival of the First Day

of the Rooks, when with the lads and lasses he again walked "mute among the wild flowers on the moor," or danced to the harper's music in the ample country kitchen, or raided distant farm-houses on loaded wains of hay. Later, too, there were lonely rambles among the glens and waterfalls of the Trossachs; and many passages in the *Recreations*, such as the description of a Highland snow-storm, have wonderfully caught the atmosphere of mountain life and scenery.

But the *Recreations*, as a whole, strikes one now as a moderately available strain played on a lax string. The reader's responsiveness is marred by a too long sustained attempt at exhilaration, and for the most part he questions why the artist does not tighten up the instrument and bring the impression to a climax. This rampant joyousness of life and limb, this sense of the blessedness of mere existence, is very diverting up to a point; but the happy effect is threatened the moment Christopher in his sporting jacket begins to get overheated and out of breath, as if somehow it were plainly more sport for him than for us. Enthusiasm has at most but a tenuous applicability in a work of art, and Wilson did not always know how to tone down his vehemence to the best requirements of the situation. Feeling was everything with him; and he comes to us with a great rush of emotion so sane and wholesome as to warrant the regret that it was not given a more economical expression.

This, too, undoubtedly accounted for his failure as a poet. The man himself was poetic, — which is perhaps more than can safely be said of nine tenths of those who succeed in verse, — but the storm and stress of his nature seem to have paralyzed rather than liberated his touch. It was as if, by another instance of arrested development, the urgent fancy and idealism were able to get no further than the finger tips. There was

too much motion in the air. The pointer was never quite steady to any one quarter of the heavens, and the fine frenzy was not fine enough to regulate without disturbing its own phrasing and formulation. Only to have withheld the actual attempt might have been to force the world to acknowledge in him the possibilities of a poet. As it was, the creative spark, brief and compact, and capable on that very account of a kindling expansiveness, was in him a flame and glow, consuming rather than illuminating the thought. The heat, which men of smaller make and fewer resources would have husbanded for some single concentration of aim, Wilson squandered in turbulent and continual play.

Wilson was the centre of a group of men — mostly contributors to the periodicals, like himself — who admired him immensely, and did not hesitate to tell him so. Hogg, in particular, although independent enough at times in his reproof, was also unblushing in his praise. He is represented as asserting to his patron's face that he is the wisest and wittiest of men; at the same time adding, "Dinna turn awa' your face, or you'll get a crick in your neck." Maga, he informed its presiding genius, would not survive his loss a single day; and "before you and her cam' out this wasna the same world it has been sin' syne."

This singular and in many ways remarkable man owed much to Wilson, although, as in the case of another benefactor, Scott, there seems to have been a family feeling of resentment at the free use which had been made of the Shepherd's name and peculiarities. But Wilson painted his friend with general correctness, in spite of some elements of burlesque introduced to heighten the effect of the picture. The latter himself forgave the offense before his death, and not without good reason. The caricature will very likely outlive the character; and after men have ceased read-

ing the poet, they may still laugh over the eccentric Shepherd of the Noctes, and remember that he once wrote Donald McDonald, When the Kye comes Hame, and Auld Ettrick John. The man who gloried in his descent from the "weird, wiry old hill folk," but who had known only six months' schooling in his life, and for literary precedent but a stray copy of Burns, might well have felt himself honored by even borrowed immortality at the hands of so assured a master of flight.

Wilson struck a true note in the Noctes, although, like most that he did, it was too long drawn out. Skelton's abridgment in one volume, however, a selection based upon the characteristic feature of comedy, gives what must always be regarded as a standard compilation of national humor. Seldom, if ever, has the Scotch dialect been handled so satisfactorily to lay understanding, while in point of "copiousness, flexibility, and splendor" a competent judge declares that Wilson's use of it has never been surpassed, even by Scott and Burns. *Noctes Ambrosianæ* has been called the "last specimen on a large scale of the national language of Scotland which the world is ever likely to see." It is a rollicking bit of biography, an offhand sort of confessions in various moods of undress, whose many serious asides have been so well worked in as not to interfere with the general effect of frolic and fun.

Nor could literature well spare the two accessory figures of Tickler and the Shepherd, both drawn from the life, and yet idealized to suit the author's purpose of amusement: the one, that "noble and genuine old Tory," whose features the writer copied from his uncle, Mr. Robert Sym, a large-hearted lover of animals and children, and as much more good-natured as he was taller in stature than the rest of mankind; the other truculent, boisterous, and at times even abusive, a nature as mingled and uncer-

tain as that Scotch climate he had braved so long. The Shepherd of the Noctes may not appear a "creature of perfections," but he at least suggests one of his own aphorisms, "God's blessings are aye God's blessings, though they come in sma's and driblets." Sometimes he is testy, sometimes mellow, and sometimes, it must be confessed, a trifle maudlin; but always he is himself, and true to the choleric type of Borderer he represents.

Never did happier triumvirate than this get together for the delectation of themselves and the reading public; nor is there a finer instance on record of what we may call the mature hilarities of elderly men. Youth is apt to be unsubdued and more or less oppressive in its jollity, as if the contrasts of shade were needed to add restfulness to the light. But here a subtle element of pathos, like the tear in much of our truest laughter, tells that the quality of mirth is unstrained and not inconsistent with experience. Basking in its gentle luminousness, one is tempted, with Timothy Tickler, to wish that the world might stand still some dozen years, — at least till we are all at rest together, — and that the blessed interval might become just such another long ambrosial night of harmless good-fellowship.

Then, too, the humors of the editorial room. How well one is made to see the "Balaam Box," evidently not wholly given over to the asinine and stupid, as it is being hoisted on to the table, and to share in the feeling of horror at the cremation which hangs over ill-fated contributors! Blackwood's was living and personal to these men. It was "Old Ebony" who presided at their board, and to him they referred all the honor of their deliberations. It was he who had gathered all this host of spoiling talent, this pent-up volcano of Tory fling and sentiment in the arid wastes of Whiggism. No more should Jeffrey and the Edinburgh Review have matters all

their own way. It should henceforth be *Maga* against the "Blue and Yellow," tooth and nail. And what an array of fresh young lances it was, with Lockhart, Wilson, and Hogg well to the front, and including, as the fight went on, the "Great Unknown," the "Man of Feeling," Sir David Brewster, De Quincey, Sir William Hamilton, and his brother of Cyril Thornton fame, to bring up the rear! Scapegoats and victims they found in plenty, and the public was kept agog with curiosity and agape with laughter. The reflection of all this is admirably caught in the history of those wonderful evenings in Mr. Ambrose's Blue Parlor in Picardy Place. The universality of the materials in use and the sustained, unflagging temper of the whole thing give the piece a resisting power which time is not likely to overcome.

It will remain a fact, however, that Wilson wrote too much. His was the vice of a journalistic age. He made Blackwood's, and then Blackwood's unmade him. Like Thackeray, he did most of his writing after he had lost his fortune; but the difference between the two was world-wide. The former found his field, and worked it under a constant hesitation and restraint, but to undoubted artistic results. Wilson, on the other hand, worked his vein long after the ore had given out. Exuberance of spirits and a turn for homely philosophizing hardly constitute an inexhaustible equipment for the sort of performance which outlasts the day. There was, however, enough of the man to float the tradition of a once timely and popular accomplishment. Least of all can this repressive nineteenth century afford to ignore his eager and uncompromising presence. "He threw himself," says his daughter, "into the very heart of existence;" and what else in turn could existence do but accept his hail and challenge? He was one of the vanishing race of "grand old boys," whom the world may less

willingly forget the older it grows. More than that, he seems a part of Scotia's hills and highways, and likely to live in the delight of those who wander up and down that land of pleasant memories.

Probably, after all, it was the students who loved him best. How they cheered and stood by him, even while one cannot help suspecting that they half knew the professorship belonged by right of merit to his rival, Sir William Hamilton! The absurdity of filling university chairs upon the basis of party politics was never better illustrated than here. But, teacher and taught, from all accounts they must have given the humdrum lectureship some uproarious days in philosophy; and whether or not either one ever got far into that despair of science called "morals," they each evidently imagined they were doing something, and undoubtedly had a good time of it.

One hazards this, however, not without a recollection of the tomes with which, on the settlement of the bitter contest, the new-fledged professor surrounded himself. "I am perfectly appalled," writes his wife, "when I go into the dining-room and see all the folios, quartos, and duodecimos with which it is literally filled, and the poor culprit himself sitting in the midst, with a beard as long and red as an adult carrot, for he has not shaved for a fortnight." But giants in specialty are not made in a day, nor created in the flush of freshly gained elections; and however the fervid poet may have eased his conscience by stated draughts at his appointed profundity, one seems to see the sacrifice to duty in it all, and to feel the relief which must have come to him from those Nights at the Snuggery with Tickler, the Shepherd, and good Mrs. Gentle. One need not hold him either a great poet or philosopher, and yet reject the libel which his brother editor, the "*Scorpion*," indited in his honor as president of a certain club in Edinburgh:—

"They 're pleased to call themselves *The Dilettanti*,

The President's the first I chanced to show 'em :
He writes more malagrouously than Dante, —

The City of the Plague 's a shocking poem ;

But yet he is a spirit light and jaunty,

And jocular enough to those who know him.

To tell the truth, I think John Wilson shines

More o'er a bowl of punch than in his lines."

Even better was the retort of the injured party upon the sharp-tongued offender : —

"Then touched I off friend Lockhart (Gibson John),

So fond of jabbering about Tieck and Schlegel,
Klopstock and Wieland, Kant and Mendelssohn,

All high Dutch quacks like Spurzheim and Feinagle ;

Him the Chaldee yclept the Scorpion :

The claws but not the pinions of the eagle

Are Jack's ; but though I do not mean to flatter,

Undoubtedly he has strong powers of satire."

Perhaps we cannot better take leave
of one who will always remain so much

more interesting than his best achievement than by quoting the words which Jeffrey wrote to him in 1815, while Wilson was yet on the threshold of his literary life : "It is impossible, I think, to read your writings without feeling affection for the writer ; and under the influence of such a feeling, I doubt if it is *possible* to deal with them with the same impartiality with which works of equal merit, but without that attraction, might probably be treated. Nor do I think that this is desirable or would even be fair ; for part, and not the least part, of the merit of poetry consists in its moral effects, and the power of exciting kind and generous affections seems as much entitled to admiration as that of presenting pleasing images to the fancy."

Edward F. Hayward.

A BOUTONNIÈRE.

A DEWY fragrance drifts at times
Across my willing senses,
And leads the rillet of my rhymes
From city gutters, gusts, and grimes
To lowland fields and fences.

I seem to see, as I inhale
This perfume faint and fleeting,
Green hillsides sloping to a vale,
Whose leafy shadows screen the pale
Wood-flowers from noonday's greeting.

I hear the song — the sweet heartache —
Of just a pair of thrushes ;
And hear, half dreaming, half awake,
The ripple of a streamlet break
Their momentary hushes.

And why, dear heart, do I to-day,
Hemmed in by court and alley,
Seem lost in haunts of faun and fay ?
Look ! — on my coat I've pinned your spray
Of lilies-of-the-valley.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE WITCHES OF VENICE.

Of all the books in Signor Bernoni's valuable collection of the folk-lore, popular beliefs, and songs of the Venetian people, perhaps the most interesting is *Le Strighe*, — *The Witches*, — which contains the traditions of witchcraft and legends of witches which are still current in Venice. It is strange that in these days of students of folk-lore and comparative culture it should have escaped notice. The fact that it is written in dialect is not a sufficient explanation, for Venetian can be mastered without much difficulty by any one who has some small knowledge of Italian. However, no English writer has as yet given Signor Bernoni's little book the attention which it deserves. Therefore a short analysis of its contents may not be amiss.

Since the chief interest in the study of modern superstitions depends not so much upon their intrinsic qualities as upon their relation to earlier faiths, it will be better to begin here with a few general words about the European doctrine of witchcraft and a more careful examination of its Venetian development, of which these old women's tales and gossipings are the survivals.

There were two principal causes for the startling progress of the witch belief throughout Europe during the fourteenth century, and its supremacy during the next two hundred years. One was the weariness of the people of a temporal slavery, which they were not yet strong enough to defy openly, and which in consequence drove them to rebel in secret. By an occasional wild outburst, during which they broke all social and religious bonds, they hoped to relieve their pent-up feelings. The other and more important cause was the spiritual reign of terror inaugurated about the same period, when Satan, or

the chief power of evil, was made the central figure of religious thought, heretical as well as orthodox. As the stern, sorrowing Christ, instead of the gentle, merciful Good Shepherd, became the Christian's ideal of a divine Saviour, so a well-nigh omnipotent Satan, forever sowing seeds of temptation and reaping rich harvests of souls, succeeded the earlier weaker devil, who had been easily repelled with a few drops of holy water or the sign of the cross. It is true he could still be conquered by the use of proper weapons, but his defeats were now more than outbalanced by his victories. This change was brought about in a great measure by the increase of heresy, which led the church to look upon the independence and so-called blasphemies of heretics as the work of the devil, while heretics in their turn referred the corrupt doctrines and practices of the church to the same source. The new creed of fear was, moreover, strengthened by the physical misfortunes — greatest of which was the black death — which desolated Europe during the Middle Ages. When everything was ascribed to spiritual causes, it was but natural that plagues and pestilences were supposed to emanate either from God, in his indignation at man's new allegiance to Satan, or else from the arch-enemy himself.

Now both these causes of the evil were to be found in Venice, though the black art, with its attendant horrors, is not readily associated with the city whose very name, like that of her great painters, has come to be suggestive of color and sensuousness. Just as, when the sun or the moon shines on her palaces and waters, even the possibility of gray days or of black nights in Venice is forgotten, so the records of her feastings and follies make it seem as if the

stories of the tyranny of the Council of Ten must be as baseless as Byron's sentimentalizing on the Bridge of Sighs. But to her history there is a dark side, which, black and bitter as it is in itself, appears doubly so when contrasted with its opposite of rich joyousness and frivolous gayety. The shadows in the picture are but the deeper because of the brilliancy of the light. The victories of the republic were mighty, but so also was the price paid for them. People clamoring against taxation which made bread a luxury beyond their means; tumults without the palace; the Doge retreating; a wild mob let loose upon the city, laying siege to and pillaging her fairest buildings, — such were but too often the fruits of success. Even while men from every part of Europe flocked to Venice as to a university of pleasure and luxury, hearts were broken and lives taken by unrelenting tyrants. Beneath the gay mask was the stern reality of righteous indignation of honest citizens silenced by the dishonest, and of grievous sorrow of wives and daughters robbed of husbands and fathers by their pitiless seducers, — a sorrow which is still reëchoed in the songs the people sing to-day. Need indeed had Venetians, in the era of their glory, for year-long festivals and Carnival madness, for gorgeous pageants and much guitar-twang-ing and many sweet love songs. For there was in their midst a power "that never slumbered, never pardoned," and that it was well for them to forget while they could. The tyranny of the Council of Ten, with its mysterious, hidden trials and executions, was no less hard to bear than the brutal, open violence of feudal lords in France. Venice's cup of pleasure was full to overflowing, but in it were the dregs of despair.

Nor was the religious reason for the growth of witchcraft wanting among Venetians. There was, it must be admitted, no power calling itself Catholic which was as independent of the Pope

as their republic. But at the same time there were few other nations so firm in their Catholicism or more truly devout. Rebels to Rome Venetians indeed were, and that long before the days of Paolo Sarpi, but never heretics or men of lukewarm faith. So many were their conflicts with the Pope that, in reading their history, it seems as if, when they were not calmly bearing excommunications, anathemas, and interdicts rather than submit to his temporal interference, they were hurling his demands back in his face, as it were, by chasing his nuncio with sticks and stones from their midst. Now cut off from all spiritual comfort, which, despite their insubordination, they held so dear, and now hindered in their equally precious commerce, intercourse with them being forbidden to the rest of Europe, a great part of the time Venice and her ships were like moral plague spots on the sea. But then, on the other hand, there were as many proofs of the strength of the national religious sentiment. It showed itself in the great number of churches and shrines, in the wonderful beauty and wealth of St. Mark's, in the prayers of the people before the election of a Doge and their psalm-singing after it, in the delight of the painter in recording religious ceremonies or miracles of the olden time, when he painted the houses and canals and churches of his beloved city. It was the same with all classes, — with the rulers as with the people. "The habit of assigning to religion a direct influence over all *his own* actions and all the affairs of *his own* daily life is remarkable in every great Venetian during the times of the prosperity of the state," Mr. Ruskin writes in his *Stones of Venice*. The piety of the Doges was continually manifesting itself: at one time, in their preparation for war by solemn service in St. Mark's; at another, in their commemoration of triumphs by setting up, not their own stat-

ues, but those of saints, on the pillars carried home as trophies. It was a Doge who cared to chronicle the fact that, in the days when Venice still had her fields where sheep could graze and vines where birds could sing, Christ and his mother and angels and saints came to tell the bishop where to erect temples in their honor. The curious contrast between this piety and the Venetian spiritual independence was never more strikingly demonstrated than during the Fourth Crusade, when the Doge, Henry Dandolo, in direct opposition to papal decrees, made the capture and surrender to him of a Christian town the condition of his transporting the impecunious Crusaders across the sea to the Holy Land; and then, after having thus forced them to defy the Pope, inaugurated his expedition by elaborate ceremonial in St. Mark's. It was truly with the Venetians as they themselves said: "*Siamo Veneziane, poi Christiani*," — We are first Venetians, and then Christians. But though they gave it this secondary rank, their religious belief was sound enough to keep them from heresy, even in ages when men were beginning to make public profession of infidelity and skepticism. Satan had not yet shaken their faith. But if they looked beyond their own territory, they saw him almost everywhere triumphant. The wolf had robbed near shepherds of their folds; was there not, therefore, daily danger of his coming down upon theirs? His success abroad made them doubly watchful at home, and thus, though they were firm in their resistance to him, the sense of his presence became greater, the fear of his power increased. The physical cause for this fear was as strong here as elsewhere: Venice lost three fourths of her inhabitants by the black death, and, probably because of her constant communication with the East, was ravaged by the plague again and again. This, be it remembered, was the evil declared by modern students of

witchcraft to have given the chief impetus to its rapid progress in the fourteenth century.

The knowledge of these facts in the history of Venice, together with some small understanding of the *raison d'être* of the witch belief in Europe during the period already mentioned, would make the existence of so-called witches in the Venetian dominions in the past a certainty, were there no records to prove it. But there are such records. Even before the Ecclesiastical Inquisition was introduced in Venice, and long before there was mention of heresy as a crime, the Doge Tiepolo, in 1232, in a proclamation providing punishment for various offenses, included sorcery in the number. This shows that already in the thirteenth century, when hitherto free Venetians were slowly realizing their new position as ciphers in the state, an outlet was needed for silenced discontent. More definite laws were passed when the Inquisition was finally set up in Venice, and a special clause set forth the power of the religious tribunal over sorcerers and witches. There were executions, too, in the days when Inquisitors were so afraid lest the devil should lay waste the whole earth that in Germany and Italy alone thirty thousand men and women, whom he had seduced to sorcery, were burnt, thus purifying the world. One of the liveliest battlegrounds between the followers of Satan and the clergy was not very far from Venice. When the witch mania was at its height in Northern Italy, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was against Verona especially that the Pope found it necessary to direct his spiritual thunderbolts. The fever, raging on every side, made its way to the Venetian dominions; and about the same time, in 1518, the renewed zeal of the judges of the Holy Office was rewarded by the discovery of such a formidable number of witches that the people who were not yet accused,

but who did not know when their hour might come, rebelled and appealed to the supreme power of State. Indeed, so indignant were they that the Council could scarcely pacify them with a decree forbidding the sentences of the Inquisitors to be carried out. They could not forget that they were Venetians first, and then Christians; and this was the reason there were never any Torquemadas or Boguets in Venice. Though the Inquisition obtained a foothold in the republic, its power there from the first was weakened by the Venetian doctrine of state and church. Side by side with its own judges sat the secular judges appointed by the Council. It could try prisoners before its tribunal for heresy, but for nothing else. Not even the richest or the lowest Jew from the Ghetto could be claimed as its prey. The witch who had abused the sacraments and holy things of the church could be brought before it; but for her other evil deeds—for the murder and illness and madness wrought by her cursed charms—she was responsible only to the secular powers. Even when she was found guilty of the one crime it was allowed to condemn, the sacred court, in passing sentence upon her, could not touch her worldly possessions. According to the treaty made with the Pope, the wealth or property of the condemned fell to lawful temporal heirs. Venetians concluded, not unreasonably, that the latter ran no more risk from the taint of witchcraft attached to their inheritance than did the clergy or the church. There was consequently less fear of unprincipled Inquisitors in the republic than there was in France or Spain. When their profits were all spiritual, their ardor cooled. Thus it happened, as the inevitable result of the people's attitude in religious matters, that while in Venice there were representatives of the vast sisterhood which extended from the Blockula of Sweden to the walnut-tree of Benevento, sorcery there never

became the terrible scourge that it was in other lands, where its victims at times threatened to outnumber those of the black death.

That popular outcry in 1518 was the last heard. Not because Venetians now grew submissive, but because even the limited power of the Inquisitors was gradually lessening. The reaction that was to result in removing witchcraft from the sphere of philosophy to that of old women's gossip set in here a little earlier than in other parts of Europe; indeed, long before the fever reached its crisis in England. This change in the Christian world, as has been explained by Mr. Lecky, was due, not to laxity on the part of the church, or to powerful proofs of the innocence of the accused, but to the development of the spirit of rationalism, which made the wisdom of one generation seem folly to the next. If in France, where witchcraft attained its strongest ascendancy, the denunciations of a Boguet and the arguments of a Bodin could be succeeded by the skepticism of a Montaigne, it does not appear strange that in the more liberal Venetian republic belief in sorcery, after having been held by grave dignitaries of state, should have speedily degenerated into a mere superstition of the people. A few traditions and legends are the only traces of the old witch-faith of Venice, just as her crumbling palaces, with their dishonored halls and faded tapestries, and the catalogued and ticketed curiosities in museums are all that remain of her glory.

This is why these stories collected by Signor Bernoni are of great interest. Childish as they are, they can still show what were the essential elements of Venetian witchcraft in the days when the power of a witch seemed no less a reality than that of the Ten. In all important characteristics it does not appear to have differed from the witchcraft of other Christian lands. There is more than a little truth in the Italian say-

ing, *Tutto il mondo e paese*, — all the world is one country. Uniform action must be the outcome of uniform causes. The same leading factors which had produced the witches of Lothian and Warboys in Great Britain, and those of Labourd in France, had been at work in Venice. Hence much the same results had ensued. The Venetian witch would have been quite at home in the little church of North Berwick or in the old ruined castle of Saint Pré, just as Mephistopheles was at the classical Walpurgis night. For, like Agnes Sampson and her honest women, and Gratianna and her followers, she had sold herself to the devil, body and soul, and in return had received certain favors. Like them, and indeed like all her sisters from north to south, it was, and if these legends are to be believed still is, her habit to fly by night to uncanny revels, to brew magic potions and work subtle spells, to send storms and rule the winds, to strike men and beasts with noxious diseases and with death. She too had her Hecate or dame, the mistress of her charms, and her bad days and her seasons set apart for evil.

“Pióva e sol
Le Strighe va in amor,
Pióva e vento
Le Strighe va in spavento,”

is a little rhyme which means, according to Signor Bernoni's informers, that when it rains and the sun shines witches are friendly; but when it rains and the wind blows, then are they in a great fright and very violent, and to be avoided. While all the year round Wednesdays and Fridays are most propitious for their evil purposes, there is one month, October, in which every day is of equal value to them, so that it is called *el mese de le strighe*, — the month of witches. But Christmas Eve is the night for general meetings, when, by those three magic words known only to the sisterhood, new witches are made, just as the four principal festivals of the

year were for the witches of Labourd. By consecrating the sacred days of the church to their witchcraft, almost all witches have shown their contempt for the Lord. On the whole, there has not been more originality in the wickedness of the worshipers of Satan than in the holiness of the saints.

But though this similarity exists in general characteristics, in minor details there is contrast enough between the witches of different countries. A creed which is radically the same in two places will in each be influenced in its form or expression by immediate surroundings. Mephistopheles, be it remembered, for a little while felt himself strange and disconcerted on the Pharsalian Fields. While these minor differences are less important in studying witchcraft as a whole, they are the most noteworthy in considering its manifestations in any one province or among any one people. Therefore the most interesting of the Venetian witch stories are those which have received so much local color that they are recognized at once to belong necessarily to Venice. The very source of witch-life may be said to have been the Sabbat. It was in attending it that witches always paid allegiance to their master, held their unholy rites, and derived power for future mischiefs. As participation in its ceremonies was their chief duty, or, in the eyes of Inquisitors, crime, so accounts of it were made the leading theme in witch records, until the places where it was held and the manner of traveling to it became as generally known as the shrines of the church and the mode of pilgrimage to them. Indeed, to-day the Brocken and the walnut-tree of Benevento are as famous as the house of Loretto or the tomb of St. Thomas; the broomstick and the sieve, as the pilgrim's cockle, hat, and shoon. Fortunately, it is upon this very point that the Venetian stories manifest decided individuality. The witches of Venice have a Brocken of

their own. They have always celebrated their Sabbat in Alexandria. Belonging to a seafaring people, it was natural that their search for a place where they might meet without being discovered by their fellow-citizens led them over seas. Perhaps Alexandria was chosen for their secret orgies because, when Venetians carried the body of St. Mark to their capital, the Egyptian city may have seemed to have fallen into the devil's clutches. As a rule, the witches of history have made their midnight expeditions on broomsticks or goats, only occasionally, like the women of North Berwick, going by sea; while those of poetry have been licensed to ride on green cocks and wooden horses and in egg-shells. But in Venice, most likely on account of their familiarity with water as the principal highway for temporal concerns, they have usually gone to their meetings in boats. The very first story in Signor Bernoni's book describes one of these midnight journeys. It is the tale of seven witches who, between midnight and morning, go to and return from Alexandria.

"Once upon a time," it begins, "there were seven witches, and every night they led their wicked life; every night they went to sleep, but at the stroke of midnight they all got up and met together on the Fondamente Nove, where, jumping into a boat by the shore, they went off in it to work their witchcraft through the world. One morning the master of this boat saw that the knot in the rope by which it was fastened was not that which he had made himself. 'How is this?' he cried. 'Some one must have been in my boat last night. I never made this knot. To-night I will be on the look-out, and shall see who comes!' In fact, that evening, instead of staying at home, he went to his boat and hid in the stern. At the stroke of midnight he heard footsteps and the voices of women, and he said to himself, 'Ah ha! We'll see what

these women are up to!' The women who, you must know, were witches, unfastened the rope and stepped into his boat. Their chief came first, and as the others joined her she counted: 'Up with one! up with two, mount! up with three, mount! up with four, mount! up with five, mount! up with six, mount! up with seven, mount!' When she had counted the seventh, and the boat never moved, she exclaimed, 'How is this? Why does n't the boat start?' The man in the stern then knew they were witches, and he thought to himself, 'Oh, poor me! what will become of me if they find me? They'll kill me, for sure.' Badly frightened, he held his breath and waited. The chief looked here and looked there, counted them again, and made sure they were alone. 'One of you must be with child,' she said. 'So then, up with eight!' As soon as she said these words, away went the boat like the wind, and in a minute they were all at Alexandria. Arrived there, they went ashore, and hurried off to attend to their sorceries. Once they had gone, the man in the stern was curious to know where he was; so he got up and crept very softly on shore after them, and then taking courage, he said, '*Cio!* Come, now, when they go back again, so will I!' It was so dark, he could n't see anything, but he found a large tree, and he broke off a branch which was covered with fresh leaves; and then he ran and hid it in the stern, and then hid himself, for frightened enough he was by this time, poor fellow! After a while he heard the party coming back, dancing, singing, and laughing; and when they were on board again the chief called out as before, 'Up with one! up with two! up with three!' And when she had counted seven, she added, 'Up with eight, for one of you must be with child!' Hardly had she said, 'Up with eight!' when off went the boat, and in a minute they were at the Fondamente Nove, from which they

had started. There the witches got out, saluted each other, and went home, and all before cock-crow. The owner of the boat, when he was sure they had gone, jumped out and picked up the branch he had brought back. '*Corpo di Diana,*' he cried, 'if it is n't a branch of a date-palm! If I'm not mistaken, we've been to Alexandria, for date-palms don't grow here.' So he took the branch and went to his own house, and when everybody was up and stirring he hurried to find some of his friends, to tell them how he had been that night to Alexandria. Of course his friends would n't believe him, so he showed them the branch with its fresh leaves; and then they knew he spoke the truth, because in those days there were many witches who did these evil things almost every night."

The counting of witches by the chief suggests the "calling over" by the Dame in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*. But the few local allusions in the story are of greater interest. The choice of the Fondamente Nove as the landing-place of the witches is a strange reminder of the fallen fortunes of Venice: for of old, in this part of the city, were the summer palaces and myrtle gardens of rich Venetians. The cemetery of San Michele, with its long red wall and tall cypresses, was not as yet, and in the soft evening hour, when gay parties in their gondolas floated towards Murano, there was no reminder of the dead to mar their delight in the loveliness of the island-dotted lagoon and the snow-shrouded, shadowy mountains beyond. But the plash of their oars, the music of their songs, was gradually silenced as the glory of the republic grew less and less, and now their pleasure-ground is the home of the dead; where they once stepped lightly and gayly into their gondolas, witches now stealthily embark for their shameless feasts, and restless spirits haunt at least one of the old palaces, — the well-known white house, with its

wonderful outlook to far Cadore, which no living man to-day dares enter. That the boatman brought away with him green branches as a proof of his midnight travels is a very characteristic touch, which makes the legend seem wholly Venetian. To old women, who hardly ever leave their own little court, and still more seldom go beyond their own parish, the fresh leaves would be almost as sure a proof of *land* as was the dove's olive branch to Noah. Although the above story shows Alexandria to have been the scene of the witches' midnight gatherings, it tells nothing of the nature of these meetings. That they were gay is implied by the dancing, singing, and laughing of the seven, as they returned to the boat. But whether this gayety was stimulated by the presence of the demon, and by rites solemnized in his honor, remains a matter of conjecture. There is nothing to show that the Alexandrian orgies were as profane as those which dishonored the little church of North Berwick and the wilds of Les Vosges. Fortunately, however, there is another story, the fourth in the collection, which supplies the necessary evidence. Scanty as the details are, they suffice to demonstrate that in the palmy days of witchcraft the Venetian Sabbat was, like all others, a form of devil-worship. The legend is interesting enough to quote without abridgment. It runs as follows: —

Of a young man who, when he was with two witches, by saying, "Body, here; spirit, go!" was carried to a great feast and ball of witches and demons.

"Not many years ago there was a young man, and he was in love with a young girl. When he went to court her on Wednesdays and Fridays, her mother always wanted him to go home earlier than on other nights. He thought a good deal about this, but he could n't imagine what it meant. One day he met a friend on the street, and,

while talking to him, happened to tell him the whole story about the girl and his courtship, and how he could not understand why the mother always wanted to send him off sooner on Wednesdays and Fridays. Then his friend said to him, 'Next time she wants you to go, don't do it. Just stay where you are, and don't move for anything.' When Wednesday came, he went to the house, as was his custom. At the usual hour the mother of his sweetheart told him that he must be off; she was sleepy, and wanted to go to bed. But he told her to go to bed; that he was n't ready to leave just yet; that he was there, and there he would stay. 'Very well,' said the old woman, 'stay on.' At midnight, as he was sitting on a chair by the chimney-place, she said to him, 'Since you've insisted on staying, you must now repeat the words you hear us say.' Then she and the girl cried, 'Body, here, and spirit, go!' and he said the same thing as fast as he could, and in a moment they were at a great ball, where there was music and lights and many men and women dancing. There they stayed all night, but before it was day the host of the ball, who was no other than the devil, called the young man, and bade him pledge himself to his service. But the youth said no, to wait till he came back the next time. Then everybody cried, 'Spirit, go where you belong!' and the three were at once back on their chairs by the chimney-place. The young man without delay hurried off to his confessor, and related to him the adventures of the night. 'These two women are witches,' said the priest, 'and you are damned if you return to them.' But he answered, 'I must go once again, because I promised I would.' 'Well,' said his confessor, 'return this once. But when you are at the feast, and are about to put pen to paper to sign your pledge, say to yourself, "Jesus of Nazareth, save me!"' When, the next Wednesday, he went to

see the two witches, the same thing happened at the same hour, and again he was carried to the ball and into the midst of the dancers. By and by the host called him to sign his pledge. But when he took the pen in his hand he said to himself, 'Jesus of Nazareth, save me!' Even while he was saying the words the pen slipped from his hand, and lo! he was in the shallows of Santa Marta. Night as it was, he saw far off the bark of a fisherman; he called loudly, and the man came and drew him out of the mud. Then, full of dread and fear, he ran to tell the tale to his confessor, who said to him, 'If you had not come to me you would have been lost. You should thank God that all has gone well with you.' The priest then related the facts in a court of justice, and as the two women were foreigners they were banished from the city, and nothing more was ever heard of them."

There was no question of torture or of burning here, though the crime, according to the ordinary standard of witchcraft, was great enough to warrant punishment by fire. The sentence of banishment is in keeping with the Venetian character. The legend is shaped in accordance with the spirit of those old laws which had narrowed the sphere of Inquisitors. It is almost unnecessary to add that the immediate and magical effect of the name of Jesus recalls innumerable French, English, Danish, and German stories, in which the holy name puts an end to unholy revels, the man who utters it finding himself the next morning in forest or mountain wilds, in open fields on stone heaps, or in some other lonely and remote place. There is one Danish tale in particular, in which a man, by anointing a piece of fruit peel and repeating his wife's words, follows her to the Sabbat, there to be asked by the devil to sign his name in a book, — which is in very nearly all respects the same as the Venetian.

One of the points on which the opinion of authorities on witchcraft differed most often was whether the sorcerer or witch was carried *bodily* through the air to the place of meeting, whether merely the spirit went, or whether the journey was purely imaginary, a dream or illusion caused by the Evil One. Sprenger and the other authorities of the *Malleus Maleficarum* decided at once in favor of bodily transmission. But then, on the other hand, Bodin believed in spiritual attendance. That the Venetians agreed with the latter is shown not only in this witch cry of "Body, here; spirit, go!" but also in other stories, describing the doings of a witch whose spirit was turned into a mouse; of another whose body was in bed when her spirit was in the kitchen, on the hearth, making little pots; of a third whose husband at night turned her with her face on the pillow, that her spirit might not escape. The incidents recorded in this last are based upon a most unpardonable belief, which was evolved almost everywhere when the witch mania was at its height. This was the doctrine, encouraged by Inquisitors, that children could become witches and sorcerers. In those terrible trials, presided over by Pierre de Laucre, it was asserted that hundreds of girls and boys flocked to the indescribable Sabbats of Labourd, though, be it said to the credit of their elders, they were not admitted to the final, nameless rites. It was the same in Sweden, where children were counted among the revelers at the Blockula. There is a story told by Sprenger of a farmer in Switzerland, whose little daughter startled him by saying she could bring rain, and immediately raised a storm. In answer to his questions, she said it was her mother who had taught her to do this. The

same story is told in Venice, with such slight variations that it seems as if it at first must have been borrowed from the *Malleus Maleficarum*, and then gradually have become identified with the traditions of the republic. The following is the Venetian version:—

Of a little girl of nine years, who raised a great tempest, and who, like her mother, was a witch.

"Not many years ago there was a man and his wife and a little girl nine years old, who, you know, was their daughter. One morning her father said to her, 'Come, let's take a walk.' So they went out, and as they were walking he said to her, 'See, my child, what a beautiful day it is, and how bright the sun is!' 'Yes,' she said, 'but in a minute I can make thee see a very great storm.' 'What dost thou say?' her father exclaimed. 'Yes,' she repeated, 'I can make thee this very minute see a great storm.' Her father was speechless with surprise. He stared at her, and at last he asked, 'How canst thou do it? Show me.' 'Wait, I'll show thee how,' was her only answer. Then she went close to a ditch near by, and beating the water seven times with her hand made the ditch dry; and immediately heavy black clouds covered the sun, and there came a great darkness and the wildest storm that was ever seen. Her father was lost in wonder. 'Tell me, tell me,' he exclaimed, 'who taught you to do these things!' 'I learned them from my mother,' she answered. Now this put him in a great passion, and he started in a violent hurry for home. On the way he met his *compare*,¹ who greeted him; but he was in such a state, it was all he could do to return the greeting. When his *compare* saw what a rage he was in, he said

¹ This word cannot well be translated into English. A *compare de San Zuane* is not only best man for his friend, helping him through the wedding ceremony and making handsome presents to

the bride, but he must also be the godfather for the first child. He and his friend thus contract a spiritual relationship.

to him, 'Why, what's the matter? It seems to me you're angry at something.' He did n't want to stop, or even to tell what was the matter, but his compare gave him no peace until he had told the whole story. 'Oh ho!' said the compare, 'I see with what we have to deal, and I think the best thing for you to do is to go to a priest and tell him all about it.' The man, when he heard this, ran off at once to the priest and repeated the story. The priest listened to it all, and then said, 'Good! Now hear what you must do. Go home, and don't say a word. But to-night, a little before midnight, turn your wife with her mouth on the pillow, and watch what she does: if she is a witch she will struggle, but if she is guiltless she will not move.' So then the man went home to his wife, and held his peace. A little before midnight, he took hold of her, and very softly, so as not to waken her, turned her with her mouth on the pillow. At the stroke of midnight, which was the hour when she usually went off to work her spells, her spirit could not get out, and she began to jump and struggle and turn; but her husband held her head down with his hand. At last she woke up and exclaimed, 'Oh, help me! What is the matter?' Then she turned and saw her husband. 'You dog,' he said, 'now I know what you are! Tell me who taught you to do this.' When she heard his reproaches, she fell to weeping and asking his pardon, and told him that it was her aunt, who could n't die without teaching her witchcraft to some one, and who had begged her to learn, so hard, she had n't been able to resist. Her husband did n't want to have anything more to do with her, because of her evil deeds. But she implored him to forgive her, and at last he did, because after all, as soon as he found out the truth about her and his daughter, he freed them both from their compact with the devil, and they could n't be witches any longer."

However this story may have been introduced into Venice, its ending is unmistakably of Venetian origin. The husband in the Swiss tale, instead of becoming reconciled to his wife, has her burnt, and dispatches the child to a nunnery, the latter being saved from her mother's fate only because of her extreme youth. A German, Spaniard, or Scotchman, had he borrowed the story, would have retained its tragic *dénouement*. But there is throughout the Venetian traditions on this subject a mildness in striking contrast to the grimness of other witch legends, but which is a natural outcome of the justice with which Venetians of old conducted their witch trials. Almost all the stories in this little book end by declaring the witch forgiven and allowed to go her ways in peace. It is the exception when she is handed over to the mercies of the civil law. Judging from this fact, the present popular belief seems to be that as a witch, once her calling is discovered, loses all power, and is therefore no longer dangerous to her fellow-citizens, there is no necessity to punish her. Thus the law here is wholly practical, interfering in order to insure the future peace of the community, and not to punish past crimes. Perhaps the strangest part of this belief is that very often a woman becomes a witch against her inclination, and consequently rejoices at her deliverance, as is shown in the above story. The way this happens is very carefully explained. A witch cannot voluntarily make herself known to any one unless she is at the point of death. But if she does not then find a confidant, her death is terrible, for the devil comes and strangles her.

That he is by no means a tender executioner is demonstrated in the following story, which is, moreover, interesting as the only one in the collection manifesting the least ferocity. It is the legend

Of a Witch strangled by the Devil.

"Once upon a time there was a great witch, and she had wrought her evil deeds all her life, but had never been discovered.

"She lived with some honest people, who knew nothing about her wickedness. One day she became very ill, and quickly grew worse and worse. The people of the house, not seeing her about, went to find out what was the matter, and when they came to her door they heard a terrible groaning and moaning. They knocked, but there was no answer; they tried the door, but it would n't open; then they pushed and shook it so hard that they forced it open. They went in, and up to the bed, where the woman lay dying. She was raving mad, and turned and leaped on the bed, and would n't say a word to anybody. What were they to do? At last one ran for the priest, and another for the doctor. The priest came first. 'For charity's sake,' they said to him, 'go to this woman, who has rented one of our rooms, and is now dying!' 'Very well,' he answered, 'take me to her room.' They showed him the way, but no sooner had he come to the door than he knew she was a witch possessed by the devil, and so he said to them, 'I can't go in.' 'Why not?' they asked. 'Don't you hear her screams and sighs?' he asked. 'If one of you will turn all those pictures on the wall, then I can go in.' So they turned the pictures, and then they heard another great scream and sigh, and they hurried to the bed. But the woman was dead. Her eyes and tongue had started out of her head, and she was black as coals. 'She is dead!' they cried. And the priest told them, 'The devil strangled her because she was a witch, and it was while he was doing it that she gave those screams and sighs. Now look under the bed and see what is there.' They looked, and found *scal-dini*, little pots, hairs, needles from Da-

mascus, and all sorts of other things used by witches for their charms and spells. Then they took them all, and made a great fire, and threw them and her bed into it. And at once they heard a tremendous noise, a puffing and rumbling that seemed to come from hell. So they were certain she was a real witch.

"And this witch died thus, in a state of raving madness, because she could find no one in whom to confide."

The reason of the priest's order about the pictures is that it is generally supposed that no witch can die in a room where there are pictures of Christ, the Madonna, or the saints, unless these be turned towards the wall. There is not space here to give the other stories, all of which, however, are well worth reading. Several, like so many northern witch tales, illustrate the doings of witches when their spirits assume animal shapes, and the danger of discovery which they then run. For, if the disembodied spirit receive a wound, the body likewise is wounded; or, if any one who suspects what is going on close the mouth of the witch, her spirit, having escaped through it, cannot return, and consequently her body remains cold and lifeless. Two or three stories describe the methods by which witch charms can be dispelled, the information on this point being very explicit. The inevitable broomstick, laid across the threshold, comes into play. As was the case with the witch Jane Brooks, told of in Glanville's account of the Demon of Tedworth, the drawing of blood from Venetian witches renders their charms ineffectual. And since they are *eye-biting*, it is well to remember the Italian protection against the evil eye, and in case of emergency to point towards a suspected witch the first and little finger of the hand, the other two with the thumb being closed upon the palm. Another good measure is to burn or to cut into small pieces the clothes of the

person bewitched. It is not unwise to remember these instructions, as witches work their spells in many ways. They can bewitch with the eye or with a kiss. They ensnare children with fruit and flowers and sweets, and men and women with bread and wine, and indeed with anything and everything. The holier their materials, the deadlier are their spells. The Venetians' knowledge of the mysteries of the black art extends even to the genesis of witches and witchcraft. Once, they say, Satan was furious with the Lord, because paradise contained more souls than hell, and he determined, by fair promises, to seduce human beings to his worship, and thus fill his kingdom. But he decided always to tempt women, in preference to men, because, through ambition or a desire for revenge, they yield more easily.

Popular belief thus accounts for the beginning of an evil which once filled the Christian world with untold misery, cruelty, and crime. These traditions and legends, which still linger among the lower classes, throw some light upon its character in the past, when belief in it was universal in Venice, and show what it has there become in the present era of rationalism. To foresee its future is not difficult. There is little doubt that witchcraft, with so many other superstitions, will in the end be abandoned even by the people. That the memory of its doctrines and practices, according to Venetian definition and observance, will not perish with the few old women who still believe in witches is due to Signor Bernoni. He has been as earnest in collecting the folk-lore of Venice as Ruskin has in studying her stones.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

XI.

MRS. VAREMBERG IS RELEASED.

MRS. VAREMBERG's first explanation to herself of Barclay's visit was that he had been moved by the exciting events described to abandon the peculiar reserve he had manifested of late, and had come back to her somewhat in the old way.

She had sat down at once and written him a note of sympathy, and had learned by public hearsay something of the circumstances of the case.

"It is fortunate you were so well insured," she said; "the fire will not prove an unmixed calamity, after all. You can now rebuild, and incorporate in the new factory all your favorite ideas."

"I do not think of rebuilding," he

replied, in a grave way, in which she already found something ominous.

"Not rebuild? You are surely not going to give up your plans, and allow a business of such importance to lapse entirely?"

"The partnership had been dissolved before the fire took place. Maxwell was obliged to withdraw, by the condition of his health, and I could not go on alone. I had already prepared to wind the business up, or transfer it to other hands. I have no longer any pretext for staying. I am going away from Keewaydin for good."

His companion gave him a startled, pathetic glance that seemed to search his very soul. Then she affected to receive the news of his departure, as Barclay had tried to convey it, with an entirely decorous calmness.

"And your army of hands," she said,

"thus thrown out of employment, — it will be a severe blow to them; but of course you could not be expected to stay on their account alone."

"I have done what I could for them. I trust they will not suffer till they can obtain places in other shops."

"Well, we shall all be sorry you are going; you will be much missed. Yes, this has been an unfortunate fire indeed."

Her lips trembled, and her eyes fell uneasily to the floor instead of meeting his. The conversation seemed already to languish; there appeared to be little more to say.

Barclay had come in with his hat and stick, and sat on the edge of a sofa, with a sort of temporary air, as if momentarily about to move. Mrs. Varemberg sat near him in a high-backed, carved-oak chair. She leaned back presently, and found a support for her head against it, as with a patient languor of suffering. Her lover involuntarily noted this pose, as he had so often studied before every other varied phase of her aspect. Was it really some transcendent charm in her, that was visible to all others as well, or was it only the glamour of his affection? — for she was always beautiful to him. In every attitude, whether sitting, standing, reclining, whether moving or at rest, he could have called to her with delight to stay and be pictured. There was nothing *bizarre* or operative in her type; she was full of a gentle repose. In her weakness she had seemed to him like a flower that the dew and sunshine might yet wholly revive; bent on its stalk, but not broken.

"Must I leave thee Paradise, — leave these happy walks and shades?" Barclay half quoted to himself, as he wistfully gazed. He knew well that it would have been far better not to have come to pay his respects in person. He ought to have followed his first intention, and only written to her: he could have pretended that some sudden busi-

ness exigency had prevented him from doing anything else.

They talked in the wretched, perfunctory way that people do who have, on every ground of prudence, to avoid the one topic on which their thoughts are burningly alive. But when it appeared that all Barclay's preparations were complete and he was to leave town the very next day, Mrs. Varemberg started with an agitation she could not overcome. She said to herself that she had counted upon more time. Not that a little time more or less, or a few more meetings, should have made any great difference, it is true; but she thought that, with a proper interval, while he was still in the place, she might somehow have better reconciled herself to the idea.

"Men are fortunate," she commented, in a dreary tone: "they can go; life is full of distractions for them. It is always women who must remain."

"Come, why need we take a serious tone?" rejoined Paul Barclay, assuming a brisk cordiality, to cover the critical moment of the good-by. "There!" taking both her hands into his, and giving them a hearty pressure, "we shall meet again, of course; people always do, you know. It will probably not be long till then."

Mrs. Varemberg had arisen, and stood by a scroll-fashioned end of the sofa, and she now leaned against it for support.

"See what a little sympathy and companionship can do," she said. "It seems as if I could not bear to have you go." She affected a plaintive smile, but her look was pitifully wistful and forlorn.

This was fatuous conduct, if there were any real intention to adhere to the proprieties, to part without explanation, but it was involuntary. A tide of feeling was rising beyond the power of either to control. Barclay had nerved up all his fortitude for himself, but he

had not expected to have to contend against her weakness as well.

"I have been a little distraction to you; is not that all, dear Virginia?" he said, taking affectionately the name they had used in their familiar correspondence. He spoke coaxingly, soothingly, like some strong elder brother. "You will find others who will answer the purpose just as well. We know how it is in these cases; it is not so much the particular person, as some one, any one, to fill a sort of weary, aching void. Am I not right?"

"I wonder if it be so? Yes, perhaps it is so," she answered in a dreamy way, and there were tones in her voice that suggested the sighing of the wind through lonesome pines.

This partial agreement with him, even though he had sought it, gave him an acute pang. A violent struggle was going on within him. It was not what he had wished to hear.

"So, then, good-by!" he resumed. "I expect soon to hear that you have got rid of all your troubles, and are the gayest of the gay."

"We were such good friends," she said in a retrospective way, disregarding this at first. "We seemed to have so many things in common. Do you know, it has often been a pleasure to me to know that you were in the place, even when I never saw you. And I am such a poor creature of habit; the few things that are agreeable in my life take such a hold on me now. What shall I do without you? I shall die; that is the way I shall come to the end of my troubles."

Tears, or almost tears, for him, from such a source? It was incredible, bewildering. The final stage was reached. Overcome by his emotions, Paul Barclay found no further obstacles potent enough to resist the extremes to which he was led. He threw aside all his austere resolutions, or rather he fell upon them, feeling their sharp reproof,

as a defeated Roman general might have fallen upon his sword.

"Can it be, dear child, that you love me?" he demanded passionately. "Can it be that, after all this time, I have won the priceless treasure of your affection?"

"Love you? Yes, it must be that I do, — I love you dearly. Why should I not tell you, since my heart is so full of it? And you, — you have cared for me, too?"

"Oh, I adore you, I worship you. Why do I not find words to tell you all that I feel? You are all that is loveliest and best in womankind."

Forgetful of all else but this moment of rapture, he called her "precious" and "darling" and "sweet one." He caressed with soft touches of infinite tenderness the fine hair growing upon her temples, and mingled half-murmured words and kisses indistinguishably.

"Ah, why could not this have been years before?" she asked him presently. "You said to me once you wondered that all others did not love me in those times: why, then, did not you?"

"Did you not know that I did? Ah, no, I have been but too plainly assured by your conduct since that you did not, — fool and novice that I was. I knew little how to gain the favor of women. You were my only thought. To have won you would have been the paradise of my wildest dreams, and to lose you has been the shaping power of my whole existence."

"And I thought you were only my friend. How unobservant I too must have been! Shall I tell you that I used to wish it were otherwise? Shall I even confess that it was to try you I first made a pretense of encouraging Varemberg? But then there came a time when you seemed to grow utterly indifferent towards me, and I let myself be drawn, without any proper consideration, into this match that many things conspired to foster."

"That must have been in my period of pique and moping. After I had gone, in my turmoil of mind, to ask your father's consent and aid to make you a formal proposal of marriage, and been refused by him, I cared little, and perhaps hardly knew, what I did."

"You made my father a proposal for my hand," exclaimed his listener, in extreme astonishment, "and I was never told of it? Oh, when, when, was this?"

Barclay recalled the date, and, by a comparison of times and seasons, they found that it must have been much before the Varemberg affair was at all advanced.

"And all these wicked, wasted years might have been spared!" commented Mrs. Varemberg, in stupefaction and dismay. Oh, what ruin, — what ruin!

"And it is true, dearest, that you might have loved me even then?" Barclay soon recommenced.

"I am sure that I might, that I did. I feel so towards you now that I cannot conceive of ever having felt any differently. And yet perhaps I was wayward in those times, and you were a little over-reserved with me. I think I was a trifle afraid of you, as if you were looking down at me from a superior height. But your fine qualities had impressed me, your consideration for me had touched me, even then. Others — my father — should have been wise for me. Oh, Paul, why were we so baffled and misled? Why was I not guided aright? I can never forgive him."

Barclay essayed to reassure her. "He would never have deliberately planned his own daughter's unhappiness," he said. "He too must have been deceived. It is easily supposable that he may have thought there were many more desirable suitors for your hand than myself," said Barclay.

Did he need any amends to a wounded self-love for the past, surely he must have felt that he had them now. He found himself advanced to the post of

honor, not only at present, but beyond all competitors from the first. He was not merely a solace and refuge in the troubles of her life, — though, in his unselfish devotion to her, he was prepared to be content with even that, — but the first choice of her heart, in all its freshness.

What was now to be done? The inexorable pressure of the situation returned upon them.

"Must you go?" asked Mrs. Varemberg, in persuasive tones, soft as the cooing of a ring-dove. "*Why* must you go? Ah, yes, you have no pretext for staying. You need a pretext for staying; I alone am not sufficient — Do not mind me!" she broke off; "it is only my weakness that talks in this way."

"Listen to me, dearest Florence," said the lover gravely. "After what has happened I must surely go, even if there had not existed the most imperative of reasons before; we both know it. As to me, when I leave here, I cannot say what I shall do or where I shall go. I must not see you, nor scarcely communicate with you. But this one thing is certain beyond change: you have become a vital part of my life, and I can never hereafter separate you from it. Let us do this: let us agree to be true to each other, to wait for each other. Perhaps Heaven, in its mercy, will yet be propitious to us."

"You must not make such a promise," protested Florence, in a kind of horror. "You must not tie yourself to one with so hopeless a future as mine. It is folly; it is wickedness. I beg of you not to do it; I beg of you to go and forget me."

"Do not fancy it will be hard," went on Barclay, disregarding her in his turn. "To be true to you, though you should never be mine, will be far easier than to replace you, or seek any other consolation whatever. I have loved you once and forever; if I may never have you,

I will die as I have lived, but I will not lower the sweet ideal I have so long entertained."

"Paul, dear Paul, you must not wait for me," she insisted. "The world is so wide; I am not vain enough to think it does not contain a great many attractive women. You are calculated to inspire, as you are to give, affection. You will meet some one who is far more worthy of you than I. I shall cease to be the baneful influence I have been in your life, I shall fade into a mere phantom, and you will be happy, as you deserve."

"What you ask me to do would not be in my power, even if I wished it. Do I not know myself? Have I not been tried by too many tests, already?"

"But *why* must you go?" she pleaded weakly. "Why can we not be only friends, and all go on as before?"

"The tongues of calumny have already begun to wag. In staying, on the old basis, even if it were possible, I should soon do you great harm in the public repute. No, there is nothing else but for me to go. You and I are clear-headed; we are not of that weak class who allow themselves to be blinded by passion, entangled by wretched sophistries."

"What if I were to say I do not care? I do not care, — I do not care. What spell has this feeling cast over me? I cannot see my way any longer as to what is right and what is wrong. Why are we made so? Must the deepest and truest affection be forever balked?"

"It is said," answered Barclay ruefully, "that an honorable man ought to protect a woman even against herself."

"Perhaps that is what he does when he does not love her," she rejoined, with a reckless skepticism.

"That is what he does, darling, when he loves her in the purest and holiest way — as I love you."

"And you *will* go? Oh, you are still

here — we are talking together — I cannot realize it. But to-morrow! to wake and find you gone, and to know that I shall never see you again! And then, all the to-morrows, to-morrows, to-morrows!"

"Our fate is hard!" cried Barclay in response. He was stirred beyond measure by this pathetic lament for him. He was but human; he abandoned his self-control, so hardly maintained, and began to rage, in his turn, at the toils in which they found themselves taken. "I must run away with you or from you," he said. He proposed that she should fly with him. He beset her again on the subject of divorce. He broke out into violent expressions against David Lane and against Varemberg. "He will die, — he must die!" he exclaimed excitably, in reference to this latter. "It is not just. Why does such vileness cumber the earth?"

His companion recoiled. The vehemence of Barclay restored to her in a certain degree her own calmer and better judgment. In a brief flash of intuition perhaps both had a glimpse, as it were, into the crimes to which weak and struggling souls are driven by the pressure of circumstances not unlike their own.

"He is still young," said Mrs. Varemberg. "Perhaps he will yet live to reform and become a useful and honorable member of society. And, dear Paul, life is too short for us both not to be in the right."

"Give me, then, what words of comfort you can," said Barclay, gloomily resigned, "for my exile; for I am going."

"Dear Paul" — she began, hesitatingly.

"I have asked you for a promise," he broke in again. "Let us agree that we will be true to each other as long as we live, and that you will be mine if it ever be possible."

"How can I resist your entrancing words? How can I really refuse any-

thing you ask me? Yes, *I will* promise; I will be yours,—with what joy and happiness!—if I am ever free, if Heaven ever permits it to be so.”

Barclay held her for a brief instant more in his arms, as if he would, somehow, by this last embrace, have protected her from the hardship of her destiny. Then he went quickly out at the door, looking neither to the right nor the left. In the hall was David Lane, who had just come down the stairs, and who cast at him a glance of keen and singular suspicion.

Barclay hurried away, without a word, to his own abode in the grassy square under the ægis of the Golden Justice. He had already said his farewells to the good Thornbrooks, who expressed a genuine sorrow at having him leave the place. By daylight of next morning he was on board the train, and had ostensibly taken his last look on Keewaydin. He was to pay a brief visit to the colony established on his lands in Marathon County; he would go round the city, on his return, and proceed to the East by another way.

David Lane seemed either to have witnessed or divined something of the manner of parting just described. He entered the drawing-room, with a sternly resentful air, and stood above the form of his daughter, who had thrown herself down, in grief, in a corner of the sofa. Her eyes were red with weeping, but when she caught the gaze of her father she showed no trace of embarrassment; her look was even more stern and resentful than his own.

“Is this man your lover?” demanded David Lane.

“Yes,” she answered simply.

“You tell me this in your sober senses, and you suffer him to embrace you almost publicly?”

“Yes.”

“Do you mean to drag our name in the mire of disgrace?”

The irony of the question smote upon

him even as he asked it. Well indeed did it become him to frame reproaches on the subject of the family honor,—he who had done so much to preserve it!

“We love each other,” she answered, smiling proudly, “but do not fear that I shall disgrace our name. It is only now for the first time that he has spoken to me, and he is going away; I shall probably never see him again. I do not know why I should hold to any scruples for your sake, since you have had so few where my happiness was concerned,” she went on; “but do not be alarmed, for I repeat, I shall do our name no discredit.”

“What am I to understand from these words?” David Lane queried, trembling. It was evident that the exalted principles of his daughter had to some extent failed in the ordeal; that an explanation—always to have been dreaded—had at last taken place between these two. But to what extent had it gone? What had it involved?

“It was you who wrecked my life,—you who ought to have been strong and wise for me. Why did you do it? Why did you conceal from me the offer of marriage this man had made?”

“Would it have made a difference?” he demanded eagerly. “Would you have married him?”

“I am sure I loved him even then. If you had told me, we should both have been happy.”

Her father could give her no valid reasons for his conduct; he could by no means allege the real one, so he took refuge in tergiversation. “Much that happened in those times is now vague to me,” he said. “I was full of anxieties and cares in other ways. I suppose I could not have attached the real importance to it. I had long thought of you as one who knew your own mind; and if Barclay had not made his feelings clear to you, it did not seem as if any formal statement by me could have

much effect. Surely I was mistaken. I meant to act for the best."

He followed his strenuous disclaimers of wrong intent with warm protestations of fatherly affection which came from a full and agonized heart. Like Jephthah, he had sacrificed his daughter. Like Jephthah, he might have said, "Alas, my daughter! thou hast deceived me and art thyself deceived."

Mrs. Varemberg now gave way to convulsive weeping, in which her resentment disappeared. Only an overburdening sense of the sadness of her lot remained. She went broken from the room, her father conducting her to the door, and pressing a cold kiss on her forehead.

David Lane was prepared for a renewal of her petition for divorce. He did not know now how he could resist it. With some wretched design, perhaps, of being beforehand with her in it, when he next saw her, he introduced the subject himself. He was all but completely broken at this time, and ready to accede to anything she might propose. But, curiously enough, it was now she herself who stood firm.

"No," she said, in opposition, "what is not justified by natural right and justice cannot be justified by my poor human weakness."

Her father was proud of her spirit and high standard of conduct, which made him but the more remorseful and compassionate of her pains. But would she always remain as firm on this point? A radical change in her situation almost immediately occurred, and put this question forever aside. Barclay had been gone but a single day, when the mail brought Mrs. Varemberg a letter in a familiar handwriting. She found it beside her plate at the breakfast table. It was post-marked San Francisco. She turned pale at sight of it, and did not dare to open it in person, but passed it on to her father, and listened to hear what he should tell her of its contents.

"My poor child!" he said, glancing sympathetically across at her, and began to read. The letter was substantially as follows:—

"I find myself rather unexpectedly in your part of the world. It is not so near, it is true, and yet not so far away, either. I have lately arrived here from the Sandwich Islands. The climate there did not suit me, and there were various disagreeable adventures — But all that is a long story, like a good deal more that is behind me, and of which you will, no doubt, be glad to hear in due time. Finding myself thus favored in my whereabouts, the idea occurs to me of dropping down upon you, by way of a little surprise. It will interest me to see the pleasant retirement to which you betook yourself from Belgium, — without the formality of asking my permission, be it remembered. This note is by way of announcement that I shall set out immediately by the train, and I trust that you will be ready, on my arrival, with some pleasant proposition for settling our late small differences, and again establishing for ourselves the customary domestic hearth. Naturally, you are still my wife; I have not relinquished any claim to you. I tire of living this Bohemian life; it has many discomforts; and I have no doubt that you will be glad to join with me in the plan of making of ourselves once more a comfortable pair of *bons bourgeois*. I am sure these domestic tastes will commend themselves to your most respectable father, — to whom the assurance of my high consideration, — and he will lend us a trifle of pecuniary aid to carry them into effect."

The letter was signed by Varemberg. "It is infamous!" said the reader of it, in hot indignation. "He dares to threaten us? He will come this way? But do not fear him, Florence. He shall rue the day; he shall have a warm reception awaiting him."

But his words fell upon unconscious

ears; she who should have heard them had fallen into a pitiable swoon, and Mrs. Clinton and the maids were actively applying restoratives.

Nor was this the last of the malign intruder from a past life. On the contrary, it was but the beginning of a speedy end. The same night, a loud ringing aroused the house some time after it had retired to slumber. A telegraphic dispatch was brought in and handed up to David Lane, who came to the top of the stairs to receive it. The servants felt sure that the master of the house had received bad news. He read his dispatch with but a sombre visage, turned towards Mrs. Varemberg's apartments, turned away again, then turned back once more, and went heavily and knocked at his daughter's door.

A friend and neighbor, from Keewadin, informed him that he, the friend, was the survivor of a fatal railroad accident, already briefly mentioned in the afternoon papers. An Eastern-bound overland train had been precipitated down a lofty embankment near Omaha, through the snapping of a rail in the severe cold, and several lives had been lost. Among the dead the sender of the dispatch had recognized the son-in-law of David Lane, having known him slightly abroad, and had fully identified him by means of papers found on the body.

Thus the tragic incubus was removed. Varemberg was no more, and his widow was free, to live, to marry, as she pleased.

Saved as she was from the very spring of the tiger, Mrs. Varemberg was yet afflicted by a certain remorse, as if she were somehow responsible for this dreadful taking-off of the ill-fated partner who had been her nightmare and her bane. She had allowed her thoughts to dwell, though never so remotely, on this consummation, and it was as if her wish had been forged into a weapon with which the deed was done. Broken by so many shocks, she succumbed to an

acute illness. During its continuance she was by no means in a condition to communicate with Barclay, even had she so desired. Added to this, it would have been extremely difficult for any one to say, in this his first impetuous plunge away from all the interests by which he had so long been bound, where he was.

XII.

THE "PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE."

Paul Barclay had formed no definite programme for his flight or his future. In seeking first the remote colony on his wild lands in the upper part of the State, he but obeyed the common instinct that so often drives the unhappy to the refuge of solitude and nature.

His colony now presented to view a number of log houses and a considerable space of cleared land. The shriek of a portable saw-mill rose upon the ear, together with the dull thud of the woodman's axe; and the stumps of the felled pine-trees, scattered numerously in and about the new settlement, showed through the snow — which still lay deep on the ground in this northerly latitude — like a species of envious fangs, snarling at the growth of this humble little Carthage.

Barclay remained at this lonely spot nearly a fortnight. In his fierce need of action and change, he took the axe into his own hands, and smote ringing strokes upon the great trees. Again, with his gun, he followed large wild game through the forest long days together, till, at night, he was ready to drop with fatigue, and was incapable of thought.

The sociable agent of the colony tried his best to entertain him, but his resources were few. He brought home some newspapers, from long rides he took to the nearest hamlet, and read out bits of these in the evening. Politics

were beginning to be interesting. The municipal caldron at Keewaydin was bubbling actively, and nominations for mayor were in order. Barclay had little concern with all these things. But, among the rest, as they sat around the stove one evening, in the rude main cabin, just before their usual primitive hour for bed, the agent hit upon a bit about the railway accident and the fate of Varemberg.

"Tough times for travelers, these days," said he, "the cold spells snappin' the rails so. I see that foreign son-in-law of David Lane's is dead; killed out Omaha way."

Then, indeed, his listener paid attention. He bounded to his feet, and seized the paper with his own hands. Yes, it was so. Varemberg was dead! She was free! But the date of the paper was almost ten days back. Why had he not heard from her? Why had she not sent to him in all this time? How could she? Had he not purposely buried himself in these inaccessible wilds?

Night though it was, the best horse of the camp was got out, and he had himself driven off on the instant. He made a railway connection at daybreak, and by night of the next day was again in Keewaydin.

The dress of Mrs. Varemberg confirmed the truth of the news he had heard, the moment he set eyes upon her. She was in mourning of the lighter sort, following in a purely formal way the conventional customs made and provided. She had recovered from her illness, but was still weighed upon by the effects of it and the experiences she had passed through. She was grave, undemonstrative, not like her former self. She gave the full details of the catastrophe. She said her father had been in person to Omaha, found the remains of her husband, given them decent burial, forwarded the papers found about him to his surviving relatives in Europe, and offered, by cable, to hold himself at their

disposition for any further orders. All was absolutely over well-nigh a week before.

"And now! now! now!" exclaimed Barclay joyously, when he thought he had listened to sufficient on this subject.

His reference to their last meeting and all that it implied was unmistakable, but Mrs. Varemberg did not yet respond to his ardor. She had fallen, in fact, into a pensive and morbid condition, in which she thought the planning of any attractive manner of life for herself henceforth all but criminal.

"You did not send for me? You did not wish to have me with you at once?" said her lover, in reproachful questioning.

"I did not know where you were. I knew that you would hear."

"You have changed. What is this? I do not understand you."

"I cannot pretend to feel any sorrow for him,—that would be too much,—but his dreadful fate shocked me so that it seemed to leave no place for other and softer feelings. It seems as if I had done it. Oh," she broke out, "after all that has happened, with such memories behind us, is it not too late? Can there be any happy future possible to one so wretched as I have been? No, no, let us abandon the thought of it."

Barclay hastened to combat these gloomy views with all his might. "The future is wholly ours; with it we will redeem the past," he protested, vigorously. "Oh, think of all we may yet do!"

"Think of all we must both remember!"

"In the olden times," he argued, "beautiful temples were thrown down, and their fragments incorporated into other buildings. We have a record of one mediæval cathedral built upon a foundation entirely of lovely broken statues. From such a seed, as it were, could hardly fail to spring perfections of a new order. Let us try to regard

our lives hereafter as something like that, but the more valuable and the sweeter for the weird hopes, the lost illusions, that underlie them."

The warmth of his convictions gradually impressed itself upon her, and kindled her own anew.

"Our union must not be delayed beyond the earliest feasible moment," he urged. "We must concede only the most imperative delays. We have so little time now in which to be happy, and we must not lose a moment of it."

The two arrived at a complete understanding, and then they wished to have the consent of David Lane to their formal engagement. It was not necessarily to be made public till a decorous period of mourning had passed. Mrs. Varemberg was willing to make this concession to what popular opinion was assumed to be, though she had in very truth been widowed several years; but on all other accounts, the peace of mind of both, the comfort of Barclay in his footing in the house, it was desirable that in the eyes of David Lane they should be known to be finally and once for all betrothed. As soon as was convenient and seemly, therefore, they presented themselves before him for that purpose.

That unhappy man had expected such a visit from the first moment of the arrival of the telegram acquainting him with Varemberg's fate; he was alive to its importance, and in a measure prepared to meet it. Though driven so near to the wall, he proposed to resist his perverse fate to the last. Even now, could he see this couple united? Nothing had changed in the main situation, — his motive power for so many years. Was it not for their own sakes he had opposed and must still oppose them? His horror of their union rested upon the dread that his confession must one day come down from the Golden Justice, and ruin them all. Could any one have assured him of the folly of this

foreboding, they might have married and welcome, the sooner the better, — for it had often wrung his heart to see them suffer. But who could assure him of this? The thought was his constant companion, the source of his never-ending mental turmoil. He met the applicants, therefore, with a grave front of firm denial.

"Do you think I will let my daughter go?" he said, in the course of talk, turning directly towards Barclay. "Do you ask me to give up my only real companion, the mainstay of my declining years?"

"But we need not go, papa," appealed his daughter, answering in person. "We will both stay with you, if you desire it. You will only have two children instead of one."

The pair were astonished, discomfited, at a refusal they had had no reason to expect. The discussion grew almost acrimonious. Barclay withdrew. He felt that, for his own part, he could no longer continue in it with dignity. Mrs. Varemberg remained, and prosecuted the argument further. David Lane was quibbling, evasive, and morose. Driven from one position to another, he began to take on a much-badgered, hunted sort of manner. He called the proposition to which they had desired to obtain his consent one showing unseemly, almost indecent, haste.

His daughter, looking at him, wondering, with her large, grave eyes, demanded, —

"Tell me your *real* reasons for opposing us!"

But he was still elusive. "I am not convinced that you really love him," he said. "Most likely it is only a matter of passing association and habit. You have injudiciously allowed him to come here too much; you have seen no one else. But now that you are going out into the world again, you will meet with others; you will find some one" —

His listener stopped him short, indig-

nant, and keenly hurt that the sincerity of her love could be questioned.

"I love him devotedly," she said; "he has every quality to win the admiration and esteem of a woman. After all that I have told you, do not still try to treat me like a child. If I do not marry him, I shall never marry at all."

"Well, then, I see my way clearly. I cannot consent," he answered doggedly, as if returning his ultimatum. "All this is for your own good, if you did but know it."

"Then we must act without your consent. We are of an age to regulate our own affairs."

"Florence!" he appealed, pathetically.

"Give me some reasons for this most extraordinary conduct. I am willing to hear and overcome them all."

"Let me think. Give me time to think," he rejoined. "We will return to this subject again."

He dashed his hand across his forehead in a distracted way, and left the house.

No sooner was he without than he directed his steps in search of Ives Wilson, and found the editor at the latter's office in the building of the *Morning Index*.

"I wish to be mayor," said Lane, entering abruptly, and broaching the subject with hardly more ado.

The editor of the *Index* was proof against many surprises, but this was beyond him. A proposition so considerably outside of his usual category took away his breath.

"The place has already been promised to DeBow; he is as good as elected," he urged, deprecatingly, in order to gain time to collect his scattered ideas.

"I wish to be mayor," repeated his patron and benefactor. "Let us understand that positively,—that is settled; let us talk only of how it is to be done."

"We might sow discord in the nomi-

nating conventions, I suppose, and organize a bolt," said the editor, with the air of bending his whole mind to the problem, since to dismiss it was impossible. "I have it," he added, presently. "What do you say to a People's Candidate?"

"A 'People's Candidate'?"

"Yes; we can thunder against the 'rings' about corruption in municipal affairs, and the like. We can call for a cleaning out of the Augean stables, and the uniting of all good citizens, without distinction of party, upon a reform nominee, a citizen of high character, like yourself. We might make it appear that the movement had been a long time maturing under the surface."

"Good!" assented David Lane. "Let it be that or whatever else you like, so that the object is surely accomplished."

He attended but little to the vein of cynical humor in which the other outlined his plan.

"Expenses, no doubt, will be heavier than usual, but you shall have an ample margin. Do not hold back from anything that may be necessary, on that account."

"It is gratifying to see you again in the political field," said Ives Wilson, "but I confess I don't quite understand it on the instant. At one time, we used to beg and implore you to take much more important offices than this, and you would not do it; and now, after all the high honors you have held, you seek a smaller one of your own accord."

"I am tired of rusting out in idleness. I want occupation."

This was all the explanation ever vouchsafed; and it really mattered very little to this adviser what the true reason was, since it was made to his advantage. But had he guessed for a thousand years he would never have hit upon it. He would never have divined the wild, extraordinary resource that remained to David Lane, in taking the office of mayor,—a resource which he

was at last driven to use by the sight of his daughter's distress and the sound of her reproaches in his ears.

There had always been a bare possibility that the confession might be removed by design from the *Golden Justice*, and David Lane had sometimes revolved it dimly, with other vagrant thoughts on the subject. But by what agency, if it ever needed doing, could it be done? It was a mission too delicate to entrust to the most confidential employee in the world. To so entrust it would be but to subject one's self to blackmail, with the certainty of the ultimate disclosure of the secret besides. No, none but himself must touch the paper. If he could pass a night in the building, he might, under cover of darkness, climb to the dome, and, with good fortune, effect an opening into the statue and possess himself of the confession. Now, he could not conceal himself in the edifice, nor could he ask permission to remain. He must have the right to stay unquestioned. But who had the right to stay? In the first place, the janitor, an honest German, Anton Klopp, who had long held this post. Next, the city officers, — mayor, comptroller, city clerk, and the like. The only one of these positions he could allow himself to seek and fill without too strong eccentricity and suspicion was that of mayor.

We have seen that he had taken steps to be made once more mayor of Kee-waydin. Would he, then, with his honors, his years, and infirmities upon him, attempt in person so wild and hazardous an undertaking as that hinted at? With his hands by his sides he had felt the muscles of his legs, as he came along to the interview with the editor, tested them again by long strides, and nerved himself for the feat with Spartan determination.

There was no time to lose. Ives Wilson, a Machiavelian wire-puller of great vigor, initiated the campaign forth-

with. The *Index* began at once to contain letters, — written in the office, — signed "Many Tax-Payers," "Many Citizens," "Veritas," and "Justitia," demanding that the Augean stables be cleaned out and the era of corruption be brought to its close; that the party slates be broken, and a man of conspicuous probity be placed in the field. A People's Candidate was called for, and the name of David Lane suggested. The editor affected to think it no more than fair to give these manifestoes of a popular ferment the courtesy of print.

The clamor — in the office of the *Index* — increased, till it seemed impossible to resist. Then the paper took the air of putting itself formally at the head. Ives Wilson now privately convened a little knot of skillful persons, with whom he had been much in the habit of working in matters of this description; these communicated the impetus to a larger coterie, and this to others in turn, so that presently the ward primaries were feeling the influence profoundly. The "slate" was not broken, in the convention of the principal party, as had been proposed; the new movement had begun too late to be able to capture the nomination from DeBow; but David Lane's followers organized a bolt. They went to the weaker political faction, which, being already prepared, and naturally expecting defeat any way, was found only too glad to strike hands with the bolters, and make Lane the nominee of both, on a fusion ticket.

Some of his old associates came to him regretfully, and urged him not to allow himself to be used as an instrument of disruption in the party with which they had all so long been identified. But they little knew how slight a matter party fealty had now become to him they addressed, under the stimulus of his new motives.

"I have put myself in the hands of my friends," he responded, with artful dissimulation. "I should not now con-

sider it fair to them to withdraw, without their express command."

When all this was settled, he returned to the momentous subject which had come up between him and his daughter.

"I am tired of rusting in idleness," he said. "If there is a possibility of losing you, I must have new occupations. I am going to run for mayor. Let the matter of which you have spoken to me stand till that is over."

"But I cannot see the slightest connection between the two."

"Leave it to me. You will find me reasonable. Success brings good temper," he rejoined; and when she still urged her point, he added, positively, "I will not decide till the election is over."

Still, this was something tangible to tell. The period of delay would not be long. Mrs. Varemberg reported it to her impatient lover, and they were fain to wait, possessing their souls in comparative patience.

A large store that happened to be vacant in Telson's Block, on the principal thoroughfare, was taken for David Lane's headquarters, and a canvas banner, with the usual atrocious portrait of the candidate, was hung across the street, in front of it. From this nucleus a great activity was organized. Printed circulars and free editions of the Index were mailed in profusion. There were kept in stock the flaming yellow and pink sheet posters for the fences and dead-walls. A great wagon, papered with these same sheet posters, and containing a deep-toned bell, patrolled the streets by day, distributing documents, and made the campaign headquarters its rendezvous. From there, also, torchlight processions were sent forth at night. The managers, with hats tilted very much backward or very much forward, as the case might be, sat around a long table covered with an untidy litter of papers, — as was the floor, with cigar stumps add-

ed, — or anon received visitors confidentially in small boxes, temporarily partitioned off with pine boards, at the rear.

Here maps were spread open, and the sectional interests of the town studied, district by district. What motives might be best appealed to? What springs of tradition, habit, self-interest, local pride or prejudice, caste or nationality, might be played upon — as the musician plays upon his instrument — to catch votes?

One ward was well to do and "aristocratic," and another composed largely of small mechanics; one was German, another Polish; one had a large free-thinking element clustered around the turner-halls, another was Lutheran, another Irish Catholic.

"Shall we stir up the religious question again?" demanded Ives Wilson, with a cheerful nonchalance, in these consultations. On the whole, it was decided to do so. "We have more to gain than lose by it," he said.

Some old "Know Nothing" record, as it was called, of Jim DeBow's was unearthed. He was asserted to have been hostile to immigration at an early day, and to have said in public that he wished an ocean of fire rolled between us and all Europe, that foreigners might be kept out. He was said to have made remarks — *à propos* of a request for a subscription to a church fair — insulting to the religious opinions of a large and worthy section of voters.

In every ingenious way, in short, Ives Wilson exemplified, in the Index, what he had meant by his principle of hitting hard. DeBow's party, on the other hand, were no novices in tactics of this kind, and they returned the onslaught with interest. It was made a reproach to David Lane, at one and the same time, that he was a drunkard, because he had wine on his table, and a "temperance fanatic," inasmuch as he had at one time signed a request for some sort of limited restriction of the number of saloons and the demoralizing sale of

liquor. For his injury with the proletariat, he was shown to be a monopolist; was charged, since his residence abroad, with foreign ideas, and with entertaining aggrandizing designs against the liberties of the place which could scarcely have been carried out by any other than a Russian despot, at the head of all his legions.

In this campaign, too, the early marriage of James DeBow below his station was, oddly enough, sought to be turned to account. It was suggested in some artful, demagogical way that this marriage had been deliberately contracted with the express desire of allying himself the more thoroughly with the great, warm democratic heart of the people.

So the fray raged; sophistries, criminations, and recriminations filled the air, and the preliminary papers in numerous libel suits were served.

The managers no doubt laughed in their sleeves, like the augurs of old, at the credulity they utilized, the passions they fomented; while the masses, poor souls, wrangled, fought, and vituperated, sowing seeds of bitterness that would not be extirpated till a better education should show their descendants the flimsiness of the means by which they had been duped. The *Golden Justice* — for she was at the bottom of all this, like Bellona, the goddess of discord, instead of the symbol of rectitude and peace — became once more the cause of a violent municipal upheaval. The stir extended afar, to the august Senate at Washington, and might even alter the destinies of the nation; for it so happened that if Rossmore — whose election depended upon that of James DeBow — were not returned, the balance of power in the Senate would be changed, and the complexion of several measures of leading importance altered.

Paul Barclay, having such a vital issue depending upon it, was naturally very keenly alive to Lane's success in the

contest. He now confronted political life, for the first time, in a personal way and at close quarters. As a student of republican institutions, he saw much to shock the fastidious and make the judicious grieve. During the campaign he continued to see Mrs. Varemberg more or less frequently, but always under the shadow of the restraint and opposition that hampered them. His visits galled David Lane. Perhaps they even goaded him on, with the view of insuring absolute success in his project, to measures to which he might not otherwise have been driven. Ives Wilson aimed to lose no point for him that indefatigable effort could secure; but perhaps it is only fair to suppose that the candidate did not know all that was done in his name.

David Lane's name headed a call to the Hon. Franz Hofnagel, of Minnesota, to fix a day when he would deliver his famous address on the German Fatherland, and another asking the eloquent Father Finnegan for his oration on Hibernian Saints and Heroes. Subscriptions were made to worthy objects, goods not at all needed were bought of deserving tradesmen, and small sums of money were loaned, or otherwise judiciously placed, where they would do the most good.

Barclay had set the considerable force of men remaining under his orders, by way of keeping them in occupation, to clearing up the *débris* at Barclay's Island, and otherwise putting it to rights. It began to look as though the burned factory might yet be replaced by a new and more imposing one. Ives Wilson took occasion to apprise him, one day, that a number of these men, unless especially prevented, were going to vote for Jim DeBow, with whose party all their affiliations lay.

"What are you going to do about it?" Wilson asked.

"I had not thought of doing anything. What do you advise?"

"I would find out just who they are, and then have a special extra run of work on election day for that particular class of men. I would ask them to stay home from voting and help me out. They could do that much, any way; it's a mighty poor hand that won't help his employer over a tight pinch of work now and then. If there were any that did n't want to do it, I'd let it get gently insinuated into their minds, somehow, that their services would be dispensed with altogether at the earliest opportunity."

There was an element of the amusing in this, as in most else that Ives Wilson did. He passed in such a light, airy, birdlike way over all things, both good and evil, that it was difficult to attribute personal iniquity to him, even when most perverse; it was almost as if he belonged to some different and less responsible order of beings.

"But see here, Wilson," said Barclay, "there's an original bent of mental and moral obliquity about you that I have often noticed, and I won't say is not at times quite entertaining; but, once for all, leave *me* out of your crooked propositions. I've had enough of them. You've favored me with a good deal too much of them, in fact."

"Oh!" said Wilson, slightly sobered.

"Do you want to know what my individual opinion about these matters is?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow, — certainly."

"Well, it is this: considering that the suffrage is the only safeguard of the state of society in which we live, and that without it no redress of the most heinous evils and grievances that might arise would be possible, those who tamper with it are the greatest rascals in the entire category, and their offense ought to be visited with the severest penalties known to the law, — which ought, indeed, to enact penalties of new severity for their especial benefit."

"But, see here," said the editor, in his turn, "I thought you were on David Lane's side in this matter."

"I am," and he half muttered to himself, thinking of the white arms that awaited to be thrown around him, as the prize of victory, "You would hardly doubt it if you knew what I had at stake." He went on, "But my men are going to vote as they please, for all that."

"My dear boy," Wilson concluded, preserving his imperturbable good-nature, — "my dear boy, of course one would not undertake anything off-color, to aid what he positively knew to be wrong; but where the cause is a good one, like this, where it's a cause that ought to prevail any way, why, that makes it a very different thing, don't you see? 'Use all the weapons at your hand! Fight the devil with fire!' say I. Besides, voters, like readers, ought to be influenced: they expect it; they require it; they don't understand anything else."

Ives Wilson thought so well of this anecdote that he took occasion to report it to his principal, David Lane, setting it forth as the fantastic notions of a novice in politics, and "one of the humors of the campaign."

The voters referred to were saved to David Lane, however, though by a different means. All at once a committee, very rough and ready in appearance, comprising the sardonic Hoolan among its numbers, waited upon Barclay, and tendered him a nomination for alderman. The regular nominee for the district had been discovered, at the last moment, to be ineligible, by reason of having neglected to take out his full naturalization papers. A semi-official meeting had been held, largely influenced, it afterwards appeared, by Barclay's own workingmen; his name had been broached in this meeting, and acclaimed with enthusiasm, and a duly appointed committee came to offer him

the candidacy. Barclay was astonished at the unexpected honor. He wavered, deliberated, took time for his answer. He found himself brought face to face with the first step in what might be the enlightened political career of which he had once thought. A position as alderman must certainly give him experience of an intimate, practical sort that would prove useful as he went farther on. There could be little doubt, too, that he could find measures enough of a useful sort with which to occupy himself during his actual term of service, if he should stay; and if he should not stay, — why, one can always resign. It gave him a sort of modest thrill that the office — still an honorable one in a community not yet greatly corrupted — had sought him without the slightest intimation on his part that he had desired political preferment. On the expiration of the hour he had reserved to make his decision, he returned his acknowledgments to the honest committee, declared himself greatly flattered at this manifestation of their favor, and accepted their nomination. Once “the young boss,” as they called him, was in the field, his men identified themselves warmly with his whole campaign, and no solicitation was needed to obtain their support for any interests he was known to favor.

As soon as he was put in nomination, he began to be besieged, in the usual way, by that horde of good-for-nothings, political “strikers” of one sort and another, who seek their profit from aspirants for office. Keepers of small saloons desired funds, as they said, to distribute among their respective clienteles. A foreign-looking man, calling himself a professor of music, declared himself possessed of such potent influence among his fellow-countrymen that he had but to hand them a certain ticket to have it voted without question. He was willing, for a consideration, to hand them the tickets of Barclay. Some members of the Twilight Social Club asserted

that the club meant to vote “the right ticket” in any event, but were certain it could not be brought out to anything like a full strength without funds. Two separate individuals, each on his own account, offered to dicker for the entire vote of a populous mechanics’ boarding-house. A hand-to-hand conflict well-nigh arose between the two men, who had inadvertently happened in at the same time. The right to dispose of their pretended merchandise was first claimed by a small, puny man, whose name, it appeared, was *Thomas Madigan*, and who was the keeper in person of the boarding-house. But this claim was fiercely contested by a burly, unshaven Dennis Tully, who was, or had been, an assistant of his.

“It’s me as the place belongs to. Who else but me cud put them boys to work?” protested Madigan, plaintively. “Who else but me wud have the influence?”

“He’s a greenhorn, so he is,” explained Tully contemptuously. “It was me learned him the boardin’-house business. Nobody can put them boys to work but me.”

But Barclay sent all these to the right-about, and they departed, breathing threatenings and slaughter. They were to use the influence he had refused to his total ruin, but, after all, they did him no great harm. Some repaired with their grumbling to campaign headquarters, where perhaps they met with a certain solace from Ives Wilson, who was universally affable at this time.

The final act of the campaign was a “grand central rally” at the Exposition Building. At this meeting, Barclay was given a seat among the important guests on the platform, and he found his name entered as one among the long list of vice-presidents.

An orator, introduced as “a business man,” first demanded, “What is leather worth? What is lumber worth? What are any commodities worth, in

times like these? The rascals," he said, "have stolen us poor. The mills and workshops must be reopened, the wheels of industry must once more go round."

Next an ex-postmaster, who had a certain ready-made trick of enthusiasm in his oratory, declared that he had just risen from a sick-bed, to be present at this meeting. "My heart was in the cause," he said, "and no mortal power could have kept me away. Hot words of burning indignation rise unbidden to my lips, as I think of the issues of this hour. This is no ordinary crisis, no small or mean occasion. We are here, in our might, to grapple the entrenched forces of corruption in a last, desperate, life-and-death struggle. Nor are we alone in this contest: other eyes are turned to us from afar; other hearts will take courage from us to shake off the chains of their bondage, or, should we be so recreant to ourselves as to fail, will sink down with our failure into the night of Plutonian darkness."

The speaker indulged in gurglings, whisperings, bellowings, and lachrymose breakings of the voice, in prodigious risings on the toes and heels and bendings of the knees, and in poundings of an emphatic fist. The audience cheered, howled, and cut into him, at times, with random interruptions.

He was followed by Ives Wilson, who "reviewed the situation" and "pictured the wants of the hour," — phrases from the press report in his paper. "Why does the reckless faction of our opponents spend money like water?" he demanded.

"O tempora! O mores!" murmured Paul Barclay to himself, in his seat among the honorary vice-presidents of the meeting.

"Why are they making this desperate fight to retain their grip upon the public treasury?" Wilson went on.

It happened that, when he was asking why the enemy had not, during their tenure of office, done certain very rose-

colored things, which he represented as desirable, an interrupting voice cried out, "Because they have n't got the brains, begod!"

"My friend says, because they have not the brains," he went on, proposing to turn the distraction to his oratorical account in the usual way; "but I will show my good friend that he is wrong. I deny that it is brains they lack; it is the common honesty to apply them."

"Always deny a fact!" shouted the disturber, who now elbowed his way hastily to the front.

The audience, at sight of him, recognized a familiar figure, a Tony Scoville, one of those harmless imbeciles or lunatics — once a man of prominence in the place — of which almost every locality has its own specimen, who was, as it were, the municipal jester in ordinary to Keewaydin. His specialty of late was meetings of all kinds. He was repulsed from the front, but with a good deal of kindness, after all, and genially expelled from the building. Wilson, crestfallen at having condescended to argue with this kind of opponent, presently sat down.

David Lane was naturally the central figure of the rally. He sat for a considerable time, with an abstracted air, listening to the glowing panegyrics which were pronounced upon him by Wilson and others.

When some fervid speaker had demanded, "Why are we here? Why do I see this vast concourse of my fellow-citizens, this assemblage representing all that is best and grandest in Keewaydin, drawn together before me?" the answer, "Why, indeed?" had echoed pathetically in the dark depths of his inner consciousness. His thoughts had lingered incessantly upon his real purpose. When introduced to the audience he seemed rather dazed by the crowd and hubbub. His address was but brief.

"I am not a man of many words," said he. "I should greatly prefer to be

known to you as a man of action. Nor am I a stranger among you. As an earnest of what I will try to do in the future, I can only refer you to my record in the past. [This record, as we know, was of the most unexceptionable.] I cannot expect to have wholly escaped some enemies, some calumniators, in my long residence here of forty years, but I shall make no attempt to refute their aspersions now. I am content to be judged by my friends and neighbors; I leave myself with confidence in your hands."

Finally, great rounds of applause went up that made the roof-tree ring. The assemblage poured out into the streets, carrying their enthusiasm with them. The campaign was over, and the Index characterized it next day, in the more florid head-lines, as having ended in "A Blaze of Glory," as having been "A Magnificent Reform Demonstration for David Lane, the People's Candidate."

XIII.

THE ELECTION OF A MAYOR.

Election day, when it at last arrived, was gray, overcast, raw, and cold. The ice in the bay, after having once gone out, apparently for good, had returned again, locked vessels in its embrace, and given an aspect of almost Arctic desolation. The ticket-peddlers of either side stood about the booths, stamping their chilly feet for warmth. To guard against dreaded imitations, they had not been served with their ballots — which had been carefully bunched and ready, at headquarters, the night before — till daybreak; but even this precaution, in the sequel, did not prove wholly effectual.

The opening hours of the fight were like those combats of picket and skirmish lines of armies that precede a general engagement. A few honest la-

borers, who did not propose to utilize the occasion as a holiday, were the first to deposit their votes, which they did *en route* to their regular day's work. Then came a lull, and then, soon after the comfortable breakfast-time of the well-to-do classes, the action began in earnest.

In the course of the morning, rumors of defections, betrayals, treasons, stratagems, and spoils, affecting both sides, grew rife. Split tickets, scratched tickets, and pure counterfeits — rudely executed, it is true, but calculated to deceive the unwary — made their appearance in the field. Discarded ballots strewed the ground around the polling places as thick as leaves at Valombrosa. Cripples and octogenarians were ferreted out, and brought to the polls in hacks. Mr. Welby Goff, local on the Index, proved an excellent hand at this kind of service. He triumphantly secured the whole boarding-house of Madigan from both rival claimants to its control, and next aided to save the votes of a large omnibus-load of Bohemians, brought, in charge of their foreman, from the Eagle File Works. Some of DeBow's agents endeavored to snatch away from these last, as they alighted, the Lane ballots with which they were already supplied, and substitute their own in place of them, crying, —

"You are free men. You need n't vote any ticket only the one you please."

This attempt was strenuously resisted; the Bohemian foreman shouted to his men various strong adjurations, of which conflicting accounts were afterwards given. There was a spirited contest, which almost came to an exchange of blows, but the victory remained with the Lane party, as aforesaid.

This was a halcyon day for the floating population of nondescript characters who waited on street corners and the like for odd jobs. The most obscure figure in the community now took

on a real importance, through his possession of the proud gift of the suffrage. Blithe agents went about with more funds in their pockets than they needed for their own wants, and showed themselves most amiably disposed to make all things merry wherever they moved. Like band-masters, they raised their batons for a peculiar music, and all the idle and conscienceless might dance. There were pocket-money and refreshments galore, with but very slight service to render in return.

It leaked out that Ludwig Trapschuh, who had been extremely noisy in the meeting for the nomination, was among the backsliders from the Lane party. What? Not that Ludwig Trapschuh of the Chippewa Street bridge, who owed his very place to David Lane, and whose niece had been so long the recipient of the magnate's bounty? It was not possible! Yes, — tell it not in Gath nor dwell upon it too long in Askelon, — so it was. The bridge-tender, in his usual financial straits, and lured by a liberal gratuity in ready money from the DeBowites, had proved recreant. Early in the day, he had entered upon a course of dissimulation. His treachery was intended at first to be only wily and fox-like, but, by little and little, as the heat of the day drew on, the trammels of prudence were more and more thrown off, and it resembled open rebellion and defiance. He was found to have distributed with his own hands, and to be a centre of supply for, bogus Lane ballots. These counterfeited a peculiar design, of an axe in a bundle of fascies, — adopted as a bordering for the express purpose of protecting the ticket from imitation, — and also put up at the head the name of James DeBow as the People's Reform Candidate, instead of that of David Lane. It was a rude affair, it is true, but still sufficient to impose upon the unwary. He was proved, among other things, to have accosted a group of Mecklenburg wood-sawyers in Mar-

ket Square, and reproached them, with affected surprise, for hanging about there and waiting for jobs, instead of availing themselves of the high privilege of citizenship on a day like this.

"How we can vote?" their spokesman inquired of him in reply. "We bin not long enough in that country."

"Oh, that's all right; I make it all right, all right," he had answered cheerfully.

With the aid of his hopeful son Barney and some other henchmen appointed to do his bidding, he had made them pass their time agreeably, and seen, in the course of the day, that they voted in one precinct or another. They were sworn in, under the forms of law, by fraudulent affidavits.

He led the half-grown boy, Nicodem Kraska, to deposit a ballot, as though of full age. He endeavored to induce one of the more active ticket-peddlers for David Lane (it was through this man's fidelity that his treason was first disclosed) to go away home and "lie down into bed," — so his expression was framed, — offering for this service the sum of twenty dollars.

For the making of voters by affidavit, notaries-public were stationed at most of the voting precincts, in the interest of both sides. This was done for the benefit of all those who had not been able to register properly on the days appointed by law, and who could give a valid excuse for their absence. Little Notary-Public Kroeger, one of the gossips of the Johannisberger House, was also a renegade to Lane's cause. It had been arranged that he should play into Ludwig Trapschuh's hands in all this important part of the proceedings. The voters who were made by him, in his ostensible work for David Lane, were supplied, to a man, with DeBow tickets.

In this process, the would-be voter was required to make oath that he was a lawful elector and a resident of the

ward and precinct to which he purported to belong, and he must show sufficient cause for not having presented himself before. This paper must then be further guaranteed under oath by some person being a householder in the same ward and precinct.

Trapschuh and his son Barney stretched their wide acquaintance to the utmost. The obscurity of the field with which they dealt, the uncouth names and speech and peculiar manners and customs of the Polish and lower German element, which was their chief constituency, promoted the success of their plans, and no doubt also added an element of recklessness in carrying them out. Most of the electors thus made were of so rude a character as only to be able to affix a rude cross-mark to their affidavits, instead of their names.

The *modus operandi* was afterwards shown, in evidence, to be somewhat as follows. A group would be brought in by their purveyor, for instance, to the back room of Chezefski's saloon, at the Railroad Avenue precinct, in which back room Notary Kroeger was at his work. The front room of the same establishment was occupied as the polling place.

"Well, why did n't you register?" asked the notary, when this part was reached in its order, pausing a moment, with pen raised in air, for the reply.

The applicant was often too stupid to allege even the simplest excuse.

"Was you sick?" prompted the notary, in a cut-and-dried way.

"Yes, I was sick," returned the man, full of wonder at the brilliant invention that could suggest so deft a plea.

One of the Trapschuhs, or their assistants, certified to this, as a householder and a resident of this, that, or the other ward and precinct, as the case might be. When there came an apparent hitch, and a knot of unidentified persons stood irresolutely about the room, needing a sponsor, at a nod from Ludwig Trapschuh one Wenzel Haller, a

teamster from the House of Correction, stepped forward, and cried in a hearty way, —

"Hello! I know all these men. They want to vote for DeBow. Why don't you swear 'em in?"

"You are a householder?" asked Kroeger, proceeding expeditiously to do so.

"Yes, of course I'm a householder. That's just what I am, — a householder, every time."

A new batch was brought in by Joe Skinsky, a Polish butcher, but the teamster, Haller, possibly with some remote fear of consequences, now objected to being utilized any further. "Let somebody else know these," he said doggedly. "I done enough."

"You know me, any way, Haller," said one of the men confidently, pushing his way to the front, prompted by Trapschuh.

"Where I seen you before?" inquired the teamster, blinking at him in far more than doubt.

"Oh, down by the city limits," was the answer, in a large way, generously covering a sufficient field.

"Well, I sign this one," consented Haller, grumbling; "but, by jinks! that's all."

He sat down, and began once more to affix his signature, laboriously thrusting out his tongue in the process.

"Ah — a — a! sign 'em up, sign 'em up! Don't wait till next Christmas!" cried Barney Trapschuh, in his rowdy way.

"Sign 'em yourselluf!" exclaimed Haller, jumping up in dudgeon, upon this, and refusing to have anything more to do with his task.

This was gleefully taken, however, as a genuine permit; and on no better authorization, in fact, as was shown in court, a dozen more affidavits were framed and signed by the notary and others, as Haller's agents, all certifying that the persons respectively named

within were qualified electors, residents of the proper ward and precinct, and had been totally incapacitated by illness from registering.

Paul Barclay was at general headquarters several times during the day. Once as he came out, in the afternoon, he met with Mrs. Varemberg. Her presence there seemed like a breath of some rare fragrance that had wafted from a higher region into the rude turmoil of this exclusive strife of men. She had just pulled up at the curbstone, in her phaeton, and George Woodburn — a young lawyer, who was having his first practice to-day in active politics — had gone to her, to give her what scanty news might as yet be had of the fortunes of the day. Young Woodburn resigned his place to Barclay, as one calculated to speak with greater authority than himself, and left him with her.

"I was so impatient and nervous," said the fair driver, "that I could not stay in the house. I had to come out and try to get some idea of how things are going. My father has kept himself closely shut up in his room, and has not given me a scrap of information."

She had not, of late, had the common feminine attitude of scorn towards politics, and it was a pleasure to talk to her on that subject as on others. She insisted on Barclay's getting into the phaeton beside her, and desired an intelligent opinion on the causes making for or against success.

"It is too early for anything of value," returned Barclay. "There is a rumor of trouble for us in the Polish quarter, which was supposed to be sound for your father, without question, on account of its natural party affiliations. What the extent of it will be it is impossible to say. The DeBowites have been working there under the surface. It is even said that a sermon was preached in DeBow's favor in the church. It is a district where a great

deal of crookedness can be covered up."

They drove some little while together, looking on, from a distance, at characteristic sights of the election. Mrs. Varemberg's anxiety indicated the extent of the interest she felt to be depending, for them, upon the result. Since her father was so set upon the post of mayor, she thought nothing ought to be neglected that could take away the pretext for opposing them further on that score. Barclay alighted near the Railroad Avenue precinct. He stood a moment to murmur blessings after her dear figure, as she drove away, and then, in accordance with a promise he had made to her, plunged into the thick of the fray, to see what mischief he could discover and frustrate in person. It was he who, acting upon information conveyed to him, finally unmasked the Trapschuhs. The counterfeit Lane ballots, made as heretofore described, were traced from son to father. When confronted with his part in this knavery, the latter indignantly denied it. He held that Barney had been imposed upon, through not being, as he said, "a good-educated" person. He showed how he had nothing but Lane ballots, and all marked with a peculiar Polish mark of his own, so that ignorant voters who received them from him might be sure they were voting the right ticket, even though they could not read it. Johnny Maguire and another stalwart hand of Barclay's, however, dexterously sprang upon him, at the risk of a breach of the peace, and "in the twinkling of a bed-post," as the former expressed it, had searched his pockets, and found them full of the bogus Lane ballots, all marked in precisely the same manner.

This particular precinct was found given over, well-nigh wholly, to the hands of the enemy. As it transpired, the DeBowites had secured, at the beginning, two of the three inspectors,

and these had finally induced their colleague, of the Lane persuasion, to go home on plea of illness, and leave them to fill the vacancy and retain the unquestioned control of affairs. This defection, though important, was but a small portion of the Polish quarter, the bulk of which held to David Lane.

As the lines of voters lengthened before the polling places towards evening, the DeBow managers might have sighed, like Wellington at Waterloo, "for night or Blücher." Anything in the nature of delay or obstruction of the vote would, all day long, have been advantageous to them. Their inspectors at the Railroad Avenue precinct adopted the Fabian policy with all their art. One of them put his head out of the window at noon, and cried, "Hear ye! hear ye! the polls are closed for half an hour;" and they took this time for a comfortable luncheon, while the electors waited. On two separate occasions, later, a head was put out, a voice called, "Hear ye! hear ye!" and the polls were closed a considerable time, while they listened to confused wrangling of the friends of some men unable to show their full citizen papers, whom they admitted by a back door. Once, Skinsky, the butcher, came out rubbing his hands, and gleefully announced, —

"They are turning the house the top-side on the bottom, in there."

The delayed voters, suspecting artifice, but unable to prevent it, fumed without. They jostled and pushed, jeered the inspectors, shouted that they were free men, and that they would not be kept there all day. All at once a cry went up: —

"Them men from down Muckwona-go Road has got the small-pox among 'em!"

A mob, in affected horror, hustled the persons thus indicated — who indeed had no small-pox, but were simply good DeBow voters, for all the trickery was not confined to one side, as has been said

— out of the line, and promptly filled their places, which had been near the front.

This manœuvre came too late, however, to have any political effect. The day was well on towards its close at the time, and it presently expired as if with a tangible noise. Boom! came the sound of a distant signal gun, — the piece regularly fired on the grounds of the fine Soldiers' Home, on the outskirts, to mark the exact time of sunset. Its report had not fully died away before the polling-window shut with a bang. The election was over, and the waiting voters without sent up yells of rage and discomfiture at their lot.

Long past the customary time, that evening, the returns of the election were not yet in. Even those who waited in hope till a very late hour of the night were forced at last to go to bed without them. Nor did the papers of the next day, nor even of the next, contain them. The result as to some of the minor officers was known, it is true. Paul Barclay, for instance, was elected alderman of Keewaydin, and Christian Idak, landlord of the Johannisberger House, was defeated. But a deal of close scrutiny was needed before it should be known who was to be the next mayor.

During these days, the rain fell almost continuously, beating in a sodden way the political banners, possibly forgotten in the excitement, — as if it said, "A plague o' both your houses!" — and adding to the depression of those spirits that had already sufficient to make them gloomy. After noon, on the fourth day, Mrs. Varemberg was with her father, when a messenger arrived with all speed, bringing him an announcement.

"Is it good news, papa? Tell me quickly," demanded Mrs. Varemberg, scanning his features, — upon which no ray of elation appeared, — and unable to await his slow words.

"I am elected," he answered impassively.

"You are elected? You are successful, and yet—you show no pleasure in it?" she said, uneasy and alarmed.

"My majority is of but nine votes. They will not let me rest easy with it. So slender a margin offers too great a premium for contest. It will be disputed."

William Henry Bishop.

MY REAL ESTATE.

EVERY autumn the town of W— sends me a tax-bill, a kindly remembrance for which I never fail of feeling grateful. It is pleasant to know that after all these years there still remains one man in the old town who cherishes my memory,—though it be only "this publican." Besides, to speak frankly, there is a measure of satisfaction in being reminded now and then of my dignity as a landed proprietor. One may be never so rich in stocks and bonds, government consols and what not, but, acceptable as such "securities" are, they are after all not quite the same as a section of the solid globe itself. True, this species of what we may call astro-nomic or planetary property will sometimes prove comparatively unremunerative. Here in New England (I know not what may be true elsewhere) there is a class of people whom it is common to hear gossiped about compassionately as "land poor." But, however scanty the income to be derived from it, a landed investment is at least substantial. It will never fail its possessor entirely. If it starve him, it will offer him a grave. It has the prime quality of permanence. At the very worst, it will last as long as it is needed. Railroads may be "wrecked," banks be broken, governments become bankrupt, and we be left to mourn; but when the earth departs we shall go with it. Yes, the ancient form of speech is correct,—land is *real*; and though we can scarcely reckon it among the necessities of life, since so

many do without it, we may surely esteem it one of the least dispensable of luxuries.

But I was beginning to speak of my tax-bill, and must not omit to mention a further advantage of real estate over other forms of property. It is certain not to be overlooked by the town assessors. Its proprietor is never shut up to the necessity of either advertising his own good fortune, or else submitting to pay less than his rightful share of the public expenses,—a merciful deliverance, for in such a strait, where either modesty or integrity must go to the wall, it is hard for human nature to be sure of itself.

To my thinking there is no call upon a man's purse which should be responded to with greater alacrity than this of the tax-gatherer. In what cause ought we to spend freely, if not in that of home and country? And which of all our disbursements is likely to yield larger returns than that which goes for the general welfare? I have heard, indeed, of some who do not agree with me in this feeling. Possibly tax-rates are now and then exorbitant. Possibly, too, my own view of the subject might be different were my quota of the public levy more considerable. This year, for instance, I am called upon for seventy-three cents; were the demand for as many dollars, who knows whether I might not welcome it with less enthusiasm? On such a point it would be unbecoming for me to speak. Enough

that even with my fraction of a dollar I am able to rejoice that I have a share in all the town's multifarious outlay. If an additional fire-engine is bought, or a new school-house built, or the public library replenished, it is done in part out of my pocket.

Here, however, let me make a single exception. I seldom go home (such language still escapes me involuntarily) without finding that one or another of the old roads has been newly repaired. I hope that no mill of my annual seventy or eighty cents goes into work of that sort. The roads — such as I have in mind — are out of the way and little traveled, and, in my opinion, were better left to take care of themselves. There is no artist but will testify that a crooked road is more picturesque than a straight one; while a natural border of alder bushes, grape-vines, Roxbury wax-work, Virginia creeper, wild cherry, and such like is an inexpensive decoration of the very best sort, such as the Village Improvement Society ought never to allow any highway surveyor to lay his hands on, unless in some downright exigency. What a short-sighted policy it is which provides for the comfort of the feet, but makes no account of those more intellectual and spiritual pleasures which enter through the eye! It may be answered, I know, that in matters of general concern it is necessary to consult the greatest good of the greatest number; and that, while all the inhabitants of the town are supplied with feet, comparatively few of them have eyes. There is force in this, it must be admitted. Possibly the highway surveyor (the highwayman, I was near to writing) is not so altogether wrong in his "improvements." At all events, it is not worth while for me to make the question one of conscience, and go to jail rather than pay my taxes, as Thoreau did. Let it suffice to enter my protest. Whatever others may desire, for myself, as often as I revisit W——, I wish to

be able to repeat with unction the words of W——'s only poet, —

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!"

And how am I to do that, if the "scenes" have been modernized past recognition?

My own landed possessions are happily remote from roads. Not till long after my day will the "tide of progress" bring them "into the market," as the real-estate brokers are fond of saying. I have never yet been troubled with the importunities of would-be purchasers. Indeed, it is a principal recommendation of woodland property that one's sense of proprietorship is so little liable to be disturbed. I often reflect how altered the case would be were my fraction of an acre in some peculiarly desirable location near the centre of the village. Then I could hardly avoid knowing that the neighbors were given to speculating among themselves about my probable selling price; once in a while I should be confronted with a downright offer; and what assurance could I feel that somebody would not finally tempt me beyond my strength, and actually buy me out? As it is, my land is mine; and, unless extreme poverty overtakes me, mine it is reasonably certain to remain, till death shall separate us.

Whatever contributes to render life interesting and enjoyable goes so far toward making difficult its final inevitable surrender; and it must be confessed that the thought of my wood-lot increases my otherwise natural regret at being already so well along on my journey. In a sense I feel my own existence to be bound up with that of my pine-trees; or, to speak more exactly, that their existence is bound up with mine. For it is a sort of unwritten but inexorable law in W——, as in fact it appears to be throughout New England, that no pine must ever be allowed to reach more than half its normal growth; so that my trees are certain to fall un-

der the axe as soon as their present owner is out of the way. I am not much given to superstition. There are no longer any dryads, it is to be presumed; and if there were, it is not clear that they would be likely to take up with pines; but for all that, I do cherish an almost affectionate regard for any trees with which I have become familiar. I have mourned the untimely fate of many; and now, seeing that I have been entrusted with the guardianship of these few, I hold myself under a kind of sacred obligation to live as long as possible, for their sakes.

It is now a little less than a fortnight since I paid them a visit. The path runs through the wood for perhaps half a mile; and, as I sauntered along, I heard every few rods the thump of falling acorns, though there was barely wind enough to sway the tree-tops. "Mother Earth has begun her harvesting in good earnest," I thought. The present is what the squirrels call a good year. They will laugh and grow fat. Their oak orchards have seldom done better; the chestnut oaks in particular, the handsome, rosy-tipped acorns of which are noticeably abundant.

This interesting species, so like the chestnut itself in both bark and leaf, is unfortunately not to be found in my own lot; at any rate, I have never discovered it there, although it grows freely only a short distance away. But I have not explored the ground with anything like thoroughness, and, to tell the truth, am not at all certain that I know just where the boundaries run. In this respect my real estate is not unlike my intellectual possessions; concerning which latter I often find it impossible to determine what is actually mine and what another's. I have written an essay before now, and at the end been more or less in doubt where to set the quotation marks. For that matter, indeed, I incline to believe that the whole tract of woods in the midst of which my little

spot is situated belongs to me quite as really as to the various persons who claim the legal ownership. Not many of these latter, I am confident, get a better annual income from the property than I do; and even in law possession is said to be nine points out of the ten. They are never to be found at home when I call, and I feel no scruple about carrying away whatever I please. My treasures, be it said, however, are chiefly of an impalpable sort, — mostly thoughts and feelings, though with a few flowers and ferns now and then; the one set about as valuable as the other, the proprietors of the land would probably think.

In one aspect of the case, the lot which is more strictly my own is just now in a very interesting condition, though one that, unhappily, is far from being uncommon. Except the pines already mentioned (only six or eight in number), the wood was entirely cut off a few years before I came into possession, and at present the place is covered with a thicket of vines, bushes, and young trees, all engaged in an almost desperate struggle for existence. When the ground was cleared, every seed in it bestirred itself and came up; others made haste to enter from without; and ever since then the battle has been going on. It is curious to consider how changed the appearance of things will be at the end of fifty years, should nature be left till then to take its course. By that time the contest will for the most part be over. At least nineteen twentieths of all the plants that enlisted in the fight will have been killed, and where now is a dense mass of shrubbery will be a grove of lordly trees, with the ground underneath broad-spaced and clear. A noble result; but achieved at what a cost! If one were likely himself to live so long, it would be worth while to catalogue the species at present in the field, for the sake of comparing it with a similar list of half a century

later. The contrast would be an impressive sermon on the mutability of mundane things. But we shall be past the need of preaching, most of us, before that day arrives, and not unlikely shall have been ourselves preached about in enforcement of the same trite theme.

Thoughts of this kind came to me the other afternoon, as I stood in the path (what is known as the town path cuts the lot in two) and looked about. So much was going on in this bit of earth, itself the very centre of the universe to multitudes of living things. The city out of which I had come was not more densely populous. Here at my elbow stood a group of sassafras saplings, remnants of a race that has held the ground for nobody knows how long. One of my earliest recollections of the place is of coming hither to dig for fragrant roots. Then it had never dawned upon me that the owner of the land would some day die, and leave it to me, his heir. How hard and rocky the ground was! And how hard we worked for a very little bark! Yet few of my pleasures have lasted better. The spicy taste is in my mouth still. Even in those days I remarked the glossy green twigs of this elegant species, as well as the unique and beautiful variety of its leaves, — some entire and oval, others mitten-shaped, and others yet three-lobed; an extremely pretty bit of originality, suiting admirably with the general comely habit of this tree. There are some trees, as some men, that seem born to dress well.

Along with the sassafras I was delighted to find one or two small specimens of the flowering dogwood (*Cornus florida*), — another original genius, and one which I now for the first time became acquainted with as a tenant of my own. Its deeply veined leaves are not in any way remarkable (unless it be for their varied autumnal tints), and are all fashioned after one pattern. Its blossoms, too, are small and inconspicuous;

but these latter it sets round with large white bracts (universally mistaken for petals by the uninitiated), and in flowering time it is beyond comparison the showiest tree in the woods, while its fruit is the brightest of coral red. I hope these saplings of mine may hold their own in the struggle for life, and be flourishing in all their beauty when my successor goes to look at them fifty years hence.

Having spoken of the originality of the sassafras and the dogwood, I must not fail to mention their more abundant neighbor, the witch-hazel, or hamamelis. In comparison with its wild freak of singularity, the modest idiosyncrasies of the other two seem almost conventional. Why, if not for sheer oddity's sake, should any bush in this latitude hold back its blossoms till near the edge of winter? As I looked at the half-grown buds, clustered in the axils of the yellow leaves, they appeared to be waiting for the latter to fall, that they might have the sunlight all to themselves. They will need it, one would say, in our bleak November weather.

Overfull of life as my wild garden patch was, it would not have kept its (human) possessor very long from starvation. One or two barberry bushes made a brave show of fruitfulness; but the handsome clusters were not yet ripe, and even at their best they are more ornamental than nutritive, — though, after the frost has cooked them, one may go farther and fare worse. A few stunted maple-leaved viburnums (*this* plant's originality is imitative, — a not uncommon sort, by the bye) proffered scanty cymes of dark purplish drupes. Here and there was a spike of red berries, belonging to the false Solomon's-seal or false spikenard (what a pity this worthy herb should not have a less negative title!); but these it would have been a shame to steal from the grouse. Not far off a single black alder was reddening its fruit, which all the while it hugged

close to the stem, as if in dread lest some chance traveler should be attracted by the bright color. It need not have trembled, for this time at least. I had just dined, and was tempted by nothing save two belated blackberries, the very last of the year's crop, and a single sa-safras leaf, mucilaginous and savory, admirable as a relish. A few pigeon-berries might have been found, I dare say, had I searched for them, and possibly a few sporadic checkerberries; while right before my eyes was a vine loaded with large bunches of very small frost-grapes, such as for hardness would have served well enough for school-boys' marbles. Everything has its favorable side, however; and probably the birds counted it a blessing that the grapes were small and hard and sour; else greedy men would have come with baskets and carried them all away. Except some scattered rose-hips, I have enumerated everything which looked edible, I believe, though a hungry man's eyes might have lengthened the list materially. The cherry-trees, hickories, and oaks were not yet in bearing, as the horticultural phrase is; but I was glad to run upon a clump of bayberry bushes, which offer nothing good to eat, to be sure, but are excellent to smell of. The leaves always seem to invite crushing, and I never withhold my hand.

Among the crowd of young trees — scrub oaks, red oaks, white oaks, cedars, ashes, hickories, birches, maples, aspens, sumachs, and hornbeams — was a single tupelo. The distinguished name honors my catalogue, but I am half sorry to have it there. For, with all its sturdiness, the tupelo does not bear competition, and I foresee plainly that my unlucky adventurer will inevitably find itself overshadowed by more rapid growers, and be dwarfed and deformed, if not killed outright. Some of the very strongest natures (and the remark is of general application) require to be planted in the open, where they can be

free to develop in their own way and at leisure. But this representative of *Nyssa multiflora* took the only chance that offered, I presume, as the rest of us must do.

Happy the humble! who aspire not to lofty things, demanding the lapse of years for their fulfillment, but are content to set before themselves some lesser task, such as the brevity of a single season may suffice to accomplish. Here were the asters and golden-rods already finishing their course in glory, while the tupelo was still barely getting under way in a race which, however prolonged, was all but certain to terminate in failure. Of the golden-rods I noted four species, including the white — which might appropriately be called silvery-rod — and the blue-stemmed. The latter (*Solidago caesia*) is to my eye the prettiest of all that grow with us, though it is nearly the least obtrusive. It is rarely, if ever, found outside of woods, and ought to bear some name (sylvan golden-rod, perhaps) indicative of the fact.

As a rule, fall flowers have little delicacy and fragrance. They are children of the summer; and, loving the sun, have had almost an excess of good fortune. With such pampering, it is no wonder they grow rank and coarse. They would be more than human, I was going to say, if they did not. It is left for stern winter's progeny, the blossoms of early spring-time, who struggle upward through the snow and are blown upon by chilly winds, — it is left for these gentle creatures, at once so hardy and so frail, to illustrate the sweet uses of adversity.

All in all, it was a motley company which I beheld thus huddled together in my speck of forest clearing. Even the lands beyond the sea were represented, for here stood mullein and yarrow, contesting the ground with oaks and hickories. The smaller wood flowers were not wanting, of course, though none of them were now in bloom. Py-

rola and winter-green, violets (the common blue sort and the leafy-stemmed yellow), strawberry and five-finger, saxifrage and columbine, rock-rose and bed-straw, self-heal and wood-sorrel, — these, and no doubt many more, were there, filling the chinks otherwise unoccupied.

My assortment of ferns is small, but I noted seven species: the brake, the polypody, the hay-scented, and four species of shield-ferns, — *Aspidium Noveboracense*, *Aspidium spinulosum*, variety *intermedium*, *Aspidium marginale*, and the Christmas fern, *Aspidium acrostichoides*. The last named is the one of which I am proudest. For years I have been in the habit of coming hither at Christmas time to gather the fronds, which are then as bright and fresh as in June. Two of the others, the polypody and *Aspidium marginale*, are evergreen also, but they are coarser in texture and of a less lively color. Writing of these flowerless beauties, I am tempted to exclaim again, "Happy the humble!" The brake is much the largest and stoutest of the seven, but it is by a long time the first to be cut down before the frost.

Should I ever meet with reverses, as the wealthiest and most prudent are liable to do, and be compelled to part with my woodland inheritance, I shall count it expedient to seek a purchaser in the spring. At that season its charms are greatly enhanced by a lively brook. This comes tumbling down the hill-side, dashing against the bowlders (of which the land has plenty), and altogether acting like a thing not born to die; but alas, the early summer sees it make an end, to wait the melting of next winter's snow. Many a happy hour did I, as a youngster, pass upon its banks, watching with wonder the swarms of tiny insects which darkened the foam and the snow, and even filmed the surface of the brook itself. I marveled then, as I do now, why such creatures should be out so early. Possibly our very prompt

March friend, the phœbe, could suggest an explanation.

A break in the forest is of interest not only to such plants as I have been remarking upon, but also to various species of birds. No doubt the towhee, the brown thrush, and the cat-bird found out this spot years ago, and have been using it ever since for summer quarters. Indeed, a cat-bird snarled at me for an intruder this very September afternoon, though he himself was most likely nothing more than a chance pilgrim going South. This member of the noble wren family and near cousin of the mocking-bird would be better esteemed if he were to drop that favorite feline call of his. But this is his bit of originality (imitative, like the maple-leaved viburnums), and perhaps, if justice were done, it would be put down to his credit rather than made an occasion of ill-will.

Once during the afternoon a company of chickadees happened in upon me; and, taking my cue from the newspaper folk, I immediately essayed an interview. My imitation of their conversational notes was hardly begun before one of the birds flew toward me, and, alighting near by, proceeded to answer my calls with a mimicry so exact as fairly to be startling. To all appearance the quick-witted fellow had taken the game into his own hands. Instead of my deceiving him, he would probably go back and entertain his associates with amusing accounts of how cleverly he had fooled a stranger, out yonder in the bushes.

It would have seemed a graceful and appropriate acknowledgment of my rightful ownership of the land on which the cat-bird and the titmice were foraging, had they greeted me with songs. But it would hardly have been courteous for me to propose the matter, and evidently it did not occur to them. At all events, I heard no music except the hoarse and solemn asseverations of the

katydid, the gentler message of the crickets, and in the distance an occasional roll-call of the grouse. My dog — who is a much better sportsman than myself, but whose companionship, I am ashamed to see, has not till now been mentioned — was all the while making forays hither and thither into the surrounding woods; and once in a while I heard, what is the best of all music in his ears, the whir of “partridge” wings.

Likely as not he thought it a queer freak on my part to spend the afternoon thus idly, when with a gun I might have been so much more profitably employed. He could not know that I was satiating myself with a miser's delights, feasting my eyes upon my own. In truth, I fancy he takes it for granted that the whole forest belongs to me — and to him. Perhaps it does. As I said just now, I sometimes think so myself.

Bradford Torrey.

FROM THE GARDEN OF A FRIEND.

CARL PETERSEN was one of the innumerable company of artists who paint pretty pictures for a living, and Mimi was his wife. They were Danes by parentage, but had lived so long in Rome that there was very little Dane left in them, except the honor and simplicity of character one so frequently finds in that people.

They were about as poor as they could comfortably be, this young couple. Carl painted from morning till night, and sold his pictures to Spilorchia, the dealer, who paid for them ten per cent. of the price they ultimately brought. Carl knew that he got only ten per cent., but it was better to be sure of so much than to wait for more from purchasers who might never come. What can a poor artist do when people *will* go to the dealers instead of the studios to buy? But Carl had a plan of escape from this servitude. He meant to lay by a little money, bit by bit, till he should be able to keep back one picture from Spilorchia, and place it instead in the window of a friendly bookseller. He might have to wait a good while; but then he would have ten times as much. And one step made in advance, the second must follow.

The Petersens lived in one of those

Roman paradises which you reach by passing through a Roman purgatory, if that can be called a purgatory which soils instead of cleansing. You cross to Trastevere, pass through several dingy streets, enter a dingier one, that is narrow and dark as well, pass a gloomy *portone* into a green and dripping court, go up a wide stair that smells of garlic and is sometimes infested by dirty children, — up and up to the top. There is an anteroom which has possibilities. Disgust gives place to doubt. There is an ineffably dingy kitchen, which nevertheless calls forth an exclamation of delight from an artist; for, going to the window, you see through wide coincident rifts of many a succeeding line of roofs an exquisite airy vista of mountain, villa, and grove.

Carl had advertised for a studio with two or three rooms attached, and on their first visit to the locality the young couple began as we have, leaving the studio for the last. They were anxious, for they had been house-hunting for a whole month, and were nearly worn out. Besides, time was money to them.

The last door opened. They caught their breath, stepped in, and gave one glance; then turned and rushed into each other's arms. Eureka!

The chamber was palatial in size, and beautifully proportioned; but the glory of it was what came in from outside. Three windows looking toward the northeast gave them the whole of Rome, the Alban and Sabine mountains, and a flood of light. They would have a full view of the sunrise, too; and up to ten o'clock three oblique lines of sunshine moved across their floor.

This room was both studio and salon. Mimi had her work-table at one window, the dining-table stood before another, and Carl's easel was set by the third. They did everything there but cook and sleep, and the place was charming, if bare. Little by little they were covering the rough walls with pictures of all sorts, cut from illustrated papers and magazines, and at intervals Carl painted a slender panel of deep blue, or dull gold, or soft green. His few artistic properties were scattered about. There was a screen or two, a carved chair, and a beautiful oaken chest, very old and carved in palm-leaves. A graceful wicker basket hung over this chest, against one of Carl's blue panels. Mimi cherished this basket, for it had been sent to her on her wedding-day, full of white camellias and blue violets.

Besides the apartment, they had also a garden, only one story below, against the hill-side. A little flight of stairs led to it from the studio. In this garden they had found a treasure,—a young mandarin orange-tree in the first year of its blooming. It was so white with blossoms that it seemed to be fainting under the weight of them. Mimi carefully pinched them all off but one.

"The tree is n't strong enough to bear," she said, "and these blossoms will perfume the studio." She carried them up in her apron, and poured the sweet white drift into her wicker basket on the wall.

The one blossom she had spared faded off in time, and left a green bullet. The

bullet grew, and became a ball two inches in diameter. How they watched that little one, having no child of their own! How they guarded it from every possible harm! It was shielded from the wind, covered from hail and heavy rain; and woe to the spider which should spin its web there, or the lizard led by curiosity to whisk up the large brown vase that held their treasure!

The tree grew in the light of their eyes as well as in the sunshine, and seemed to take pride in its own achievement, holding out the laden twig as who should say, "Do you see this child of mine? I also have produced an orange, O my sisters multitudinous of Sorrento and Seville!"

The mandarin turned yellow gradually. At Christmas there were only a tiny cloud and a thread of green. But Mimi was impatient. When Carl sat down to his Christmas dinner, there lay upon his napkin a fragrant golden ball, with a pointed green leaf standing out at either side, wing-like, as if the thing had flown there.

"If it turns out to be dry or sour, I shall feel betrayed," Mimi said. "I could n't wait any longer to know. Let's try it before we eat."

Carl gave the fruit a scientific pinch, as a cat takes her kittens up by the neck. "It will at least be juicy," he said. "The skin does n't come off too easily."

The orange was carefully divided, as an orange ought to be, according to the manner of its putting together, and Carl leaned across the table and put one section between the two rows of pearly teeth his wife opened to receive it. Then, while she waited with immovable jaws and lips drawn back, a second section disappeared under his blonde mustache. Looking anxiously into each other's faces, they closed their teeth at the same instant, like two small wine-presses; and at the same instant a sparkling satisfaction foamed up into the eyes of both. The mandarin was a success!

"U-u-m-m!" growled Mimi, inarticulately and low, like a cat over a mouse. "It is the king of mandarins!" she cried, when her tongue was free. "It is the Emperor of China himself. How can we wait a whole year for another crop!"

They had to wait, however; and when blossom-time came round again, they left thirty of the finest flowers, the tree having grown stout and matronly. At Christmas thirty globes of pure gold hung amid the dark green foliage.

"I have exchanged fifteen of them for a chicken," Mimi said to her husband on the morning of December 24th. "You know, Carl, we can afford neither to eat nor to give them away, after the extra expenses we have had."

These extra expenses were for a dress coat and a silk dress with a train, or, as Mimi called them for short, a *rondine* and a *strascico*. The young people had some fine friends, who did not choose that they should remain in obscurity, and they were invited out occasionally. Aside from the pleasure they found in society, they knew that it might help Carl in his art to meet such people; and therefore, with tremulous hearts, they had ventured not only to spend their little savings, but to incur a small debt, in order to make themselves presentable. Nor was this all. They had still further diminished their present means by keeping back one of Carl's pictures from the dealer, and setting it in the bookseller's window instead.

This adventurous picture was nothing less than a portrait of their mandarin orange-tree as it had been the year before. It was the same, yet not the same. It was the tree as love saw it.

There was the high, dark gray wall, with an undulating line of green Janiculum above it, and above that a band of pure azure. Below, on a jagged table of ancient masonry that had once been a wall, stood the large brown vase. The slender, supple tree leaned all one

way toward the single orange that hung heavily at the tip of its foremost twig, and all the leaves seemed to be twisting their stems about in order to see it. There were still a few faint green lines upon its yellow ripeness; and, studying, one might see that they hinted forth the picture's name, — Il Primogenito. In the wall above was set a torn umbrella, with bunches of long grass carefully stopping the holes. A blue cup full of water stood beside the vase, and a painter's brush, still tinged with blue, was stuck, handle down, where it had loosened the earth about the tree. Around the vase, making a half circle from the wall, was a rough protective barrier, composed of fragments of antique sculpture, heads, arms, hands, half-seen faces, a shoulder pushing out, a strip of egg-moulding as white as milk, a bit of stone-fluting, the curling tip of an acanthus leaf. Lastly, the picture was flooded with sunshine.

If Carl was ever to be famous, it would be for painting sunshine.

They had hopes of this picture, and of their new friends. Only the week before, at a musicale given by the Signora Cremona, they had made the acquaintance of the famous English poetess, Madama Landon, and the great lady had praised one of Carl's pictures which she had seen at the house of a friend. Who knew but she might wish to see others, to buy one, or at least to praise them to others?

The Primogenito unsold, then, Mimi had exchanged half of her oranges for their Christmas roast. "And I have been thinking, Carl," she said, "that we might send the other half to the Cremonas as an acknowledgment of their kindness to us. We have dined there twice, and there was the musicale. We could send them in my basket, and they will make a very pretty show."

They went to work at once. The basket was lined with moss, and over that Mimi laid a little open-wrought

napkin, laboriously made by her own fingers by drawing threads out of linen. Each mandarin was cut with a stem and a leaf or two, and artistically placed.

"How beautiful!" sighed Mimi. "And there are just enough. One more would be a bump, and one less a dent."

A note was written on their last sheet of fine paper; the basket was covered with white tissue-paper, and tied with blue ribbons preserved from their wedding presents.

When Carl went out with the basket, Mimi followed him to the stairs, and looked after him with tears in her eyes.

"It's like sending one's own children out into the world," she thought. "Dear little creatures! They have never had anything but love and praising here."

And so the basket of mandarins began its travels; its grand tour, in fact.

It reached the Signora Cremona in safety.

"How pretty!" said the lady. "But we have fruit for to-day, and to-morrow we dine out. I will send the basket to Mrs. James, with our regrets for her breakfast to-morrow."

A note was written. The Signora Cremona was so sorry that a previous engagement would prevent their breakfasting with Mrs. James the next day, and begged her to accept a basket of mandarin oranges, which she thought would be fine, as they were from a friend's garden.

Mrs. James and her sister were just having their after-breakfast coffee and cigarettes when the present was brought in.

"The Cremonas cannot come," Mrs. James said, reading the note. "And see what a lovely basket of mandarins! If we had not bought and settled everything for to-morrow, I would set this in the middle of the table, just as it is. Oh! I'll tell you what we can do,—send it with a note to Monsignore Ap-

petitoso. He might hear of our breakfast, you know, and feel slighted. Poor soul! I should n't want to offend him. He is very useful."

The note was written, the blue ribbons were tied for the third time, and the young tourists set out anew on their travels.

Monsignore Appetitoso was a *jubilato a mezza paga*; that is, having passed a certain age, he was dispensed from the duties of his office with a pension of half its salary. Besides this, the pay being small, the Pope had assigned him a free apartment in the canonicate of Santa Veronica del Fazzoletto, a palace that was nearly vacant, the canons preferring to reside outside. Here the old gentleman lived very comfortably, though without luxury; going out to dinner when he was invited, getting an afternoon cup of tea and slice of cake in some lady's drawing-room now and then, and dreaming over the happy days, long past, when he was *delegato*, and rounded his dinner off with ices, candies, and *vin santo*, instead of roasted chestnuts and a biscuit.

Monsignore dined at one o'clock, and was just eating a *biscottino* with his glass of Marsala, after the soup, boiled beef and greens, stewed pigeons and roasted chestnuts, which had formed the repast, when Mrs. James's present arrived.

(We make haste to add, lest scrupulous souls should be scandalized at a priest's eating meat on a vigil, that Monsignore was dispensed from both fasting and abstinence on account of his sixty-eight years and a disease of the stomach. Some of his laughing brethren averred that the disease was a constant voracious appetite; but that is not our affair.)

The basket was uncovered with eagerness, and, settling himself more comfortably in his chair, Monsignore prepared to devour its whole contents then and there. But as he smilingly lifted off

the topmost orange, a thought arrested him.

He had just heard — the news came in with the roasted chestnuts — that the rector of the College of Converted Zulus had been taken seriously ill that morning, and therefore could not have the honor of dining with Cardinal Inghilterra the next evening.

Now Monsignore had felt hurt at not receiving an invitation to this dinner. He loved the cardinal as only a poor gourmand can love a rich one, and had served him to the extent of his power. Who knows, he thought, but I may be asked to fill the rector's place? There was every probability of it, if only that pushing Monsignore Barili did not thrust himself in. Would not the cardinal be touched by the amiable piety of a man who should send him a basket of fruit after having been excluded from his dinner-table? He, Monsignore, was not expected to know anything about the rector of the Zulus' opportune seizure, or at least not so quickly.

He put the orange carefully back into its place, and, after ringing his bell, tied the blue ribbons again, — their fourth tying, as the creases in them began to hint.

"Giacomo," he said, when his man appeared, "run as fast as you can with this to Cardinal Inghilterra, and ask permission to see him. Make the proper compliments, and try to find out if Monsignore Barili has been there to-day."

Cardinal Inghilterra lunched when Monsignore dined, and he was still at table when Giacomo was graciously permitted to present himself. Poor Monsignore was useful to others beside Mrs. James, and the cardinal used him a good deal, and treated him with good-natured, condescending familiarity.

He sat in a room like a green tent, with a window full of sunshine and a garden behind him. Before him on the table was a cup of coffee, into which he was just dropping a lump of sugar from

the tips of his white dimpled fingers. At his right hand was a liquor stand, and a gilded glass rosily full of "Perfetto Amore," one of the new Turin liquors that are trying to oust French ones from the market. An open note, the agonized regrets of the rector of the Zulus, lay at his left hand.

As Giacomo entered, and received a nod of recognition and a sign to wait, the cardinal was listening to his majordomo, who, full of reverential anxiety, was communicating to his Eminence the possibility that fish might not be forthcoming for to-morrow's dinner. A storm had driven back the fishes of the west coast the night before, and the wind there was still contrary. There was not even a minnow in the market to-day; and the dealers had promised more than they expected to receive. The cook had prayed, bribed, and threatened, but the event still remained doubtful.

The cardinal listened with tranquillity, sipping his coffee. He did not believe in impossibilities — for himself.

"There is a telegraph in Rome," he remarked, as if communicating an item of news. "And there is" — he sipped his coffee — "a telegraph at Civita Vecchia" — another sip — "and at Porto d'Anzio" — sip — "and at Ancona" — sip — "and at various other sea, and therefore fish, ports around the coast of Italy;" and he finished his coffee, and set the cup aside.

"Certainly, Eminenza!" the man struck in. "But I could not incur the expense without a special permission. If I send three telegrams to make sure of one, I may have to pay for three baskets of fishes; and besides, the price" —

"You can discuss that with the cook," interrupted his master, and, waving him away, beckoned Giacomo to advance.

"Monsignore is very good," he said, after listening to the man's errand. "Tell him that I am infinitely obliged. And" — he hesitated, and glanced at

the letter beside him. He saw through Monsignore's little pious ruse perfectly; but, as we have said, he was good-natured. "Wait in the anteroom a moment," he added. "See if Antonio is there, and send him to me."

Giacomo bowed himself out backward, and Antonio bowed himself in forward. He was a man of such a villainous solemnity of aspect that, had one encountered him in heaven even, one would have recognized him as the confidential servant of a priest. Face cleanly shaven, eyes downcast, mouth firmly closed, neck advanced as if to lay its head on the block (for virtue's sake, *s' intende*), and what mocking young Italy calls an expression of *Gesù mio* made Antonio one of the cream of his kind.

"Cover these mandarins with the best roses that you can find in the garden," the cardinal said, "and take them, with my compliments, to the Signora Landon. Throw away the wraps; they are soiled. And you need not let Giacomo see you."

Exit Antonio in funereal silence.

About the same time two ladies were examining a picture set up frameless on a table in a little salon in Hotel Bristol.

"Is n't it charming?" said one of them. "I bought it this morning, and I am going to send it home to Tom. I can't keep it for myself, because the sunshine of it freckles me. Tom will be delighted with it, it is so Italian. I know the artist. He and his wife were at La Cremona's musicale last week. Such a nice little couple!—like two birds."

Enter Antonio.

"Oh! was it you, Antonio?" cried the lady, turning. "I thought it was my shoemaker. How is his Eminence?"

Antonio, with the air of taking his last leave of his dearest friend, delivered his message.

"How perfectly lovely!" was the re-

sponse. "Will you come and look at these mandarins, Lady Mary? See how well they are arranged! *Mandarini* smothered in roses! They need not blush before strawberries and cream. It is a poem. Eminenza's fruit is worthy to have grown on my painted orange-tree. Stay a moment, Antonio, while I write my thanks."

The quill went scrawling over a sheet of cream-colored paper, that had initials and a crest occupying all the left side; a prompt white hand slapped the blotting-book over those large characters, folded, inclosed, and directed the note, and sealed it with a ring worn on the writer's thumb.

Antonio received this missive as though it were his death-warrant, but with a sudden convulsion of face as he felt the generous breadth of a five-franc piece under it. He had nearly smiled.

"The cardinal has such good taste!" the poetess said, smilingly contemplating his gift, when Antonio had faded away. "But, unfortunately, I never eat oranges. They make me bilious. Oh! I know what I will do. I can send them to the artist who painted that picture. It will be a pleasant way of announcing to him that his picture is sold. The bookseller told me that he had already been in this morning to see if any one had looked at it, and seemed very sad. Jeannette can carry the basket over with a note to-morrow morning. There is no time this afternoon. Will you please touch the bell-knob at your elbow, Mary?"

A servant appeared.

"Bring me a vase with water for these roses," Mrs. Landon said. "And send my maid to me."

The next day Mimi and Carl had their dinner at noon. It was a poorer dinner than they had ever before eaten on a *festa* day, for there was nothing to follow their chicken but four *soldi* worth of cheese and their coffee. To

be sure, there is n't much sense in eating cheese when you have no fruit; but, as Mimi said, their hearts had been so full of the mandarins that may be their stomachs might have felt the influence. Besides, cheese gives a certain air.

Their cheerfulness was a little forced to-day. Carl had been painting since daybreak, and was tired, and his wife was not feeling well.

"Did you say that this was a chicken?" he asked, probing the fowl before him.

"Why, yes, dear, and a nice plump one, too," replied Mimi, trying to make the best of everything. "Did n't I pay fifteen golden mandarins fresh from the mint for it? Did you think that it was a goose?"

"No," said Carl, laboriously cutting, "I did n't think that it was a goose; but—err—seems to me that it has—err—a good deal of—err—character for a chicken."

"You don't mean to say that it's tough!" Mimi faltered, trying to keep back the tears that made a sudden rush for her eyes.

Carl's reply was checked by the sound of their door-bell, sharply rung.

"A beggar!" said Mimi, and started up hastily, glad to hide her face, and snatching a piece of bread as she went.

"I ought n't to have let her know that it is tough, poor Mimi!" thought Carl.

In two minutes she came back radiant.

"See! a present and a note from Madama Landon!" she cried, holding out a basket swathed in tissue-paper, and elaborately tied with a silken cord. "Her maid brought it. It is fruit, as sure as you live. God is good! How nice it is to be remembered, and have something come in,—just in the nick of time, too! That dear lady! I knew she had a good heart, she is so bright-eyed and has so much color. She blushes if she stirs. I always noticed—

Why, Carl, the handle of this basket is just like ours!"

"Of course there are plenty in the world like it," remarked Carl, watching with great interest the careful undoing of the blue, softly twisted cords.

"It is heavenly to get just such a one back," said Mimi, picking carefully, with an impatient tremor, at the knots. "It makes this seem a sort of second wedding-day, does n't it, dear?"

The last cover off, the two stared for one moment in silence at their gift, then at each other, then at their gift again. Their faces had grown very blank. Then Mimi, with a finger and thumb, lifted out by the stem one mandarin after another, setting them in a row on the table. There were fifteen.

"I did n't need this to prove it," she said in a hushed voice, picking the napkin out of the basket. "I know the looks of those mandarins as well as I know yours. I could go out now and set each one on its own twig on the tree."

Another blank silence; then Mimi burst into a laugh. "Don't you see, Carl? La Cremona must have sent them to her, they were so pretty; and she has sent them to us, without ever suspecting. Is n't it comical, and delightful? Oh, little prodigals, welcome home again!"

They bethought themselves to read the note. The lady had written:—

DEAR SIGNOR PETERSEN,—Allow me to offer you some mandarins which are worthy to have grown on your own tree, which, by the way, is now my tree. I have bought your Primogenito, and am so much pleased with it that I would like to have a companion picture, when you have time to favor me with one. With compliments to your charming wife, and a *buona festa* to both,

Yours sincerely, CLARE LANDON.

P. S. I send you the basket just as it was sent to me by a cardinal. C. L.

"A cardinal!"

No matter! Let the mystery go, since it had brought a miracle of joy. Mimi was weeping with delight.

"Give me the two very largest," she said, "and I will carry them down to those two children on the ground floor. How wicked I have been to hate them, even if they do dirty the stairs and throw stones at me! I will kiss them, Carl, since I cannot kiss God!"

"We must n't utter the word *mandarins* to La Cremona," Carl said.

But the very next time he met the Signora Cremona she thanked him with graceful cordiality for his present. "They were delicious," she said.

Carl bowed with perfect gravity.

And then he saw her blush slightly, as she hastened away from him to meet her friend, Mrs. James, who was coming across from the Spanish steps to speak to her.

"I want to thank you for that lovely fruit," Mrs. James said, with effusion. "It was the finest I have had this year; so fresh, and honey-sweet!"

The lady had excellent authority for her praises; for Monsignore Appetitoso had called on her that very morning to make his compliments on her gift. "Your mandarins arrived just in time for my dinner," he said, smacking his lips, as if he still had the taste of them in his mouth.

Mrs. James professed herself honored in having been allowed to contribute to Monsignore's Christmas dinner. "I thought the mandarins would be fine," she said. "They were sent me from the garden of a friend."

"Oh! it was the day before. I dined with his Eminence, Cardinal Inghilterra, last evening," Monsignore replied complacently. "And I thought that you might like to see the *menu*," drawing a carefully folded paper from his pocket, and a white satin ribbon from the paper.

With a simultaneous "Oh!" Mrs.

James and her sister seized the dainty gold-lettered trifle, and bumped their heads together in the eagerness with which they bent over it to see what a cardinal would give his friends for dinner.

"I hope that your Eminence enjoyed the little basket of fruit I took the liberty to send yesterday," Monsignore had said the evening before, in a momentary pause in the talk about the table. "It was from a friend's garden, and I thought it choice."

"It was most excellent!" was the gracious answer. "I have never eaten better."

And here the odor of truffles stole into Monsignore's nostrils from a dish waiting at his left elbow. Oh, how he loved that man sitting opposite him, glorious in scarlet and diamonds, and still more glorious as the dispenser of such bounties! His Eminence would have been proclaimed Pope on the instant, if Monsignore Appetitoso had had the power. Oh, how he loved him! What! Château Yquem? He would die for that man—that god! And then to have directly before his plate an exquisite dish of Spillman's best candies, and to know that what he did not eat then he could carry away in a *bonbonnière*!

Poor Monsignore had to wink hard more than once during dinner to keep from crying outright with rapture and gratitude. When they arrived at the liquors, tears were, in fact, running down his cheeks. But as all the reverend company were by this time in a more or less beaming condition, no one observed his emotion.

"Eminence," said Mrs. Landon, the first time he visited her after Christmas, "I knew, of course, that you are intimate with the saints; but I was not aware that the pagan divinities also serve you. You must be on the best of terms with the Hesperides. Nowhere but in their orchards could have

been mingled the fire and honey of your delicious mandarins."

His Eminence bowed smilingly.

"I am happy to know that you found

them to your taste," he said, in his superb, deliberate way. "They were, in fact, from — err — the garden of a friend."

Mary Agnes Tincker.

RACE PREJUDICES.

THE existence of innate race prejudices has been asserted or tacitly assumed by many writers who have had to deal with questions involving the relations of distinct branches of the human family to each other. Of late there has been a disposition among certain publicists to deny that there is any such thing as an instinctive hatred of one kind of man towards another. So far as I am aware, this question has never been submitted to a discussion. It is desirable that we should know whether this notion is true or false, for it has a very important bearing on the matter of the future relations of the African and European peoples on this continent. If race prejudice has to be reckoned with, as we reckon with illness or old age, then our problem is more complicated than it would otherwise be.

It is now clear that in the discussion of human motives we must begin our inquiry among the lower animals; there alone we can see how the foundations of the human mind were laid. It is not necessary to assume that man is the direct descendant of any of these existing animals: on the contrary, it is almost certain that none of the ancestors of man are any longer on the earth. But many of these lower forms are close kinsmen of our remoter progenitors: they show us something of our ancestral state; they enable us to picture the conditions of that low estate in which the intellect of man has spent by far the greater part of its existence. Draw a line a hundred paces long; measure on it the length of

a single pace. This pace will represent in a rude way the life of man as man; the remaining ninety-nine, the duration of his life in the lower stages of animal existence.

Although perhaps not the hundredth part of man's life has been spent in the conditions of man, we seem to see that the greater part of the human intelligence is that which belongs to the man, and not to his lower kindred. This is doubtless true of that element of the mental process in which distinct ideas are involved; but the fundamental motives, the blind impulses which drive men to actions in which reason takes little or no part, these are not, properly speaking, human qualities at all. They took their shape and attained their power before the human stage of our life began; they have been to a certain extent modified in their action by the development of the higher qualities of the mind, by the growth of the intellect and the expansion of the sympathies, but from their very antiquity they are far more firm-set and self-determined in their action than the higher acquisitions of the mind. They are also the strong members of that curious association of almost personally different elements. Sexual passion, hunger, rage, the wild impulses of flight and chase, are motives which in the mass of men differ from those which tend them to ratiocination or to sympathy as the whirlwind from the zephyr.

It is easily seen that these old and lower members of the composite man,

that copartnership of angels and devils, are not only stronger, but more quick to action, than the higher. They are the brutal gate-keepers of the castle, always ready to sally forth; while the more elevated motives may be compared to the women and the other non-combatants. Let us not despise them; to their strength we owe the support of the higher life. Let us reckon with them, and see that while they do their duty they stay where they belong.

Turning, then, to the lower mammals for evidence as to the history of antipathies, we find a wide field of inquiry lies before us. At the outset we have to notice that the only way in which we can determine the motives of a lower animal is by its acts; the only way in which we can trace a kinship between the dumb creatures' motives and those which move us is by the likeness of their actions. In the case of a fellow-man we are surer that his motives are like our own, because he can describe his state to us by means of speech. This difficulty in the interpretation of animal motives is clearly insurpassable; the only way in which we can approach their mental states is by the assumption that because their behavior is like our own, their state of mind which tends to the behavior is likewise closely related to our own. For my own part, after carefully examining the theory that animals are automaton, that in a word they have no sense of their own states of being, I have been driven to reject it altogether. The reader should know, however, that the same persons who advocate this theory believe that animals may act much as our eyes act when they close at a threat of a blow. Assuming that the lower animals feel their states, we may conclude that their emotions are closely comparable with our own.

Taking this view of the evidence, we find that among the lower animals instinctive hatreds are conspicuous in almost every part of the field where the

mental activity is great enough to give any distinct character to their actions. Next after the sexual passion, the instinct for food, and the parental instinct we must place the hatred of the neighbor, provided that neighbor in any way trespasses on their privileges. In the struggle for mates and in the combat for food, selfish impulses taking the shape of rage against the neighbor are seen in almost all the higher animals. Most commonly this hatred is exhibited against the individuals of the same species, because they are the most effective enemies: they alone enter into the contest for mates; generally they are the rivals in the effort to get food. But in cases it extends to a general hatred of other species or tribes which may enter into the contest for the chances which the field of life may afford.

When we come to the ~~animals~~ of higher grade, we find that the family instinct creates some limit on the hatred of the neighbor; for a time, while the young are in need of the parental care, an element of sympathy enters into the life, but this usually passes away with the maturity of the offspring. As we all know, the mother cat becomes indifferent to her children, and will attack them if they cross her desires. Among certain groups of animals the herd instinct is developed. In this form of association there is, especially among the pigs and monkeys, an allegiance to the clan much like that we find among men. In this case the enmity between rival herds or tribes is often seen. They will defend the common interests and make sacrifice for the common weal, but the sympathy does not extend beyond the clan, and is in most cases very imperfect within its limits. When we leave the inferior levels of life through which man passed, and come to man himself, we find in his lower races an almost precise repetition of the conditions of the lower animals; the only variations are the effects of his more discerning mind. The lowest races of

man are gathered into small tribes, which are in a state of chronic war with all the tribes about them ; sympathy has extended only as far as the narrow tribal limits, and within these it is hardly more than a faint twilight, when compared with the day which is to come thereafter. Gradually, by culture, this sympathy expands, until it makes society possible. Even in the best adjusted states it is only the more cultivated people whose sympathies have so enlarged that they readily extend to unseen men, or to those who differ from them in any important regard. Most people readily sympathize with those of their own social station or of their own occupation, but not with those who are widely separated from them in these or other regards. It is easy to perceive that the capacity of sympathy, the power of loving the fellow-man in a strange aspect, is rare even in our more cultivated people. The *other man*, provided his *otherishness* is great, is not even among cultivated people protected by the mantle of sympathy from the outbreak of the hatred which any sudden conflict may engender. The instinctive desire to crush the contestant, which we inherit from our lower life in man and beast, must have been felt by all ordinary mortals, however refined : it is still very strong in the lower orders of our most civilized societies, and with them the charitable motive is much weaker than among most cultivated people. When aroused, this motive expresses itself in a desire to strike and slay ; it is so strong that delicately bred men, who would hardly be able in cold blood to kill a dog, will under its stimulus find a certain joy in driving the sword through the skull of a fellow-man, or in seeing a charging column scattered, like old clothes in the air, before the canister-shot of a battery. Nothing will so well account for the peculiar strength of this strange motive of slaughter as the theory that it is the product of immemorial

contest, in which the fiercest won and lived, and sent down to us their accumulated capacity for fury.

It needs little experience or reading to show the observer that this capacity for rage against the opponent everywhere lies below the smooth surface of our modern civilized manner, as the blood beneath the skin. Law and custom may tame it, as it is their function to do ; but it abides in the man along with the bodily parts which he derived from the lower life. Let the hold of the social order be broken by any excitement which strongly moves their passion, and a body of people who deem themselves civilized, whose ordinary motives are humane, may become the brutal savages of a mob. Their frail covering of civilization disappears in an instant before the strong ancestral passion of rage. It does not seem necessary further to elaborate this part of our subject, for it seems clear enough that we, in our best estate, inherit a capacity of instinctive rage against those who threaten whatever we hold dear. We will therefore pass to the consideration of some of the actions of this ancient impulse in our modern society. We will first consider the conditions of the sympathies which make head against these brutal motives.

The motive of sympathy is one which we have derived through inheritance from the lower life of man ; its intensity and extension are very much less than the motives of rage, though in our higher man they are more continuously active. So far as the sympathy takes the limited form of family affection, it is from its long culture very strong ; often, indeed, more powerful than the motive of rage. Within the limits of friendship it is also fairly strong ; among a noble few it extends beyond these limits. But its intensity with all but the loftiest spirits diminishes rapidly as we go away from the circle of the family or those known by intimate contact. To pro-

mote this extension of the sympathetic motives without limiting their intensity is the great problem of our modern life.

The limitations in the extension of sympathy are very curious. Depending, as it does, on the sense of likeness in the fellow-man to whom it goes out, it is checked by any barriers of speech, demeanor, or aspect which seem to deny the kinship of the being to ourselves. A man may in vain strive to feel sympathy towards a fellow-mortal in a totally different station in the world, and fail to awaken the motive in his breast, until a cry of pain or a look of agony arouses the full sense of fellowship, when at once the fountains of his soul are opened. Those of keen constructive imaginations and great sympathetic power can picture the look of pleading, or their quickened ears can hear the moan from beyond the hills or over the sea; but they have the divinity within them, and, unhappily, do not often walk the earth.

We see in most men that whatever sets them apart creates a boundary to the extension of the sense of sympathy or friendship. To wear a different totem, or to have the tattoo in different lines, will make the bounds in the lower kind of man; speaking a different dialect will serve in a higher station; worshipping God in a peculiar way will make the boundary of sympathy in the more cultivated levels of society.

Of all the circumstances which naturally limit the sympathies, the most effective are physical differences, especially those which change the aspect of the man. We see this in the lower animals as well as in man: if one of a herd sicken his fellows will turn against him. Place sheep of different breeds in a common pasture, and they will gather, like with like, and keep apart. Among low-grade peoples, such as we may still find in many parts of the world, when the folk are amiable enough to each other, the

appearance of a stranger arouses a sense of rage because of his peculiarities, which may be inoffensive enough in themselves. The Yorkshire salutation — "There goes a stranger, Bill; 'eave 'alf a brick at 'im" — is a real example of this motive. The psychological process is simple. The stranger, by his novel aspect, excites the mind of the rough man as it excites a bull. The barrier of aspect keeps the sympathies from spontaneously awakening to do their work. Therefore the mind of the common man gives forth the instinctive hatred whenever surprised by novelty in the human kind.

Many may recognize this peculiar feature in the operation of their own minds, even though they are persons who have been so fortunate as to see the need of culture of the sympathies, and have so trained themselves that they are able to feel a sense of brotherhood with the wider minded of their own race. One may make the experiment by trying to enter into a feeling of sympathy with, say, a Chinaman. He will find, if his experience is like that of the present writer, that the utterly foreign look of that sphinx-like creature sets a bar to the current of sympathy which flows easily towards the roughest specimen of one's own race. Now the Chinaman is a member of a very cultivated race; he is probably more cultivated than the ordinary people of our own kind. It is almost certain that the stolidity of countenance which appears to us is not real, but arises from our incapacity to catch the play of expression, which is doubtless apparent enough to his fellows. But our failure to see in him ourselves, our own motives and trials, makes an end to all feeling of brotherhood as far as that feeling depends on the senses. We may, abstractly and apart from all contact with strange peoples, assume a sense of kinship and act on it. This, indeed, we should do, and all high-minded people will take this course; but such

a method cannot be followed by the masses. In their present state of culture, they must depend on the immediate awakening of the sympathies at the moment of contact.

When culture attains the level, when sympathy becomes a duty, when the person is so imaginative and sympathetic that he can consider men abstractly and feel for them as a class, then a part of the work of this emotion can be done, notwithstanding the bar that race peculiarities may raise up against its action. Several persons who have been devoted friends of the negro, ready at all times to make sacrifices to his well-being, moved thereto by their power of quickening the sympathy through the constructive imagination, have, when closely questioned, confessed to me that they abhorred the sight of him; that his black face and other peculiarities of countenance made the most painful impression on their minds. Abstractly considered, there is nothing in the negro countenance to arouse such feelings. In most cases, his features, when one is accustomed to them for a lifetime, are, if anything, more pleasing than those of the laboring classes of the white race. Especially in his calm look is his face agreeable to the eye, and his features, though differing in mould, have a dignity and beauty of their own. But to those who rarely see the negro these charms are altogether hidden by the intense effect which the color makes upon the eye. Such observers often complain that the negroes all look alike. To me, and, I believe, to other observers, there seems to be more variety in the negro face than in that of the whites. In the effect which such an eminent peculiarity as the color of the negro race makes upon the eye, we see strikingly displayed the action of the unaccustomed, in setting a bar to the operation of the sympathies. From this instance we may judge the danger there may be of awakening the rage against the rival in classes where

we cannot reckon on any effective imaginative sympathy.

The foregoing considerations, though too briefly stated, may enable us to undertake a definition of race hatreds or prejudices, which definition we may take with us into the practical part of our work.

Race hatred is one form of the hatred of the rival which is common to all animals which have intelligence enough to observe rivalry in the creatures about them. This hatred of the rival is qualified in man by the development of the sympathies which normally extend to all who are clearly united with us in the bond of friendship. Those of other races, because they are not immediately perceived to be akin to us, and yet compete with us for the valuable things of the world, are apt to receive the full effect of the deeply ingrained hatred without the qualification of sympathy. Races allied by circumstance to our own, as the Chinese or the negro, are far more likely to prove rivals than wild animals, and are, unhappily, as likely to be unprotected by sympathy as the beasts of the field. The higher few may by their imaginations be able to bridge the gulf which separates them from their alien brethren, but the mass cannot.

Thus defined, race hatred is seen to be not a thing in itself, but the remnant of the old hatred against the antagonistic fellow-man when not modified by human sympathy.

We now turn to consider for a moment the place of sympathy in a social organization, in order that we may better see the dangers which arise from its absence. It would be easy to picture an ideal society, wherein sympathy should be so pervading that the divisions which circumstances make in the estate of man should be healed by the altruistic motive; unhappily, such an ideal picture would have long to wait for the reality. Still it cannot be doubted that even in our American life, especially in rural

conditions or in the lesser villages, society is cemented by a sympathetic bond; men feel themselves to be fellows of their neighbors. Though their callings may separate them, there is a bond of union which makes anything like class hatreds impossible. The strength of these communities, their power to accomplish the ordinary duties of civil life, and especially their ability to meet calamities of any description depend upon the solidarity which this sympathy and accord give to the society.

At their outset, at least, states are bound together by the sympathy of the masses with some central authority, — fellow-subjects or fellow-worshippers, sharers in the strength of some strong arm or in the shelter of some league. But the community, as the origin of the name implies, demands a closer relation; it requires personal contact with the almost infinite adjustment of relations in which the active sense of fellowship is ever needful. An Austrian emperor may have Slaves and Germans, Huns and Jews, united in a common allegiance to a throne. A weak ideal, which may not affect the men once a year, will serve for this passive form of union. But in the village the bond must be a more vigorous and constant motive. The closer the contact, the stronger the tie of sympathy must be. It must be greatest among those who dwell beneath the same roof, for there the hatreds bred of contact most often arise and are the most dangerous. We know full well that it needs all the strength of marital, parental, and filial affection to resist the development of hatreds in the household. In the neighborhood the rivalries are only less accented than in the household. These two forms of association are indeed closely akin in the dangers which social rivalry brings: interferences of interest calculated to awaken passion must certainly arise in any community where the people are brought closely enough

together to have any life at all. It is indeed possible to have extreme diversities of people quietly coexisting on the same lot of ground, as in our cities. This is accomplished by a stratification of classes, each bound together by its class sympathies. This is doubtless the only form of life which can exist in our large cities, but we recognize its great evils. In such a life the least unusual strain shows that these separate parts have no coherence, and that class hatreds are unmodified by sympathy.

In the rural community we often have, especially in old countries, something of the separation of classes which exists in cities, where the people are of one race, and where there is a bond of allegiance inherited from the past. This condition may lead to little division of sympathy; but given a decided difference of race without the memory of any old wrongs, and we have the state which invites the outbreak of social revolutions. If the reader desires to see what may be the influence of caste distinctions in the social state, he can find it in the history of the French Revolution. Circumstances had divided the people of rural France much as the people of our cities are now divided, into a lower class of half-starved toilers, and an upper class which drew their sustenance from the very lives of the oppressed mass. Hatreds grew to a point where a revolt which began in the cities swiftly spread through all the land. The conditions preceding the French Revolution cannot well be repeated in this or any other civilized country; still the history of that revolt shows us the general social effects of having classes so widely separated from each other throughout a whole state.

Although we may have no longer a great revolution to fear from the association of classes separated by an unsympathetic line, we have a chance of serious trouble before us wherever the people of a wide region are parted from

each other by any permanent break. The work of any communal life, above all in our modern entangled societies, demands for its effective doing a close accord between the men who are engaged in it. If a community is to rise in the scale of existence, it must have a high degree of social unity. Every permanent hatred, even between individuals, is a hindrance to the process of advance. When the hatred is between classes we may have the conditions of an Ireland, where a people of great natural capacities have been kept for centuries in retard by the antagonisms which have existed between the upper and lower classes of that unhappy land.

We may now turn to the matter of race prejudices in the Southern States. Our aim will be not so much to ascertain the measure of the evils which exist as the extent of the ills which the future may be expected to develop, and the means whereby these difficulties may best be controlled.

The one condition in which very diverse races may be brought into close social relations without much danger of hatred, destructive to the social order, is where an inferior race is enslaved by a superior. This form of union is stronger than it has appeared to those who have allowed their justifiable dislike of the relation to prejudice them as to its consequences. In the first place, in this condition of slavery all rivalry between the races is made impossible. The gulf between master and servant appears in the nature of things. The slave, whose race has never known a better condition, is bent by his birth to the yoke. Then the sense of possession which the mastering race has in the slave awakens a new avenue for sympathy. We all prize the things which we absolutely possess; the more human they are, the stronger their hold on the affections. The sense of possession enters in a strong way into the family bond, and it naturally extends in some-

what the same way into the relation of master to slave. There were cruel masters, and the slave was the victim of many outbreaks of passion; but there are cruel fathers and husbands, and yet we do not denounce the households of slave-owners as the abodes of any singular inhumanities. I am not apologizing for slavery; to me it has always been detestable, but on other grounds than the cruelty it brought upon the slave. I only wish the reader to feel that the common notion that slavery was cruel in the way it is often supposed to have been is a grave error. So far from this being the case, the negro, during the period of slavery, was less driven to excessive labor and suffered less from the hatred of the superior race than is likely to be the case in time to come. This reconciliation of the races was accomplished at great cost to society, — a cost of all chance of attaining a high social order; but it was effective in the prevention of race hatreds. It did even more than this: it gave the whites a chance to become thoroughly accustomed to the blacks, to see that they were human and trustworthy as far as their humanity and trustworthiness could be shown under the limiting influences of slavery. Moreover, it brought the two races into a position where there was no longer any instinctive repugnance to each other, derived from the striking differences of color or of form. If the negroes had been cast upon this shore under any other conditions than those of slavery, they would have been unable to obtain this relation with the whites which their condition of bondage gave.

In this view, the failure of the South to secure any considerable accessions of population by immigration has been very fortunate. If the old slave-holding States had been rapidly filled up with people to whom the negro was totally strange, his position would be more unhappy than it is at present. Now he is with a

people who have pretty well gone by the bar which his color makes to the sympathies of persons not accustomed to him from youth, and so one grave danger is avoided. Prejudice to color exists in the South, but it is greatly modified by sympathies in all save the lower class of whites, and it is nothing like as bitter as that which is shown to the Chinese among even fairly cultivated people in the far West. This softening towards the negro is doubtless due to his long-continued presence, his essential adoption into the social system of the South.

It remains to be seen whether the race hatred, which was essentially lost during the period of slavery, will return in the conditions of freedom. It is perhaps too soon to determine as to the issue. At present we have the old slaveholders still in the control of the society of that region, and there are few large cities of which the conditions would greatly intensify the caste divisions and diminish the sympathies which serve to ameliorate the effect of such class restrictions. The greater part of the negroes are in some sense still domesticated with the whites, and the evils likely to arise from their massing into large settlements, where they are parted by circumstances from all sympathetic relations with their sometime masters, are not yet serious. In a short time these conditions will be greatly changed: those who have been in the relation of masters to these black people will have passed away, and with them all who have had a very keen personal interest in the negro. Their place will be taken by those who have had but little personal relation with him, except the contacts of business intercourse. Great cities are arising in the South, in which negroes will form the proletariat class, absolutely cut off from the upper levels of society, as the poor of all great cities are. Unhappily, all human experience leads to the conclusion that there will be a progressive tendency towards the

future development of class distinctions in this population, and to a loss of the original accord inherited from the state of slavery. This ancient accord was strong enough to carry the races through the very serious trials incident to the change from slavery to freedom. It was strong enough absolutely to prevent the revolt of the slaves during the civil war.

At present there are many indications that the old harmony, based in good part on the utter subjection of the slave's will, is disappearing, and that new relations are being created. The change is being accomplished with little friction, and in some regards success is fairly well secured. The most important, because the most constant, of these relations are those established in the conduct of business. To this class of contacts, although sympathy plays a relatively small part in their action, we must look for the closest uniting of the two peoples together. As far as these new contacts exist between the manufacturer and the laborer, they are of little worth, for they are the least sympathetic of relations. Fortunately, the relation most common in the South is that between the domestic servant and the master, or that between the agricultural laborer and the farmer; both these are relatively sympathetic, inasmuch as they involve more or less communal lives, while the relation of manufacturer to mechanic may be, and generally is, destitute of other than the most arbitrary contact. In the circumstances of the farm or the household, the really good accord of the old conditions is preserved and continued; in these states of life the races are preserved in positions in which there is an exchange of sympathies. The only objection to these lines of life is that they afford but little chance for the negroes to show their innate capacities or to attain any higher intellectual development.

There is another direction in which

sympathetic relations may be advantageously developed: this is in political life. There is now great reason to hope that in politics the lines of separation may no longer be by color. The greatest boon that we could hope for would be that better people of the South would come once again to be separated into the natural divisions of Whig and Democrat, and that the negroes should intelligently array themselves in a tolerably even share in these associations. In wholesome politics we find the greatest contribution to the stimulants to sympathy which modern life has invented. The fact that the negro vote is no longer "solid" should be a matter of gratification to all who wish well for our American Africans.

It is earnestly to be desired that the negro should be admitted to share in the functions of our courts. The jury-box is one of the most precious schools of the citizen. As Mr. Cable has justly pointed out in his *Silent South*, the negro has been to a certain extent debarred from this important source of training. From what I know of the negro I feel that he will discharge the duties of any trust which he can comprehend with exemplary fidelity, for the reason that his soul rejoices greatly in any function which has an honorable distinction. I think that in most cases he has the power to grasp the class of considerations which ordinarily come before a jury, at least as well as the ordinary white. It must be long before he can generally be trusted with the duties of the magistrate, for such demand a singular continuity of intellectual life, but in the lesser work of the jury he will probably be found trustworthy. At the close of the war there was a general prejudice against admitting negroes even to the witness-box, in cases where white men were in jeopardy of life or property. This has been proved to be an

unfounded fear. It is the opinion of those best fitted to judge that the negro proves to be a very trustworthy witness. I believe that most persons will agree that this fact seems to show that he is likely to be a good jurymen.

The greatest need of all, however, is that the negro shall be put under such conditions of training as shall open to the abler members of the race higher places in life than they now have a chance to fill. Now and then we find one who has decided talent for some work which will give him a place among men. If an able musician, or a good architect, or a man with capacity as a merchant, could be raised up even in a large community, the life of such a person would be a most valuable bond of union between the races.

It is hardly too much to say that the future of the relation between the races depends on the possibility of securing this result. If we can unite the races in the common work of the state, bringing them to share in the most important parts of its work, we may be sure that we shall secure a substantial unity to the societies in which they dwell together.

If every intelligent negro and white of this country could be brought to see that the reconciliation of the races is the greatest work before us, we would have a better chance of attaining to the accord we seek. Let them see that the task is as difficult as it is noble; let them feel that the work to be well done demands the best efforts of every one who can lift his soul to the level of high duty. In this way we may accumulate forces which will work to the desired end. It is of course folly to expect such views to find a place among the masses of either race. But if in each community there could be even one man or woman who would enter upon the work in a true spirit, it would be well begun.

N. S. Shaler.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XXIV.

QUIET did not immediately ensue. After Harshaw had been ushered up the rickety ladder to the roof-room he heard voices below in low-toned conference. Occasionally he noted the peculiar chuckle of "hungry Jeb," suppressed even beneath its usual undertone; for it was a sort of susurrus of laughter, never absolutely vocal, — a series of aspirated snorts and pantings. It was not jocular at best, and now conveyed sinister suggestions to Harshaw, as he listened to the vague sound of words he could not distinguish. He had not been conscious of an effort of close observation during the evening, and he was surprised to discover how definitely he could differentiate the murmurs, the mere methods of speech, of the various members of the household. As they discussed his fate, he knew who urged measures, who was overpowered in argument, who doubted. Now and then a word or two in the woman's shrill voice broke from the huskiness of her whisper, for she was the most insistent of the group. He divined that her views were not mild, and he took hope from the intimations of opposition in the tones of the men as they gruffly counseled quiet. She it was, he felt sure, whom most he had to fear.

He had thrown himself, dressed as he was, on the sorry couch, which was made by placing two poles between the logs of the house, supported at the other end by a cross-bar laid in two crocheted uprights on the floor. It was not a stable contrivance, nor, although it upheld a heavy feather bed, conducive to slumber, but Harshaw cared little for sleep.

The rain came through the leaks in the roof, now in an intermittent, sullen pattering, and now the drops falling in

quick succession, tossed by the wind that whistled through the crevices, and piped a shrill refrain to the sonorous cadences trumpeted by the great chimney. Once, in a sudden flash of lightning, which was far distant and without thunder, he could see, through gaps in the chinking, the white clouds pressing close to the house.

Again and again his courage would reassert itself, of its own sheer force, and he would experience a sort of affront that it had ever lapsed. He hardly knew how he could hereafter face that fact in his consciousness. Then, in arguing to reinstate his self-respect, he would review the dangers of his position, — and rouse anew the fears he had sought to still. He would wonder that he did not die of fright; that he made no effort to escape, to fire the house and force his way out in the confusion, — his fingers even fumbled the matches in his pocket; that he could lie still and listen to the sound of words impossible to distinguish; that he could turn, with the heavy gesture of one roused from sleep, when he heard a footfall on the rude stairs, and look yawning over his shoulder, and demand in a slumbrous voice, "Why in the hell do you make such a racket?"

A glimmer of light quivered on the brown rafters; it grew momentarily less flickering; it revealed the wretched apartment, the slanting floor, one or two pallets rolled up against the wall. And finally, as from a trap-door of a theatre, through the rude aperture in the floor, Jeb's gaunt black head appeared among the shadows which the tallow dip, that he carried in his hand, could not dispel.

He came in, and placed the sputtering light on the strut that supported one of the rafters, and was converted to shelf-like utility. Marvin followed, sitting

down on the foot of Harshaw's bed. His face was more lowering than that of the other man; he leaned his hands ponderingly on his knees, his elbows turned outward, and bent his eyes on the floor in deep meditation.

There was a pause.

"Hello?" said Harshaw interrogatively, raising himself on his elbow and boldly taking the initiative. "Anything the matter?"

Jeb sat down on a keg close to the chimney, and the perturbed hosts glanced at one another.

"Waal, stranger," said Marvin, "ye hev gone an' put us in a peck o' troubles, ter kem interruptin' us in this fur place, whar we hev been hunted an' hounded ter."

"Yes, sir," remarked "hongry Jeb," "same ez the varmint, ez be specially lef' out'n salvation by the Bible."

Marvin cast a glance over his shoulder at Harshaw. Then he continued, evidently striving to put the worst possible interpretation on the situation and to work himself into a rage: "We-uns air a-thinkin' ez ye mought be a spy fur the revenuers."

Harshaw let his head fall back on the pillow. His resonant, burly laugh rang out, jarring the rafters, and rousing in its hearty jocundity the reciprocity of a smile on "hongry Jeb's" cadaverous face. Even Marvin, casting another hasty look over his shoulder, was mollified.

"Ye 'd better be keerful how ye wake Philetus up, with his nap haffen out; ye'll 'low ye air neighborin' a cata-mountain," he admonished his guest.

"I tell you," said Harshaw, clasping his hands behind his yellow head as he lay at length, "you fellows live up here in these lonesome woods till your brains are addled. Why on earth would I, single-handed, mind you, a lawyer, a member of the legislature, with a good big farm of my own and half a dozen houses in town" (he had never before

thought to brag of them), "risk myself here, for the little reward I could get *if*—mighty big *if*, folks—if I could get away again?"

He lifted his eyes, with a bluff challenge of fair play.

"You know who *I* am. You've seen me in Shaftesville. You know my farm down there in Kildeer County, on Owl Creek. Spy! Shucks! it makes me laugh. Do the quality often come spying for the revenuers in this neighborhood?"

Ten days ago he could not have believed that, however closely harried, his tongue would ever so forget its formula as thus to repudiate his alignment with the Plain People, and to claim to rank with "the quality."

Under other circumstances the two mountaineers might have resented this arrogation of superiority. They were, however, by virtue of their law-breaking, a trifle more worldly-wise than their stolid compatriots of the hills. It had been in some sort an education; had familiarized them with the springs of commercial action, the relations of producer and consumer, the value of money or its equivalent; had endowed them with an appreciation of emergency and an ingenuity in expedients and make-shifts; had forced upon their contemplation the operations of the law; and their great personal risk had superinduced care, thoughtfulness, and the exercise of a certain rude logic.

As they unconsciously sought to realize Harshaw's position in the world, resources, opportunity, their suspicion that he was a spy gradually waned.

There was a short pause. The candle sputtered on the timber where it had been placed, the flame now rising apparently with an effort to touch a resinous knot in the wood just above it, and now crouching in a sudden gust from a crevice hard by. The rain came down with redoubled force for a few moments, then subsided again into its

former steady, monotonous fall. Harshaw's senses, preternaturally keen now, detected an almost imperceptible stir on the ladder that ascended to the loft. He knew as well as if he had seen the coterie that Marvin's wife and the rest of the moonshiners were sitting on the rounds, listening and awaiting the announcement of his fate. Perhaps it was this which prompted his reply, when Marvin said pettishly, —

"It air all M'ria's fault. Ef she hed n't been so powerful quick ter git down the gun, ye'd hev never knowed nor axed whar ye war, nor s'picioned nuthin'."

"Yes, I would, though," Harshaw declared.

Marvin once more looked over his shoulder, and the lawyer quaked at the risk he ran.

"I saw Tad, you know, and I was figurin' 'round, big as all-out-of-doors, how I was going to produce him in court, and she thought I meant right off. Then, the minute I saw *you* I knew you, — and I had heard that girl say you were moonshining."

"Ai - yi! Sam Marvin!" cried a shrill feminine voice from the primitive stair-way, "that's what ye got fur tryin' ter put the blame on me!"

Sam Marvin turned his bushy head toward the aperture in the floor. It might seem that Mrs. Marvin had left him nothing to say, but the versatility of the conjugal retort is well-nigh limitless, and he could doubtless have defended himself with an admirable valor had not Jeb "the hongry" interfered.

"Shet up, Sam," he said, looking positively famished in his lean anxiety. "We-uns hed n't thunk o' that. Mink Lorey hev got ter be tried agin."

It was all that Harshaw could do to restrain some expression of despair at this infelicitous turn given to the consultation, at which he seemed to assist to devise his own doom. He found a certain relief in shifting his position, and

still, with his hands clasped under his head, briskly participated in the conversation.

"Yes," he assented, in a debonair way which caused Marvin to look at him in lowering amazement, "I'm Mink's lawyer, but I could n't testify for him. I could n't swear of my own knowledge that this Tad is the same boy, for I never saw him before."

Both of the men lapsed into the attitude of laborious pondering. Now and then each looked at the other, as if to descry some intimation of the mutual effect.

Harshaw, with another bold effort to possess the situation, yawned widely and stretched his muscles.

"Oh — oh — oh — oh!" he exclaimed, on a steadily descending scale. "Well, gentlemen," his features once more at rest, his voice normal, "I should be glad to continue our conversation to-morrow" — he waved his hand bluffly — "or next week. I ain't used to huntin', — that is, huntin' deer, — and I'm in and about knocked up. If you've got anything to say to me, say it now, or keep it till to-morrow."

The two looked doubtfully at each other.

"Mr. Harshaw," said Marvin, "we-uns air feared to let you-uns go."

"Go to sleep?" asked Harshaw jocosely.

Jeb grinned, weakly, however, and Marvin continued: —

"Ter go 'way at all."

"Well," said Harshaw, easily, with another demonstration of somnolence, "I'll stay just as long as you like; you're a clever lot of fellows, and I'll be contented enough, I'll be bound. Your setting up all night is the only fault I have got to find with you."

They apparently submitted this answer from one to the other, and each silently canvassed it.

"Ye know too much," said "hongry Jeb."

"I'll know more if I stay. I'll find out whether you *are* moonshining now, sure enough, and where the still is."

"That's jes' what I hev been tellin' ye!" cried Mrs. Marvin's shrill voice from the ladder.

"Shet up, M'ria!" exclaimed Marvin, before "hongry Jeb" could interpose his pacifying "Shet up, Sam."

"Waal," resumed Marvin, in angry perturbation, "it's mighty ill-convenient, yer nosin' us out this way, up hyar, an' many a man fixed like me an' Jeb would fling ye off'n a bluff, ez ef ye hed fell thar, an' turn yer mare loose."

Once more Harshaw's rich, round laughter jarred the room.

"I'm in earnest," said Marvin, sternly. "That's what most men would do."

"Oh no, they would n't," said Harshaw, cavalierly.

"Why would n't they?" demanded Marvin, his curiosity roused by this strange indifference.

"Because those fellows I was hunting with will be sure to find this place, and *they* would know I would n't go fall off a bluff of my own accord, after such a good supper as I had here, and such a good bed. They would n't know I was n't allowed to sleep in it, though, on account of a long-jawed couple like you two."

He looked the picture of unconcern, — as if he had not really credited their words.

"They could n't track ye hyar," argued Jeb; "ground too dry yestiddy fur yer critter's huffs ter make enny mark."

"Bless your bones!" cried Harshaw, contemptuously, "I broke a path nigh a yard wide in the brush, and I blazed every oak-tree I met with my hunting-knife, — look and see how hacked it is, — and I cut my name on the first beech I came across. Think I was going to get lost in this wilderness without leaving any way for my friends to find me? They know pretty well where

they left me. As soon as it's light enough they'll be on my track."

He lied seldom, but with startling effect. The verisimilitude of his invention, which had flashed upon him at the last moment, carried conviction. The other two men looked at each other in consternation.

This was the secret of his ease of mind. This was the reason that he was willing to abide with them as long as they listed. These mysterious friends, these lurking hunters, might materialize at any moment when day should fairly dawn. The moonshiners asked with eager curiosity the names of the party. Marvin knew none of them, for it was a new region to him, and his vocation restricted his social opportunities. He had sprung up from the bed, and stood holding his ragged beard with one hand, and gazing with perplexed eyes at the recumbent lawyer. The frightful deed that he and his confederates had contemplated, that had seemed their only safe recourse, — to fling the intruder over a precipice, and leave his mare grazing near, as if in his search he had fallen, — had a predestined discovery through the craft of the man who had marked the devious trail of his footsteps to their door. The moonshiner trembled, as he stood so near this pitfall into which he had almost stumbled.

There had been a stir on the stairway; clumsy feet descended the rickety ladder. The movements below continued; there sounded the harsh scraping of a shovel on the rude stones of the hearth, and presently the newly kindled flames were crackling up the chimney; the flickering tallow dip was not so bright that the lines of light in the crevices of the flooring might not indicate how the room below was suddenly illumined. A smell of frying bacon presently pervaded the midnight.

"By Gosh!" cried Marvin, rousing himself from his brown study with a quick start, "air M'ria demented, ter set

out a-cookin' o' breakfus' in the middle o' the night?"

He turned himself suddenly about, and started down the ladder. "Hongry Jeb," looking after him with a keen anxiety, rose abruptly, took the candle, and, holding it above his lean, cadaverous face, vanished by slow degrees through the trap-door, feeling with his feet for each round of the ladder before he trusted his weight upon it. Harshaw lifted himself upon his elbow, watching the gradual disappearance. His face was pink once more; the flesh that had seemed ten minutes since to hang flabbily upon it was firm and full; his opaque blue eyes were bright; the last feeble, ineffective rays of the vanishing candle showed his strong white teeth between his parted red lips, and his triumphant red tongue thrust out derisively.

Then he fell back on his pillow, and tried to sleep. He felt, however, the pressure of the excitement; his pulses, his nerves, could not so readily accord with his calm mental conclusions, his logical inference of safety. The tension upon his alert senses was unrelaxed. The stir below-stairs made its incisive impression now, when he hardly cared to hear, as before, when he had strained every faculty to listen. He knew that it was Mrs. Marvin who had first devised the solution of the difficulty; she had already set about its execution while she advocated the measure, and insisted and argued with the men, who were disposed to canvass alternatives, and doubt, and wait. Often her shrill voice broke from the bated undertone in which they sought to conduct the conference, or she whispered huskily, with vibrant distinctness, hardly less intelligible.

"Ye an' Jeb take him," she urged. "Let the t'others go an' hide round 'bout the still. When the hunters git hyar they'll find me an' Mose an' the chillen, an' I'll tell 'em my old man be gone with Mr. Harshaw, a-guidin' him down the mounting. They'll never

know ez thar be enny moonshinin' a-goin' on hyar-abouts, — nuthin' ter show fur it."

She clashed her pans and pots and kettles, in the energy of her discourse, and Harshaw lost the muttered objection.

"Ef ye don't," she persisted, in her sibilant whisper, — "ef ye kill him, fling him off'n the bluff or sech, — they'll find the body, sure!"

A chill ran through the listener as he bent his ear.

"The buzzards or the wolves will fust, an' them men'll track him ter our door, an' track *ye* ter the spot."

The rain pelted on the roof; the flames roared up the chimney; the frying meat sputtered and sizzled, and the coffee dissipated a beguiling promissory odor. One of the men — the lawyer thought it was "hongry Jeb" — suggested in a dolorous whisper that they could depend in no degree on Harshaw's promise of secrecy. No man regarded an enforced pledge as sacred.

"Them's all *old* offenses, enny-hows," argued the woman. "But this hyar, what ye men air a-layin' off ter do" —

"Ye *men*!" sneered her husband. "Ye war the bouncin'est one o' the whole lay-out fur doin' of it."

"But, Lord A'mighty," she protested, "who'd ever hev thunk o' sech a smart thing ez markin' his trail ter the very door? He mus' be the devil. Smart enough, ennyways!"

She clashed her pots and pans once more, and moved about heavily across the floor.

"I ain't misdoubtin' but what he *air* a big man whar he hails from, an' they sets store by him, an' they'd be mighty apt ter stir round powerful arter him ef he was los'. An' this would be a new offense, — sure ter git fund out. An' Lord knows, we-uns hev been runned mighty nigh ter the jumpin'-off place from the face o' the yearth, an' I want

ter be let ter set down, an' ketch my breath, an' see Philetus grow an' git hearty, an' let me hev a chance ter die in peace."

Once more Jeb's rumbling voice rose along the stair-way.

"Shet up, Jeb!" she cried. "Ye hev jes' been a-settin' thar all the night a-shakin' yer head, an' a-lowin' ye wisht he hed done suthin' mean ter ye, so ez in gittin' rid o' him yer feelin's would n't be hurt. Now yer feelin's air safe, an' ye ain't got no mo' thankfulness 'n that thar cross-eyed, mangy hound fur the loan o' a pipe."

The mystery of cerebration; the strange, unmeasured force which works in uncomprehended methods to unforeseen results; the subtle process now formulating, and now erasing, an idea, like the characters of a palimpsest, was never so potently present to Harshaw as in contemplating the inspiration, the lucky thought, that had given him back to life, to hope, to sheer identity. He took himself to task, knowing that the obvious, the natural, the simple suggestion had lain all the evening in his mind, waiting the effective moment. He reproached himself that he should have suffered the agony of fright which he had endured. "I might have known," he argued within himself, in his bluff vanity, "that I'd have come out all right."

He fell asleep, presently, and when he was roused he rose with so genuine a reluctance that the last lurking doubt which Marvin and "hongry Jeb" had entertained vanished, as he went yawning down the ladder.

"I hate ter hev ter turn ye out'n my house 'fore day," Marvin remarked, "but ye know I'm hunted like a b'ar, or suthin' wild, an' I can't be expected ter show manners like folks. Me an' Jeb air a-goin' ter take ye pretty fur off, so ez ye kin never find yer way back, an' by daylight ye'll be set in yer road. I'm hopin' yer friends won't git

hyar; ef they does, I don't want 'em ter kem in, an' ef they hain't got no reason ter stop I reckon they'll go on. I'm powerful sorry ye kem along."

"Though ye be toler'ble good com'p'ny, an' we-uns ain't got nuthin' agin you-uns," remarked "hongry Jeb," politely.

"Kase," continued Marvin, in a sing-song fashion, as he sat down at his table, on which the corn-dodgers and bacon smoked, "kase we-uns air hunted an' driv by the law, — ez 'lows we sha'n't still our own corn ef we air a mind ter, — we hev been afeard ye'd tell 'bout'n we-uns an' whar we air hid."

"What for?" demanded Harshaw, with an incidental manner. He too was seated at the board; one elbow was on it, and he passed his hand over his eyes and yawned as he spoke. "So as to be dead sure to get beat like hell the next time I run for anything? An informer is mighty unpopular, no matter what he has got to tell. And make the biggest kind of hole in my law practice?"

"That's a fac'," said Jeb, impressed with the logic of this proposition.

"The favor of Cherokee and Kildeer counties is the breath of my political life, and you don't catch me a-fooling with it by letting my jaw wag too slack," continued Harshaw.

Philetus, the only member of the family that had gone to bed, slumbered peacefully in a small heap under the party-colored quilts. The dancing fire-light revealed his yellow head, and again it was undistinguishable in the brown shadow. The pullet and Mose sat on a bench at one side of the fire, and the moonshiners tilted their chairs back on the hind legs, and watched the bright and leaping flames, which were particularly clear, the fire being rekindled upon a warm hearth and in a chimney already full of hot air. The occasional yawning of the group gave the only indication of the hour. The sharp-faced woman sat in her chair, with

folded arms, ever and anon gazing at her guest, who had so strangely commended himself. His clever ruse to insure being followed by his friends had induced infinite admiration of his acumen.

"I reckon ef ye wanted ter go ter Congress or sech, thar would n't be nuthin' ter hender," she said slowly, contemplating him.

She was a simple woman, and he a wise man. He flushed with pleasure to hear his cherished thought in another's words. He bore himself more jauntily at the very suggestion. He toyed with his knife and fork as he protested.

"There's a mighty long road to travel 'twixt me and Congress."

"Waal, you-uns kin make it, I'll be bound," she said.

And he believed her.

As he rose from the table, at the conclusion of the meal, he took out his purse.

"Nare cent," said Marvin hastily. "We-uns hev been obligated by yer comp'ny, an' air powerful pleased ter part in peace."

Harshaw insisted, however, on leaving his knife for Philetus, and expressed regret that one of the blades was broken.

"He can't cut hisself with that un, nohow," said the anxious mother, in graciously accepting it.

Harshaw divined that she might have valued it more if all the blades had been in like plight. She placed it carefully on the high mantel-piece, where, it was safe to say, Philetus would not for some years be able to attain it.

Harshaw never forgot that ride. As the light flickered out from the door into the black midnight, vaguely crossed with slanting lines of rain, to the rail fence where his mare stood, saddled, the pistols in the holster, he experienced an added sense of confidence in his own methods and capacities, and an intense elation that so serious an adventure had terminated with so little injury.

When he was in the saddle he looked

back at the little house, crouching in the infinite gloom of the night and the vast forests that overhung it, with no fierce recollection of his trepidation, of his deadly and imminent peril. In conducting himself with due regard for the representations he had made, his mental attitude had in some sort adapted itself to his manner, and he felt as unconcerned, as easy, as friendly, as he looked. He hallooed back a genial adieu to the household standing in the doorway, in the flare of the fire. Philetus, roused by the noise to the sense of passing events, appeared in the midst, rubbing his eyes with both hands. The group gave the guest godspeed, the dogs wagged their tails. As Harshaw rode out of the inclosure, the vista of the room seemed some brilliant yellow shaft sunk in the dense darkness. And then he could see nothing: the rain fell in the midst of the black night; he felt it on his hands, his face, his neck; he turned up the collar of his coat; he heard the hoofs of his mare splashing in the puddles, and he marveled how the beast could see or follow Jeb, who, mounted on the smaller of Marvin's two mules, led the way, while Marvin himself brought up the rear. He could only trust to the superior vision of the animal, and adjust himself to the motion which indicated the character of the ground they traversed: now through tangles and amongst rocks; now coming almost to a halt, as the mare stepped over the fallen bole of a tree; now a sudden jump, clearing unseen obstructions; now down hill, now up; now through the rushing floods of a mountain torrent. Harshaw's buoyant mood maintained itself; his bluff voice sounded in the midst of the dreary rainfall, and his resonant, gurgling laugh over and again rang along the dark, wintry fastnesses. His geniality was communicated to the other men, and the conversation carried on at long range was animated and amicable.

"I wonder what's become of those scamps I was hunting with," he remarked. "I just know that shed of pine branches they fixed has leaked on 'em this night. I'll bet they're wallowin' in mud." He experienced a certain satisfaction in the thought. They had not been so badly scared as he, but at all events the camp hunters could not be happy under these circumstances.

How vast, how vast was the wilderness! Unseen, it gave an impression of infinite space. The wind clashed the bare boughs above his head. The pines wailed and groaned aloud. The commotion of the elements, the many subordinate, undetermined sounds, the weird, tumultuous voices of the forest, rising often to a terrible climax, had a mysterious, overpowering effect. It was a relief to detect a familiar note in the turmoil, even if it were the howl of a wolf, or the distant crash of a riven tree. How his mare plunged and floundered! — her head and neck now high before him, till he almost fell back upon her haunches, and now diving down so low that he had much ado to keep from slipping over the pommel.

"Well, Marvin," said Harshaw, once more on level ground, "if you and Jeb will come down to my farm and visit me, I'll promise you one thing, — I won't turn you out of the house at midnight in a downpour like this — ha! ha! ha! Confound you, old lady," — to the mare, as she stumbled, — "stand up, can't you?"

"You-uns ought n't ter set us down that-a-way," said Marvin, grieved at the reflection on his hospitality.

"Lord A'mighty!" exclaimed "hungry Jeb," — his tones out of the darkness were vaguely yearning, — "talkin' ter me 'bout ever kemin' ter see ennybody at thar farm! Ye mought ez well ax that thar wolf ez we-uns hearn a-hollerin' yander, 'Jes' kem an' set awhile, Mister Wolf, an' eat supper at my farm.' I

would n't dare no mo' ter show my muzzle in the settlemint's n he would his'n. The law 'lows both o' us air pests an' cumberers o' the groun', an' thar's a price on his head ez well ez mine. The law 'lows we air both murderers."

There was a pause, while the thud of the horses' footsteps were barely heard on the dank, soft mould. Then the voice of "hungry Jeb" seemed to detach itself from kindred dreary voices of the rain and the winds and the woods, and become articulate.

"That's edzac'ly whar it hurts my feelin's. The wolf air enough mo' like the revenuers, a-seekin' who they may devour. I oughter played the sheep, I reckon, an' gin 'em my blood stiddier lead; but I'm human, — I'm human," insistently. "An' when a feller with a pistol draws a bead on me, I jes' naterally whips up my rifle an' bangs too. An' he war a pore shot an' I war a good un, an' he got the wust o' it."

The horses surged through the ford of an invisible torrent, stumbling among the rolling bowlders and struggling out on the other bank, and then they could hear again the monotonous falling of the multitudinous raindrops; the dreary wind took up its refrain, and the melancholy voice of Jeb began anew.

"T would hev been self-defense, ef I hed n't been engaged in a unlawful act, preferrin' ter squeeze the juice out'n my apples, an' bile an' sell it, 'n ter let 'em rot on the groun'. I war a fool. I 'lowed the apples war mine. Me an' my dad an' my gran'dad hed owned the orchard an' the lan' sence the Injun went. But 't war n't my apples, — b'long ter the governmint. I ain't never shot at no man ez did n't shoot at me fust. But 'tain't self-defense fur me. I'm got ter play sheep."

The woful tenor of this discourse seemed to anger Marvin, suddenly.

"Waal, I wish ye war slartered now!" he broke out. "I'd jes' ez lief listen ter that thar wolf conversin' by

the hour. What ails ye, Jeb, ter git set a-goin' so all-fired lonesome an' doleful?"

"Lord, nuthin'," said Jeb amenably, from the van of the procession. "I ain't lonesome nor doleful, nuther. When Mr. Harshaw 'lowed suthin' 'bout my kemin' ter see him on his farm, it jes' reminded me sorter ez when I war young, afore my diff'unce with the governmint, I used ter be a powerful lively boy, an' knowed plenty o' folks, an' went about mightily, — never lived like I does now. I war sorter o' a vagrantin' boy, — used ter consort with boys in the valley, an' they 'd kem' up ter the cove an' bide an' go huntin', an' I 'd go down ter thar farms; an' that's how kem I knowed whar ye live on Owel Creek. Powerful good land some of it air, — mellow, rich sile; some cherty hillsides, though. None o' them boys hev turned out like me. Why, I used ter know Jeemes Gwinnan ez well ez the road ter mill, an' Jim 's a jedge a-gracin' the bench, an' I 'm — a wolf!"

Harshaw experienced a sudden quickening of interest. "You knew Gwinnan?"

"Lord, yes; ez well ez the bark knows the tree. Jeemes war a fine shot, an' he liked huntin' fust-rate. He hed n't his health very well, an' his mother, bein' a widder-woman, war more'n naterally foolish 'bout'n him, an' war always lookin' fur him ter die. So she 'd keep him out'n doors ez well ez she could. But he 'd kerry his book along, an' read, 'thout he war a-huntin'. So she let him kem whenst he war jes' a boy, an' go huntin' in the mountings along o' the men growed. An' it done him good. He war ez fine a shot ez I ever see."

A wonderful thing was happening in the woods, — the familiar miracle of dawn. The vast forests were slowly asserting dim outlines of bole and branch, lodgment for the mist which clothed them in light and fleecy illusions of

foliage. A gray revelation of light, more the sheer values of distinctness than a realized medium, was unfolding before the eye. The serried slants of rain fell at wider intervals, and the equestrian form of Jeb became visible, — lank, lean, soaked with rain, his old white hat shedding the water from its brim in rivulets upon his straight and straggling hair. As he jogged along on the little mule, whose long ears seemed alternately to whisk off the shades of night, he seemed a forlornly inadequate individual to have had a "diff'unce with the governmint."

"Jim's what reminded me of how I war fixed in life," he went on, more cheerfully. "An' this hyar whole trip air what reminded me o' Jim. I guided him — mus' hev been fourteen year ago, or mo' — through jes' sech a rainy night ez this, an' through these hyar very woods — naw, sir! more towards the peak o' Thunderhead."

"I dunno ez ye hev got enny call ter be so durned pertic'lar 'bout the percise spot," said Marvin, significantly.

"That's a fac'," said Jeb, good-naturedly. "I guided him through the mountings an' over the line inter the old North State."

"What in hell did he want to go there for, in the rain and the dead of the night?" asked Harshaw. His breath was quick; he felt that he panted on the brink of a discovery. Now plunge!

"Kase, stranger, he war obleeged ter, sorter like you-uns," said Jeb enigmatically.

He looked back over his shoulder, with perhaps some stirring doubt, some vague suspicion, at the man who followed; but Harshaw, now lifting a hand to thrust a branch from across the path, now adjusting the bridle about the mare's head, seemed so careless, so casual, in his curiosity that Jeb was reassured as to the innocuousness of his gossip, and went on.

"Ye see, them fellers he consorted

with — huntin', an' a-pitchin' o' quates, an' a-foot-racin', an' sech — war mostly powerful servigrus, gamesome folks; an' some o' 'em war gin ter toler'ble wild ways, an' Jeemes — his mother never keered much what he done, so ez he'd quit stickin' so all-fired constant ter his law-books, kase he war a-studyin' law by that time in old Squair Dinks's law-office in Colbury — he war 'bout twenty-two year old — he war mixed up in a deal o' them goin's-on. An' from one little thing an' another he hed some ill-will started agin him wunst in a while. Him an' Eph Saunders hed a fallin'-out wunst. Eph was a tremenjious strong man, an' he kep' flingin' words at Jeemes. Sence Jeemes hed tuk ter studyin' o' law an' sech, an' 'peared right hearty, he tuk up with town ways powerful, an' went ter meet'n a-Sunday nights, 'scortin' the gals, an' dressed hisself like a plumb peacock. An' whenst Eph 'tended circus in Colbury he met up with Jeemes, who hed a lot o' his gal-cousins along. An' Eph war drunk, an' Jim gin him a push aside, an' Eph, he fell on the groun'. Waal, sir, it like ter killed Eph, — ter be knocked down by a man o' Jeemes's weight! Jim could n't hev done it ef Eph hed n't been drunk. Eph jes' mourned like Samson arter his hair war cut off. Ye'd hev 'lowed he war *de-sgraced* fur life! An', like Samson, he war n't a-goin' ter bide stopped off an' done fur. He kep' a-sendin' all sorts o' words ter Jeemes; an' ez Jeemes never wanted no fuss with Eph, he kep' out'n his way fur a while. An' Eph, he 'lowed ez Jim war afeard an' a-hidin'. Waal, sir, that hustled up Jeemes's feelin's mightily. He jes' wanted ter keep out'n his mother's hearin', though; she war a powerful chicken-hearted, floppy kind o' woman, — skeered at everything. Then Jeemes, he sent Eph word ez he war n't a-goin' ter be beat inter a jelly fur nuthin' by a man twict his size; but he war a-kemin' up ter settle him with his

rifle. An' Eph, he sent word he'd meet him at the big Sulphur Spring, thar on that spur o' the mounting. Ef Jeemes so much ez dared ter cross the foot-bredg over Gran'dad's Creek, an' set his foot on the t'other side, Eph swore he'd shoot him dead. An' Eph, he sent word ter come Chewsday an hour by sun, an' bring his friends ter see fair play."

"Laws-a-massy!" exclaimed Marvin, in the fervor of reminiscence, "I kin jes' see that thar spot,— that thar old foot-bredg in the woods, an' the water high enough ter lap the under side o' the log; 'twar hewn a-top, an' made toler'ble level footin'. An' me an' Jeb dodgin' in the laurel, fur fear Eph would shoot 'fore Jeemes crost."

"Jeemes seemed toler'ble long a-cross-in'," Jeb resumed, — "I 'member that; an' he stopped at the funder eend, an' lifted his rifle ter his shoulder ter be ready ter shoot. An' thar stood Eph, a sightin' him keerful ez he kem" —

"You were both there?" said Harshaw, hastily.

"Lord, yes," said Jeb. "Jeemes hed stayed at my dad's house the night afore. An' he never brung none o' his town friends, — afeard o' word gittin' ter his mother. So me an' Sam, — Sam, he lived nigh me, — we-uns went along."

"Did he kill Eph?" demanded Harshaw, the query swift with the momentum of the wish.

"Waal, not edzac'ly," drawled Jeb. "That's war the funny part kem in. Eph, he knowed ef Jeemes shot fust he war a dead man, — mighty few sech shots ez Jeemes, — but he war n't a-goin' ter murder him by shootin' him afore he put his foot on the groun' an' tuk up the dare. So he waited, an' Jeemes stopped short right at the aideg o' the bredg."

"Lord, I 'members how he looked!" cried Marvin. "He had tuk off his coat an' vest, though we-uns hed tole him that thar b'iled shirt o' his'n war a

good mark for Eph, ez looked jes' the color o' the clay bank a-hint him, in them brown jeans clothes. Jim's straw hat war drawn down over his eyes; he war jes' about the build o' his ramrod, — slimmest, stringiest boy! — ez delikit-lookin' ez a gal. One thing Eph called him, ez riled him wuss 'n all, war 'Miss Polly.'"

"He hev widened out mightily sence then, though he ain't got no fat ter spare yit," put in Jeb.

"An' then, suddint," resumed Marvin, "he jes' stepped his foot right on the groun'. In that very minute Eph's gun flashed. An' I seen Jeemes stand-in' thar, still sightin'. An' then Eph, he drapped his gun, an' held his hands afore his face, an' yelled out, 'Shoot, ef ye air a-goin' ter shoot! I ain't a-goin' ter stan' hyar no longer.' An' Jeemes, he looked ez scornful" —

"I never seen a boy's looks with sech a cuttin' aidge ter 'em," interpolated Jeb.

"An' Jeemes, he say, 'I ain't a-wastin' powder ter-day. I never 'lowed ez skunks war game.' An' he drapped his gun."

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Jeb, "he jes' hed that much grit, — ter stan' up ez a shootin' mark fur Eph Saunders, an' prove he war n't afeard o' nuthin'. He did, sir!"

"Why, look here, my good friends!" cried the elated lawyer. "That was a duel. It was a cool, premeditated affair. They met by previous appointment, and fought with deadly weapons and with witnesses. It was a duel."

"Mebbe so," said Jeb, indifferently and uncomprehendingly. "I call it clean grit."

"Waal," went on Marvin, "I run across the bredge lookin' fur Eph's bullet. I said, 'Whar'd it go?' An' by that time Eph an' them low down Kitwin boys war slinkin' off. An' sez Jeemes, 'Don't let 'em know it. I don't want my mother ter hear 'bout it. She air fibble an' gittin' old.' An' thar

I seen the breast o' his shirt war slow a-spottin' with blood. Waal, sir, that's how kem me an' Jeb an' him rid over the mountings inter North Car'lina, whar he hed some kinsfolks livin' 'mongst the hills.

"Ye see," — Jeb again took up his testimony, — "he did n't want the news ter git ter his mother afore he got well, kase he war delikit, an' she war always a-lookin' fur him ter die; an' Eph never knowed Jim war shot, an' could n't kerry the tale down ter Colbury. Waal, we-uns war all young an' toler'ble bouncin' fools, I tell ye, an' we sorter got light on that fac' whenst we-uns sot out ter ride with a man with a gun-shot wound — I furgits 'zac'ly whar the doctor say the bullet went in — miles an' miles through the mountings; an' the dark kem on an' the rain kem down, an' Jeemes got out'n his head. An' this ride with you-uns air what reminded me o' it."

"I ain't out of my head!" cried Harshaw, with covert meaning. "You bet your immortal soul on that!"

"Naw," — Jeb admitted the discrepancy, — "but the rain, an' the ride, an' the mountings, an' the darksomeness."

"Lord! a body would n't hev b'lieved how Jeemes's pride war hurt ter be called afeard!" exclaimed Marvin. "I 'low he'd let Eph chop him up in minch meat ter prove he war n't. He air prouder of hisself 'n enny man I ever see. Thar's whar his soul is, — in his pride."

"I'm glad ter hear it," said Harshaw, so definitely referring to an occult interpretation of his own that the old white hat, bobbing along in front of him, turned slowly, and he saw the lank, cadaverous face below it, outlined with its limp wisps of black hair against the nebulous vapors. So strong an expression of surprise did Jeb's features wear that Harshaw hastily added, "A man that ain't got any pride ain't worth anything."

"Ef he hev got ennything ter be proud of," stipulated melancholy Jeb.

The day had fully dawned; the rain, the mists, the looming forests, had acquired a dull verity in the stead of the vague, illusory shadows they had been. Nevertheless, the muddy banks of the creek down which the mare slid, her legs rigid as iron, the obstructions of the ford, — rocks, fallen limbs of trees, floating or entangled in intricacies of overhanging bushes, — were all rendered more difficult, for Harshaw mechanically controlled the reins instead of trusting to the mare's instinct; as he sawed on the bit, while she threw back her head, foaming at the mouth, he brought her to her knees in the midst of the stream. The water surged up about the great boots which he wore drawn over his trousers to the knee, and the mare regained her footing with snorting difficulty. There were no expletives, and Jeb looked back in renewed surprise.

"Ye mus' be studyin' powerful hard, stranger," he commented, "not ter hev seen that thar bowlder."

"Yer beastis war a-goin' ter take slanchwise across the ruver, whar thar war n't nuthin' ter hender, till ye in an' about pulled the jaw off'n her," Marvin said, as Harshaw pushed through the swollen flood and up the opposite bank. His flushed face was grave; his eyes were intent; he rode along silently. He was indeed thinking.

He was thinking that if what they had told him were true — and how could he doubt it? — Gwinnan in taking the official oath had committed perjury; he was disqualified for the judicial office, and liable to impeachment. Harshaw was vaguely repeating to himself and trying to remember the phraseology of the anti-duelling oath exacted of every office-holder in the State of Tennessee, — an oath that he had not directly or indirectly given or accepted a challenge since the adoption of the Constitution in 1835.

Under what pretext, what secret reservation or evasion, had Gwinnan been able to evade this solemn declaration? Or had he adopted the simple expedient of swallowing it whole? Harshaw wondered, remembering all the acerbities of Gwinnan's canvass and election, that the old story had not before come to light. But it was a section of frequent feuds and bloody collisions, the subject was trite and unsuggestive, and the details of an old fight might seem to promise no novel developments. How odd that he, of all men, should stumble on it, in view of its most signal significance!

Auxiliary facts pressed upon his attention. Nothing that could be now urged against an official was so prejudicial as the crime of dueling. The episode of Kinsard's boyish demonstration attested the temper of the public. With much difficulty had his friends shielded him by its ambiguity; and indeed only because it was a meaningless folly, without intention or result, had it proved innocuous. Even Kinsard, fire-eater as he was, had been forced to accept their interpretations of its harmless intent, and to subside under the frown of public displeasure. The more lenient members of the House had had cause to regret their clemency, the disapproval of their constituents being expressed in no measured manner by the unabashed local journals. But no ambiguity was here; this was the accomplished fact, this the clue that long he had sought. He would think it out at his leisure. But even if the House should decline to act in the matter, Gwinnan could be removed by judicial proceedings. How lucky, how lucky, was this ride!

The rain had ceased at last. They were among the minor ridges that lie about the base of the Great Smoky. They had ridden many a mile out of their way, — Harshaw could not say in what direction, — so that he might not

easily retrace his steps. The mists still hung about them when they turned from the almost imperceptible path, which Jeb had followed with some keen instinct or memory, into a road, — a rough wagon track. Bushes were growing in its midst, bowlders lay here and there; its chief claim to identification as a highway being its occasional mud-puddles, of appalling depth and magnitude, and its red clay mire, fetlock deep at least.

Harshaw roused himself suddenly, as the two moonshiners intimated their intention of parting company with him.

"Thar's yer way, stranger," said Marvin, pausing on the rise and pointing down the road. It was visible only a few rods in the mist, dreary and deserted, with deep ditches, heavily washed by the rain, on either hand; it might seem to lead to no fair spaces, no favored destination where one might hope to be. But Harshaw drew up his mare, and gazed along it with kindling eyes. His felt hat drooped in picturesque curves about his dense yellow hair, soaked, like his beard, to a darker hue. His closely buttoned coat had a military suggestion. His heavy figure was imposing on horseback. He flushed with sudden elation. Alack! he saw more trooping down that prosaic dirt road than the mist, hastily scurrying; than the vestiges of a faintly stirring wind in the swaying of the stunted cedars, clinging to the gashed and gully-washed embankments; than the last trickling stragglers of the storm.

He did not notice, or he did not care, that the two men had remarked his silence, his evident absorption. He glanced cursorily at them, as they sat regarding him, — one on the little lank mule, his partner on the big lean one, both drenched, and forlorn, and poverty-stricken, and humble of aspect. Even the mare, perhaps recognizing the road down into Kildeer County, where she had spent the first frisky years of her toilsome pilgrimage, showed a new spirit,

and caracoled as Harshaw rode up to the two men to offer his hand.

"Farewell, stranger," they said; and in the old-fashioned phrase of the primitive Plain People, "Farewell," he replied.

They stood looking after him, hardly understanding what they lacked, what they had expected, as the mare, with a mincing, youthful freshness, cantered a little way along the grassy margin of the road, above the rivulets in the ditches, surging twelve or fourteen feet below.

Presently Harshaw paused, yet unobscured by the mists which had gathered about him, and glanced over his shoulder, — not to thank them for such aid and comfort as they had given him.

"Gentlemen," he said, a little ill at ease because of the restive mare, "I must thank you for the story you told me. You don't know how much good it did me. A pretty little story, with a pretty little hero. A very *pretty* little story, indeed."

He bent his roseate, dimpled smile upon them, and thrust out his red tongue satirically; with a bound the mare disappeared in the mist, leaving the grave, saturnine mountaineers staring after him, and listening to the measured hoof-beats of his invisible progress till they died in the distance.

Then they looked at each other.

"Sam," said Jeb, when they had turned again into their fastnesses, where they could ride only in single file, "I dunno ef we-uns done right las' night. This worl' would be healthier ef that man war out'n it."

"I ain't misdoubtin' that none," returned Marvin. "'Peared ter me powerful comical, the way he tuk off down the road, an' I ain't able ter study out yit what he meant. My gran'mam always 'lowed ez them ez talks in riddles larnt thar speech o' the devil, him bein' the deceivin' one. But 't war n't healthy fur we-uns ter kill him, even ef we could

hev agreed ter do it. I reckon them hunters *would* hev tracked him. An' I don't b'lieve he war no spy nor sech."

"Nor me nuther," said "hongry Jeb," well enough satisfied with the termination of the adventure, "though I ain't likin' him now ez well ez I done a-fust."

They liked him still less, and all their old suspicions returned with redoubled force, upon reaching home, when the afternoon was well advanced. For no hunters had yet appeared, and the lurking moonshiners, becoming surprised because of this, had tracked Harshaw's way to the house by the broken brush, the hairs from the mane and tail of the mare, a bit of his coat clutched off by the briers, the plain prints of the mare's hoofs along a sandy stretch protected from the rain by the beetling ledges of a crag. There were many oak-trees along this path, — not one blazed by a hunting-knife. They understood at last his clever lie. And Marvin upbraided M'ria: —

"Thar air more constancy in the ways o' the wind, an' mo' chance o' countin' on 'em, 'n that thar woman. Fust he mus' be dragged out straight an' kilt, — flunged off'n the bluff, — else we-uns would all go ter jail, an' Philetus be lef' ter starve 'mongst the painters, ez would n't keep him comp'ny, but would eat him up. Then when the man limbered his jaw an' sot out ter lyin', she gits so all-fired skeered, she hed breakfus' cooked for we-uns ter journey 'fore I could sati'fy my mind 'bout nuthin'. Ef the truth war knowed, we'd all be safer ef M'ria were flunged over the bluff."

And Maria, staring at the line of oak-trees, all undesecrated by the knife, could not gainsay it.

She could only wring her hands, and rock herself to and fro, and revolve her troublous fears, and grow yet more wan and gaunt with her prescient woes for them all — and for Philetus.

XXV.

On the second day of February, the ground-hog, true to his traditions, emerged from his hole, and looked about him cautiously for his shadow. Fortunately, it was not in attendance. And by this token the spring was early, and all the chill rains, and late frosts, and unpropitious winds, and concomitant calamities, that might have ensued had he found his ill-omened shadow awaiting him, were escaped. It was not long afterward that small protuberances appeared on every twig and wand, on every branch and bole, although the trees had not budded save in these promissory intimations. The sap was stirring. The dead world was quickened again. That beautiful symbolism of the miracle of resurrection was daily presented in the reawakening, in the rising anew of the spring. So pensively gladsome it was, so gently approaching, with such soft and subtle languors! The sky was blue; the clouds how light, how closely akin to the fleecy mists! Sheep-bells were tinkling — for what! the pastures were already green! And here and there a peach-tree beside a rail fence burst forth in a cloud of blossoms so exquisitely petaled, so delicately roseate, that only some fine ethereal vagary of the sunset might rival the tint. Sometimes among the still leafless mountains these pink graces of color would appear, betokening the peach orchard of some hidden little hut, its existence only thus attested. The Scolacutta River was affluent with the spring floods: a wild, errant stream this, with many a wanton freak, with a weakness for carrying off its neighbor's rails; for snatching huge slices of land from the banks; for breaking off trees and bushes, and whirling them helplessly down its current, tossing and teetering in a frantic, unwilling dance. Many a joke had it played before and since the disaster to old Griff's mill. The sun-

beams might seem the strings of a harp ; whenever touched by a wing they were quivering and trilling with songs. Slow-wreathing blue smoke curled in fields here and there where the fires of rubbish blazed ; sometimes a stump would burn sullenly all night and char slowly, and with a puff of wind burst anew into flames. The soft lustres of the Pleiades and the fiery Aldebaran were resplendent in the heavens, and the moon was the paschal moon. A vernal thrill had blessed the wild cherry, and it gave out its glad incense. For miles and miles the exquisite fragrance from its vast growths on the mountain-side pervaded the air. And presently the mountain-side wore the tender verdure of budding leaves, and even the gloomy pines were tipped with new tufts of vivid green, unlike their sombre hue ; and here and there crags flaunted a bourgeoning vine, and the wild ivy crept on the ground where the wood violet bloomed. All day the ploughs turned the furrow, and the air echoed with the calls "gee haw" to the slow oxen.

And Mrs. Purvine was greatly distraught in the effort to remember exactly where she had stowed away certain bags of seed necessary, in view of their best interests, to be sown in the light of the moon.

Her sun-bonnet was all awry, her face wrinkled and anxious with the cares of the spring-tide "gyarden spot," her gestures laborious and weary, as she sat on her porch, the lap of her ample apron filled with small calico bags, each of which seemed to have a constitutional defect in its draw-string ; for when found closed it would not open, and if by chance open it would not close. There was a sort of shelf in lieu of balustrade against the posts of the porch, and on this were placed two or three pieces of old crockery, — providentially broken into shapes that the ingenious could utilize, — in which seeds were immersed in water, that they might swell in the night, and

thus enter the ground prepared to swiftly germinate. One of these broken dishes stood on the floor at her feet, and a graceless young rooster, that had the air of loafing about the steps, approached by unperceived degrees, picked up several of the seed, and was quenching his thirst when spied by Mrs. Purvine, who was viciously pulling the strings of a recalcitrant bag.

"In the name o' Moses !" she adjured him so solemnly that the rooster stopped, and looked at her expectantly. "I'm in an' about minded ter cut them dish-rag-gourd seed out'n yer craw, ye great, big, ten-toed sinner, you ! Ye need n't turn yer head up 'twixt every sup, — so thankful ter the Lord fur water. Ye'll find mo' water in the pot 'n that. A-swallerin' them few dish-rag-gourd seed ez nimble an' onconsarned, an' me jes' a-chasin' an' a-racin' an' wore ter the bone ter find some mo' ! Ye'd better leave 'em be."

The rooster, hardly comprehending the words, was about to again sample the delicacy, when aunt Dely, stamping to startle him, inadvertently overturned the dish and the seed on the floor. The fowl scuttled off, looking askance at the ruin, and the water dripped through the cracks of the puncheon floor.

So absorbed had she been that she had not observed an approach, and Alethea was at the foot of the steps when she lifted her eyes.

"Hyar I be, aunt Dely," said the girl, noticing Mrs. Purvine's occupation with a surprise that seemed hardly warranted, and speaking in a breathless, eager way. "Air you-uns feelin' enny better ?"

For once in her life the crafty Mrs. Purvine was embarrassed ; to conceal her confusion, she engaged in a strenuous struggle with one of the bags of seed.

"I feel toler'ble well," she said at last, gruffly.

"Waal !" exclaimed Alethea, in amaze-

ment. "From the word Ben Doaks brung ter Wild-Cat Hollow, ez he war drivin' up some steers ter the bald o' the mounting, we-uns 'lowed ez ye hed been tuk awful sick, an' war like ter die."

"I sent ye that word," said Mrs. Purvine, with admirable effrontery. "I knowed thar war n't no other way ter git ye down hyar. When hev ye hed the perliteness ter fetch them bones o' yourn hyar afore?" She looked over her spectacles with angry reproach at the girl.

"Waal, aunt Dely," said Alethea in her dulcet, mollifying drawl, sitting down on the step as she talked, "ye know I hev hed ter do so much o' the ploughin' an' sech, a-puttin' in o' our craps. We-uns hev got sech a lot o' folks up ter our house. An' I dunno when Jacob Jessup hev done less work 'n he hev this spring."

"Thought ye be always 'lowin' ye ain't layin' off ter do his work," said the elder tartly.

"Waal," rejoined Alethea wearily, "I don't 'pear ter hev the grit ter hold out an' quar'l over it, like I used ter do. I reckon my sperit's a-gittin' bruk; but I don't mind workin' off in the field, 'thout no jawin', whar I kin keep comp'ny with my thoughts."

"I would n't want ter keep comp'ny with 'em," said aunt Dely cavalierly. "I'll be bound they air heavier ter foler 'n the plough. Mighty solemn, low-sperited thoughts fur a spry young gal like you-uns! Ef yer head could be turned inside out, thar ain't nobody ez would n't 'low it mus' outside be gray. They'd say, 'In the name o' Moses! old ez this inside, an' yaller outside! 'Tain't natur!'"

The girl had taken off her bonnet. Her beauty was undimmed, despite a pensive pallor on her delicate cheek. She fanned herself with her sun-bonnet, and the heavy, undulating folds of her lustrous yellow hair stirred softly. "I'm

powerful glad ter find ye hevin' yer health same ez common," she said.

"I'm s'prised ter hear ye say so," declared Mrs. Purvine, tart from her renewed conflicts with the bag. "I ain't sick, bless the Lord, but I wanted ye ter kem down hyar an' bide with me, an' I knowed I could n't tole ye out'n that thar Eden, ez ye call Wild-Cat Hollow, 'thout purtendin' ter be nigh dead. So I jes' held my han' ter my side an' tied up my head, an' hollered ter Ben Doaks ez he went by. He looked mighty sorry fur me!" A faint smile flickered across her broad face. "I hed laid off ter go ter bed afore you-uns kem, though. I will say fur ye ez ye travel toler'ble fas'. Yes, sir!" she went on, after a momentary pause. "I live in a ongrateful worl'. I hev ter gin out I'm dyin' ter git my own niece ter kem ter see me. An' thar's that thar Jerry Price, ez I hev raised from a ill-convenient infant, ez wou'd do nuthin' I say, nor marry nobody I picks out fur him. I'll be boun' he would n't hev no say-so 'bout'n it ef his aunt Melindy Jane hed hed the raisin' of him. An' Bluff ez good ez 'lowed this mornin' ez he 'd hook me ef I did n't quit foolin' in his bucket o' bran,—kase I 'lowed ez mebbe the saaft-soap gourd war drapped in it, bein' ez I could n't find it nowhar, an' I war afeard 't would n't agree with the critter's insides. An' thar's that rooster,"—he was now out among the weeds: "he war a aig ez got by accident inter a tur-r-key's nest, an' when he war hatched she would n't hev him; an' ez I hed no hen ez war kerryin' o' chickens his size, I hed ter keer fur him. I useter git up in my bare feet in the middle o' a winter night ter kiver up that thar rooster in a bat o' cotton, fur he war easy ter git cold, an' he could holler ez loud ez a baby. An' arter all, he kem hyar an' eat up 'bout haffen my dish-rag-gourd seed! I dunno what in Moses's name is kem o' the other bags. Never mind!"—she shook her head as she

addressed the jaunty and unprescient fowl, — "I'll git up the heart ter kill ye some day; an' ef I can't eat ye, bein' so well acquainted with ye, I'll be bound Jerry kin."

Alethea, apprised how precious the seeds were, began to gather them up as she sat on the step.

"Listen ter Jerry, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvine, with whom the world had evidently gone much amiss to-day. "Need n't tell me he don't hurt Bluff's feelin's, callin' him names whilst ploughin', an' yellin' at him like a plumb cat-amount. Ef Bluff hed n't treated me like he done this mornin', I'd go thar an' make Jerry shet up."

Now and then the ox and the man at the plough-tail came into view at the end of the field that sloped down to the road. One of aunt Dely's boys was dropping corn in the furrow, and the other followed with a hoe and covered the grain in. Alethea watched them with the interest of a practical farmer.

Aunt Dely, too, looked up, repeating the old formula:—

"One fur the cut-worm and one fur the crow,
Two fur the blackbird and one fur ter grow."

Jerry, glancing toward the house, called out a salutation to Alethea, and then at long range entered upon a colloquy with Mrs. Purvine touching the lack of seed.

"Whar's that thar t'other bag o' seed-corn?" he demanded.

"Waal, I ain't got none!" cried out Mrs. Purvine peremptorily. "I mus' hev made a mistake, and fedded that thar bag o' special an' percise fine seed-corn ter the chickens,—I wish they war every one fried. I disremember now what I done, an' what I done it fur. Ye jes' gear up Bluff in the wagin an' go ter mill, an' see ef ye can't git some thar."

"Laws-a-massy!" objected Jerry, "t'ain't no use ter make Bluff go. I kin git thar an' back quicker an' easier 'thout him 'n with him."

"Ye do ez ye air bid," said Mrs. Purvine; and while Jerry stared she presently explained, as she sawed away on the draw-strings of a bag, "I want ye ter take Lethe along ter the post-office, ter see ef thar's enny letter fur me."

Now, Mrs. Purvine had never written or received a letter in her life; in fact, would not have understood the functions of a post-office, had it not been for her husband's incumbency some years ago. Nevertheless, in common with half the country-side, whenever she thought of it she gravely demanded if there were a missive for her, and was gravely answered in the negative, and went her way well content.

Both young people understood her ruse well enough,—to throw them together, in the hope that propinquity might do a little match-making. Since Mink's long sentence of imprisonment had been pronounced upon him, she felt that there was no longer fear of rivalry from that quarter, as the Supreme Court would hardly reverse so plain and just a judgment. And now, she thought, is Jerry's golden opportunity. However, she elaborately justified the expedition upon the basis of convenience.

"Ye *could* fetch the letter an' the corn too," she observed, in a cogitating manner; "but then, goin' ter mill, ye'd be apt ter git meal sprinkled onto it. I reckon I'd better send Lethe too. Ye kin leave her at the post-office till ye go ter mill."

This verisimilitude imposed even upon Alethea.

"Who air ye expectin' a letter from, aunt Dely?" said the girl.

Mrs. Purvine was equal to the occasion.

"I 'lowed," she said, with swift inspiration, "ez some o' them folks ez we-uns bided with down thar in Shaftesville mought take up a notion ter write ter us."

Alethea thought this not unlikely,

and set out with Jerry with some interest, fully prepared to preserve the precious letter from any contact with meal.

Mrs. Purvine, her ill-humor evaporating in the successful exploiting of her little plan, gazed after them with a benignant smile illuminating her features, as they creaked off in the slow little ox-cart, its wheels now leaning outward and now bending inward, as the loose linch-pin or some obstruction in the road might impel. She noted, however, that the old slouch hat and the brown sun-bonnet, with its coy tress of golden hair showing beneath its curtain, were seldom turned toward each other, and there was evidently little disposition for conversation between the two young people.

"Bluff hev got mos' o' the brains in that thar comp'ny," she said to herself with indignation because of their mutual indifference. "But Lethe Ann Sayles air mighty diffe'nt from some wimmin, ef she kin hold her jaw fur twenty year, an' keep that thar dead-an'-gin-out look on her face fur Mink Lorey. He can't git back 'fore then. An' Jerry's got ez good a chance ez Ben Doaks. But it's mighty hard on a pore old woman like me, ez hed enough trouble marryin' herself off thirty year ago, a-runnin' away an' sech, ter gin herself ter studyin' 'bout sech foolishness in her old age ez love-makin', an' onsettlin' her mind, kase they hain't got enough sense ter do thar courtin' 'thout help."

But this unique grievance was so inadequate that Mrs. Purvine gave up the effort to eke out thereby her ill-humor, and gazed about with placid complacency at the spring landscape, tossing all the bags of seed together into a splint basket, to be sorted at some more propitious day.

In Bluff's slow progress along the red clay road, the gradual unfolding of the scene, the vernal peace, the bene-

dictory sunshine, had their benignant effect on Alethea. Absorbed as she had been, in descending the mountain, by her anxiety for the specious aunt Dely's illness, she had not noted until now how far the spring was advanced in the sheltered depths of the cove, how loath to climb to the sterile fastnesses of Wild-Cat Hollow.

"The season 'pears ter be toler'ble back'ard in the hollow, jedgin' by the cove," she remarked, her eyes resting wistfully upon the tender verdure on the margin of the river. The sun was warm, for it was not long past noon, and Bluff stopped to drink in the midst of the ford. The translucent brown water above the bowlders, all distinct in its clear depths, washed about the miry wheels, and lapsed with soft sighs against the rocky banks; great silvery circles elastically expanded on its surface about the ox's muzzle, distorting somewhat the image of his head and his big, insistent, sullen eyes and long horns, as he drank. Whenever the sunbeams struck the current a bevy of tiny insects might be seen, skittering about over the water; and hark! a frog was croaking on a rotten log in the dank shadow of the laurel. From the fields beyond the call of the quail was sweet and clear. The ranges encompassing the cove on every hand seemed doubly beautiful, doubly dear, with the tender promise of summer upon them, with the freshened delights of soft airs pervading them, with the predominant sense of the liberated joys of nature in the bourgeonings and the blooms, in the swift rushing of torrents, in the whirl of wings. The wooded lines of those summits close at hand were drawn in fine detail against the sky, save where the great balds towered, — symmetrical, ponderous, bare domes; further mountains showed purple and blue, and among them was a lowering gray portent that might have seemed a storm-cloud, save to those who knew the

strange, cumulose outline of Thunder-head.

Everywhere birds were building. A couple of jays were carrying straws from a heap in a corner of a fence; they rose with a great whirl of blue and white feathers, as Bluff, his horns nodding, approached them. A dove was cooing in a clump of dog-wood trees, whitely blooming by the road. There was a great commotion of wings in the air from a lofty martin-house in a way-side door-yard, as the plucky denizens chased a hawk round and round and out of sight.

"Thought that thar war the way ter the post-office at Squair Bates's, Jerry," Alethea observed, pointing down one of those picturesque winding roads, so common to the region, threading the forests, its tawny red convolutions flecked with shadow and sheen, showing in long, fascinating vistas and luring one to follow.

"Yes, sir," said Jerry, "but I hev got ter take ye ter the post-office at Locust Levels. Ain't ye hearn aunt Dely 'low that? An' I hev got ter leave ye thar whilst I go ter the grist-mill nigh by, off the road a piece."

Alethea flushed with a dull annoyance, recognizing the device that the long drive might be still longer. She nevertheless made no comment. They were each too dutiful to vary the plan of the journey, although aunt Dely might have considered this only obedience in the letter, and not in the spirit, as neither again spoke for a mile or more.

"This be Kildeer County," said Jerry, at last, breaking the long silence. "We-uns crost the line back thar 'bout haffen hour ago."

Alethea's pensive enjoyment of the gentle influences of the scene was marred. To be sure, aunt Dely had an unequivocal right to send, if she liked, to the post-office at Locust Levels, a hamlet of Kildeer County, rather than to the one nearer, in her own county; but it

was a patent subterfuge that she should expect to receive letters here from their friends in Shaftesville. It was Alethea's excellent common sense that had preserved her from the folly of the continual anticipation of a letter, so common among ignorant people, who, with no acquaintances elsewhere, beset the post-offices with their demands. She had never asked for a letter for herself, and there had begun to be revealed to her the fact that it was not a post-office which could produce an epistle for Mrs. Purvine; she needed a correspondent.

"Ef ye 'low ye 'll feel like a fool axin' fur that thar letter, Lethe," said the acute Jerry, divining her thoughts, "I'll do it. I never mind feelin' like a fool, — thar's a heap o' em in this worl'. An' whenever I acts like one, I remembers I'm in powerful good company. An' that's why I don't try ter be no smarter 'n I am."

But Alethea said that she would ask for the letter, as aunt Dely had directed. When she alighted from the wagon at Locust Levels, Jerry and Bluff drove off at a whisking pace, which indicated that both might feel relieved.

At the post-office the wood-pile was in front of the house, and therefore the approach was over chips, splinters, and shreds of bark, which gave out a pungent fragrance. It was a low little gray cabin, partly of log and partly of plank, and with a blossoming company of peach-trees about it. They hung over the fence, and all the steep bank down to the road was covered with their pink petals shed in the wind. Some golden candlesticks and "butter-and-eggs" were blooming inside the rickety little palings, and a girl stood upon the porch beside a spinning-wheel.

Alethea noted the unrecognized stare bent upon her. She opened the gate with difficulty, and went up on the shaded porch. The girl had stopped spinning, but was still gazing at her. A yellow dog, who had been asleep on the

floor, his muzzle on his fore-paws, also scanned her curiously, not stirring his head, only lifting his eyes. When she faltered her inquiry for a letter for Mrs. Purvine, the dog got up as briskly as if he were the postmaster.

"Fur who?" demanded a masculine voice, as a man with a plough-line in his hand stepped around the corner, lured by the sound of the colloquy.

"Mis' Purvine," repeated Alethea.

He looked at her with a touch of indignation. He would never get through his spring ploughing at this rate. He strode into the house, however, to investigate. "I never hearn o' her in all my life," he said tartly.

And Alethea began to have a realization how very wide this world is.

The walls of the room bore every flaming grace of advertisement, pasted over the logs. They were of more fantastic device and a newer fashion than Mrs. Purvine's relics of her husband's postmastership. There were two neat beds in the room, a very clean floor, and a woman in the chimney-corner, smoking her pipe, who nodded with grave courtesy to Alethea.

The postmaster inserted a key in the lock of a table-drawer, and there, by some perversity, it stuck; it would neither come out nor go further in, nor turn in either direction. The dog had entered, too, as he always did, with a business-like air, and was standing beneath the table, slowly wagging his tail and lolling out his tongue; what strange ideas did he connect with the distribution of the mail? His position involved some danger, as his master struggled and pulled at the drawer, and jerked the table about. Finally, one of its legs came in contact with the foot of the dog, who had the worst of it. As his shrieks filled the room, the perspiring man turned to Alethea.

"I know thar ain't no letter fur no Mis' Purvine," he declared. "Thar air jes fower letters in this hyar dad-

burned drawer, an' they be fur Jedge Gwinnan. Ye see I can't open it."

The mail seemed indeed in safe-keeping. His daughter, who had been peering down the road, suddenly spoke:—

"Ye 'll hev ter open it. Fur thar be Jedge Gwinnan now, a-ridin' up on that thar roan colt o' his'n, what he hev jes' bruk."

A little play with the key, and the drawer abruptly opened.

There was, indeed, no letter for Mrs. Purvine, and snatching up the four for Judge Gwinnan, with some newspapers, the postmaster ran hastily out, hailing the rider as he drew rein at the corner of the orchard fence.

Alethea stood for a moment at the gate, gazing at the equestrian figure that had paused under the soft pink glammers of the orchard. She had heard of his belated plea for Mink Lorey. He evidently bore no grudge for his injuries. Suddenly there flashed into her mind a word that she might say for that graceless and forlorn wight,—a word which, perhaps, might not be taken amiss; and if it should do no good, it could at least work no harm. It was an abrupt resolution. She stood in trembling impatience, yet loath to interrupt him.

Gwinnan read his letters, one by one, while the postmaster went back to the plough, where the gray mare dozed in the furrow.

As Gwinnan gathered up the reins, looking absently ahead, the girl waiting by the roadside signed to him to stop. He did not see her. Somehow Alethea could not speak. She sprang forward with a hoarse cry, as he was about to pass like a flash, and caught his bridle. The young horse swerved, instead of trampling upon her, but dragging her with him.

"Take care!" cried out Gwinnan sharply. He drew up his horse with an effort, and looked down at her in amazement as she still clung to the bridle.

The next moment he recognized her.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE RISE OF ARABIAN LEARNING.

FROM the appearance of Mohammed in the East to the fall of the Saracens in the West, Arabian history is surrounded by an atmosphere of romance, which no realistic array of facts is able to dissipate. Say what we will about despotic power, with its suspicions and cruelties and recklessness of human life, or about religious crudities and fanaticism, the story fascinates. The spell which it casts is strengthened rather than weakened by the contrasts of light and shadow which are presented. The effect is like that we experience in looking back to the walls and battlements of old castles, where dungeons underlie the very towers from which ladies once waved signals to their troubadours.

Nor is this lustre mere glamour. Arabian progress was brilliant in more than one direction: in the arts of peace as well as in war; in the intellectual as well as the physical field. The sudden apparition of these children of the desert; their proclamation of a new faith; their unification to an overwhelming power; their wild sweep, with lance and scimitar, through Syria and Persia to the banks of the Indus, through Egypt and along the coast of Africa to the Pillars of Hercules; their bold push across the Straits of Gibraltar, under Tarik and Musa; their conquest of Spain and advance into France, until the Saracen army was stopped by the solid hosts of Charles Martel,—all this constitutes a history of substantial achievement.

These successes are rendered more dazzling by the sheen of that wealth which, gathered from plunder and tribute, enabled the people to weave around their lives the enchantments of a luxury demoralizing to themselves and illusive to our modern eyes.

But what most surprises us is to see, growing out of such wealth and spring-

ing up by the side of such luxury, an eagerness for knowledge, which resulted in making the Arabians, for the time, the most learned people on the face of the globe.

During several centuries, including the darkest portions of the Middle Ages, the Saracens were the world's chief promoters of learning. They were especially conspicuous as students of the natural sciences, which, in Christian Europe, had fallen into almost entire neglect. They were the devoted cultivators of philosophy, and the poetic spirit attained among them a luxuriant growth. Other departments of letters were not neglected, while many of the arts were diligently cherished.

Before Mohammed, the Arabian was unlearned. He loved his horse, his weapons, and hospitality. He honored the poets of his race, who sung of the genealogies and heroisms of the tribes, and whose contests at the annual fairs helped to preserve the purity of a language which was always the nation's boast. Perhaps he equally honored the orator, who roused the people to deeds of daring; and to whom, after the promulgation of Islam, the preacher was the natural successor.

The people's lore comprised national and tribal history, family pedigrees, the courses of the stars and their influence over the weather, along with the interpretation of dreams. Science there was none. Learning of any kind, worthy of the name, was impossible to a people that had no written language; and the art of writing, which had been introduced to the Arabs about a century before the Hegira, obtained little currency among the native children of the desert. It was mostly in the hands of Jews and Christians. Ibn Kalikan tells us that when the Koran was published

there was not in all the district of Yemen, along the Indian Ocean, — the finest part of Arabia, and containing its most ancient and populous cities, — a single person who could write or read Arabic.

Contact with people of better intellectual antecedents had not been wanting. The caravan trade across the peninsula was of ancient date, and the great means of commerce between the East and the West. The products of India and Africa found their way over the Red Sea, and thence, across the desert, to Damascus and Syria. This trade, in the hands of the tribes, opened channels of communication with the world through which one might expect a larger influx of knowledge and refinement than was realized.

Nor was the country without contributions to its population from the more cultivated nations. Its seclusion made it a resort of refugees from surrounding regions. Nestorian physicians had lived among the people. One of them attended on Mohammed. The name City of the Book had been given to Medina, because of the numerous Jews who made their residence there. The kings of Yemen, or of Homeritis, had professed the Jewish faith during a period extending from more than a hundred years before Christ down to the sixth century of our era.

But none of these circumstances persuaded the Saracen to any zeal for learning. The nation must first be set in motion under the impulses of a new faith. The Arab of the peninsula was content to know what his fathers had known; the Arab of the conquest had new inspirations and needs.

The great Prophet of Islam was not above his race in literary attainments. In the Koran he repeatedly calls himself the illiterate prophet. Read he could not, much less could he write; and, whether from fear lest knowledge should sap the bottom stones of the faith, or

from a belief that all man needs to know was made known by revelation through him, Mohammed issued an edict that made the study of the liberal sciences and arts punishable by death. The ignorance of the founder was urged as a proof of the divine origin of the faith, since the precepts of the Koran, being too lofty to proceed from an unlettered man, must be esteemed the result of divine communication.

From such a state of ignorance, the Arabians rose, in the course of two centuries, to a commanding position as cultivators of science and patrons of learning.

The first steps in their intellectual career were inspired by a more extended contact with the world which they conquered. For, however that world may have been sunken, in the seventh century, below the intellectual standards of past ages, it was immeasurably superior to the ignorance of the peninsula from which the conquerors emerged. Once entered on their career of foreign conquest, the Saracen hosts spread almost simultaneously over Syria, the valley of the Euphrates, Persia, and Egypt. In less than ten years after the death of Mohammed, his followers were holding some of the most splendid cities of the world, and were in daily contact with their despised but, in all except arms, superior inhabitants. Damascus, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria had fallen before them; the conquest of Persia had begun. In just a hundred years from the death of the Prophet, the still hopeful and impetuous advance of the Moslems was checked and turned back by Charles Martel.

In these conquests, the absorptive mind of the Arabians, fresh from untaught barbarity and eager with awakened curiosity, was forced into communication with whatever of learning remained in the great cities of the East and South. The leaders of armies held personal intercourse with the best in-

tellects of Asia and Africa. When Alexandria falls, we find the Moslem general, Amrou, in free and friendly intercourse with John Philoponus, who, as grammarian and philosopher, represents the learning of his day, and who, displaying the facility of his scholarship, repays the friendship of the conqueror by composing in Arabic a book on Aristotle, and by translating into the same language from the medical works of Galen a collection of extracts on antidotes for the bites of serpents. In consequence of these pioneer labors he ranks among the earliest of those Christians who helped to build Arabian science on the foundations of Greek learning. What took place in this instance happened in other cities. Necessity promoted friendly offices, and opened up an intercourse which became the opportunity of intelligence over against ignorance. To the effect of such free communication may in part be charged the difference between the earliest Kalifs and the generals of their armies. The first three Kalifs seldom went from home. Living in Arabia, they experienced few of the effects of contact with the world. The burning of the great library at Alexandria, when that city fell, was due to the fanaticism of Omar, the second Kalif, and not to the wantonness of his general. Philoponus asked of Amrou the preservation of that depository of ancient learning, and Amrou, willing to favor the request, referred to Omar the question whether he should bestow the library as a gift on his Christian friend. The Kalif, living in the seclusion of Arabia, lying among beggars on the steps of the mosque at Medina, or preaching, in his tattered gown, the Moslem crusade, replied, "As to the books you mention, if they agree with the book of God, there is enough in that book without them; but if there is anything in them at variance with that book, we have no need of them: therefore order them all to be

destroyed." And destroyed they were. They are said to have fed the fires which heated the baths of Alexandria. But such fanaticism began to yield when the Kalifs moved more abroad, and came under the influence of Christian civilization. Ali, the Lion of God, nephew and son-in-law of Mohammed, — the Ali whose sad fate and that of his two sons, Hassan and Hosein, are to this day bewailed by the Mohammedans of Persia in their passion play, — was the first to favor learning. Some of his sayings in exaltation of letters are still preserved in Mohammedan literature.

But under Moawiyah, the sixth Kalif in the order of succession, and the first of the Ommiade dynasty, which dates from his elevation to the throne in a little less than thirty years after the death of the Prophet, the simplicity and seclusion of the Arabian court were abandoned. The seat of the kalifate was transferred to Damascus, and victorious Islam became intellectually subject to the world which it had conquered. Before he mounted the throne, and while governor of Syria, Moawiyah had subdued the islands of Rhodes and Cyprus. Under his kalifate the Moslem war boats pushed into the Hellespont and besieged Constantinople. Checked by the long and vigorous defense of the imperial city, he was willing to receive a Greek embassy into his capital. There was a truce of thirty years. Moawiyah paid tribute. This humiliation and the opening of extended intercourse with the Grecian islands and the imperial city undoubtedly contributed to the coming in of Grecian learning. Having established a princely court in the midst of an ancient civilization, Moawiyah is said to have adorned it with poets and philosophers. Convinced of the superiority of Greek culture, he sought out the most learned men of his time, and summoned them to his side. Thus the forbidden fruit was tasted. In less than fifty years after the death of Mohammed the

policy of the Kalifs was changed; the edict which had made the pursuit of the liberal sciences a capital offense was laid aside by a successor of the Prophet, a commander of the faithful, and a defender of the faith.

Nevertheless, the period of preparation on the part of the national mind for its subsequent career had yet to extend over more than a hundred years, during the whole of which there was little that could be called literary activity. Only now and then appeared an Arabian like El Hareth, who had studied medicine abroad, and, practicing it according to the best light of the age, stood later in life on an intimate footing with Mohammed. Others picked up a smattering of the healing art through contact with foreigners, or gained some knowledge of the sciences, like Kaled Ben Yezid, who, under the teaching of a Christian monk, became well versed in alchemy as well as medicine. The Saracen conquerors of this first century and a half usually employed Christian and Jewish physicians. A single Arabian name, that of Geber, or the Gebers (for, according to some, there are two persons of the same name, while another authority declares that the two who have been so known are to be distinguished from each other as Shafer and Geber), rises on the horizon with a claim to future eminence, as that of either an original discoverer in the fields of alchemy, or a diligent collector and preserver of the knowledge of previous generations in that department, out of which modern chemistry has been born. The actual supremacy of learning among the Arabians was not achieved until the ninth century of the Christian era, and the student may pass rapidly through the preliminary periods of conquest and of civil strife, alike unfavorable to the highest intellectual attainments, noting only, as he goes, the downfall of the Omniades in the East amid scenes of blood which

turn horror into disgust; the rise of the black turbans of the Abbassides out of the turmoil of civil strife; the escape from the carnival of blood of that single Omniade prince who, after wandering for years in disguise among African wilds, is welcomed to the coasts of Spain, proclaimed Emir of the West, and honorably perpetuates the soiled name of his family under the title of Abd El Rahman I., — distinguishing his reign of over thirty years in the earlier part of the last half of the eighth century by wisdom and liberality, and, having been schooled in the learning of the East, becomes the agent of its importation into the West.

While Abd El Rahman is thus laying the foundations of science in Spain, El Mansur, the second of the Abbassides, removes the seat of his power from Damascus. Bagdad is founded, on the banks of the Tigris, and, receiving the throne, rises rapidly to the splendor of her wealth and luxury; becoming the centre of enlightenment both for the older East and the newer West, where Cordova, in her beauty, at first begins to share with the Abbasside capital the honors and benefits of learning, then rivals her, and at last outstrips and eclipses her.

The immediate instructors of the Arabians, at this time, were those Greek Christians, followers of Nestorius, whose ancestors, bitterly persecuted for their heresy, had fled into Persia. Here, after retaliating measure for measure of deadly persecution upon their orthodox neighbors, they had turned their attention to learning, and especially to medicine. They founded the medical college of Gondisapore, which, rising to distinction as a centre of Greek science, secured the patronage of princes, and sent out great numbers of Jews and Christians, who, as skilled physicians, found the world open to them. These cultivators of learning translated the literary remains of Greece into Syriac, and

when Mohammedanism rose to power they were instrumental in introducing Greek science to the Arabians. With these scholars the conquest of Persia would naturally open more frequent communication. It is not improbable that some of them may have been called in the seventh century to the Damascene court of Moawiyah; but, later, the Nestorian teacher became an indispensable minister to a more thoroughly awakened intellectual life. After the removal of the seat of power from Damascus to Bagdad, nearer the Eastern centres of learning, the name of George Bachtishwa appears as one of those who were invited to the court of El Mansur, under whose reign the patronage of learning began in earnest. This Kalif offered rewards for translations of ancient Greek writings in philosophy, astronomy, medicine, and mathematics; honored men of letters; and, not disdainng to become their pupil, applied himself to the study of astronomy. His bids for translations were met by those Christian scholars who had been drawn to Bagdad by its rising greatness, and who rendered the required books into Syriac, from which they were afterwards translated into Arabic.

As director of the medical college at Gondisapore, Bachtishwa was summoned to Bagdad in a special emergency of the Kalif's health, and, his advice having been followed with a successful result, he rose high in honor, though he refused the profession of Islam. At El Mansur's request, he translated several medical works into Arabic; and when at last ill health compelled him to return to his Persian home, he was dismissed with princely rewards. It did not fare so well with an assistant whom he had brought with him, and recommended as his successor. This man could not bear his honors. Being found guilty of various rascalities, he was soundly whipped and dismissed in disgrace.

The Bachtishwa family had a remarkable career, continuing to produce distinguished physicians, who were employed by Kalifs and other notables from generation to generation, through a period of three hundred years.

The doctors thus became the pioneer missionaries of learning. The healing art afforded demonstrations of its value, with which the as yet too narrow minds of the early Abbassides could not dispense. The renowned Haroun El Raschid, from whose reign we must date the golden era of Arabian learning, began his career with strong prejudices against the infidel teachers. But when a beautiful favorite from Africa was suffering from a serious illness, he is said to have sent as far as Alexandria to summon Balatian, the Christian patriarch, to her side; and from the eastern limits of the empire, Gabriel Bachtishwa was called to put his life in peril by recommending bleeding for the Kalif, smitten by apoplexy. The success of the infidel doctors, in both cases, was fortunate for the cause of learning. Gabriel rose to great power with Haroun.

The position of these physicians, devoted to the interests of science at an imperious court, was by no means to be envied. The caprices of the Kalifs were dictated by their suspicions and fears. It was only a step from an enchanted palace to a dungeon. Gabriel Bachtishwa's career is an illustration. Loaded, at first, with high honors by Haroun, he fell under his displeasure, was imprisoned and condemned to death. Afterwards released, he became physician to El Amin, was imprisoned by El Mamoun, and, again set at liberty, he was finally buried in a cloister with great pomp. A scarcely less severe lot fell, at a somewhat later period, to the accomplished Honain Ben Ishac, who, with his two sons, ranks among those who rendered the highest service to growing Arabian science, by translations of Hip-

pocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, Aristotle, Ptolemy's *Almagest*, and other works. While prosecuting his studies in the cities of Greece, and laboring to perfect himself in the language of that nation, he had also busied himself with the collecting of manuscript copies of the works of the Greek philosophers. Returning to Bagdad, he proceeded to Bassora in order to complete his command of the Arabic, and finally again took up his residence in the great capital of Eastern Islam. Here, under the Kalif Motewakkel, he was forced to give painful proof of his fidelity, lest he should turn out to be an adventurer and an enemy in the employ of the Greek Emperor. "Teach me," demanded the Kalif, "a prescription by which I may take off any enemy I please without being discovered." Under the plea of ignorance, Honain declines to give the lesson, and is marched off to prison. A year passes, and the physician stands again before the Kalif, while the demand is renewed. The penalty of refusal is death. The inflexible Honain declines to answer. As he stands awaiting his fate, a smile creeps over the Kalif's face. "Be of good cheer; we were only trying thee, that we might have the greater confidence in thee." At this Honain, overcome, bows down and kisses the earth. "What hindered thee," cries the Kalif, "from granting our request, when thou sawest us appear so ready to perform what we had threatened?" "Two things," replies Honain: "my religion, which commands me to do good to my enemies, and my profession, which was instituted purely for the benefit of mankind." "Two noble laws!" exclaims the admiring despot, and the intrepid Honain, dismissed with gold and rich garments, is promoted to the place of royal physician.

It was under Haroun El Raschid and El Mamoun, father and son, at the close of the eighth and the beginning

of the ninth century, that the zeal for knowledge among the Arabians reached its white heat. The credit of this great movement belongs largely to El Mamoun, who, successfully resisting his father's prejudice against the Christian teachers, introduced an unlimited patronage of the sciences. The immense wealth of the Abbasside Kalifs enabled them to prosecute at will any literary ambitions awakened in them. Princes who, like Mahadi, the son of El Mansur, could expend six million dinars of gold on a single pilgrimage to Mecca, refreshing themselves and their courtiers on the way from trains of camels laden with snow; or who, like El Mamoun, could give away two million four hundred thousand dinars, four fifths of the income of a province, before dismounting from their steeds, and could, at nuptials, shower their brides with costly pearls, that became the reward of whatever courtier picked them up as they fell to the earth, displayed their bounty and wisdom by drawing around them brilliant assemblies of men of learning, and by pouring forth their wealth for the promotion of knowledge. Haroun El Raschid is said never to have traveled without a hundred men of science in his train, who, while they improved the opportunities thus afforded for enlarging their spheres of observation, added the glories of learning to the glitter of wealth and the display of military power. The same prince manifested his zeal for knowledge by attaching a school to every mosque which he built; and, as this became the custom of his successors, we discern in these schools the foundations of all those literary institutions which were afterwards distributed throughout the length and breadth of the Mohammedan dominions.

El Mamoun, who, after the death of his brother, El Amin, mounted the throne, was even more successful than Haroun in the promotion of science.

Before he rose to the kalifate, he was charged by his father with the government of the province of Korhassan, where, in establishing a separate court, he began to give free rein to his passion for learning. He applied himself to study, and, calling around him men of high attainments from various countries, organized them into a college, placing over them John Messue, a Nestorian Christian, who came from Gondisapore to Bagdad, where he won the confidence of the young prince. For fifty years this Messue was physician to successive Kalifs. His appointment to the directorship of El Mamoun's college was the occasion of a declaration which throws a good deal of light on the relations of parties to the educational work of the time, and bears witness to the recognized superiority of the foreign teachers. Haroun resented the elevation of an infidel to a position of such influence and honor. El Mamoun replied, "I have made a choice of Messue, not as a teacher of religion, but as an able preceptor in useful sciences and arts; and my father well knows that the most learned men and the most skillful artists in his dominions are Jews and Christians." Haroun afterwards placed John Messue at the head of his own schools, and made him superintendent of the studies of the empire.

The zeal of El Mamoun was not quenched when he assumed the cares and honors of the kalifate. History lavishes praises on the enlightenment of his reign. His sense of the value and honor of learning rose to a passion. He laid the world under tribute to furnish the means of gratifying his literary ambition, summoned the learned of all nations to his court, loading them with emoluments and honors. No religious or national prejudice was allowed to stand in the way of his purposes. Whenever he heard of one who excelled in any department of learning, he followed up the clue, to secure another

scholar upon whom he might impose labors and rewards. A pupil of Leo, the great teacher of rhetoric, arithmetic, and other sciences, having been taken prisoner by the Saracens, won the admiration of his captors by solving a mathematical problem which had embarrassed their wise men. When the news of the solution reached the ears of El Mamoun, he caused inquiry to be made, and, learning that Leo had been the instructor of the captive, he sent a messenger to the Greek Emperor, entreating that the master might be dispatched to the Arabian court. The curt refusal of Theophilus to spare his favorite, notwithstanding the heavy inducements offered by El Mamoun, shows how much easier it is for an aspiring representative of a rising young empire to ask a favor than for the representative of an old monarchy which has been bitterly humbled by the new one to grant it.

By such measures El Mamoun strove to make Bagdad the residence of the choicest among the learned. His court took on the character of a great academy. The provinces of his empire were searched for precious manuscripts; his collectors were busy everywhere, — in Syria, in Armenia, in Egypt. Governors of provinces had instructions to further the work. Collections of books were taken as tribute. Among the terms of peace with the Greek Emperor, Michael the Stammerer, was the exaction of a series of the manuscripts of Greek authors. Vast numbers of books were brought from all quarters to Bagdad, constituting a library which represented the accumulated learning of the East. These contributions of the nations to Arabian enlightenment were borne on the backs of hundreds of camels, which entered the city laden with their treasures. Such a collection required numerous laborers to inspect, arrange and classify, transcribe and translate. The work of translation is

said to have been done under the general superintendence of the indefatigable John Messue, and was pursued with diligence, renderings being made from the Greek, Persian, Chaldean, and Egyptian or Coptic. Whatever of the vast collections needed to be made accessible to the students of the time was translated into Arabic. But notwithstanding El Mamoun's zeal for possessing the intellectual products of the nations, he displayed an utter want of appreciation of the literary value of original manuscripts, by ordering everything to be destroyed as soon as the translations were completed. The same policy was followed by the Kalifs of Africa in their turn. Some excuse for this course may be found in the lack of room to store such numbers of manuscript originals, transcriptions, and translations; but besides this, the Arabians were exceedingly proud of their own tongue, and it is quite possible that they regarded it as a matter of little importance that anything should be preserved in another language. Whatever may have been the motive, this wholesale destruction was an irreparable loss to the world.

El Mamoun was not satisfied with the mere patronage of learning. From the duties of the throne, he turned to the library and the desk, becoming a student of law, science, and philosophy, versed in astronomy, successful in mathematics. With regal dignity he graced the assemblies of his learned men, and took an active part in their discussions. The example of the sovereign stimulated the ambition of his subjects. So much enthusiasm, such far-reaching search after manuscripts and learned men, thrilled the empire to its limits, and made intellectual culture, or the show of it, fashionable. Courtiers aspired to the ranks of science, some of them with eminent success. El Fragan, or Faragani, wrote the *Elements of Astronomy*, and El Merwasi prepared astronomical tables. These men were of the court of El Ma-

moun. The royal bounty provided costly instruments for astronomical observations, and carried out upon the plains of Sinar and Cufa the project of measuring two degrees of a great circle, and hence determining the circumference of the earth. The science of medicine, so long held in favor, rose to a commanding position, and was adorned, under this enlightened Kalif, by some most distinguished names.

The reign of El Mamoun marks the victory of knowledge in its struggle with ignorance. The supremacy of learning is secured. Here, the movement which made the Saracens everywhere the most conspicuous cultivators of literature, philosophy, and science becomes pervasive. It is, therefore, not necessary for our purpose to trace the development of this history through its further stages. We may confine ourselves to a sketch of its general features.

The Nestorian Christians, who had taken so prominent a part in awakening the scientific zeal of the Arabians, knew the importance of schools of learning. When, in the latter portion of the fifth century, the college which they had maintained at Edessa was broken up, they had removed to Persia, and established at Nisibis a college, and at Gondisapora a school for medicine. In the literary institutions of these Nestorians is said first to have arisen the practice of conferring academical degrees. When the Arabians had once entered upon the work of founding similar institutions, they displayed the luxuriance which characterized their other enterprises. All over the empire, in the East and in the West, rose the mosques, and attached to the mosques the schools. When the demand came for instruction in the higher branches of learning, such as Arabic literature, mathematics, astronomy, grammar, metaphysics, alchemy, and medicine, academies were established for advanced youth. Colleges were formed for instruction in the liberal

arts, and special schools for the prosecution of special sciences. Those foundations were laid on which, in later ages, were built the superstructures of magnificent universities. The Arabians became the teachers of the world. Christian pupils, from remote parts of Europe, sat at the feet of the Saracens of Spain, while the Mohammedan smiled at the ignorance of the Latins, and that grand old earnest monk, Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century, tried in vain to rouse the herd of European ecclesiastics to a zeal for science, by repeating the taunts of the Moslem.

When the Mohammedan Empire split into its three great sections, under the Abbassides in the East, the Omniades in Spain, and the Fatimites in Africa, the Kalifs of these separate empires vied with each other for the glory of learning. The Emirs of provinces were affected by the example of the Kalifs, and entered the lists as rivals. The great cities of the East, South, and West became centres of education.

A wandering student, seeking contact with the wise, might start from a point far to the east of the Caspian, beyond the river Oxus, travel across Persia and the valley of the Euphrates, through Egypt and Northern Africa, into the fair realms of Spain; gathering information at numerous points in the way from men devoted to science and letters. Seats of learning were located as the demand for them arose: at Samarcand and Bochara beyond the Oxus, at Balk among its western sources, at Ispahan in Persia, at Bagdad on the Tigris and Cufa on the Euphrates, at Bassora near the Persian Gulf, at Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt, at Fez and Morocco in Western Africa, at Cordova, Seville, Toledo, Granada, Salamanca, and Alcalá in Spain, and even in Sicily. Bassora and Cufa originated rival schools of the Arabic language; Bagdad was the literary metropolis of the East, Cordova of the West. Alexandria is

credited with more than twenty schools in which philosophy was taught, and about the beginning of the eleventh century there were as many more in Cairo alone, to which crowds of students resorted from all parts of the world, to listen to instructors who discoursed on the philosophy of Aristotle. In Cordova, we hear of not less than eighty schools, apparently of an academical or collegiate order, where professors, influential at home, became renowned in Christian Europe. Besides these, the Kalif El Hakem founded, in the same city, an academy, which grew into fifteen institutions devoted to special sciences. These were not consolidated into a single university. There seems to have been nothing among the Saracens exactly corresponding to what we include under that name, but numerous colleges offered advantages to students, which placed Cordova, with its beautiful surroundings, at the head of all the cities of the world as a seat of learning.

The endowments of the various institutions, in different parts of the Arabian dominions, were commensurate with the wealth of the Kalifs and of their subjects. The buildings devoted to education were sometimes magnificent. Professors were supported upon fixed salaries, and provision was made for indigent students. Nor was the son of the carpenter excluded from the halls frequented by the children of the wealthy. A single vizier gave two hundred thousand pieces of gold to found a college at Bagdad, and endowed it so liberally that its revenue was fifteen thousand dinars annually. It was open to the sons of mechanics, as well as to the noble born; the professors were supported by salaries, and there were foundations for students who needed pecuniary aid. The largess thus shown towards the pursuit of knowledge was one of the causes of the rapid growth of Arabian literature, science, and philosophy at a time when the Christian world was either buried in

intellectual slumber or only beginning to awake from its stupor. The conditions of abundant wealth, and, after the wars of conquest in the seventh and eighth centuries were over, of relatively undisturbed leisure, prepared the way for intellectual and æsthetic culture.

Of this culture the Arabian libraries became at once the source and expression. Books, demanded by an aroused hunger after knowledge, were the continuous products of minds satisfied with its stores. The Arabians became great producers and consumers of books. We have seen how greedily they gathered and how eagerly they appropriated the literary and scientific treasures of the nations which had flourished before them. The translations of those manuscripts which El Mamoun brought from all parts of the world must of themselves have formed a large library at Bagdad. But on this basis the activity of Arabian scholars built up an extensive literature of their own. The passion for learning was followed by a passion for authorship, not excelled in our modern schools. The Arabs studied everything, and wrote on everything they studied. Having first secured translations of the best Greek works upon rhetoric, they discoursed upon that art, and, under the leadership of the two rival schools of Cufa and Bassora, their grammarians discussed the beauties of the Arabic, in which their orators spoke and poets sung. Their historians left no subject untouched: writing upon history, universal, national, and local; upon the lives of distinguished men, and even of distinguished horses and camels. Authors rendered honor to authors by giving sketches of all those writers who had belonged to particular cities, or of those who had devoted themselves to particular studies, as doctors, mathematicians, or philosophers. One wrote the history of Arabian money, another of the arts, another of the nation's antiquities. In the physical sciences, they

treated of minerals, plants, animals, precious stones, pharmacy, medicine, optics and hydraulics, statics, alchemy, and astronomy. In the Escorial library is a full discussion of agriculture by an Arabian of Seville, of the twelfth century. In the abstract sciences, mathematics took a prominent place. They simplified arithmetic by the introduction of the so-called Arabic numerals and the decimal system, pursued geometry and algebra, advanced trigonometry. They devoted a large share of attention to philosophical speculation, plunging into and losing themselves in the obscurities of Aristotle, whom they translated, commented on, and adored. The long list of authors might be fitly closed by the compilers of dictionaries in sixty volumes, and of encyclopædias and other helps to indolent or weary students, searching among the confusing piles of literary values or literary rubbish. The renowned philosopher, Ibn Sina, while yet a youth, wrote a scientific encyclopædia; Mohammed Aba Abdallah, of Granada, compiled a comprehensive historical dictionary of sciences; Al Farabi wrote an encyclopædia of sciences; the Arabian Brothers of Purity, who flourished at Bassora in the tenth century, prepared treatises embodying the science accessible to the members of their order and available for their pupils.

Out of these unremitting labors, extending through five or six centuries, from the time of El Mamoun onwards, were accumulated the materials of vast libraries. The great number of schools, academies, colleges, and universities scattered through the East, Egypt, Fez, Morocco, and Spain presupposes the presence in every place of larger or smaller collections of books. Such renowned colleges as those of Cufa, Bassora, Samarcand, and others must have had stores of manuscripts corresponding to their influence. The history of the great library of the Bagdad Kalifs is already known to us. But the Fati-

mites of Africa emulated the East; Fez and Morocco were renowned during hundreds of years for their many universities and libraries, and for the magnificent buildings which contained them. The royal library of the Fatimites is said to have numbered a hundred thousand volumes. These, though elegantly written and richly bound, were unstintingly placed at the disposal of the students at Cairo, where, in the departments of astronomy and medicine alone, there were six thousand five hundred manuscripts.

But I suppose that all other collections of books in the world were surpassed by the great library of El Hakem II. of Spain, near the close of the tenth century, which is said to have reached the enormous proportions expressed by six hundred thousand volumes. This munificent prince, son of Abd El Rahman III., established a manufactory of manuscripts at Cordova, where he employed the best transcribers, illuminators, and binders. He brought learned men from Cairo and Bagdad, and employed agents in the East to purchase books. Authors and collectors experienced his bounty. Eager not to be outdone as a patron of letters, he is said to have paid the Persian Abul Faradj El Isfahni a thousand dinars of pure gold for the first copy of his celebrated work on anthology, in order that the book might be read in Andalusia before it could be read in Persia.

The library of El Hakem was stored in his palace at Cordova. But, besides this, there are said to have been seventy depositories of manuscripts scattered through the cities and towns of Moorish Spain. The rage for collections spread from the sovereign to his wealthy subjects, who vied with each other for the reputation of their libraries. A like fondness for private collections seems to have prevailed elsewhere. When a Sultan at Bochara invites a physician to his

court, the doctor excuses himself on the ground that he cannot be parted from his library, to transport which would require four hundred camels. Where power and wealth were priding themselves to such a degree on the patronage of learning, it may be properly said that books, literature, science, and philosophy had become fashionable. The contagion spread beyond the empire. From all quarters, pupils repaired to the great establishments of learning. Early in the twelfth century, the students and instructors at Bagdad numbered six thousand men. A century before this the universities of Spain were resorts of students from Christian Europe.

To this general enumeration of opportunities and means of study must be added some more particular notice of three great departments which, aside from theology, engaged attention.

The Arabian mind found special satisfaction in the pursuit of the natural sciences. The exuberant fancy of the Arab, his love of wonder and mystery, intensified by a swiftly unfolding history, which surprised and flushed him, helped to make the powers and movements of nature an attractive study. With him, also, as with us, the real or imagined uses of the natural sciences were an additional and perhaps a preponderating motive. Medicine, alchemy, and astronomy had their practical value. The healing art is in all ages a necessity; and to it alchemy offered the legitimate contributions of pharmacy, and the ever-disappointing but ever-reviving hope of an elixir of life. In like manner, the supposed influence of the stars upon human destiny, the mysterious power of the heavenly bodies to affect the character and the fortunes of each new-born heir to an earthly career, made the knowledge of the heavenly motions a matter of supreme moment to every subject, as well as to kings and empires. The practical value of astronomy, tributary to judicial astrology,

must be recognized as a leading motive in Arabian science.

We need not, therefore, be surprised to find a lavish expenditure of time, labor, and treasure in behalf of the studies of nature. Medicine took the lead; the Nestorian Christians of the East and the Jewish physicians of the Alexandrian schools being, as we have seen, the early teachers. The science handed down from Hippocrates, patronized by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and now at length fairly introduced to Arabian students, grew rapidly in favor among them. Through it lay one of the surest roads to the gratitude of princes, and consequently to honor and wealth. The name of physician is attached to that of many philosophers. Rahzes, the noted alchemist, was chief physician of the hospital at Bagdad; El Kindi, surnamed the Philosopher, wrote upon medicine, and El Farabi studied medicine. El Serif El Sakali, the geographer, was famous for his medical knowledge; Ibn Sina and Ibn Roschd were physicians as well as philosophers. The doctors practiced surgery, and are said to have been bold in the use of instruments. The medical schools, at first embarrassed by the interdiction laid upon the practice of dissection, annulled in Spain, at least, that restriction; for the Spanish-Arabs followed the example of the Alexandrians under Ptolemy Philadelphus, and investigated the structure and functions of the human body by the aid of the dissecting knife. In alchemy the furnaces of the laboratory were seconded by a tolerably complete array of apparatus. In addition to stores of reagents, the balance, the retort, the cupel of bone earth, the water-bath, the sand-bath, solutions, crystallizations, precipitations, filtrations, sublimations, distillations, and, we may believe, the usual complement of smells, made the laboratory of the Arabian a very respectable progenitor, whose likeness is not lost in its modern descendant. Intimately con-

nected with these appliances were others, which belong more properly to our present department of physics. The aerometer took the place of our thermometer for the measurement of temperatures; the hydrometer of the ancients was improved.

But next to their libraries, the Arabians seem to have spent the largest sums on the means of promoting astronomical studies. They inherited and improved the instruments which had been used by the Greeks. In the library at Cairo they pointed with satisfaction to a brass globe which was said to have come down to them from Ptolemy, whom they revered as their teacher. They erected observatories in the cities of the East, — at Meragha, near Tauris, at Damascus, at Bagdad; and were the first to introduce them into Europe, where Cordova had its observatory, and the Giralda tower of Seville was erected by Geber, the mathematician, for astronomical purposes. These observatories were equipped with instruments made large and fine, in order to secure an accuracy which could be reached in no other way; for astronomers knew nothing of reading minutely graduated circles by the aid of lenses. The Greek instruments had not given measurements closer than ten minutes of a degree; and the only way in which smaller fractions of an arc could be obtained was by increasing the size of the circle, so as to make the lesser subdivisions visible to the naked eye. The Arabians, therefore, enlarged their instruments, mounting circles of twenty-two and even fifty-eight feet in diameter, on the limbs of which it might be possible to read gradations equaling not more than ten seconds of a degree. Such instruments would be unwieldy, and, to prevent warping, must have required excellent workmanship and secure mounting; but the Kalif Sharfadula erected giants of this kind in the garden of his palace, and the vernal equinox was observed by

the use of them, the result being certified by ten astronomers. In like manner the gnomons of the Arabians were carried to a great height, in order to secure more accurate results; that erected by Ulugh Begh, at Samarcand, measuring one hundred and eighty feet. El Batini, the greatest of Arabian astronomers, and the first who could be called great, to whom we owe the earliest numerical determination of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, and the important trigonometrical improvement by which the sine came to be used in tables instead of the chord of an arc, is said to have had the advantage of such a colossal gnomon in making his computation of the obliquity of the ecliptic. Moreover, in order to determine the position of the stars with greater precision, the observers watched them through tubes provided with sights, the forerunners of our telescopes. They also made measurements by the aid of armils and astrolabes, and in their schools geography was taught from globes of brass and sometimes of silver.

For time-keepers, they used the old clepsydras, or water-clocks, of which they had a variety, and to which they sometimes gave an intricate construction. One of these, sent by Haroun El Raschid to his friend, the Emperor Charlemagne, gives us some idea of the mechanical skill of the Arabian artificers. It was of metal, and marked the time for both eye and ear, being provided with a gate for each of the twelve hours. When an hour was up the gate for that hour flew open, and a corresponding number of brass balls dropped successively upon a brazen vessel. So the clock struck; and at the same time the eye noted the hour by the number of gates standing open. When the twelfth hour had struck, twelve horsemen issued forth, rushed in a circus past the open gates, and closed them by their momentum.

When, from the study of nature, we

turn to philosophy, the Arabians are found scarcely less zealous in this department. If the names of noted writers are fewer, we must remember that only select minds are qualified for such pursuits. But wherever men are engaged in the study of nature, there must be attempts at a philosophy of nature. The mere knowledge of things, as presented to the senses, does not long satisfy human inquiry. Back of all sensible phenomena lie the mysteries of being, in presence of which the curiosity of learning is changed to spiritual yearning. Then man challenges all things to give account of their sources; he demands of his own soul the passport of its birth and destination. By philosophy he will penetrate the remotest secrets of nature; by it he will reinforce or destroy his religion. To such inquiries, in common with all intellectually awakened nations, the Arabians were especially driven by the impulses of spiritual thought. The right to question, denied by Islam, could not fail to assert itself. Scarcely a century after the founding of Mohammedanism, believers began to investigate the grounds of their faith. Very early, they broke into sects, opposed to each other in their views of the freedom of the will and the consequent relation of human action to divine determination. As different theologies developed, philosophy was summoned to their defense. Out of its polemical use grew philosophical schools, graced by names which have become familiar to all who have given attention to Arabian learning. The most distinguished of the philosophical writers range from the middle of the ninth to the close of the twelfth century: beginning with El Kindi, who rose to such eminence, in the reign of El Mamoun and El Mutasim, that he came to be especially designated as the Philosopher; and ending with Ibn Roschd, or, as he is commonly called by European writers, Averroes, in whom the speculative career of the

Arabians culminated. From El Kindi to Ibn Roschd runs a line of celebrities, most conspicuous among whom are El Farabi, Ibn Sina, El Gazali, Ibn Badja, and Ibn Tofail, the friend and probably the teacher of Ibn Roschd.

These were men of large gifts and masters of the learning of their time. El Kindi, versed in the science of Greece, drew knowledge, also, from Persian and Indian sources. Two hundred or more treatises, set down to his credit, include all the then known departments of learning. The writings of others were voluminous. El Farabi, while he wrote upon optics and astronomy, found time to compose sixty treatises on Aristotle, and is said to have spoken seventy languages. Similar feats in scholarship or authorship might be cited in regard to others. But these illustrative examples will serve to bring before us a class of men who studied and wrote during the three most active centuries of the Arabian intellectual movement, and will give us an impression of the zeal which characterized that movement, and made it prolific in philosophical as well as other literature.

By his logic and his wide study of nature, Aristotle commended himself as instructor of the Saracens in philosophy. He was their master, blindly followed. To comment on his works, without much hope of adding to the sum of his knowledge, was their ambition. But such is the relation of these commentators to their Greek teacher, and to the course of speculation in Christian Europe, that the modern student of the history of philosophy is compelled to include the Arabian schools in his survey. For many years, writers have been engaged in tracing the descent of Aristotelian thought through Mohammedan channels. Arabian authors exerted such an influence on Middle Age scholasticism that an acquaintance with the drift of their speculative work is indispensable to a thorough understanding of the con-

troversies that raged from the end of the twelfth century to the Reformation.

The beginnings of Arabian poetry are lost in the obscurities of the desert. The tribes assembled at the call of Mohammed were launched upon the world fresh from the inspirations of song. As the Saracens brought with them their lances and swords, their steeds and their camels and their tents; as they brought concentration, energy, and the fury of war, so they brought rhyme, rhythm, and elegant diction. The Bedouin of the Arabian sands seems to have been a poet by nature.

When and how the poetic art arose is not known. The earliest verses which have come down to us with a certified text are not older than the year 500 of the Christian era. The fixation in a definite and permanent form of those effusions which had floated from tent to tent and tribe to tribe, subject to all the variations of memory or of individual preference, must necessarily be associated with the art of writing. This art was probably introduced among the Arabians somewhere about the year 500. From that date onward, until the time of Mohammed, appear the great poets and the great poems which are known to modern history. But we must not presume that these more definitely moulded productions celebrate the earliest results of fancy. Long before their appearance the passions of the desert life expressed themselves in measured verse. On the spur of the moment, in the flood tide of feeling, in the heat of love and of the fight, or in the wildness of grief and mourning, the Bedouin seems to have broken away from the unsatisfying forms of prose into improvisations, of which the more striking were passed from mouth to mouth, and of which some are supposed to have been caught from their desert flights, and embodied in those later and longer poems which have been handed down to us.

Arabian verse, therefore, was not imported from foreign sources. It was born out of the soil. It grew up in the desert, and was the impassioned embodiment of its life. The most remarkable thing about it is that it attained, before the time of Mohammed, in the desert and in the midst of tribal ignorance, its most splendid development. The old Arabic poetry of the wandering Bedouins is celebrated not only for its freedom, its naturalness, the depth and intensity of its passion, the boldness and energy of its expression, but also for the perfection of its diction and the purity of its language. The poems of pre-Mohammedan times became the enduring models, to which after-poets aspired during the whole period of Saracen supremacy. The language of the wandering Bedouin was esteemed so perfect that composers of later ages resorted to the wilds and tents of the heart of Arabia that they might listen to their native speech in its purity, and baptize themselves afresh in the scenes and influences of that nomadic life, which always formed the basis of even the later compositions.

The most distinguished among these productions of the earlier period are the seven Muallaca, by as many different authors, who are said to have won the prize at the annual fair of Aukaz, where singers contended before the assembled tribes for the crown; and to the successful contestant was awarded the honor of having his verses inscribed on costly stuff in letters of gold, and hung in the common temple, the Kaaba at Mecca. Whether or not this disposition of the Muallaca poems is a fable of later origin, tricked out by European imagination, as the celebrated Nöldeke would have us believe, certain it is that these productions of the seven great poets have held their place through all time and in all Mohammedan lands as the true Arabian classics.

It is usually conceded that after the

time of Mohammed the national poetry underwent no essential improvement. Some date a positive decline from the introduction of Islam. With the consolidation of the tribes into a nationality, and the erection over all Mohammedan countries of a central sovereignty and a strict standard of religious orthodoxy, the free spirit of the Bedouin ceased to animate Arabic verse, and the lofty swing of passion became more circumspect.

Under the dominion of the Ommiade dynasty began the court patronage of songsters. An imperial luxury, reigning at Damascus, drew to itself the servile flatteries of authors, and introduced the long line of court poets, who vied with each other in extravagant praises of their lords, and sought to make up in smoothness of diction or in elegance of wit for the want of that boldness, energy, and unfettered daring which spoke in pre-Mohammedan verses. The tide of song was increased in volume, but it flowed no longer among those stormy scenes of love and war which had made so large a share of tribal life. Its way lay through cultivated fields; past great and luxurious cities, where, under the dominion of wealth and power, liberty was tamed; and the murmurs which the stream gave forth were only recollections of the rush and roar of the mountain torrent.

The classic period of Arabian poetry closes with the founding of Islam. For another century, until the fall of the Ommiades, impulses springing from the old inspiration were still felt. But the Abbasside reign, under which Islam gained its firmer root in the life of the people, marks the loss of poetic power. Science, philosophy, and general culture flourish at the expense of that originality and inspiration which make the flow of poetry, if less smooth, yet more strong.

With the transfer of the Ommiade dynasty into Spain went also the Om-

miade patronage of song, and Andalusia saw the day when in her palaces, her gardens, her groves, her fields, — from the king on the throne to the husbandman following the plough and the child yet in its school-days, — the passion for versification and rhyme made the air vibrate with songs of love and war, in which the old forms of verse and the old figures of speech and even the old desert life of Arabia, with its moving tents, still repeated themselves, interwoven with new forms of thought and new scenes drawn from a luxuriant, beautiful, and still passionate civilization. The names of authors of the later period of Arabic poetry would fill volumes. The numerical proportions of their writings are fabulous. It is said that a single rhapsodist, named Hammad, recited from memory, at the demand of the Kalif El Walid, two thousand nine hundred of the longer poems taken from the pre-Mohammedan period. On such a basis as this did the poets of the Islam period pile their innumerable productions.

The range of subjects which the ancient Bedouin treated was necessarily limited to the incidents and surroundings of desert life. The shifting tent of the nomad witnessed outbursts of passion less restrained than those of civilized communities. Its events broke the monotony of days of seclusion. The arrival and entertainment of a guest; the scenes of festive hospitality, when the full bowl, passing round, testified the liberality of the host; the sudden appearance of the death messenger, calling the name of one of the family who had fallen at the hand of an enemy, and whose slaying cried for the vow of blood revenge; mournings for the departed; descriptions of nature, the desert, the storm; love and battle, swords and spears; the fleet horse, who foams for the fray; the favorite camel; the deserted dwelling of the love, whose tent has been moved to distant pasture

grounds; the adventures of horse and rider in the search after her, — such are the themes of this poetry, which made the desert glow as with noontide heat, or glower as if swept by the hurricane. These themes are carried over into the later poetry of distant lands. They form a heroic element in the pre-Mohammedan verse, and communicate a like element to later Spanish verse. There was true knighthood in the old law of the desert, that whosoever took refuge in the tent, his life was sacred, though he were the bitterest enemy. Hospitality waited on him as on a friend. Within the cords and curtains was inviolable truce, — food, drink, sleep, protection. But, once out upon the wastes, the guest again took his life in his hand. It may be that knighthood knows no time or clime to which it exclusively belongs. History has not failed to show that the Arab rider and soldier has borne his part in its illustration. The final development of Middle Age chivalry displayed many of its glories on Spanish soil, where Christian and Saracen joined in battle, while both alike listened to the late echoes of desert song.

The rise of Arabian learning presents some features to which attention ought to be directed before we close. We have here a career offering itself with singular completeness to our observation. Its beginning, its culmination, its decline, are before us. It is a rounded whole. Unlike the great nations of antiquity, the beginnings of whose culture are lost in the distances of time, and whose learning was a slow growth out of a native soil, the intellectual movement of the Saracens had no hidden germinal period. It was not a growth, nor was it a product of Arabian soil. So long as the nation held to its birthplace it had no proper development, political or scientific. Its progress came by transplanting. Severed in a remarkable degree from its former life, its development was sudden. The successive

stages wrought out before the gaze of the world can be easily studied.

Two things will impress the reader of this story. The first is the brilliancy of this intellectual career, and the second its fugitive nature.

The Arabians threw themselves into the pursuit of learning with the same enthusiasm, abandonment, and devotion which characterized their religious and political life. As war was a passion, as religion was a fanaticism, as art ministered to enrapt sensuous enjoyment, so learning was a species of luxury. It was one of the glories of a lavish civilization. It was pursued, not without a sense of its utilities, not without a devotion to knowledge and earnest searching after truth as truth; but yet in a spirit of rivalry, and of that romance which attaches to all the activities stimulated by and developed under the Arabian impulse. Hence the enormous expenditure of money, the royal equipments, the royal emoluments, the prince-

ly state and pomp of learning, in the period of its widest diffusion.

While the time of its endurance is not short,—for its sway lasted through centuries,—it goes, nevertheless, as it came, suddenly. One wakes from the recital of all Arabian history as from a dream. With the passing away of other glories the glory of letters fades so completely that it is hard to realize their former supremacy over vast territories and over millions of active minds. The bustle and busy searching, the collecting and transcribing and recording, the piling up of libraries and accumulation of treatises covering every department of learning, ceases. The intellectual career of Islam is finished. In the history of the world the movement of the Arabian mind is like that of the Bedouin horde, suddenly appearing upon the desert, sweeping with dash and vigor over the sands, and vanishing again; leaving the observer surprised, wondering, and questioning.

Edward Hungerford.

LOVE'S SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

WHEN I must go into the turmoil rude
Of worldly men and ways, I cheerly go,
Since there I am as one that hath no foe,
But moves in sylvan peace, where boughs exclude
The too fierce sun, and paths with leaves are strewed,
And bird-sought brooks in shady stillness flow:—
I need not shun the turmoil, since I know
That Love will make for me sweet solitude.
And if I into exile must be sent,
Let me not grieve; the Fate's commanding lips
I kiss, and take my way without a fear.
If in the desert I must pitch my tent,
Love hath within itself all fellowships,—
Is friends, and home, and rest, and plenteous cheer.

Edith M. Thomas.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It is certainly a pity that "one of Plutarch's men" should have had his life omitted by that biographer. The modern writer, who accounts for his hero instead of representing him, and records, painstakingly, his diurnal doings in the flesh in place of the experience of his immortal past, will not serve for a man of the old stamp. Plutarch had a special sense for the significant deeds and words in which greatness resides, and, happily, the rapid destruction of what was unessential even in the most famous careers made it easy for him to write brief narratives, so justly delineating living traits that he was the Holbein of antiquity. In our day, however, individuality has well-nigh dropped out of history and literary criticism altogether, and seems to have taken refuge in fiction. Where it used to be Cato and Regulus it is Jean Valjean and Sir Galahad. The ideal in character has become, in letter, a thing of the imagination; hence arises our commiseration for any Plutarchian who was born too late. In the case of Lincoln, regret ought to reach some degree of poignancy, because not only was he distinguished by that genuine and original quality of manhood which Mr. Lowell's phrase is meant to express, but reminiscences of him are of the sort which Plutarch's method makes the most of; and truly, if one could gather up into a life of the brevity and succinctness of these age-worn chronicles what was capital in Lincoln's actions and characteristic in his sayings, it were a book to make the owls of the commonplace wink! Lincoln possessed in remarkable measure the kind of personality which Plutarch rendered most perfectly; for it is the peculiarity of that old-style biographer not to dissociate the deed or word from its author, but to

set it forth as the truest and most vital expression of the man's nature, so that at the end one seems to remember, not what the hero did or said, but what he was. This unity of the outward expression with the inward spirit, together with an ever-present sense of a dominant individuality, is constantly brought home to the mind in any reading about Lincoln; whatever the trait may be named,—genuineness, originality, sincerity, directness,—it pervaded his life; and so true is this that many a person, who has had the opportunity of hearing of Lincoln from his companions in early circuit days, must have remarked that anecdotes concerning him then are not less plentiful and characteristic than in the stirring times of the war. He seems always to have been doing or saying something noticeable, from boyhood. In consequence, the amount of detail respecting him which has survived from a hundred perishable sources is very large; and, while it would be gossip if it related to another man, it is of very high interest in connection with him. Other men have been known to us by anecdote, such as Dr. Johnson; but much of the attractiveness of Boswell's narrative is due to the club, to the manners of the time, and to the humors and idiosyncrasies of the old doctor, while in Lincoln's case the charm is exclusively individual, and, moreover, owes nothing to erratic human nature, but all to a noble type of manhood. And other men have survived by their sayings, such as Talleyrand; but in him wisdom is the concentrated craft of a cruel and selfish worldly class, while in Lincoln it is felt to be the plain truth sifted from the experience of common life, and with the beneficence as well as the validity of a proverb. In whatever way one ap-

proaches Lincoln, he finds a man who did not merely impress himself upon his times by his talents, after the manner of a great man, like Pitt or Mirabeau, but in a quite special way ; he is recognized as a new species of public man or world's hero. Whether there is any justice in calling him "the first American" may be doubted, although in his character he embodied the excellences most prized in the national ideal of manhood, with a singular purity and clearness, and with an elevation that places him foremost in rank ; but in another sense he is just as likely to be the last American, at least of his kind, because, so far as there is any truth in applying the terms of physical science to the origin of spiritual character, he was the product of the transitory pioneering stage in the settlement of the continent, and was environed in his birth and early manhood by conditions that pass away with "the Border." This does not interfere with the fact that Lincoln was a new type of American, and distinctively a Westerner ; or with our prefatory consideration, that his marked individuality and striking expression of himself, at every moment, make him peculiarly fit for Plutarchian biography, which aims to present a man only in the deeds and words in which his greatness was made manifest.

Mr. Rice is not a disciple of Plutarch, and there may seem to be such incongruity in comparing his bulky volume¹ (which is only the first of two) with one of those literary medallions of the Roman as almost to amount to a sneer. But we are quite sincere in saying that Mr. Rice has adopted a kind of Plutarchian method, and has done as much as a modern can to place the figure of Lincoln before us in his originality, to preserve for the future the personal impression he made on many men of diverse training, talents, and habits,

and to gather up all that remains of verbal tradition in regard to him. Each of thirty-three observers, of various degrees of eminence, tells his own stories of the man, in this volume ; and while it is true that some of them have no story to tell, that others seem to have fancied that a eulogy was required of them, such as is usually printed only in the proceedings of a historical society, and that others contribute more of legal disquisition or even mental obliquity (like Donn Piatt) than of valuable, straightforward sight of Lincoln and his acts, nevertheless, the volume rarely wanders far from its purpose, and is in a high degree entertaining and instructive. What strikes one most, perhaps, is the entire absence of color in the narratives : it seems as if the writers had found nothing so easy as to tell exactly what they heard and saw ; they cease to be entirely natural only when they leave Lincoln's presence. In such a collection of papers, mainly by men who were themselves much interested in the affairs of the time, it is a part of the inevitable that considerable space should be occupied with discussions of events, policies, and attitudes in a merely general way. The command of armies, the conduct of campaigns, the wisdom of confiscations, the limits of power in the executive, the various questions of status which arose from time to time, and like matters, are dwelt upon somewhat for their own sake. The chief of these is the Emancipation Proclamation, its occasion, lawfulness, and effect, and in connection therewith Lincoln's attitude toward both slavery and the negro. There are many different views on this latter point, but nothing is brought forward which makes the facts any plainer than Lincoln's own words. That he was sincerely opposed to slavery there can be no doubt, but he was an opponent under the law ; that he meant to pre-

¹ *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln.* By Distinguished Men of his Time. Collected and edited

by ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE. New York : North American Publishing Company. 1886.

serve the Union, and used the Emancipation Proclamation for that purpose solely, while perfectly aware of its limitations as proceeding under martial law, is equally certain; that he determined upon it a considerable time before it was issued, that he delayed it until a favorable moment both of political feeling and of military position in the field, and that the decisive step was taken not in consequence of any convention of loyal governors, or delegation from any organization whatever, or pressure from this group, or fear of that contingency, or anticipation of the other result, but from many causes combined, is also pretty well made out. Lincoln was statesman enough to know that his private belief regarding the right or wrong of slavery was no ground for the use of the power of the state, devolved upon him in trust for public ends, save for the common safety or in accordance with the will of the people; or, in other words, that he was not a moral dictator, but a popular ruler. His delay cannot be held to indicate any weakness in his condemnation of slavery, but rather that subordination of everything else to the one end of maintaining the Constitution, which he expressed with such lucidity in his letter to Horace Greeley. Lincoln was not an abolitionist, because certain legal barriers to that course existed; until a state of war swept them away. He was, it would seem, a colonizer, at least until General Butler, who paradoxically remarks that, "like all Southern men, Lincoln did not understand the negro character," showed him that children would be born faster than the parents could be exported; but he does not appear to have come to any conclusions respecting the new status of the blacks; all that lay in the future. It is certainly unlikely that he who had so perfectly discharged his function as a leader of the people would have failed to advance with popular sentiment, or have taken a reactionary

course upon a matter of such large public concern.

Such speculation is, however, as futile in this brief notice as in Mr. Rice's big book. One turns from it and all other public questions, now happily settled, to the personal character of Lincoln, and to his bearing under the weight of his daily cares. In this regard, it is scarcely too much to say that the public is now admitted to an intimacy with the whole course of Lincoln's life greater than any one of his associates separately had: he is seen at all hours and in all relations, and shown as he was in all his homeliness, — nor is his grossness spared; yet there is no moment when he loses manly dignity, or appears less than a good man and true. One must read these pages to get anew the sense of the equality of his greatness in character, independently of his ability as a wielder of political power, a leader in a social revolution, a master of sometimes reluctant and often warring forces. Some incidents stand out upon our memory with peculiar distinctness. Such is the interview after the Pennsylvania elections, when Moorhead delivered to Lincoln the message of the "best and most influential men of Harrisburg," who would have been "glad to hear some morning that you had been found hanging from the post of a lamp at the door of the White House." This was from the lips of his friends. Another vivid moment is that when Coffin saw him come out of the headquarters of McClellan, on hearing of the death of Colonel Baker, "unattended, with bowed head, and tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, his face pale and wan; with both hands pressed upon his heart, he walked down the street, not returning the salute of the sentinel pacing his beat before the door." The single literary evening in the White House with the actor McDonough is also a clear-cut scene. Of the little things in the volume, none is more touching or sug-

gestive than his comment on the first dollar he earned: "I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me; I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

But one cannot do more than indicate the real value of Mr. Rice's work, which he may expand without censure from us until it is more voluminous than all of Plutarch. The character of Lincoln, not as a great name, but in the

daily walk of his life, is, we hold, of unparalleled influence for good among Americans; life grows capable of more tenderness and strength, more power of duty, more light of faith, more unselfishness of devotion, with every fair page one reads of his career; he was heroic, he was pathetic, he was practical, all at once, and in every fibre of his being he was a man. Love is not less than veneration in the feeling toward him of those whom he led; in the country's patriotic memory of him, it will not be otherwise.

BACON'S DICTIONARY OF BOSTON.

To know a city as one knows a book or a person is a liberal education; but how many modern cities can one know? The nation of London, in De Quincey's phrase, is far too enormous for any one who has not a Mezzofantian faculty of acquisitiveness. Those who feel at home in the City or at Covent Garden might be lost in St. John's Wood or Bayswater. Rome, too, oppresses one, not by its area or its diversity of interests, but by the palimpsest character of its history; one never knows when one has dug down to the oldest city in it. To know Paris means to hunt restlessly and disappointedly for what lies behind the present, and to abandon knowledge for immediate sensation. New York, to most men, is a sort of Sunday edition of a metropolitan newspaper, — just as miscellaneous, and just as lacking in perspective. But there are cities less discouraging to the human mind, with which one may have a cheerful familiarity, and know as he knows a picture, a book, or a person. Such a city is Florence. Venice also may so be known,

and one may take Verona as he would take an old missal. Edinburgh belongs in this category, and so does Boston.

Boston has fared well at the hands of historians. Drake and Shurtleff had, the one a dryasdust, the other a mellow antiquarian, habit, and each loved the town. The younger Drake gathered into a convenient hand-book the historic anecdote of the city; and then the company of special students under Mr. Winsor's lead produced that monument to a living person, the Memorial History of Boston, a book which spread Mr. Emerson's great hymn over four quarto volumes. This work, however, is rather a cyclopædia, to which one may refer. There is still room for a compact history which shall give a clear-cut profile view of a city so individual as Boston.

After all, a history of a city is like the biography of a living man; every one perceives that it is incomplete, not merely as a narrative, but as a study of forces. If one could get a cross-section, that might serve better, and such a view is obtained by the useful hand-book¹

¹ *Bacon's Dictionary of Boston.* With an Historical Introduction by GEORGE E. ELLIS, D. D.,

LL. D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

which Mr. Bacon has made anew out of his earlier book, improving, enlarging, and systematizing. The dictionary method, with its frequent cross-references, suits well the necessity of one who would make acquaintance with a city in any of the varied aspects which it presents; for it is in concrete expressions that one learns the physiognomy, and any other arrangement than the alphabetical would either be practically inconvenient, or would reflect too much the personal caprice of the maker of the book. Mr. Bacon's training as a journalist has helped him to that impartial, unbiased treatment of his subject which was requisite. He has reported cheerfully and without prejudice whatever he could discover worthy of note in the multiform life of the city. Cribb Clubs and churches, Dime Museums and Museums of Fine Arts, the North End and the Back Bay, the Long Path and Scollay Square, — nothing comes amiss. *Civis est: civilis nihil ab se alienum putat.*

This absence of partisanship is a capital quality in the maker of a dictionary of a city. We wonder how many citizens there are who would not betray in such a task their pet aversions or hobbies, or who, if of an antiquarian cast, would not throw themselves upon one side or the other of disputed questions. But Mr. Bacon treats Christ Church with judicial fairness, and might have stopped at all the hotels in the city, to judge from the uniform character which he gives them. Even the statue of Aristides, that looks piteously over the railings of Louisburg Square, does not get a hard word from him; and when he wishes to relieve his mind in general upon the subject of Boston statues, he calls in Mr. Wendell Phillips and Mr. T. H. Bartlett. Possibly his professional enthusiasm leads him to go into unnecessary particulars respecting the newspapers of Boston, but we fancy the newspapers would be the last to discover

that too much had been said about them. One good point in the book is the mention in connection with important buildings of the architects who designed them, and our chief criticism of the Dictionary is upon its treatment of the whole subject of the city's architecture. The buildings which go to make up the structural city are like the persons who constitute its spiritual order. The great majority are commonplace to the eye, scarcely distinguishable from one another; it is only now and then that one has a marked individuality. But these special instances, these persons among buildings, give character and distinction to the whole; and while Mr. Bacon has noted the few churches and public institutions which everybody knows, he has failed to point out certain commercial buildings which in their way are equally noteworthy, and certain private houses which a stranger and even many an old citizen may never have seen, because his attention has not been called to them. A valuable service might also have been rendered if Mr. Bacon had indicated the birthplaces or residences of Bostonians eminent in public life, or in literature, science, or art. To be sure, many of the houses have disappeared before the stony step of business; but all have not gone, and a walk through the North End and West End could have been made more interesting if such facts had been more plentifully given.

The Dictionary is rather for the denizen than for the stranger; at least, it is more completely a book for one living in Boston than a guide-book, like its companion, *Boston Illustrated*, which suits better the needs of a casual visitor. It tells one of many things in his city of which he has only vague information: of the various charitable institutions and clubs, — its information in this last respect being surprisingly full; of the neighborhoods of foreigners, like the Italian and Chinese quarters; of

the nomenclature of streets; of educational institutions. We suspect that most who read the article Catholic Theological Seminary will open their eyes in wonder, and mentally resolve to take an early horse-car to Brighton. We wish, when referring to the Public Latin School, Mr. Bacon had allowed himself to give one or two passages from Dr. Phillips Brooks's oration,¹ one of the most admirable occasional addresses ever given in the city; rare for its historic insight, its happy characterization, its personal reminiscences, and its generous reading of boy life. Either from that oration or from Dr. Dimmock's memorial address, he ought to have given a picture of Dr. Francis Gardner, a figure in the last half-century of Boston history more vivid in many minds than the statue of Aristides in their eyes.

We should not have objected, either, if Mr. Bacon had made a separate article on Vandalism, grouping under it the cutting down of the Paddock elms, the leveling of the trees in Pemberton Square, the encroachments on the Common, the destruction of the Hancock House, and other stupidities and brutalities which the dumb city has suffered at the hands of the ignoble. In truth, the effect of a diligent study of this skillful little book is to make one believe that Boston is a good town for a rational and not too restless a being to live in; but that eternal vigilance is needful to preserve that which is sound in its life, to hold fast the old traditions, and to be on guard against the people born without ancestry, who are for rushing into a future that will, if they have their way, be a worthless past.

HUTCHINSON'S DIARY: SECOND VOLUME.²

WE made the first volume of this belated publication the subject of an article in this magazine, in May, 1884. Referring to that paper for the personal character and career of Governor Hutchinson; the reasons, just or unjust, for the odium which attached to him in this province; his leaving, on permission granted him by the king, for a temporary visit to England, which became a saddened and hopeless state of exile for the remainder of his life from the native land and home which he so fondly loved, we may give a brief rehearsal of his experiences as presented in this second volume. He left Boston June 1, 1774, the day when the Port Act, closing the harbor, took effect. He

watched for the development of events, as the news from time to time, amid long delays and exciting rumors, of battles and embittered strife reached England, protracting a struggle to which he hoped that each month would bring a reconciling close. He watched also the same development of measures by the home government, in its fatuous policy of exasperating and vacillating dealing with the rebellion in the colonies, in which passion, contempt, and vengefulness took the place of wisdom and baffled the skill of statesmanship. The second volume of the governor's Diary begins under date of January 1, 1776. We may allow him an extract under date of September 1, 1778, to give us a retro-

¹ *The Oldest School in America.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

² *The Diary and Letters of his Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of his late Majesty's Province*

in Massachusetts Bay, etc. Compiled from the Original Documents still remaining in the possession of his Descendants. By PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON, one of his great-grandsons. Vol. II. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

spect of his condition and experience up to that time: "The changes in the last four or five years of my life make the whole scene, when I look back upon it, appear like a dream, or other delusion. From the possession of one of the best houses in Boston, the pleasantest house and farm at Milton of almost any in the world, and one of the best estates in the colony of Rhode Island, — free from debt, an affluent income, and a prospect of being able to make a handsome provision for each of my children at my death, — I have not a foot of land at my command, and personal estate of about £7000 only; depending on the bounty of government for a pension, which, though it affords a present ample provision for myself, and enables me to distribute £500 a year among my children, yet is precarious, and I cannot avoid anxiety. But I am still distinguished by a kind providence from my suffering relations, friends, and countrymen in America, as well as from many of them in England, and have great reason to be thankful that so much mercy is yet continued to me." The governor died suddenly — though he had been ill — at Brompton Park, near London, on June 3, 1780, six years after he had left Boston. Before his own decease he had lost a beloved son and daughter, who were with him, by consumption. Clinging to the hope that his own bones might rest in his native land, it was his fond wish to transfer thither the relics of his children. Another daughter died within a month after his death. Within the period covered by this volume, the governor had to learn of the Declaration of Independence, the French alliance, the combination of France and Spain against Great Britain, and the successes and reverses of the armies and fleets of the warring parties, with all the rumors of heats in parliamentary debate, and the boldness of the opposition to the government, and the unyielding attitude of the colonies. It is

evident that before his death he had sadly admitted to himself that the rupture would end in a final and complete discomfiture of government.

The impression which the candid reader would receive from the first volume of this work will be strengthened as he peruses the second, that party bitterness, traditionary prejudice and patriotic rhetoric have contributed to an over-severity of judgment, and an undeserved personal obloquy visited upon the last royal civil governor of Massachusetts. He was not the malignant plotter, the insidious intriguer of mischief and oppression, which his enemies represented him to be. The extracts from the *Diary* and *Letters* of Chief Justice Peter Oliver, — a companion of Hutchinson in exile, — which the editor intersperses through his pages, give the reader the means of comparing the spirits and utterance of these two unhappy men, and of judging how much more mild and considerate of the two was the governor. Before he left Boston and through the remainder of his life, which closed before the colonies had achieved independence, Hutchinson, a man of much intelligence, discrimination, and penetration, maintained most strenuously that the breach with the mother country, with all its irritations and aggravations, was not brought about by the spontaneous and general sentiment of the mass of people, but was inspired by a few self-constituted leaders, who ingeniously, not to say artfully, by disputation, invective, skill in controversy, and the rubbing of a sore which they would not allow to heal, fomented a strife which rapidly matured to open rebellion. There is more ground and reason found now, in all our heaps of revolutionary literature, to sustain this conviction of the governor's than our patriotic oratory has educated us to imagine. Whoever has accepted the fancy that our Revolutionary War, from its beginning to its close, engaged the spontaneous, hearty,

general, and self-sacrificing approval and coöperation of even the majority of all classes of the people of the colonies will do wisely if he will read with care — it can hardly be with patriotic complacency — the letters of Washington, to refer to no other confirmatory authorities, in which that sometimes impatient but always noble and generous leader gives utterance to his complaints and forebodings. Our independence was achieved and secured by the French alliance, — the sympathy, the money, the war supplies, and the navy of France. Three helpful agencies aided to effect it: First, the adroit and diligent, the ingenious and persistent, efforts of a few able patriots in pressing an original grievance into an ever expanding and sharpening controversy, intimidating the loyalists, and turning a minority on their side into a working majority. Second, the fatal policy of the British government, exasperating, wrong-headed, contemptuous, yet weakly vacillating in its blind and baffled attempts, both civil and military, to undo a folly and a wrong simply by aggravating them. And third, the natural working out of a predestined result — shall we say by evolution or by Providence? — in the birth of a new nation. We have already noticed the recognition by Hutchinson of the first of these agencies. The working of the second he had full opportunity to watch in England. He had himself opposed and written against the Port Bill. So far from being in sympathy with, he more or less openly and earnestly disapproved of, the subsequent measures of government, as his Diary abundantly attests. He says he was not consulted by the ministry. As to the third of these co-operating agencies in the birth of our nation, Hutchinson was no seer to forecast it.

Yet the ill-repute and odium, under the burden of which Hutchinson so sadly left his native land, followed him across the ocean, and were accepted by

the opposition in Parliament as helpful to argument against government. Hutchinson records that Fox, in assailing the ministry in the Commons, urged the withdrawal “of the pension to a late governor, Mr. Hutchinson, that firebrand and source of the American disputes.” The diarist, then prostrate by illness, and within three months of the close of his life, enters this placid comment on the invective: “Happy should I be if I could as well acquit myself for all other parts of my conduct through life as for the part I have taken in this controversy.”

In that melancholy and plaintive retrospect of his fortunes which we have quoted above from the governor's Diary, it will be noticed that he gratefully recognizes his own favorable fortune in contrast with those of his fellow-exiles in England. His reference, of course, is to the refugees or loyalists, who were then crowding to London, in the character of poor relations, greatly annoying and embarrassing the officers of government. They were indeed a forlorn and wretched company, most of them delicately bred and previously in affluent circumstances. They brooded over and uttered their woes, told of their losses, sacrifices, and miseries, and hung round the offices and the treasury, seeking pleaders and patrons for allowances and pensions. They were kept at fever heat by the rumors and the gazettings which told of the alternations of the conflict on this side of the water, and by the successive measures of a blundering and discomfited ministry. “Washington had died of a fever!” “Washington had been shot!” “Washington had sent in his resignation to the Congress!” were the tidings repeated at the New England Coffee House, where these victims of suspense resorted. Hutchinson records that they were once left for seventy days without tidings from America. He invited groups of the more distinguished of these ex-

iles to dinner. It was remembered and repeated that, from the first outbreak in this country of mobs, riots, burnings, plunderings, and insults, against those who were on the side of government, British officials, civil and military, had covenanted that support, redress, and full reparation should be made to such sufferers. The ministry, Parliament, and the king had solemnly ratified these promises. The sufferers and pleaders in London were eager in pressing their claims. Government staggered under this demand, as the public debt was becoming well-nigh unmanageable. At the peace it tried to shift the responsibility for redress to these loyalists upon our Congress and legislatures. But Franklin thwarted the scheme. The British government had not promised to compel us to indemnify the loyalists, but to do so itself. In the end it fulfilled its promise with a degree of generosity.

Hutchinson beguiled the weary months and years of his exile by mingling with moderation in social enjoyments, by attending court days till bereavements and indifference made them unattractive to him, by visiting occasionally public shows, and by frequent country journeys, sharing the hospitality of friends, and interesting himself in matters of history and antiquity. But all the while he carried with him the ache of homesickness, and a longing to get back to his beautiful farm, to the simple ways of living, made more winning by contrast with an artificial and heartless society around him, and to the cherished friends of his youth and maturity.

We do not recall any reference before this to a curious fact noted in the following extract from the Diary:—

“November 22, 1777. At Lord Townshend's, Portman Square. Lady T. asked me if I had a mind to see an instance of American loyalty, and, going to the sofa, uncovered a large gilt head, which at once appeared to be that of the king, which it seems the rebels

at New York, after the Declaration of Independence, cut off from the statue which had been erected there, and sent to Fort Washington, in order to fix it on a pole or pike; but by some means or other it was buried, and after the surrender of the fort Montresor took it into his possession, and sent it to Lord T., which he received last night. The nose is wounded and defaced, but the gilding remains fair; and as it was well executed, it retains a striking likeness.”

The reference is to a leaden-gilt equestrian statue of George III., executed by the celebrated Milton, of London, which the citizens of New York had erected on the Bowling-Green, in 1770, as an expression of their satisfaction at the repeal of the Stamp Act. On the evening of July 9, 1776, after the public reading of the Declaration of Independence, amid the rejoicings and tumults of the populace, the statue was dismembered, and parts of it were run into bullets, “to assimilate with the brains of the adversary.” It is very likely that the fact came to the knowledge of the king as an unpleasant reminder of the decapitation of Charles I.

One task occupied the assiduous diligence and engaged the best abilities of Governor Hutchinson during these years of trouble, for which we owe him a debt of unqualified regard and gratitude. In his peaceful and prosperous times he had written and published two volumes of the History of Massachusetts, a work of thorough and patient research, impartial, and in every respect commendable and admirable. Though he left behind him here so much that he valued, he fortunately carried with him journals and public documents from which he was able to digest the contents of a third volume. This was edited and published by his grandson, Rev. John Hutchinson, in 1828, five hundred copies being prepared for the American market, by agreement. It covers the period between 1749 and 1774, and is mainly a

relation of the author's administration and that of his predecessor, Sir Francis Bernard. No fair-minded reader can peruse this volume without a sympathetic regard, and even a warm esteem, for the writer. It relates, under various phases, one continuous and embittered controversy. Yet it is chastened and dignified in tone and spirit, wholly free from querulousness, and not to be challenged in its statement of facts. While it is free from all malignity and special pleading on his own behalf, the author tries to be fair in judging the motives and reporting the sayings and doings of those who badgered and hectored him by putting the worst construction upon his course as the sworn servant of his king.

It is likely that some readers of the second volume of the *Diary and Letters* will find more matter to engage, as they certainly will much more to amuse, them in the contributions which the editor makes to it from his own pen and fancy than from the records of the governor. The work is indeed unique in the license and lawlessness of the method of its editorship. The course of the proper narration is interrupted by the most irrelevant matter introduced into the text, and in what the editor regards as "the degrading position of foot-notes." Some of this is of a highly comical character. Thus we have philosophical, etymological, and grammatical criticisms, conceits, moralizings, and hortatory warnings mingled with fragmentary allusions to gossip, with scraps of pedigrees, biography, and history. A kindly allowance for all these discursions and whimsies of the editor may be made on the score of his age and the peculiar type of Englishmen of which he is an admirable specimen,—musing, moralizing, anecdotal, oracular, used to differential attention, and making the subject of his fond study and reminiscences the pivot on which the history of the world revolves. Commenting on

a reference of the governor's to some delay in the consummation of a marriage between a mature couple, the editor gives us a note beginning as follows: "Tastes and preferences are infinite, and they are unaccountable. There are many agreeable, accomplished, and estimable old maids in the world. They may have become so from choice, or," etc.

Again, the governor records that on a visit to Lord Hardwicke he had thoughtlessly referred to the recent suicide of a Mr. Stanley, and adds, "I never thought, until I came home, of his brother Charles, who died just in the same way. I then recollected or fancied that he was in some degree of confusion," etc. Now the editor, seeming to fear lest the moral digestion of his readers may not be able to assimilate the warning, gives them a note as follows: "When you are in general society, never reflect on those who have been hanged, for you know not whose toes you may tread upon; and never speak of your pedigree or your coat armor, for there may be those within hearing who never had either." Yet the editor gives many pages to this matter of "coat armor," and follows genealogies of very ordinary persons into particulars really as unimportant as would be the succession and distribution of crops of cabbages and turnips. We must forgive him for all his contemptuous allusions and his sharp criticisms, as referring to this country, the home of some of the most distinguished of his own lineage, for he apologizes for and takes them all back in his closing colophon. He says, "When Americans have made reparation for all the slander and misrepresentation which they have persistently heaped upon the governor during the last one hundred and twenty years, then we shall be quits. It is time to bury the hatchet. Farewell."

Some facts, of easy explanation, concerning his subject, appear to have es-

caped the notice of the editor. Under dates of November 7 and 13, 1776, the governor refers to a small pamphlet which he had published anonymously, as "A Letter addressed to a noble Lord, etc.," a copy of which he sent, with the following note, to the king: "Governor Hutchinson, being prompted by zeal for your majesty's service, and a desire to expose, and as far as may be to frustrate, the very criminal designs of the leaders of your majesty's deluded, unhappy American subjects, has wrote and caused to be printed a small pamphlet, which he begs leave to lay at your majesty's feet, humbly entreating your majesty's forgiveness of this presumption." This pamphlet, the editor says, is unknown to him. He might have found the paper in Almon's Remembrancer, Vol. IV. It is made up of strictures on the Declaration of Independence, the reasons given to justify which the writer pronounces "false and frivolous."

Under date of November 20, 1777, the governor records, "I sent the Bishop of Rochester a set of my History and the Collection to-day, as I had done to the Bishop of London yesterday, and from both received very polite cards." The editor supposes "the Collection to be of his speeches to the House of Representatives." It was that invaluable volume of Hutchinson's, published in

Boston in 1769, entitled *A Collection of Original Papers relative to the History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.*

The editor, taking note of Hutchinson's unwillingness to listen a second time to Lord Chatham, who "had frequently uttered expressions calculated to encourage insubordination and embroil the two countries," makes it the occasion of a most murderous assault of his own on the opposition members in both houses of Parliament, as having given aid and comfort to the rebels. He writes: "It may be assumed that if half a dozen members out of each chamber had been hanged, a very sedative effect would have been produced in the colonies."

It would seem as if the editor must have noted the facetious items which occasionally appear in the journals about the possible payment by our government of the debt of our seceding States. For, looking farther back for a case of reparation, one would infer that he is not entirely without hope of sharing a compensation for the losses of his ancestor as a loyalist by confiscation. He quotes the following from the governor's Diary, with his own comment in square brackets: "'Perhaps I may not live to have my estate restored to me, or to receive a compensation, but I hope my children will.' [Aside — They have n't yet. Patience! patience!]"

FORTUNY AND DECAMPS.

MARIANO FORTUNY's art is so modern in its character that new words are needed to describe it; and Mr. Yriarte, in his biography¹ of the brilliant Spanish master, speaks a language which

owes some of its most telling terms to the highly colored jargon of the Parisian studios. The advantage of a personal acquaintance with the painter of the Spanish Wedding enables the author to tell the not unromantic story of Fortuny's life in an intimate manner, and to add many hitherto unpublished particu-

¹ *Les Artistes Célèbres.* Fortuny. Par CHARLES YRIARTE, Inspecteur des Beaux-Arts. Paris: J. Rouam. 1886.

lars. Born at Reus, a village in the province of Tarragona, in 1838, the artist lived only thirty-six years, but in this brief time he created a great fame. He was an orphan, and poor, when at fourteen he went to Barcelona to begin his studies under one Claudio Lorenzale, in the Fine Arts Academy. The modest pension of about eight dollars a month allowed him by the city he eked out by decorating in distemper several village churches in the neighborhood. In a competition he took the "prize of Rome," giving him the privilege of two years of study in that capital. The town of Barcelona, which seems to have taken a paternal interest in the taciturn young man from the beginning, then sent him forth, with General Prim, to illustrate the episodes of the picturesque campaign of 1860 in Morocco. Mr. Yriarte was with Fortuny on this expedition, and describes him as a robust and well-built Catalan, abrupt in manner, thoughtful, resolute in times of difficulty, accustomed to rough fare and hardship, always ready for anything, and cool under fire. His portrait of himself represents a strong and well-proportioned head, full of character, with a proud Spanish carriage, indicating independence and force of will. Although he was in Morocco more than five months, the war and Prim's easy victories did not interest him in the least. He made many sketches, but they were of everything except battles, and he was so much absorbed in observation of the exterior aspect of things — the arid country, the sky, the atmosphere, the character and costumes of the Moors, the buildings, and the play of light over these various objects — that he may be said to have hardly noticed that a war was in progress. On his return, Barcelona commissioned him to paint a large picture of The Capture of the Camps of Muley-el-Abbas and Muley-el-Hamed by the Spanish Army. He went to Rome, by way of Madrid and Paris, to execute

this work, which, begun with apparent enthusiasm, was never completed. Several accounts of this episode have been current, but it is plain, from Mr. Yriarte's account, that Fortuny never really cared for the subject, that it was so foreign to his bent that he was ill at ease in doing it, and that presently he became intensely interested in other things. He rolled up the big canvas, and for several years replied by evasions to the queries of the Barcelona authorities. Finally, he offered to return the money advanced, and although this proposition was refused at first, when it became evident that he had given up the idea of finishing the painting, the contract was annulled. His conduct in this affair appears to have lacked candor.

In 1866 Fortuny went to Paris, where he profited by the instruction of Meissonnier; and then to Madrid, where he married the daughter of his friend, the artist Madrazo. He returned to Rome, as ever, for he regarded the Eternal City as his home, and from this period forth he was famous, courted, and rich. A brilliant artistic group surrounded him, and such men as Zamaçois, Ximenez, Domingo, Rico, and Villegas regarded him as their leader. His studio was a marvelous museum. Visitors "de Boston, de Philadelphie, de Cuba," sought admission to it. Everybody admired those odd and sparkling little paintings, "made to delight the eyes rather than to touch the heart." Henri Regnault wrote home: "I spent the day before yesterday at Fortuny's, and *cela m'a cassé bras et jambes*. He is astonishing, *ce gaillard-là!* . . . He is the master of us all."

It was in 1870 that the Spanish Wedding made such a stir in Paris. Fortuny followed this success with others of his most striking canvases, — the Reception of a Model at the Academy, Les Suppliciés, Fantasia in Morocco, Halte des Voyageurs, Kabyles Convulsionnaires, Les Barocchi, The Drunken

Arquebusier, Rehearsal in a Garden, The Prayer, etc. His entire *œuvre* was very small, and less than fifty pictures and sketches are mentioned in the catalogue at the end of Mr. Yriarte's volume. Fortuny went to Granada and Tangiers in 1870, and was absent from Rome two years, passing the greater part of this time at the Alhambra, where he accomplished some of his finest work. A brief visit to England and a sketching trip to Naples and Portici were his last journeys on earth. He died in Rome, November 21, 1874.

Fortuny's works are all sparkle, brilliancy, and gem-like radiance. They have no depth of sentiment, and the human beings in them are not more important than the inanimate objects. All is superficial, but it is far from prosaic, and the barbaric splendor of the effect dazzles and amazes the sight. Fortuny liked whatever shone, — arms, faïences, glass, metal-work, precious stones, marbles, and bronzes; and, like the Zoroastrians, he worshiped the sun even as the eye of Deity. His effects of full sunlight falling upon white walls, relieved by transparent shadows, are almost magical. His touch was nervous and distinguished. His audacity was such that he attacked the most difficult problems of painting from preference. He was full of caprice, and in more than one respect he was like his compatriot, the fiery Goya, by whose works he was much influenced. It is generally conceded that Fortuny's manual skill has not been equaled by any modern painter. His biographer laments that he, with his prodigious dexterity, unwittingly founded "the school of the hand." In his track there came forward a whole constellation of prankish and scintillating executants, devoid of ideas, who betrayed and belittled the artist. "His genuine science, allied with an indisputable magic, whose spell was felt by all; his love of light, his worship of the sun; an indefinable and

unexpected quality in his selection, his idea, and his handling, — all this brought about his legitimate renown," says Mr. Yriarte. "But 'round about him it soon came to be believed that it sufficed to dress out a model in a lively-colored costume, and to place him against a more or less appropriate background, in order to constitute a picture. The weather, the time of day, the epoch, the country, the special atmosphere of a locality, the soul of things, in a word the *character*, no longer existed for certain uncritical, thoughtless, and unlearned artists, who undertook to replace intelligent drawing by the prestidigitation of the brush and the *séduction de la tache*." The contrast between Fortuny and Millet, with which Mr. Yriarte concludes his able study, is just and eloquent.

Alexandre-Gabriel Decamps, different in so many respects from the Spanish master, yet had certain rare qualities in common with him. Decamps was an orientalist and a virtuoso. He also was intensely modern. Known at the outset as a caricaturist and anecdotist, he passed on from burlesques and lithography to oriental *genre* and landscape, in which his style became fully developed and he took a high rank as a colorist. Like Fortuny's, his palette was described as bewitched; its resources were wonderful, and by its aid he accomplished miracles of coloring. Mr. Clément, art critic of the *Journal des Débats*, contributes an interesting account¹ of this remarkable painter's career to the valuable series of artists' biographies now in progress of publication in Paris. Decamps lived from 1803 to 1860, and was consequently in the thick of the romantic fray. He never received a thorough training in his art, but no man ever labored more earnestly to master the difficulties of a beloved vocation, and many a well-equipped ac-

¹ *Les Artistes Célèbres*. Decamps. Par CHARLES CLÉMENT. 57 Gravures. Paris: J. Rouam. 1886.

ademic draughtsman might have envied his success. At the time of the restoration and after the revolution of 1830, he was making drawings for *La Caricature* with Grandville and Charlet. A few of these crayon stabs are reproduced in Mr. Clément's book. They are witty and full of French malice. The decrepit King Charles X. playing at hunting in his own apartments, and in the act of aiming a popgun at a toy rabbit; Louis Philippe and his ministers vainly trying to hold in leash the too lively infant Françoise Désirée Liberté; the French class in Mr. Dupin's school (1830) conjugating the verb *to save*; Mr. Guizot at a government door begging for only a poor little prefecture; a group of four monkey experts solemnly examining a painting, — all these serve to demonstrate his exceptional sense of humor and his cynicism. In 1827 he had already begun to show oil-paintings in the Salon, and he was a constant exhibitor until a short time before his death. His great oriental pictures were produced between 1840 and 1860, after

several journeys in the East. His illustrations of Biblical episodes are really oriental landscapes, of astonishing depth and resonance of tone. The figures are small, but have much life, movement, and character. There was a sketch called *The Walk to Emmaüs*, in the Morgan collection, New York, last winter, which caused a profound and solemn impression by the extraordinary richness of its color and its imaginative force. "What sort of landscape is it?" was asked of an amateur who had seen it. "It is just such a landscape as Christ ought to walk in," was the reverential reply. Though his biographer makes no mention of it, Decamps was a Jew, as was Troyon and many other great artists. His influence has been great in the art of France. Marilhat, Guignet, and other painters have been more or less directly inspired by his example. Mr. Clément, without laying himself open to the charge of extravagance, might have claimed even more glory for Decamps than he has seen fit to do.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Most people seem to experience an odd difficulty in realizing that the very greatest personages of the past ever were young. Yet this conception is necessary, if we wish to see them as they really were, and not according to the text-books and other sources of illusory tradition. Milton, for instance: who does not think of him habitually as the "blind old bard"? To test this, let any one arrange to have the name brought suddenly before the attention at an odd moment, and see what kind of image presents itself to the imagination in response to the word. Ten to one it will prove to be a venerable but sightless

and piteous figure; a confused mixture of several superimposed images, of which the most prominent may be some dolorous frontispiece engraving of a stoop-shouldered bust, or the blind, pathetic form in Munkacsy's vivid group. It needs but an instant's reflection to see that this is a very inadequate and unfortunate conception of the actual Milton in his best days. True, he was both old and blind when the two *Paradises* were committed to paper, but not when they were first conceived in his creative brain. And what of that long period of his middle manhood, when he was not only poet, but statesman, and diplomat, and

terrible fighter for free thought and free government, — an erect, active figure, as full of force and fire as any trooper of them all? What of the still earlier days, when the beautiful young fellow charmed the hearts of man and maid, “cunning at fence,” of the literal sort, as well as in all the elegant intricacies of Italian sonneteering and polished state-craft? For my part, I like best to remember the outward aspect of Milton as he appears in Vertue’s engraving from the Onslow portrait at the age of twenty-one, — a jocund youngster, with laughing, dark gray eyes and fresh, manly face; full of the sap so soon to mature into the tough oak that helped — he more than almost any man, if we consider his having been both brain and pen to Cromwell, besides his own incessant prose polemics on the side of freedom — to wrestle out our modern liberties in that fierce tug of the Great Revolution. It was at just the time of this lovely boy-portrait that he was writing to his college-mate: —

“Festivity and poetry are not incompatible. Why should it be different with you? But, indeed, one sees the triple influence of Bacchus, Apollo, and Ceres in the verses you have sent me. And then, have you not music, — the harp lightly touched by nimble hands, and the lute giving time to the fair ones as they dance in the old tapestried room? Believe me, where the ivory keys leap and the accompanying dance goes round the perfumed hall, there will the song-god be.”

The teachers of literature might well make some effort to rehabilitate these misimagined worthies of the past, to remove from them the disguises of age and senility that a too reverent tradition has thrown about them, and to present them in that bloom of manhood belonging to the period of their greatest activity. If I were a Professor of Literature, I should desire to hang my lecture-room with pictures, — not of the

old traditional and forbidding decrepitudes, but of Milton, for example, as the charming young swordsman, with velvet cloak tossed on the ground and rapier in hand; of Homer, no longer blind and prematurely agonized, as it were, with our modern perplexities in finding him a birthplace, but as the splendid young Greek athlete, limbed and weaponed like his own youthful vision of Apollo, as

“Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver; there the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow.”

I would tamper with even such venerated traditional dignities as Mrs. Barbauld, for the sake of their own rehabilitation in the eyes of misguided youth. She should no longer frown formidable behind the stately prænomen of “Letitia;” she should be given back her true girl-name of “Nancy,” and be represented, after her own account, as lithely and blithely climbing an apple-tree. Pythagoras should be a gracious stripling, crowned with ivy-buds and stretched at a pretty goat-girl’s feet, touching delicately the seven-stringed lyre. Even Moses might be shown as a buxom and frolicsome boy, shying stones at the crocodiles. Only Shakespeare, of all the pantheon, would need no change. His eternal youthfulness has been too much for the text-books and the monument-makers, and we always seem to conceive him as the fresh-hearted and full-forced man he really was.

— In what military school or generalised enterprise did the king-bird acquire his training, complete as it is at all points, so that he will not only attack audaciously and with large meed of success, but has the art to worry with small manœuvres the feathered enemy whose size renders him too redoubtable to be vanquished outright, and, last and sur-

est certificate of military worth, is able, if need be, to stand fire with undaunted courage? From the moment the cream-white eggs, with their bold tattooings of brown, repose in the rounded nest, till the four young conscripts issue forth from its walls to be enrolled in the service, he is constantly under arms. It is not the timid watchfulness of other birds at nesting-time, fearful for their young, and inspired in the hour of danger to defend them; it is a regular three months' campaign, fought every year within a small radius of the nest centre, generally from a vantage height above it, — a siege from within, so to speak, proclaimed against all who approach the sacred precincts.

I lately noticed a king-bird returning to his post on the topmost branch of a young apple-tree, after a sortie made against some swallows, the orbit of whose airy flight had described a circle intersecting his own imaginary sphere of possession. They meant no harm, were not pausing to take thought of him, their tiny minds bent on the insects which flew on either side his invisible fence. But the king-bird is a protectionist, and would fain have his flies for his own; so up went the standard. The invaders had been routed; that fact was apparent in every ruffled feather of the returning hero, in the poise and quiver of his wings, in the triumph of his crested head and the defiant glance from beads of jet. Such conscious, self-heralded elation roused the indignation and pugnacity of two boys, who instantly opened an attack upon the conqueror, in the interests of justice and of the balance of power. A small exercise of force on the part of his tyrannic majesty had driven the swallows to other fields, but a dozen or more large stones, not unskillfully aimed, failed utterly to dislodge the king-bird. Poised in air, a foot or two above his apple-tree twig, he evaded each stone by rising or sinking a little, his courage untouched, his

look seeming to indicate that he waited till the tables should turn, and some new line of attack be found, which should enable him to cope with these improved implements of warfare. Such pluck against odds could be accounted for only by the near presence of a nest; and where was there room and hiding-place for one in that scraggy, attenuated tree? Its scanty leaves clung to the trunk and limbs, as foliage will do on an exposed plain, where the winds give no chance for branches and twigs to expand. The combat was given up. The king-bird returned to the tree to nurse his indignation; and there, on coming back from our mountain walk, we found him, still dreaming of battles past or to come. Then we spied the nest, set in the short leafage, adorned with tufts of sheep's wool, doubtless brought home by our Jason from some spring-time quest or conquest. What is the meaning of these few inches of eager, triumphant, pugnacious life? Lives there some tradition of a defense of Troy in king-bird-dom, as of a lost Atlantis among the lemmings, which each successive generation, imitating rather than remembering the heroism of its ancestors, is bound to take up and continue? There must be a mythology and epic of some sort among the king-birds, if we could but get at it; for war is the life of each one of them, and is not a life, according to both historian and scientist, made up of lives gone before? Any way, the fly-catcher has a valiant air about him: he is a true king in the Carlylean sense, doing the fighting which lies before him with courage and persistence; not flaunting his yellow crown, but keeping it soberly covered with helmet of iron gray; a robber and marauder, but loyal to those whom it is his province to watch over and defend. Even his predilection for bees, which gets him into so much trouble, is, when we think of it, a Spartan taste.

— The *nouveaux riches*, as a class,

have been a good deal before the public, and their appearance and habits, both in the wild state and under domestication, are pretty familiar to all keen observers of the wonders of natural history. But there is another class in modern society, equally noteworthy, and in some respects even more preposterous and disagreeable, that seems to have escaped classification. It is that species of person whom we may denominate the *nouveau cultivé*. Sprung from illiterate stock in some uncivilized region, he has suddenly been plunged into an accidental penumbra of culture when well along in years. He has been "caught late." He has, accordingly, a most vivid appreciation of those things which seem to him to mark the difference between his present advanced position and his previous backward state. The little that he now knows is very conspicuous to him and to his relatives. His faith in certain second-rate makers of public opinion, especially since he has traveled and has seen the Building where these powerful things are produced, is very touching. He has religious convictions concerning the greatness of Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck, and perhaps of Young, Pollock, and Mrs. Hemans. He has read that Jeffrey said to Macaulay, "Where did you get that style?" and he, too, wonders where such a magnificent thing could have been found. Sometimes he copies passages, in hopes to acquire it for his own contributions to the county paper. He loves to quote from "quaint old" this one and that one; and has bought, but not yet read, a copy of Chaucer, because, as he is proud to explain to his family, he was a "well of English undefyled." His wife has presented to him a brief handbook of the history of art, and they have learned a good many of the dates. This gives them a contempt for the plain people who like and tack up wood-cuts and still take comfort in Christmas-cards.

They have read a little of "Dant," not without some secret struggles with the "I-talian" names; and greatly commiserate those who have not the advantage of familiarity with "Doar's" great illustrations.

All this is before the *nouveau cultivé* moves to the city. At that epoch the interesting creature enters on a second stage of development, but still very late. If the first was that of the larva, this is that of the chrysalis; but it is too far along in the season ever to produce a perfect butterfly. If the larva was active and aggressive, the chrysalis is appropriately cold and impassive. It has acquired a shell, and has a glazed expression of countenance, indicative of mysterious processes going on within. The man has mastered the code of dress, equipage, and etiquette; and so lately that he is greatly impressed with these things, makes his daughters and nieces shed tears for their errors, and rarely misses, himself. He not only acquires the correct pronunciation of "clever," with the genuine imported *chiar-oscuro* of the final syllable, but he learns to apply the word to the proper books and persons, and does this with almost painful frequency. He is wonderfully sure of the received verdicts on works of literature and art. If you happen to question any of them, or intimate a preference for some new man, it is comical, and yet a little vexing, for all your philosophy, to see how your lifelong weariness of the old orthodox judgment is taken for that ignorance of it from which he himself has so lately emerged. On the other hand, it is with an exquisitely benevolent condescension that he gives you the last twaddle as superseding your view of some one of the immortals.

There is, however, one consideration that should reconcile us to any and all of the social infelicities connected with the existence of this class of the *nouveaux cultivés*. It is the fact of the

better outlook for the next generation that comes from even the slightest lift to this. If the father only gets so far as to perform awkward and ludicrous antics on the front door-steps of culture, the children will certainly have a better chance of entering in than if he never had come out of the woods at all.

— The Thorndale of William Smith is one of those books (it would be interesting to make a list of them, some rainy evening) for which very few people care, but for which those few care a great deal. In certain moods, when the mind is disposed to fall into a fixed contemplation of one or another single great idea, I am reminded of Thorndale's incident of the ivory amulet. Cyril, who alone, of all their group of perplexed thinkers, has found peace as a Cistercian monk, relates the following :—

“ Fearful of losing all the benefits of a *cultus*, I resolved to frame some simple ritual of my own upon a piece of ivory, about the size of half-a-crown. I wrote on the one side the single word ‘God,’ and on the other side the word ‘Immortality.’ Could I have chosen two words of greater significance? Then, drawing a silken cord through a hole pierced in the ivory, I suspended this amulet about my neck. It was my habit, when alone and thoughtful, to thrust my hand into my bosom. On every such occasion I should touch the silken cord. I should be instantly reminded of the words written on the ivory. This would direct my contemplation. For some brief time my modest ritual seemed to answer very well. But, unhappily, I was analytic as well as contemplative. ‘Immortality!’ I would sometimes say to myself. ‘I aspire to be transformed into something higher than man, — not merely to be perpetuated.’ Reason was less and less acquiescent. One day I took my ivory, and with a firm and yet no irreverent hand I drew my pen across the word ‘Immortality,’ and wrote instead the word

‘Resignation.’ But now the other uncelebrated inscription began to call up interminable questionings. I never doubted of the existence of God, but I asked myself what conception I, judging by the mere reason, could form of him. The touch of the silken cord became now the signal for still more painful and terrible perplexities. One day, in my rambles, as I sat down by our river Isis, I felt once for all that the reason was utterly unequal to the task I had imposed on it. That silken cord, slight as it was, seemed to be strangling me. I drew it from my neck. I took my ivory amulet in both my hands, and snapped it in two. I threw the pieces into the running river. Thus ended my cultus, or ritual according to the pure reason.”

As of words, embodying single great objects of contemplation, so of maxims, adages, *apophthegmata* : there are recurring periods when we find them of peculiar significance and value. We collect them, write them on various private sign-boards about us, — as the Cistercian on his ivory amulet, — then throw them aside till the period comes round again. For myself, I have latterly a trick of pasting them, in the shape of any chance slip, on the wooden shot-vase above which bristles my little forest of pens and pencils, on the end of the cedar envelope box, and on other convenient surfaces about my desk. Here is one, for example, that just at present stands warningly in the midst of my epistolary stationery :—

“ If you don't want your letters to reach the ‘private ear’ of any one but the person you send them to, burn them as soon as they are written ; or, better still, burn the paper before you have written on it ! ”

I have accumulated several of the class that might be designated *takers-down* : they are like the ragged garb of his beggarhood which the king kept in a coffer for occasional contemplation. Such is this :—

"Wir unterschätzen das was wir haben, und überschätzen das was wir sind."

And this, also, which conspicuously and significantly clasps the receptacle of my favorite pen. It is from Kavanagh:—

"We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done."

Then there is the class which we may call *anti-illusioners*. Such is this couplet from Gautier:—

"Peintres, Musiciens, Poètes, Sculpteurs,
Pourquoi nous avez-vous menti?"

And this, which came from I forget what "melancholy Jaques" of the "gay" nation:—

"When the mask falls, the Carnival is ended."

And this, which looks from the other point of view, and finds something worth seeing even *after* the Carnival:—

"Während ein Feuerwerk abgebrannt wird, sieht niemand dem gestirnten Himmel."

This from Emerson, too, I have sometimes liked to keep where I might occasionally see it:—

"Too weak to win, too fond to shun,
The tyrants of his doom,
The much-deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb."

One more, and a very proper one with which to close, is that of Kant's:—

"If a man were to say and write all that he thinks, there would be nothing on earth more horrible than a man."

—When one is in trouble—and who has not his troubles, "such as they are"?—one may resort to certain distinct ways of looking at things, certain points of view, certain accessible platforms in the mind commanding a particular outlook, which have in my own case so often proved medicinal, palliative if not curative, that I am disposed to prescribe them to my friends. One of these is what we may call the bird's-eye view of the whole affair. A painful personal

matter is always like the foreground of a photograph, unnaturally enlarged. An ache in any spot, whether of the body or of the experience, magnifies it like a sort of inner lens. The thing is to get off at such a distance as to shrink our mistake, our misfortune, our mortification, back to its true perspective. In the bird's-eye view, what does it all amount to, after all? Here are all these myriad affairs of other people, of whole communities, of nations and races and epochs,—how foolish for the little black ant of the mind to see only its own ant-hill, and even there to absorb itself wholly in a trifling scratch on one of its own antennæ! For this reason I like to keep a large globe standing on a pedestal in one corner of my study. "So it hangs poised," I say to myself, "the big, populous ball, swathed in clouds, as I might swathe this mimic microcosm in blue tobacco-smoke; tilted over to the pole-star, and"—then I swing it smoothly round with the flat of my hand—"rolling merrily on its ancient way, thus, and thus!" Then I figure to my mind's eye the sprawling continent, as it slips under, and up, and over the glancing ball; yonder would lie the minute crinkle of my river, and, covered by a pin-prick, my whole remarkable town, wherein the microscope might reveal the insignificant atomy of myself. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba," or the twain of them to the rest of the starry universe, that they should either weep or be wept for?

Another of these relief-stations in the mind is the *episode* point of view. This trouble, this worryment, this failure, this hurt (I say to myself), is not a finality. This is not what I was *for*. It is all a mere episode. My life went on before it, goes on underneath and over it, and will go on after it. Some time, somewhere, I shall tell all this to some one, and it will, on the whole, be worth the telling. But remember, foolish, deluded mind (still I

say to myself), it is not to be regarded seriously, as a part of the main plot. It is all very pretty if the thing in hand succeeds, if the little hour be an agreeable hour, if the curtain rise and fall without sticking, and applause, not jeers, be heard to arise from the temporary audience; but it is likewise "most tolerable" and perfectly insignificant, if the thing go with entire badness. *Quid refert Caio?* It is only a little momentary speck in the total of existence. *Hæc meminisse jurebit.* It will do well enough to tell of afterward. It is the merest episode.

I remember a beautiful house among the secluded bluff villas of the North Shore. Great rocks and undisturbed native woods surround it. The grounds are shadowy, cool, silent. One might be very happy within those stately walls — or very unhappy. But out from the porch a curving path leads among the oaks to the edge of the bluff; and there, of a sudden, you find yourself on an open platform in the sun, and the harbor before you, alive with sails like butterfly, and, out beyond, the level sea, that fades shining up into the misty sky. Such paths and such platforms of observation lie all about the dark places of the mind, if we will only remember not to forget their existence.

— Contrary to my custom, I showed some verses — before the ink and my affection for them had taken the time to dry — to a critical friend. Now this lady's mind is so constructed that when you attack it with ever so casual a remark or question you never know what may happen. On this occasion what happened was a discussion in ethics. But I had better give the lines first of all: —

HIS NEIGHBOR AS HIMSELF.

Black the storming ocean, crests that leap and
whelm;
Ship a tumbling ruin, stripped of spar and helm.
Now she shudders upward, strangled with a sea;
Then she hangs a moment, and the moon breaks
free

On her huddled creatures, waiting but to drown,
As she reels and staggers, ready to go down.

Crash! the glassy mountain whirls her to her
grave.

In the foam three struggle; one his love will save.
There's a plank for two, but, as he lifts her
there,

Lo! his rival sinking; eyes that clutch despair.
Only a swift instant left him to decide, —
Shall he drown, and yield the other life and
bride?

In the peaceful morning stays a snowy sail.
Two afloat, — one missing. Which one? Did he
fail, —

Coward, merely man? Or did the great sea
darken eyes

All divinely shining with self-sacrifice?

I waited while she read them. Then I waited while she read them again. Then there was a pause, and I said, "Well?" Then there was more pause, during which the mercury of my estimate of the verses slowly sank. Then I said, humbly, "I *did* think of sending them to The Magazine."

"Yes," said she, slowly. (The mercury continued to go down.) "But I don't believe in the ethics of it."

"Is *that* all?" said I, brightly.

"Is *that all*?" said she, darkly.

"Well, then," said I, humbled again, "what is wrong with the ethics? Instance me, good shepherd."

"In the first place," she was good enough to explain, "I don't like this handing a girl around as if she were a transferable piece of property. It is wrong, and, what is worse, it is sentimental. Because, of course, the one whom, in a fair field, she loves is the one who has a right to her, and how can he give her up without sacrificing her too?"

"But," said I, "the fact that she is his bride does not necessarily imply that she loves him best."

"Does n't it!" interjected she.

"At least we may suppose that in the case given the woman's affection or fancy — for it may as yet be only that — is evenly balanced between the two."

"Then," said she, "let his own love

for her decide him. *That he knows.* He cannot know that the other loves her so well."

"But," still objected I, "suppose he is a very common-sense, hard-headed person, and his view of love is that, as a mere sentiment, it amounts to nothing; that the important question is, Whose love is likely to surround her with the most comfortable existence, the best opportunities, — in short, the greatest happiness? And suppose he is perfectly aware that he himself is the old, sad, and every way undesirable Doe, while the rival is the young, chipper, and every way desirable Roe."

"You talk," said she, "as if the man himself had no rights, no claims to happiness on his own account."

"Oh, but," said I, "must he not recognize as well the other's rights and claims, and 'love his neighbor as himself'?"

"But," she insisted, "not better than himself."

"Would you have him, then, make a cool calculation — on a plank at sea! — of the exact relative values of himself and the other man, and adjudge the bride and the life to the most worthy?"

"I know," she replied, "that in all the small matters of daily intercourse it is the sweeter and more dignified course to give up, regardless of all question of who has the right, or which is the more worthy. But when it comes to the uttermost, when one's hold on life or on the thing that alone could make life valuable, is at stake, why should not a rational mind look down upon the whole matter as might an unbiased inhabitant of Mars, and give the prize to him who has the most desert?"

"But," said I, "could even the most rational mind ever hope to be an unbiased judge of the relative claims of another and himself? And besides, supposing the two men are justly estimated as precisely equal in value, the world would still be the gainer for the first possessor's giving up the plank. In either case, it would have had a living man; but now it has the man *plus* the act of self-sacrifice. To save the other man instead of himself is not merely substituting x for x ; it substitutes $x + y$. For my part, I must still hold to the ethics of $x + y$."

She let me have the last word, and there we left it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. The third volume of the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, edited by Justin Winsor (Houghton), is now ready, and is given up to English Explorations and Settlements in North America, 1497-1689. There are some important chapters, notably that by Dr. Deane on the Voyages of the Cabots, in which he fortifies the position of the elder Cabot as an original discoverer. Dr. Ellis's chapter on The Religious Element in the Settlement of New England seems to us somewhat less satisfactory. Possibly this chapter was not the place for it, but we looked in vain for any clear statement of the course of the first settlers in Massachusetts in quietly ignoring the Church of England. They were not all open separatists when they came over, but the absolute transfer of themselves to separatist ways is not always accounted for by historians. As this great work goes on, we are constantly impressed with its im-

portance and with the editorial skill and ability displayed. We cannot too earnestly remind its conductors and coöperators that much depends on their accuracy. It will be the fountain-head from which the great stream of school histories and popular articles will be drawn. — The Great Conspiracy, its origin and history, by John A. Logan. (A. R. Hart & Co., New York.) Mr. Logan is one of those who like to find an explanation of historic movements in the nearest and most legible causes. His title indicates what he is driving at in his book. He has been so long in politics that he can scarcely conceive of the country except as a field for politicians and their games, and his history of the conflict which resulted in the last war is simply a reference to the political side of it, and that in a very narrow and limited conception. His book is most useful as a reflection of the historical habit of a politician.

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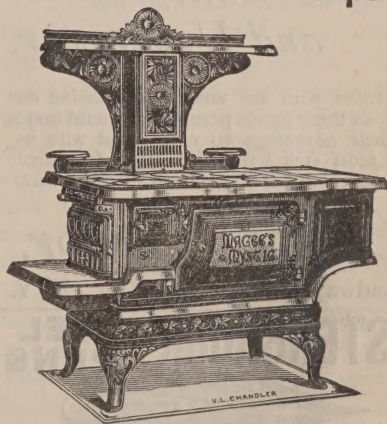
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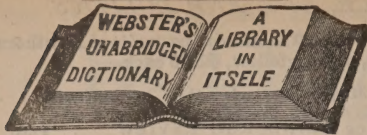
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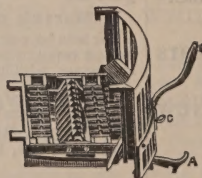
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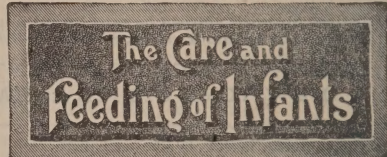
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP.

I.

THERE was a satisfied rattle in the beads which encircled the fair neck of Mrs. Clara Souford, as she finished the note asking Professor Ernest Hargrave to pass a night at her villa, on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay.

Mrs. Souford knew that a wealthy widow, in the ripe comeliness of her thirty-third summer, is as near being independent as is permitted to any specimen of the non-voting majority of her native State; and yet she saw that it would be better to provide some little excuse before summoning to her side even so good a friend as the Professor. After long seeking, an excuse of the most unexceptionable sort had presented itself. He should be asked to repeat that paper upon the Cervical Vertebrae with which, according to the statement of the Evening Gazette, he had delighted the Friday Club, when it met at Colonel Caffrey's, last winter. Those seven little bones upon which we balance our heads — if balanced they may properly be said to be — did not seem very promising; but Clara knew that the distinguished Peckster Professor of Osteology could make even anatomy interesting. In these days accomplished personages are expected to show what they can do at a moment's notice: not only may we demand a sonata from the young lady

whose piano practice has given her the ability of boring the unmusical portion of her race, but we may inflict the mistiest sort of a philosopher upon the adverse majority of a fashionable drawing-room.

"I think that the Professor can be furnished with as much of a summer audience as he ought to expect," soliloquized Mrs. Souford, as she was sealing her note. "Let me see. There will be my city rector in the chamber connecting with the back-stairs: I shall put him there, so that he can indulge his taste for early fishing without disturbing the rest of the house. Then there will be John Harris and the Langworth sisters: they don't amount to much, but will fill chairs as well as if they did. Silas Pryndale will be at the boarding-house across the harbor: I will make him sail over to us. I may think of some others, too. Cousin Kate Dudley, of course, must be here, and I had quite as lief she were absent. I don't like her way of criticising Hargrave; besides, she has a half-envious curiosity about my relations with him. I really should n't wonder if she objected to my plan. She is as independent in her way as I am in mine."

The latter reflection was perfectly true. Miss Kate Dudley was ten years older than her cousin, and had not one twentieth of her worldly possessions.

But she had accepted spinsterhood seriously, for better and for worse, and felt all the satisfaction that comes from a definite conception of what life has to offer us. This showed itself in a jaunty style of talk, which at times came dangerously near flippancy. She knew that her service at the seaside was that of a duenna, whose presence might temper any rude winds of censure from without; all the more, then, might the softer zephyrs of criticism blow from within.

Miss Kate Dudley did not fancy some of Mrs. Souford's masculine friends. The rector, for instance, was not a satisfying personage; she considered him so illogical that he might as well have been irreligious. He held on to certain ecclesiastical formulas, and then stood hat in hand to science, to ask what was the latest meaning to be read into them. He did not remonstrate when Clara's name headed the list of subscribers for the support of the Saturday Spencerian Lectureship, although he must have known that its views were in deadly opposition to those of the Monday Theological Lectureship, for which collections were taken up in the churches. Miss Dudley did not perceive that consistency, in this age of rapidly dissolving principles, might result in that course of impious stubbornness which one of Shakespeare's characters finds so reprehensible.

Neither was this good lady confident that all was right about Professor Hargrave. She decided that there was something of mystery and management in his demeanor which needed clearing up. He seemed to be asking more of life than it had given him; and as it certainly had given him a surplusage of its higher privileges, it followed that he must be entertaining an unheroic yearning for some of its lower satisfactions, — probably for a proprietor's right in the upholstery and good dinners of Mrs. Souford's city establishment. And so when this latter lady mentioned her lit-

tle project for enticing a visitor, the anticipated objection did not fail to present itself.

"What do people want of science at the seaside?" cried Miss Dudley, with a decisive toss of the head. "Our winters are already stuffy with treatises which — because nobody wants to read — everybody must be compelled to hear. Rather let us have something in sportive accord with the free life of the beach and the cat-boat. What was that good thing Tom Henderson said about the three M's, — moonshine, music, and metaphysics? Well, I forget the point, but the amount of it was that these were always to be drawn upon, because they were adaptive and fluid and plastic; in short, all that Hargrave's bones are not."

"If you had come to my house on the evening when the Professor gave his lecture upon the Cervical Arch, instead of running after those stupid private theatricals, you would have learned that bones are about the most plastic portion of the human mechanism," rejoined Mrs. Souford, with some asperity. "Put them under pressure, and they assume abnormal shapes with a facility which is quite startling. Just compare the waist of the Venus with that of a young woman of the period, and we shall see" —

"Now you don't mean to tell me that your Professor was reduced to that hackneyed illustration!" gayly remonstrated Miss Dudley. "Why, it has been in all the books of useful knowledge since we went to school."

"My Professor, as you call him," said Clara, "is neither hackneyed nor commonplace. Let me tell you that no one can hold the Peckster Professorship without some original genius. Did you happen to see what Huxley said about him the other day, at the Oxford celebration? I cut it from the paper, and you will find it pinned to the sofa in my dressing-room. Hargrave has a manly force in him that persons who skim the

surface of society may not have depth enough to recognize. He is most honored by those who seek the highest knowledge. A woman may be proud to find herself sensitive to his influence."

"If the influence were only reciprocal, there would be no harm in it," observed Kate, who, as her cousin looked up, saw something darkly mirrored in her eyes which put trifling out of place. "I cannot help remembering that he refused to join the Society for Psychical Research last winter, though you begged him to do so. Influence between man and woman ought to be a matter of give and take."

"Not when the connection between them is truest," replied Mrs. Souford, "though I will own I was disappointed when Hargrave refused my request. Mind experiments were quite the rage in the autumn, and I thought he might give a little of his leisure to them, just to see if anything satisfactory could be found out. There was no wavering about his answer, and if I am to be put down I always like to have it done decisively. He declared that he would devote nothing less than a life to such investigations, and that his life was not at his own disposal."

"Which meant, I suppose, that he had a sister dependent upon him, and a reputation to be very carefully nursed," said Miss Dudley, in explanation. "You know it would never do to come to conclusions which some scientific Dr. Grundy, LL. D., D. C. L., F. R. S., and the rest of the letters of the alphabet, would not care to indorse! These learned professors have a sense of the horrors of non-conformity which would do credit to the imagination of a bud at her coming-out party."

"Ernest Hargrave is not influenced by sordid motives," replied Clara. "He has a right, after all, to decline to enter the kingdom of the *bizarre* and the nebulous, where the head soon swims and strong men have lost foothold. His sci-

ence is concerned with the verification of facts in this visible world, and by his masterly dealing with them he has won a fame which has reached across the ocean."

"Facts indeed!" laughed out Miss Kate. "I know how to throw the metaphysical lasso over his professorial head, and then, as it were, to pull him in with it hand over hand. What would become of his beautiful facts in that case? Ask him how much information about this supposed actual world those senses of his really convey? Why, they do not even intimate its existence. Let him give any good reason for thinking that things really are as they appear to him to be!"

"Oh, if you are reduced to one of your M's," said Mrs. Souford decidedly, "we will give up the discussion. I have just written to the Professor, and told him all about the music and moonlight of our summer retreat, and asked him to offset these dangerous fascinations with as much exact science as he thinks may be good for us."

And thus it came to pass that the evening mail was charged with the letter the completion of which, as we have seen, caused the happy rattle among the beads, as if in response to the movements of the heart, as its beats quickened beneath the soft Madras muslin.

Now there can be no doubt that Mrs. Souford did think of Ernest Hargrave as *her* Professor. And why should she not? He was still on the sunny side of middle life, as well as on the heavenward side of medium stature: a firmly poised man; not exactly handsome, to be sure, but probably as good looking as a man can be without being conscious of it. Then there was a mystery surrounding him which might have a romantic interest. Although he had reached the highest eminence in his calling, there was an air about him as of one whose life purpose had been

thwarted. It was not easy for Clara to account for this. Of course the man had no money, and there was talk of a sister somewhere in the West, who, added to the incumbrance of certain paternal debts, called for the greater part of his handsome stipend from the college. But, on the other hand, Hargrave had attained the great Peckster Professorship, with all that it implied; and Clara, who had been brought up under the shadow of this famous endowment, knew very well what it did imply. For not only did the salary cause it to be vulgarly spoken of as "the fattest thing in the gift of the college," but there went with it social advantages of a value not easily overestimated. There were still above ground certain descendants of the original Peckster; and these respectable mediocrities, having control of various funds for the advancement of knowledge, and of still larger funds for their own luxurious living, held it a point of honor to make life brilliant and enjoyable for the occupant of the family Chair. So this distinguished Professorship not only represented the pinnacle of scientific reputation among men, but it was regarded as a highly satisfactory asset among women who liked the *éclat* of moving in exclusive circles. The Professor was always welcomed to the houses of the wealthy who wanted to show something better than their money; indeed, no entertainment of the first class was held to be complete without his presence. European *savants* who visited America sought him out almost as soon as the steamer touched the wharf, and every rising Western college pestered him to accept its presidency.

Clara vainly tried to solve the puzzle of this want of self-satisfaction — of self-respect, she was sometimes tempted to think it — in one whose position before the world was so enviable. If an unassailable explanation occurred to her to-day, it seemed doubtful on the morrow, and absurd before the end of the

week. At one time she suspected the trouble had some connection with the Psychical Research business, in which she had wished to interest him. For, not accepting the first rebuff, Clara had returned to the charge, and wanted to know why Hargrave's name was not on a certain scientific committee, which, the papers said, was giving some odd moments to inquire into these melancholy hallucinations. Every one must see that the results obtained by these men, who were well known, intelligent, and honest would be perfectly satisfactory.

"Just as satisfactory," Hargrave had replied, "as would be the results of an investigation into the merits of Protestantism, conducted by a committee of the Pope and cardinals. These Roman gentlemen are well known, intelligent, and honest, and, this being the case, how could they be biased by the fact that, if the verdict did not confirm certain dicta to which they are committed, humiliating results must follow? Should these excellent ecclesiastics ever undertake such an investigation, be sure they will have the wit to insist upon conditions which will render their present conclusions inevitable!"

This speech was not quite intelligible to the fair patroness of the Saturday Lectureship; she could not see how science could have anything to do with the narrowness that one naturally enough credits to theology. But if she might not fathom the meaning that lay at the bottom of Hargrave's half-scornful manner, she knew it took no pathos from his clear and impressive voice, which seemed at times to lift her beyond the power of a weak and frivolous self that was trying to assert itself. She knew that the match — if it should come to that — would be a fair one, according to contemporary measurement. She had the wealth, to be sure; but then, as Mrs. Thomas K. Souford, she was merely a well-to-do woman, who might com-

mand at their current market prices certain desirable appendages to the sad condition of widowhood. As Mrs. Ernest Hargrave, Clara would enjoy the highest consideration in scientific and literary circles, and take a recognized place when she paid her winter visit to the capital of her country. Of course such calculations were not acknowledged to have any bearing upon the question; but when did all the motives which determine our actions present themselves to the conscious reflection?

After all, no offer of marriage had passed the lips of the Professor, yet what is vaguely called an understanding had established itself between them. There were precious moments when Hargrave had looked into Clara's eyes with an intense and concentrated intelligence, and both knew that their hearts vibrated in unison. At such times she received an impression of resource and power from the man which went far to deprive her of that right of self-determination which moralists assure us we may always exercise. And then there would come over her a wild fancy that the Professor might be endowed with finer senses than those he had exercised so acutely on his way to the Chair of Osteology. Could it be possible that there was within his reach a better wisdom than old Peckster imagined, when he left his money to the college?

And now that Hargrave was to come to her, Mrs. Souford found the lawn-tennis and novel-reading of the seaside as little endurable as had been the sterile bustle of her city home. She doubted whether she were not more independent than any woman ought to be. If she could only put herself under guardianship, — his guardianship!

She would sit alone upon the rocks, till the vast irony of the ocean withered her life; she would sicken at its mighty striving, without aim and without rest. At such times her mind oscillated between the views of the rector and those

of the Spencerian Lectureship; the choice, however, was soon made. The former needed a background of organ music and surpliced choir-boys; but the breaking surf, flinging its spray over the rocks, accorded better with a conception of one's self as a product of evolutionary energy, — a victim of geological changes and planetary revolutions.

This was the state of mind in which Clara Souford welcomed the arrival of Professor Hargrave, on the evening when he was to give his scientific reading to her assembled guests.

II.

And now the doubtful experiment was to be made: the Professor's paper about the Cervical Vertebrae was to be tried upon a summer audience.

The Reverend Charles Greyson, the fisherman rector, had removed his heavy boots, and petitioned for leave to appear in a pair of those worked slippers with which gentlemen of his profession are so generously provided. Now a man in any slippers was especially distasteful to Mrs. Souford, but a man in worked slippers, — well, she wished that his benefit of clergy could have taken any shape but that! Her consent, which of course had to be given, was not very gracious, and she moved the lamp behind the alabaster vase, so as to throw disagreeables into as much shade as possible.

John Harris, who had escorted Miss Langworth and her cousin to witness the regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club, deposited them on the sofa, several shades browner than when they rose that morning. Others of the company were ranged in restful attitudes about the parlor, while Hargrave sat in the stately Mayflower chair, with Clara's favorite little table with the clawed feet whereon to rest his manuscript.

The party was completed by the ar-

rival of that portly broker, Silas Pryndale, who, suddenly parting the curtains which had been drawn before one of the French windows, presented himself in a blue yachting shirt, with the word "Magician" worked in red silk across the breast.

"I won't apologize; you must let me come as I am!" he hurriedly exclaimed. "You see it was all I could do to work up to my moorings. If I had stopped for a change of clothes, I should have been late."

"But you should apologize for breaking in upon us like a ghost," said Miss Kate Dudley, giving her fan the Mikado flirt, expressive of comical terror. "Why, that fiery inscription you bear is enough to frighten a neurasthenic female quite out of her weak wits. Did Pluto attach that startling ticket-of-leave before permitting you to revisit the glimpses of the moon?"

"You refer to my lettering: well, it is a little too conspicuous," acknowledged the good-natured broker. "You see, my wife insisted that my new centre-board cat should bear that ridiculous name. Mrs. Souford happens to know all about my rescue of the deacon, and I can assure her that Susan has not yet done chaffing me about it. The last domestic joke was to mark all my shirts in this elaborate fashion, on the chance that I should not have patience to pull out the stitches."

"And so you rescued a deacon! Whence? when? where?" demanded Miss Dudley, in terse monosyllables.

"The particulars would make too long a story, and your cousin knows them already," remonstrated Silas. "It is a sort of ghost story, too, or rather, perhaps, a tale of one of those queer psychical impressions into which ghosts vanish nowadays. Such a misty narrative would be a poor prologue to those solid realities of science about which the Professor will so kindly discourse to us."

"You must tell the story. I wish Professor Hargrave to hear it," said Mrs. Souford, with decision. "To me it is very mysterious, — a shadowy reflection of something preternatural. Of course he will give us some perfectly simple explanation of it."

"From which we shall of course dissent," added Miss Kate, smartly. "Then the Professor will dissent from our dissent; but our dissent from his views will be modest, while he, having a scientific reputation to look after, will dissent from our views with contempt. So we shall have the advantage of him both in temper and tolerance."

"Now I demand every particular about the deacon," said Hargrave, smiling pleasantly. "I will cut my paper one half, or postpone it altogether, rather than remain under such a calumny as that. I believe, however, that Mrs. Souford knows me well enough to assure her cousin that if I am unable to accept a marvelous narrative — that is, to think that the marvelous element in it is proved — I shall mingle no scorn with its rejection. The fact that my studies may lead me to discover fallacies of observation or inference where Miss Dudley might not suspect them, I cannot help. But I can help that hide-bound prejudice of caste which holds so many of our college men from giving its just weight to unwelcome evidence."

Clara felt the tide of life move more rapidly as Hargrave's imploring glance met hers. Evidently, he did not quite relish the touch-and-go vivacities of her protectress. How should they be taken at their true value by one whose life was so withdrawn from the corrective touch of familiar feminine influence! Well, he must have the chance of vindicating himself, if he thought it necessary; and so the story should be told. "And be sure," she said, addressing Pryndale, "that you give us no once-upon-a-time business. We want all the names and dates, together with the state of the

weather and the degrees Fahrenheit of the thermometer."

"Weather, cloudy, with good expectation of snow," began the owner of the cat Magician; "thermometer, somewhere in the forties; place, the suburban town of Medville, in which I sleep and pay taxes; time, an afternoon in last November. Mrs. Souford, a schoolmate of my wife, was coming, as she often did, to pass a night with us. We are nearly half a mile from the station, so I drove my depot wagon to connect with the train she had promised to take. The cars reached the station soon after I did, and I experienced the disappointment of finding that our expected visitor had not come. I waited till the last passenger stepped upon the Medville platform, and then sullenly turned the horse's head towards home. If our guest arrived by a later train, I decided that she might take the public omnibus to the house. I had a batch of letters that were waiting answers, and could spare no more time for running after her; I would go home and stay there. But home I did not go, though when I left the station it certainly was my fixed purpose so to do. Let me mention that it is not my habit to drive for pleasure in our depot wagon, which is a heavy vehicle, with the stiff springs necessary for the transportation of baggage. Even setting aside my letters, there seemed to be every reason why I should hasten home. Yet a sudden impulse, which I knew not how to resist, prompted me, on turning into Centre Street, to drive away from my own dwelling. Now, if you follow Centre Street for about two miles, you come to Fox Lane, which leads through the woods to Bear Pond. The pond is another two miles from the turning, and half a mile further you come to Turner's Point, which runs out into the water, and is a favorite spot for summer picnics. We are in the habit of taking the children there once or twice during the hot weather; but, how-

ever attractive in July, it is not a pleasant place to visit on a chilly November afternoon. Fox Lane, as Mrs. Souford can tell you, is one of those rocky, rutty thoroughfares by which the farmers get to their wood-lots, and is by no means adapted to pleasure-driving. Now something riveted my attention upon Turner's Point, and soon this singular question was flashed into my mind: '*Suppose you were alone at the Point, and should meet with some accident that hindered locomotion, how soon might you reasonably expect relief?*' I am aware that it is not wise to give up one's brains for the lodging of a single idea, but this absurd and fanciful inquiry, once admitted, would not give up its quarters. There it clung, a vague, indefinable, persistent presence. I could not help reflecting that the chance of November visitors to the Point was exceedingly small, and that in the event supposed the arrival of aid would be very doubtful.

"Pondering this matter, I reached Fox Lane, and, without any motive that was evident to my consciousness, I turned into it. Indeed, I may put the case more strongly by saying that all the motives I am now able to recognize were against a solitary visit to Turner's Point. The recent rains had brought the rough stones of the by-road into unusual relief; it was late in the day, and I greatly desired to be at home. But the impulse to go on would not leave me: I had an insane desire to stand upon the end of the Point, and there to consider my chances of attracting attention, if some accident prevented my return. And here let it be observed that my sole desire was to work out a problem, in which the interest was personal. No altruistic sentiment intruded itself; no imagination of possible usefulness to some person in distress impelled my movement in a direction which—all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding—I found to be

that of the least resistance. While I recognized the fact that nothing could be more unlikely than my getting into any situation of peril upon Turner's Point, I found that nothing could be more persistent than the presentation of some such catastrophe. I said to myself, 'This morbid and feverish action of the brain, which is taking me where I don't want to go, must cease!' But my order was as ineffective as one given in a dream. The machinery of logic ground out its unanswerable demonstration of my folly; but — what shall I call it? — a presence, a breath soft as a zephyr, yet compulsive as a hurricane, urged me on.

"After a goodly shaking upon the stones I reached Bear Pond. The bars of the fence, which in summer were taken down, to allow driving to the Point, were replaced for the winter. It was still something of a walk to the picnic ground. I tied my horse, climbed the rails, and strode onward, with mingled feelings of amazement and disgust. I had not proceeded far before my ears caught faint cries, as if for assistance. I stopped and listened. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; somebody in distress was trying to attract attention. Now you see how my story is to end, so I will hurry the conclusion. In an open cellar which had been dug at the end of Turner's Point, I found Deacon Turner himself. He had visited the place to consider the feasibility of covering the old cellar with a sort of summer restaurant, or lunch-house, which might be leased to visitors during the following season. In order to make some measurements, he had undertaken to climb down into the cellar, cautiously thrusting fingers and toes into the crevices between the stones. He had slipped, fallen, and sprained an ankle so severely that the foot was powerless. Getting out of the trap was beyond the old man's power; he had lain there seven hours when I found him. The chance

of a rescue without a night, and probably another day, of cold, hunger, and misery was highly improbable. The deacon had left home in the morning, with the intention of spending the night at his brother's house in the city; there was, therefore, no reason why his absence should excite inquiry. This visit to the Point was not premeditated; it resulted from the sudden thought of a lunch-house, on his walk to the village.

"The Turner farm was a long quarter of a mile from the Point, and after supplying the poor man with water I hastened there for assistance. Ladders and men were necessary to effect a rescue, and it was not till long after sunset that I had the satisfaction of seeing the deacon extended upon his own comfortable bed. I promised to stop at Dr. Simpson's office, on my way through Centre Street, — if, indeed, the perilous passage of Fox Lane, after dark, permitted me to reach that locality.

"It was raining heavily when, after several unpleasant adventures, I drew up before my own door. Susan and Mrs. Souford (who had arrived by the 5.20 train) rushed to the porch, as the wheels stopped. And then came the high-pitched inquiries: 'Well, where have you been? What do you mean by making us so anxious? Tell us right off where you've been!' 'Well, my dear,' I replied hesitatingly, 'I have been to — to — Turner's Point.' And then in chorus came the rejoinder: '*What upon earth sent you to Turner's Point on such a night as this?*' Now, that was a puzzling inquiry. What did send me to Turner's Point? Was it, indeed, anything upon earth, or something to be more properly spoken of as a little beyond it? I could not answer the question then, nor have I been able to answer it since. One day I thought I would ask Dr. Simpson, and his reply was, 'One of those morbid impulses which result from indigestion.' 'But my rescue of Deacon Turner?' I objected.

The doctor, who is one of the vice-presidents of our County Medical Society, swayed to and fro in his deliberative way, and at length replied, 'Well, I think it will be best to call that a coincidence.'

"I can testify that Mr. Pryndale's story has not been magnified by repetition," said Mrs. Souford. "The mystery has not grown an inch since I first heard it. It is now in order for the Professor to furnish his explanation, or to tell us whether he agrees with the vice-president of that medical society that the words 'indigestion' and 'coincidence' are the Open Sesames to this lurid cavern."

Hargrave seemed troubled: he threw a wary yet searching glance over the company, and at length replied, "I should not dare to assert that they are not."

"So much for the official opinion of the Peckster Professorship!" announced Miss Dudley, in her smartest manner. "Now, if quite convenient, we should like to have that of Citizen Ernest Hargrave, equal voter with John, Patrick, Peter, and several million more of the same sort. Perhaps this person may be willing to exhibit his freedom by differing with the learned Professor."

"I will not resist your appeal," said Hargrave, after a pause of indecision. "I merely meant to say that such testimony as we have listened to is of value only when correlated with a great deal more testimony equally unimpeachable. Take Mr. Pryndale's narrative as an isolated experience, and Dr. Simpson's solution might be the best, — were it not the higher wisdom to attempt no solution at all. Taken separately, there is no experience of this kind which excludes a possible coincidence; taken collectively in their enormous multitude, they give another presumption, a high degree of certainty. I refer to that moral certainty, which, while falling short of mathematical demonstration,

establishes a conviction as strong as those upon which we act in the most important concerns of life."

"Our great Bishop Butler comes to the conclusion that 'probability is the guide of life,'" interposed the rector in support, "and there is no maxim more profoundly true."

"And yet I don't think you could put the bishop's discovery into a hymn with much effect," said Miss Kate, slyly.

"There are parts of the service that the rubric permits either to be sung or said," replied Greyson. "I grant that the bishop's sentiment could not come from the choir with much effect; it should always be said."

"Certainly," acquiesced Miss Dudley; "it is one of those clerical admissions that are perhaps as well said on the sidewalk, just outside the church door."

"The truth is good enough to be said anywhere!" exclaimed the Professor, with suppressed feeling. "Let us not forget that reticence, beginning in a wise prudence, easily passes into a craven timidity."

Clara saw that Hargrave's hand was nervously crumpling the manuscript before him. She seemed to share his consciousness of the painful throb of resolution which precedes a disclosure that is to affect our destiny.

"I ought now to say," he continued, "that I know there is a force in nature which, acting under conditions imperfectly understood, is able to manifest itself in exactly such results as Mr. Pryndale has given us. I say a force in nature, for surely I repudiate the misleading dualism of nature and the supernatural. The domain of nature is large enough to cover all that exists, — outside the mighty Source whence all proceeds."

There was nothing very startling in this avowal, and yet Mrs. Souford, whose eyes were fixed upon Hargrave, shuddered, as its possible consequences flashed upon her. What would become

of a reputation, now so well rounded and entire, were this confession known to the world? How great would be the scandal could it be said that the incumbent of the coveted Peckster Professorship held opinions which might lead him to examine seriously such delusions as spiritism, necromancy, prevision, and other uncanny survivals of our primitive savagery! Clara had heard that President Cooley took a summary method of dealing with his professors, when any little rift in their repute among the wealthy benefactors of the college made them incapable of continuing to advance its interests. A letter suggesting a resignation would be received by any subordinate who entertained the horrible heresy that uncultured spiritual mediums, of shady character and surroundings, might have stumbled upon truths which Mr. Herbert Spencer and his distinguished American expounders had not yet reached. To be sure, Clara herself entertained some highly unscientific doubts respecting the dogmatic assertions of the great physicists of her epoch. But then a woman was never expected to be logical; her company was sought, not for correct opinions, but for feminine warmth and cheerfulness. With a man the case was quite otherwise. He must have the intellectual sympathy of his fraternity; his honor in the larger world depends upon the recognition of his claims by the guild or clan in which circumstances have placed him. So thinking, Mrs. Souford determined to shake her head imperiously, and to change the subject; it might not be too late to prevent some of the evil she apprehended. But it was too late; there seemed to be a mysterious clog upon her freedom. Pryndale, who was naturally interested in the Professor's views, was pressing him to impart them more fully. "If you only would give us an experience of your own," he suggested, "it would impress the company as nothing I have told can possibly do. Soci-

ety has a great respect for the opinions of you scientific gentlemen about these matters."

"Provided we do not give them upon the wrong side, as Wallace, Crookes, Zöllner, Hare, Varley, and other castaways have done," said Hargrave. "Perhaps I could shock your conceptions of what is possible as much as the conceptions of our ancestors were shocked by the notion of the antipodes. 'Just think of it,' they said, — 'the idea of men living with their heads hanging downwards, and clinging to the earth like flies to a ceiling! Away with such insane tales! Give us demonstrable facts that our learned judges can pass upon, — like the powers exerted through witchcraft, for instance.' Yet I should not longer decline to share all that life has taught me: that fragment of my knowledge which the college pays me for proclaiming may not be the part of it most needed in this present time. I believe some of you know that I was principal of the Chipworth Academy, at North Bilberry, for ten years before my connection with the college. It is one of the oldest endowed schools in the State. Young men and young women, as well as boys and girls, were among my pupils; and no teacher ever had better opportunities for studying the problem of education, about which so much thin and shallow matter is written in these days."

"We know, then, in what quarter we may look for light upon a subject which so deeply concerns us," said Clara, in a desperate attempt to switch the Professor's talk upon some other track. "You will combine and assimilate all that experience in a book that shall be really authoritative; in the mean time, let us hear a few of its conclusions."

Hargrave looked amused. "Do you remember the story of the diplomatist?" he said. "Shortly after his arrival in England, he inquired for a publisher, with a view to the immediate composi-

tion of a book upon Life in the British Isles. After he had lived a year in the country, he doubted whether he had quite mastered his subject; after a residence of ten years, he gave up in despair the plan of writing anything. My ten years of study in North Bilberry have brought me to a like modesty. Columbus made his perilous voyage only to discover an island before unknown. If my eyes have caught even the dim outline of such an island rising out of unfrequented seas, I am satisfied. The great continent that lies beyond it others must explore.

"Every teacher has remarked the facility with which some of his pupils seize an idea, and this without appreciable connection either with habits of application or the general powers of the intellect. What I refer to is no parrot-like rendering of what has been learned by rote, but rather resembles a mental assimilation of principles and deductive reasoning from them. We sometimes encounter subtleties of observation and a reach of purely speculative thought which are only characteristic of a well-matured mind. One of the perennial puzzles of educational science has been to account for the fact that boys whose bright replies impress the visitor to the recitation room are precisely not those who afterwards make an impression upon the world. Look for these astonishing youngsters twenty years after their schooldays are over, and you will be likely to find them filling small clerkships, or in some way dependent upon others for direction, while the dunces of the recitation room are railroad presidents, influential divines, or are holding similar positions of social leadership. Of course this is not universally true; but it is so often true that students of education have thought it worth while to offer several elaborate explanations, none of which can be called satisfactory. For a long time I worked over this problem, as so many of my predecessors

have done, but without coming any nearer to its solution. At last I thought I saw light. I found many indications — none of them amounting to proof — that my own brain-action might be set up in the heads of certain of my pupils without a whisper or a sign; and, stranger still, that such communicated action seemed upon some occasions to be below consciousness, — that is to say, outside any thought or volition of which the presence could be recognized. I adopted the hypothesis that much of what passed for intelligence and brightness in my young people was a peculiar faculty of receiving an impression from without; and, furthermore, that the power of personal direction was lowered and absorbed by its existence."

"But you confess that this was only a guess," objected Miss Dudley.

"At first, yes," assented Hargrave. "Guess is a shorter word than hypothesis, and expresses the fact quite as correctly. Physical science is nothing but the verification of guesses; and in exploring realms of cloud and shadow we must for a long time put up with these flickering lights. I made the guess, then, that some nervous thread might, as it were, be thrown from brain to brain, and bind them for a time into a community of life. Observation and experimental research at length satisfied me that my guess was right."

"And now you have only to bring the present company to the same conclusion," said Miss Dudley, with an emphasis which seemed to touch the core of the whole matter.

"It by no means follows that I can do so," replied the Professor. "I might relate certain occurrences which are unassailable by destructive criticism; but a conviction is a very complex product. We cannot impart it to others, nor, indeed, is it easy ourselves to recognize all the evidence which has gone to its formation. I could give you some startling facts, but these are only

avenues to knowledge; they are beset with many difficulties, and it requires weary personal plodding to discover whither they lead. To tell those facts to persons who have never gone through the intellectual labor necessary to accept and to use them is to cast — well, I did not mean to run upon the discourteous quotation from Scripture, so I will say that it is to *be* cast in the part of a mere showman or wonder-monger.”

“Mr. Pryndale has been willing to tell his strange story, at my request,” said Clara, bracing herself to meet a crisis which she would no longer try to postpone. “Professor Hargrave can scarcely refuse me the same favor.”

“Certainly not, if this is indeed your wish,” rejoined the Professor. “I misread your face; I thought you would have me pass to my proper subject, — that upon which the Peckster Chair is an acknowledged authority, despite the eccentricities of any mortal who may be temporarily sitting in it. You shall have the full particulars of an occurrence which, for singularity, — though not for suggestive import, — is unparalleled in my own experience.

“I had been connected with the Academy for six years, when, one dull December evening, a letter, bearing a large official seal, called me to a service that I would gladly have avoided. The next sunrise would usher in the 15th, the great festival of the year in the town of North Bilberry. This was Founder’s Day, — the day upon which, far back in the last century, Reuben Chipworth had given himself the trouble to be born. I do not mean to say that it was celebrated with the wild Philistine energy thrown into the 4th of July; but it was an occasion more precious to the heads and representatives of the community. Being an academic jubilee, the stately and reverend element came conspicuously to the front, and directed the rejoicings of the less instructed multitude. Now the particular year of which I am speaking

happened to be a third year; and it had been solemnly established that upon every third year, in addition to the exhibition of the school and the dinner given by the trustees to themselves and to sundry invited dignitaries, a commemorative oration should be delivered in the Town Hall. It had generally happened that some gentleman upon the Board of Management was glad of the opportunity to show forth the virtues of Reuben Chipworth, as well as his own eloquence in narrating them. But my unlucky letter had come to say that the trustee who intended to give the morrow’s address had been summoned to Canada upon pressing business, and that the principal of the school was requested to take his place. It was mentioned that, as the time was short, deficiencies in the body of the address would be overlooked, provided the winding-up were embellished with ornaments worthy of the occasion. For it was desirable to hit the taste of a North Bilberry audience, which liked its rhetoric somewhat more exuberant and florid than the severe canons of metropolitan critics might admit. An appointee, dependent for his place upon the favor of a close corporation of appointors, cannot be selected as a type of that freedom and independence which are held to go with American citizenship. In my position, the request was weighted with the authority of a command, and with a heavy heart I began to look up biographical particulars about the hero whose doings I must illustrate. I sat at my desk till late into the night, endeavoring to put into some order such materials as were at hand, as well as to think out comments to accompany them. At last I came to realize that I must give up all attempt at preparation; it was impossible in the time at my disposal. One thing only could be done: I must trust to the occasion, and launch out boldly upon the tempestuous seas of extemporaneous oratory. Suddenly I recalled

my correspondent's suggestion about the peroration. Here was something to be considered. I decided to prepare and memorize a concluding paragraph; yes, and to embellish it with all the ornaments a North Bilberry audience could require. It was not an agreeable thing to do, but I thought it the best thing under existing circumstances. Our founder was an excellent man, and in all sincerity I could express my appreciation of his worth. The inflated sentences I might put together would merely translate my real feelings into language acceptable to my auditors. No one sees more clearly than I do now that this excuse was sophistical. Suddenly thrust into a position of peculiar hardship, it was, perhaps, pardonable to stoop a little to get out of it. It is always better to stand erect, and to take all consequences. And now, if I am to give its full significance to what I have to tell, I should repeat the closing paragraph of my address as it was then prepared. The singular sequence fixed the words so firmly in my memory that I believe I can recall most of them even at this distance of time."

"Alternate elocution with philosophy, and you give us a perfect programme for a summer night's entertainment," quoth Miss Dudley approvingly. "But pray do not leave out the original pause and emphasis. Let it be done in action, as you would do it before the duke. Come, a passionate speech! as Hamlet says."

Hargrave looked anxiously towards Mrs. Souford, knowing how easily ill-considered audacities of utterance might imperil relations between them. A woman worth winning is sensitive to the smallest defect in taste. But Clara, whether wisely or foolishly, had asked for the story; and he would goad himself into giving it fully and honestly, at whatever cost. The decision was made. The Professor rose from the arms of the Mayflower chair, and repeated, not

without some oratorical glow in his manner, the following sentences:—

"Reuben Chipworth, the man whose life we are commemorating to-day, has been a well-spring of benefits to this ancient town. His benign countenance glimmers upon us through the mists of years, and there needs no saint's halo to crown the head that thought so wisely in our behalf. He held firmly to the Puritan ideas, which were even then fading from the minds of men. Nature, society, religion, have been subjected to merciless scrutinies undreamt of in his simple time. The great generalization of Darwin which points to our animal ancestry, modern speculations in sociology, exhaustive and yet startling Biblical criticism, — how these have flung into new moulds that aggregation of shifting units known among men as the town of North Bilberry! But if our founder could not transcend the narrow limits of the community into which he was born, he would soften the path to knowledge for the community with greater opportunities which he knew must be its successor. By an heroic act of self-suppression he saved the money he was tempted to spend, and flung open for all the illimitable future the doors of the Academy. Brave Reuben Chipworth! We will not picture you as a slow-footed old man leaning upon a staff, as the artist has represented you upon his canvas. For us you are touched with the morning lustre of youth, as you offer a helping hand to generations which your eyes might not see. May eloquent divines, sagacious editors, independent statesmen, and matrons as noble as those of ancient Rome continue to issue from the portals you have opened; and may the simple certificate, '*He was educated at the Chipworth Academy*' (and be sure that no limitation of sex is intended by the use of the masculine pronoun), — I say, may our simple certificate of graduation prove a passport and a letter of credit,

which shall carry its bearer triumphantly throughout the world!"

"Well, we never know what our friends may be capable of doing!" exclaimed Miss Kate Dudley. "Who would have thought that a man whose life has been devoted to furnishing the world with what it considers real knowledge could ever have soared to such a trance-medium rhapsody as that?"

"You must have felt like a bishop reading the part of Richard III., at a Shakespeare Club," remarked the rector. "Pray did your North Bilberry audience follow those winged words into the empyrean?"

"It never heard them," responded the Professor gravely. "I wrote out some such matter as you have heard, put the manuscript in my pocket, and, whenever a spare moment was to be had, tried to fix it in my memory. It was written early in the morning, after an hour or two of disturbed sleep. I studied the words while shaving, and during those fifteen minutes after breakfast which I usually devoted to the newspaper. But all too soon arrived the train bringing the trustees; and then the bustle of the annual examination began. The school-room was filled with visitors, before whom my pupils were put through their paces. At the word of command from Trustee No. I., they proceeded to rack their brains for such showy fragments of knowledge as might astonish the expectant rows of parents and guardians, who were accommodated upon settees to the right of the platform. As the principal took no part in this proceeding, I mentally employed myself in testing the grip of my memory upon that winding-up paragraph. I was startled from this occupation by the voice of Trustee No. II., who had put a question to one of the brightest of my scholars, a pale-faced lassie of fifteen. 'Well, Sarah Jones, and what can you say about our founder, in whose honor we have met to-

day?' Now the answer to this question was not to be found in any textbook, and Sarah began to blush and hesitate, as one who had been taken at a disadvantage. 'Come, come,' said the questioner, 'time is precious; we are all waiting to hear what you can say about him.' This adjuration did not lessen the embarrassment of poor Sarah, who was ready to sink with confusion. 'Why, how is this?' said Trustee No. I., hurrying to the assistance of his fellow-examiner. 'There ought not to be a baby in this town who cannot say something about its greatest benefactor.' The girl's scattered wits were not brought to order by this additional turn of the screw. I saw how unfair it was to put a young person, at the most self-conscious period of life, into such a position. I was about to come to her aid with a mild remonstrance, when I observed a singular change in her expression. Sarah suddenly straightened herself to what seemed to be more than her natural height; she heaved a tired sigh, which placed her at a certain remoteness from the company, and proceeded to answer her cruel questioner by repeating verbatim the elegant conclusion I had prepared for my evening address. And more than mere words were given; they came salient with precisely the stress and swell of delivery with which I had mentally fitted them."

"And what did the company think of it?" asked Clara.

"I suppose they thought it was what in professional slang would be called 'a marked card,'" replied Hargrave. "In other words, that the child had been crammed for the display, and that the trustee — possibly in collusion with the teachers — had drawn the marked card for the glory of the school and the astonishment of the company. Such proceedings are not absolutely unknown at academic exhibitions."

"Of course you explained the nature

of the singular occurrence?" said the rector.

"How could I explain what I did not understand myself?" inquired Hargrave. "No; I saw that I should make things worse by any statement whatever. Any isolated marvel coming into collision with our previous experience will be, and ought to be, interpreted in accordance with that experience. Either I taught the girl that speech, or in some way she obtained my manuscript and learned it without my knowledge. Say what I might, no third supposition could have been admitted as possible. The case was simply one for silence."

"There comes in the superiority of the masculine intellect," said Clara. "A woman would have compromised herself by telling the truth, or, in other words, by exhibiting herself as a specimen of abject credulity or hysterical hallucination."

"*Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire,*" quoted Hargrave. "*Mais toutes les vérités seraient bonnes à dire si on les disait ensemble.*" Joubert's maxim may be easily abused, yet its essential soundness is indisputable. No one is bound to give facts which must cast an utterly distorted image upon the minds of his hearers. Psychical investigations were then unheard of among those posing as the representatives of sane opinion. I had a career to make, and a sister dependent upon my exertions. Why should I oppose my feeble resistance to the momentum of contemporary science? I must confine my activity upon those reputable lines of investigation which have since terminated in the Peckster Professorship. Then, too, it is most difficult for a man to effect a deep change in his own system of thought, no matter what weight of evidence may require him to do so. Any explanation, be it never so strained, will be clutched, if only it will serve to float us awhile longer on the stream of current belief."

"But what in the world did you do about that noble peroration?" inquired Miss Dudley. "'That aggregation of shifting units known among men as the town of North Bilberry' should have enjoyed their rhetoric all the more after hearing its rehearsal by proxy in the morning."

"Perhaps so," said the Professor, "but their enjoyment would have been in inverse ratio to that of their orator. There was nothing to be done but to accept the situation, and omit the climax. I believe I stumbled through some sort of address, which was painfully below the performance of Sarah Jones in the morning. To go back to that young woman. I should tell you that she was thoroughly questioned by Trustee No. II. as to where she learned that prodigious lesson about Chipworth which she recited so gracefully. 'I never learned it; it came to me,' was her reply. And to this view of the case she persistently adhered, despite threats and cajolery. The trustees conferred together during the intermission, and summoned old Dr. Brewster from the settees to assist in their council. The girl seemed perfectly truthful, and the good doctor could not, or would not, assert that she was conscious of uttering a falsehood. 'We must take a charitable view of this affair,' said he. 'The fact is, the settees were much pleased with her exhibition, and thought it very creditable to the Academy. Now do any of you gentlemen understand physiology?' Not a trustee could say that he did. And so the doctor went on to explain that the agitation of nervous matter in the brain, which is popularly called memory, was sometimes unaccompanied by consciousness. And thus it seemed probable that they had listened to a fragment of the oration upon some former Founder's Day, which Sarah had learned as a child, without any remembrance of having done so. As analogous cases were to be found in the

books, it was decided to accept this explanation, and to probe the matter no further. You see that if I had produced the remarks from my pocket, with the ink scarcely dry upon the paper, only one supposition would have been admissible: the girl must have stolen them, and lied. This was impossible, of course; but a theory which is consonant with an established way of thinking is not to be limited by mere possibilities."

"This doctrine of the appropriation of the results of thought without going through the labor of thinking is both unpleasant and dangerous," said the Rev. Mr. Greyson. "How are we to know whether a given mind is trained or merely impressionable; whether a man is competent to use his faculties actively, or can merely permit their use by somebody else? Is the non-concurrence of the obstinate juryman in a righteous verdict owing to an honest conviction, or has he been unconsciously psychologized by the lawyer who has the biggest fee in his pocket? Above all, if you admit this disturbing element in our mental action, must it necessarily come from an embodied intelligence? Given this wave of nervous influence, by which mind can work the machinery of a body foreign to it, and how can we deny the possible action of an unseen world which the Spiritualists assert?"

Hargrave made no reply to these pertinent questions, but busied himself in selecting certain sheets from the manuscript before him.

"The Peckster Professorship of Osteology," said Miss Dudley, coming smartly to the rescue, "authorizes me to say that, being above all things scientific, it consigns other worlds than this to the limbo of chimæras. It has high respect for the multiplication table, quite an enthusiasm for the dinner table, a good-natured tolerance for the tables of the law,—though, of course, Moses did not get them where he said

he did,—but for the tables of the rappers and tippers it has nothing but a sneer, born of its superior wisdom."

It was clearly necessary for Hargrave to say something, yet there was a tinge of painful indecision in his manner as he addressed Mr. Greyson.

"When some future benefactor of the college founds a professorship of psychology, and ties up his bequest so that no one committed to the mechanical theory of man's nature can be put into it, science may reduce to order what is now chaotic, and your inquiries may be answered. I have told my story, as was requested, and have nothing more to say."

"*Revenons à nos moutons*,—of course I mean to the osseous parts of them, of which Professor Hargrave may profess to know something without periling his means of livelihood, or bringing his sanity into suspicion!" exclaimed Miss Dudley. "He is making selections from among his papers, and it is not too late to hear anything he is willing to read to us."

"A good suggestion," assented Pryndale. "The Professor looks as if he would be as glad to get upon his beaten road again as I was to reach the macadamized surface of Centre Street, after my jolting upon Fox Lane. We will not pursue these dreary paths into the woods, where mortals so easily lose their way."

"Yes, and sometimes encounter the Black Man," added the rector. "Our forefathers often met him in such shadowy localities."

The decision had an exhilarating effect upon Hargrave, who proceeded to the vigorous reading of his essay.

Clara breathed more easily. It is well to return to ground to which we have an undoubted title. Here it was certain that the high mental qualities of her Professor were accessible to the observation of the common sort of people one meets in society.

III.

Hargrave's reading was so curtailed as to finish at ten o'clock, the latest hour to which sitting up was possible at the seaside. Silas Pryndale took a hasty leave, discovering that it was quite time to sail the cat Magician to her permanent anchorage across the bay. The rector, though he had been much interested, confessed to sleepiness during the concluding paragraphs; and one by one the little circle of listeners began to take their candles from the entry table.

Mrs. Souford was one of those old-fashioned housekeepers who make it the final duty of the day to descend to that lowest floor whence rise supplies for the higher departments of the establishment. She excused herself for not joining the chamberward tendency of her guests by declaring that the back-door must have been left unlocked. Her servants had grown very careless, and she felt a current of air from the kitchen. Would Professor Hargrave bear the lamp by which he had been reading, and illumine her way to that locality?

And it turned out not only that the door required fastening, but that a certain creamy, bubbly composition, which the cook had prepared with a view to the morrow's flapjacks, ought to be removed to the ice-chest, lest it should sour. This receptacle being made after the box pattern, it became necessary to lift out several fragments of the day's dinner before a place could be found for the bowl of flapjack mixture. Clara would allow no awkward masculine hands within the sacred precincts of her refrigerator; so the Professor's business was merely to hold the lamp, and watch the pretty fingers as they lifted the blue pottery, and rearranged the vessels of yellow earthenware upon their proper slabs of slate.

This and other household offices oc-
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cupied some time, and the parlor was deserted when they returned to it. The moon was rising over the sea, and the piazza offered the attractive solitude which—if the solitude is *à deux*—is so full of emotional opportunities. By daylight we skim the surface of our minds, chattering for the most part below our real abilities. In the night what lies deepest in our nature more easily asserts itself; the possibilities of the imagination grow into necessities; there comes a spiritual productiveness which may make self-renunciation seem a matter of course.

The lady and her guest passed through the parlor and out upon the piazza. The nominal excuse was to draw the Fayal chairs under the awning, lest it should rain before sunrise. To be sure, the sky was cloudless, but the pretense would do, nevertheless.

The path to the beach shone out full and clear in the silver light; the undulating sand-heaps, the rocks jutting up in their naked grandeur, no longer required the relief of foliage which the prospect lacked during the glare of noon. The hard, every-day substance of the scene had left it; the familiar objects seemed to belong to an enchanted world of illusion and phantasmagoric change.

"It is, doubtless, all as unreal as it is beautiful," said the Professor, as if in responsive sympathy with an unspoken thought of his companion.

"Where, then, shall we find reality?" said Clara. "Surely not in those dimly discerned forces among which we have wandered this evening?"

"Were they thoroughly studied," replied Hargrave, "it might be that they would reveal our true position as denizens of a world of certainties. The reports of these bodily senses are not wholly worthy of confidence; they stuff our minds with prepossessions which may prevent us from possessing our rightful inheritance. The progress of

our self-satisfied century has contented itself with the discovery of the laws of visible matter; but there is matter just over the line of visibility, fine, subtle, spiritualized, — fitted, perhaps, for the apprehension of other senses than those we habitually employ. Clara Souford, the time has come when there should be truth between us, be the cost what it will. I have reason to know that I have special aptitudes of temperament for pushing investigation beyond this dull, material plane. My life-studies have armed me with the methods of scientific research, and these should have given me a poise and sobriety of judgment sufficient to prevent that disturbance of equilibrium which has wrecked so many adventurers upon these mystic deeps. Why should I not do the work of which I am most capable, — the work that will lead to results useful above all others to this generation? There must come a reaction against the mechanical psychology which is all that modern science can at present offer us. Carried to a logical result, it kills those ideals which once stimulated our race to its noblest effort. Hence the social ferment and agitation which are surely preparing for our existing society. I would carry that critical sagacity, that faculty of right interpretation and inference, developed upon lines of physical research, among facts of higher concern than those which occupy the attention of my brother scientists. But to do this I may be called upon to sacrifice the good opinion of my fellows, my reputation for common sense, — perhaps even for common sanity. The learned societies which welcome me to their deliberations — knowing that my name will give importance to their committees of nobodies — may come to credit me with the credulous simplicity of a fool, if not with the trickery of a knave. But what matters it? Others who have benefited their age have given a higher price for the privilege. My sister has been happily mar-

ried, and no longer needs my assistance; at last my inherited debts are paid. I am what the world would call a free man. Yet not so: I look into the unsearchable depths of your eyes; I cannot tell whether they reflect Ernest Hargrave stripped of all his comfortable appendages, or only the occupant of that stately Chair established by the Peckster of the past, and controlled by the Pecksters of the present."

A man's emotion, suddenly breaking out like a pent-up force in nature, may well cause a woman to shrink with nervous dread. Evidently things were not going as Clara would have had them. She must be grateful for his plainness of speech, which disclosed a possible future before it was too late for her to avoid it. That was a part of his honest, manly character. She might now thrust him back, since his position among the honored leaders of scientific thought would soon be shaken to its foundation. How she had pleased herself with fancying that high position decorated with the wealth which it was in her power to bestow! She had imagined herself seated at the head of his table, with Tyndall and Huxley as guests, and upon either side all the great ones and the fair ones of the city who had been asked to meet them. She had been caught by certain glittering facets of a character with many other sides to it. As is always the case before marriage, — else how could marriage come about? — she had confounded a drawing-room representation of Hargrave with the totality of the man. Could she love one who was content to live out in the cold with a hobby, to be ridiculed by the ignorant — and, still worse, by the learned — as a dealer in delusions, an expert in epilepsies and other whimsical vapors? Suddenly there flashed upon her mind certain words of the Spencerian Saturday Lectureship, an interpreter scarcely less respected than the master evolutionist himself. She did not intend to utter

the sentence aloud; and yet, after naming her authority, she found herself quoting its august testimony:—

“We have not the faintest shadow of evidence wherewith to make it probable that mind can exist except in connection with a physical body.”

Some hasty comment upon these words of wisdom seemed to rise to Hargrave's lips; but he restrained their utterance, and paused before he said in a quiet way, —

“There are thousands of clear-minded men who would have the right to stigmatize the dictum you quote as a foolish dogmatism, born of ignorance or of insolence. If that right is not mine, it is because I have felt the force of the antecedent objection which prevents those trained in the school of modern science from receiving evidence which contradicts what they have proclaimed as its fundamental axioms. ‘Not the faintest shadow of evidence!’ Is this mighty Lectureship unaware of the fact that there is evidence which has brought conviction to hundreds of hard-headed men, to whose intelligence and honesty we trust our lives and our dearest interests? ‘Not the faintest shadow of evidence!’ Is there not something unpardonable in such a saying, when we know that such a competent weigher of evidence as the distinguished naturalist, who independently thought out the hypothesis of natural selection, has been compelled to accept the fact that mind does exist with which no physical body is connected? And this man is only one among the skilled observers who have been brought to a belief which has flatly contradicted their previous convictions. Evidence so abundant that it ceases to be cumulative has satisfied me that brain-action may be set up by a foreign intelligence. Is that active intelligence ever external to the human bodies our senses recognize? My own investigations do not yet warrant the assertion that it is. I only know that

there is a great weight of recorded testimony which tends to that conclusion.”

Clara thought she had better say something, and so she remarked that, even granting the probability of invisible intelligences, there seemed no reason why they should impinge upon a mode of existence which did not belong to them.

“And yet we find that the perpetual intrusion of organisms on one another's mode of life is the law upon this planet,” said the Professor. “Every species is pushing into new areas and striving to expand its sphere of being. If we consider the temporary changes of media which science recognizes, we shall find them little less wonderful than even a change from invisible to visible. Do you remember that Mr. Spencer himself, as an illustration of the possibility of the impossible, posits the case of a water-breathing animal with no efficient limbs, whose habit it should be to climb trees? Such a fact in nature is as clearly impossible as that sentences can be written upon slates without human agency. Yet science has come to accept the fact that the *Anabas scandens* performs this feat with no appreciable difficulty. The sharp division between the animal and vegetable kingdoms has already faded to an indefinite and shadowy border-land: to the riper science of the future the boundary line between two worlds may seem equally uncertain and shifting. If the competent inquirer must still regard the existence of mind which is not the product of organization as simply an hypothesis, it is nevertheless an hypothesis which carefully verified phenomena have thrust upon us.”

“But this agrees too nearly with the primitive hypothesis of ghosts,” said Mrs. Souford; “and has not Mr. Spencer asserted that any primitive hypothesis must be untrue?”

“The schoolboys of the last century,” replied Hargrave, “were taught

to laugh at the hypothesis of the historian Livy that certain stones fell from the heavens. They were told that the great Sir Isaac Newton and his scientific associates knew the folly of such a primitive hypothesis as that. I am old enough to have known men within whose memory the fall of aerolites, long scorned by the representatives of science, was accepted as a fact. The scholarship of our fathers knew that the relations of Herodotus could not live in the clear atmosphere of their modern intelligence; but the time came when travelers from the East would insist upon reporting facts which established his accuracy, until now we know that whenever the Father of History speaks from his own observation we have no reason to question his truthfulness. 'Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!' Who can forget Dr. Johnson's sonorous couplet? Yet he misses the real sadness of his theme; for these fears and follies are not confined to the last scene of life, where he places them. Think of Bacon denying the Copernican system; of Leibnitz fearing to accept the law of gravitation, lest it should overthrow religion; of Milton, the noblest apostle of tolerance, unable to tolerate Catholics! If you would have a humbler illustration, I can bring you a copy of the journal in which the brightest editor Boston ever had denounced a certain scheme as 'wild, preposterous, and idiotic;' and this madman's proposition was the connection of his native city with Albany by means of a railroad."

"Such recollections may uphold a man," said Clara; "but to a woman her petty social world seems so immense that it is with no joy born of emancipation from its slavery, but only with a listless consenting to circumstances, that she forces herself to leave it."

"There are times," said Hargrave, "when a man's world seems quite as limited, and yet quite as overpowering.

How little we know of it while the greatest problem it presents still awaits solution! But remember that the limitations of our exact knowledge do not agree with the limitations of our physical organs. Were it so, we should know nothing of the world of microscopic organisms which science has opened to us. We should not know that there are musical notes which, because they represent more than forty thousand vibrations to the second, can never reach the ear, or that there are light waves that will not operate upon the eye. Should there be states in which the retinal sensibility to ethereal tremors were increased, why should there not reach us what Tennyson calls 'a finer light in light'? Much of the human brain is never used; untaught save in one direction, it soon becomes rigid and metallic; the paths of easiest conduction to our volitional centres await discovery. The new epoch calls for its pioneers! They must accept obloquy from the age that is going out, for their work is to supply the cravings of the better age which advances upon us. Will you not be at my side while, standing upon the basis of scientific demonstration, I shall deliver the message with which I may be charged?"

And now Clara felt that her Professor had a motive power in that high purpose of his that must sweep her life before it. Yet she could not all at once withdraw a longing, lingering look from what might have been. It was hard that the Peckster Professorship should fall away from him before he had time to taste the comfort that ought to go with the honor he had won. She started, when she realized that it was of *his* comfort, not her own, that she thought.

Hargrave seemed to know what was passing in her mind. "Do not think of what I leave," he said; "remember where I go. I shall find my work in a department of knowledge at present in

possession of feeble and ill-trained minds, but in which results may be obtained of the highest utility to our race. For to know what *we* are is far more important to our welfare than to find out what nature is. A toilsome, unwelcome labor lies before me. While there are forces of which the study may fill the greatest void in human knowledge, those forces are developed under apparently capricious conditions. Charlatanry and imposture have brought them into contempt with my associates. I think I do not underestimate the patience required to clear away this rubbish. The temptation will be to formulate a theory which must be supported beyond the measure of the evidence. How many have foundered upon that rock! It may be that for success in this research the brain itself must develop new lines of organic structure; and, alas! the years are coming when it will no longer retain its plastic energy. If I see all these obstacles, what is the prize which urges me to grapple with them? I answer, that as Darwin established the relation between humanity and the lower animal creation by an irresistible logic which has compelled the world's assent, so it is reserved for some coming investigator to establish by methods equally exact our relationship with progressed beings worthy to inspire and to guide. Socrates, wisest of the ancients, could only affirm his *δαίμων*; is it not possible for science to prove it? Yes, I am ready to meet all the fraud and folly, all the strange vagaries of unbalanced minds, all the idle tales of the mere wonder-lover, which block the road to this great knowledge. The humiliating infatuation which has heaped these masses of fallacy in the way comes chiefly from bad observation. They will be swept aside by the methods of science, which, by keeping the head cool and the critical judgment active, enable us to apply common sense to uncommon phenomena. The path

that opens before me is one that man and woman may tread together. It leads away from social popularity and the elegant decorums of fashion; it leads towards an undiscovered order of facts and relations. Again I ask, Dare you walk by my side?"

There was manly dignity as well as feeling in the Professor's voice. Clara seemed lifted to a plane where only large and disinterested action was possible. The full implication of many things Hargrave had said during their past intercourse rushed upon her. He had always spoken as a man with vital force in him should speak to the woman he loved. He had never disguised himself in the way that others who sought her favor deemed excusable. There are moments when the growth or decay of the feminine character depends upon the ability to assimilate the mental life of a superior man. Such a supreme moment had come to Clara Souford. She was sure the test could be met. Let the Peckster Professorship be left behind, if its narrow traditions were outgrown! President Cooley might write his letter about unpleasant rumors and loss of usefulness to the college as soon as he liked. Rather tender the resignation before it was asked! To second-rate men, a first-rate man will appear to be third-rate. Was this an accepted aphorism? She could not remember having heard it, and yet it was so true. So ran the course of things in this world, and perhaps the one thing needful was to find an escape from it. He should not venture alone upon ways which led down from the heights, when he stood so fairly among the learned of his time. If he must be misunderstood, it was necessary that one should understand him. Hand in hand they would press forward to this strangely fascinating field of super-mundane labor. A better destiny than imagination had forecast was offered her. It might be given to Hargrave to effect that amalgamation

of spiritual and scientific ideas which would create a new social era. The lawless affluence of her past life must be put in circumscription and confine; but she craved the restraint, and accepted it with awe and gratitude. Yet these thronging thoughts brought no words which did not seem below the level of what Clara would impart. Fortunately, it was not necessary that she should speak.

"I too," said Hargrave, as if in reply to what was unuttered,—"I too vainly grasp at this or that expression to measure the rich contentment your silence imparts. Thank Heaven that thought is transmitted between us in such perfection as our halting human speech can never reach."

How gently comes about the supreme understanding between man and woman! How the sentient fibre imparts its newly awakened emotion to familiar objects! Delicious was the advance of the incoming tide, which, after furrowing the beach with its little billows, began its musical ripple upon the stones.

A charm was in the line of tremulous light which crossed the bay to the rocky island, and thence glittered off to the solitudes of the sea-horizon. They sat together in all the measureless felicity that their new relation gave.

Suddenly a vision came to Clara Souford, which she determined should take substance in the coming time.

"Would not that be splendid?" she inquired, after confiding the project to her companion. "Would not that be an advanced idea?"

"Too advanced to be realized just at present," said the Professor, smiling. "Cooley and his corporation would think it a woman's whim, and would contrive some sort of strait-jacket to confine your generosity. Wait five years, at least, before you give your intention shape; by that time we may have prepared the way for it."

"So be it, then," said Clara, "for you know what is best. In five years shall be founded the Hargrave Professorship for Independent Spiritual Research."

J. P. Quincy.

A MEMORY OF THEOCRITUS.

THUS will I lie, on this green couch of leaves
 Stript from the wayward vine, and while the brook
 Beneath its slender osiers sweetly grieves,
 And elfin echoes haunt each shadowy nook,
 I'll hearken how, among the rocks o'erhead,
 The fountain tinkles down its narrow bed.

Cool in this dim recess the breath of day
 Is softly blown, and from the humid moss
 Thin exhalations rise, that steal away,
 Elusive as a dream; the branches toss
 Their emerald brede above me, and below,
 Far down, the kine to lusher pastures go.

Sweet sounds and odors fold me like a sleep;
 A wood-bird whistles from its piny bower;

A maiden's silvery laughter mounts the steep;
 And dreamily from one tall purple flower
 That o'er me slowly vibrates, censer-wise,
 Fine wreaths of fragrant incense seem to rise.

O singer who, in honeyed Sicily,
 Long years ago upon some morning height,
 Didst hear the droning of the vagrant bee,
 And saw fair Enna smiling in the light,
 I'd half believe thou hadst come back again,
 Should goat-hoofed Pan but pipe a sudden strain.

James B. Kenyon.

A KOREAN COUP D'ÉTAT.

I.

To not a few of us the Anabasis of Xenophon marks one of the well-remembered emotions of our boyhood. Reflected in the bright mirror of our own youthful imagination, few pictures from the past seem to the mind's eye so vivid as does that sight, one morning, of the long-desired Euxine, when the Grecian vanguard topped the hill. Almost as if we ourselves had been toiling up the slope, and had caught the cheer from the ranks in front, a thrill within us answered their shout: "Thalatta! thalatta!" The sea! the sea! We too pressed forward to the summit, to behold beside them, spread out below, the distant water, sparkling under the summer sun, till across its glittering shimmer crept, as they gazed, a mist of gathering tears, and to our own eyes, as we read, the page grew blurred.

That historic cry of so long ago in Asia Minor found an echo only the other day from the farther side of the same great continent. The heart-felt hail that had greeted the Black Sea in the far past greeted the Yellow Sea yesterday. The *couleur locale*, indeed, had changed, but not the action; only the scene had shifted across Asia from

its extreme western peninsula of Asia Minor to the far eastern one of Korea.

A deed was done there, fitting in its heroism and its pathos to call up the memory of its old-time prototype. Twice within thirty months a handful of Japanese fought its way from Söul to the sea. Twice within a period so short that the report of the one brave deed seems to span the interval to the other, a little band, after ably defending itself against a sudden, unexpected attack, cut its way out from the heart of a great city bent on its annihilation, marched a long day's journey through a hostile land, and then, at last, like the immortal ten thousand, descried from a hill the goal of its hope, the ocean. The first march took place in July, 1882; the second, in December, 1884. The one was made in the dust and heat of summer, the other through the ice and snow of a winter as bitter as our own. Although it is of the second that I would tell the story, a word concerning the first retreat and of the causes that compelled it, is necessary to explain a situation as anomalous as its solution was grand.

Japan is related to Korea both geographically and ethnologically, much as England is to France. Not unnatu-

rally, there has been little love lost in the strait between the two. Too near of kin and too close of country not to fight, a spirit, half of quarrel, half of quest, has constantly pushed the one nation to invade the kingdom of the other. These invasions have always been in one direction, — from the islands to the peninsula.

The first instance of which we read occurred about the beginning of the third century of our era. The warlike Japanese empress, Jingu, suddenly felt herself inspired by the gods with the idea of conquering Korea, of whose existence this was the first intimation to the insular mind. Wishing to assure herself of the trustworthiness of the inspiration, she devised the following test. She baited a hook with a grain of boiled rice, betook herself to the beach, threw in her line, and — caught a fish. From so signal a proof of her ability to catch fish, she argued a corresponding power to catch men, and her reasoning proved correct. Korea capitulated at sight, and in return for the unexpected international visit sent a peaceful invasion of learning to the hitherto illiterate islanders. Thus letters first reached Japan.

The second conquest was the work of Hideyoshi. Flushed with the success of his civil wars, he bethought him of subduing China. To this end he imperiously summoned Korea to become his vanguard. She declined the position. Poor Korea found herself placed in a most awkward predicament. Whichever side she took, she was sure to suffer from the other. However, as personally she preferred China, she refused to join Japan, and notified the Middle Kingdom of her neighbor's intention. Hideyoshi at once began his preparations for an invasion on a truly magnificent scale. During the year 1591 men and ships in great numbers collected at a point on the western coast of Japan, opposite Korea, and in the early

months of 1592 the superb flotilla set sail for Fusan. The history of the expedition is simply the itinerary of one long triumphal march. Nor did the effects of it vanish with its immediate triumphs. Its indirect influence upon Korea has remained a blight upon the land to this day. For the destruction it wrought was not the hasty work of a few weeks, but the repeated devastations of decades. Other expeditions followed in the wake of the first, and not till thirty years from the time of their first landing did the Japanese recross for good to their own islands again. When they did at last depart, they left behind them, in the shape of the little fortress of Fusan, a standing insult, like Gibraltar, to the integral dignity of the kingdom of Korea.

But time passed; centuries rolled by, and man's ambitions changed. More modern motives began to find a home in the Japanese breast. Europeans had sown there the seeds of a more rational, though no less engrossing, greed, — the wish for the usufruct in place of the pride of possession. The Japanese began to care more to reap the fruit of other people's lands, and less to own their soil. Trade, money, had elbowed aside the endeavor for empty-handed empire. The imitativeness of their character had made the Japanese quick to absorb many foreign ideas, and they displayed the proverbial enthusiasm of recent converts. Hardly had they entered the great brotherhood of nations than they grew anxious that Korea should follow in their footsteps, and they proposed to show her the way. They astutely foresaw much profit from this position of cicerone. Korea, on her part, evinced no such inclination to become like other people. She ignorantly preferred to remain herself. But she was not given the choice. The silent might of menace accomplished what arms had brought about before. In 1876 Japan forced Korea to make a

treaty with her, by which the former power was granted admission to certain treaty-ports; and by a second treaty in 1880 she gained admittance to the capital, Söul. There she established a legation; as different, however, from the peaceable institution we usually understand by the term as the mode of establishing it had been uncommon. It was a little armed colony, stationed alone in the midst of a hostile land. To the legation proper was attached a force of soldiers to defend it in case of danger, and guards were kept posted night and day. For it was completely cut off from Japan. It might have been wiped out of existence, and for weeks no one at home would have been the wiser.

Nor was this event so very improbable. The position of the Japanese in Söul, as they themselves were well aware, was none too secure. To the ranklings of inherited hate their presence added a continual goad of irritation by forcing the Koreans to witness the long-dreaded innovation upon their own fossilized civilization. The Japanese seemed the dire harbingers of change. Dozing Korea felt about as kindly disposed toward these ruthless disturbers of her time-honored slumber as the slug-gard does toward the man who would compel him to get up.

At first, indeed, such precautions against extermination appeared unnecessary enough. Two years passed by, and yet nothing had happened to justify them. To be sure, the members of the legation were not exactly popular with the Korean people. So much was only too painfully apparent. They were invariably avoided, and occasionally insulted in the streets. Sometimes they were pelted with epithets, sometimes with stones. Still, nothing serious had taken place or seemed likely to occur, till, suddenly, like the earthquakes of their native land, the upheaval was the first warning. One day a Japanese student interpreter was cut down in the street,

and an hour later a mob was storming the legation compound. Foiled in its attempt to gain possession of the buildings, the crowd next tried to set them on fire, and partially succeeded. To defend the place long, with the small force at his command, being quite out of the question, the minister, Hanabusa, decided to march to the palace, demand redress of the government, and claim its protection. Issuing in a compact body from the gate, the Japanese marched boldly across the city, amid as much molestation as the Koreans dared offer, only to find, at the end of their long tramp, the palace gates bolted against them. The blow was staggering. The government, then, was privy to the attack, or, if not absolutely their foe, at least too timid to stand their friend. Thus deserted and a prey to overwhelming numbers, their only hope lay in striking for the sea-coast, and thence, if, haply, they should succeed in reaching it, escape, as best they might, to Japan. The order was given the soldiers to march to the sea. For the second time they filed through the narrow, crooked streets, harassed at every turn by the populace, till finally they reached one of the city gates. Fortunately, they found it open. They passed through it, traversed in one long, running fight the mile and a half of suburbs that separate the city from the river Han, and found themselves at last at the ferry; the river in front, the foe behind. Keeping the enemy at bay, they succeeded in impressing some boats, and crossed the Han, the Koreans following them. From the ferry it is a distance of twenty-five miles to Inchön. Along this stretch they plodded wearily, constantly a target for fresh attacks, until late at night they reached the protecting shelter of the magistracy. Lulled into a dangerous security by the friendly bearing of the magistrate, and utterly tired out, they hastily posted guards, and fell off in sleep. They were awakened by an onslaught so sudden that the guards

had not time to warn their comrades, and several of their number were killed before they could make good their retreat to the sea-shore. There they laid hands upon a small, unseaworthy fishing boat,—for the Koreans are not a maritime race,—and put to sea, in the forlorn hope of being picked up by an English man-of-war, which they knew to be cruising somewhere off the coast. After tossing about on the Yellow Sea for thirty-six hours, they fortunately fell in with her, were taken on board, and carried to Japan.

At the tale they told all Japan rose like one man. Masses volunteered for the approaching service, and money poured in from all sides to defray the cost of the coming war. Within a month the minister returned to Chemulpo, backed by a Japanese man-of-war, to demand reparation for the outrage. At the same time, four Chinese war vessels had, with a celerity anything but Chinese, appeared off the port of Inchon. With a suitable guard, Hanabusa proceeded to the capital. The Koreans temporized, with their usual failure to realize consequences. Hanabusa retired to the sea-coast; whereupon the Chinese general landed his forces, marched up to the capital, kidnapped the king,—or, rather, the regent, the Te Wan Kun, who had usurped the office,—and carried him off to inglorious retirement in China, where he remained till 1885.

War with Japan, which otherwise would inevitably have resulted, was averted. Before long the Japanese legation was again established in Söul, and matters returned once more to their old footing. Nothing remained to mark the past but the ruined walls of the old legation compound, and the little plain grave-stones in the grass on the bare hillock by the sea. There, near Chemulpo, lay buried the Japanese dead. But the old-time hatred was not dead; it lived sullenly on. Still, for the space

of two years and a half, the volcano of Korean government slumbered.

Meanwhile, many Japanese merchants came straggling over to the mushroom treaty-ports, and at last began to open shops in hitherto secluded Söul. The feeling between the two nations seemed daily to be growing better. The Japanese were no longer gratuitously insulted by the populace, and the more liberal party in Korean affairs was doing its utmost to open the mind of the country to the consciousness of a world around it. Besides, the Japanese had ceased to be the sole foreigners in Söul. In 1882 Admiral Shufeldt had succeeded in framing, in behalf of the United States, a treaty with Korea, and in May, 1883, General Foote, appointed American minister at the Korean court, arrived with the ratifications. England and Germany followed suit. In November of that year the treaty with Great Britain was signed in the capital by Sir Harry Parkes, and the German treaty was concluded at the same time. These international events were an era in Korean official life. Simple Söul was waked from its long trance by the sound of foreign music, for a naval band had been brought up from the German man-of-war to heighten the hilarity of the occasion; and then, after a round of hitherto unheard-of festivities the diplomats departed. Sir Harry Parkes returned to Peking, where he had his official residence as minister both to China and Korea; Mr. Aston having been appointed, as consul-general to Korea, to represent him in Söul. In the spring of 1884 Mr. Aston arrived, followed in the course of the summer by the German consul.

Besides these representatives of foreign powers, there was another German living in the city, in the more intimate capacity of a Korean official. Herr von Möllendorff's career is quite worthy a place in the old Arabian Nights. Sent over, originally, by Li Hung Chang,

Viceroy of Shanghai, at the request of the Korean government for some one to organize for it a customs service, he had been invested with one office after another, until he had become one of the great powers of the state. His position varied at times in most becomingly romantic fashion; now his influence was enormous, and anon he was in disgrace. There were also a few other foreigners, temporarily in the capital for purposes of business. Such was the handful of white men living in Söul, in December, 1884, when the occurrences began which I am about to describe.

The foreigners were indeed few in number, but they were, in virtue of their position, marked men. They were there to represent foreign powers, and any harm to them meant trouble with their respective countries. Even Korea could not be blind to the wisdom of respecting their persons. They were thus mutually guarantees of safety to one another. What had happened before to the Japanese in 1882 was hardly likely to happen again. An assassination of foreigners, from such simple directness of purpose, was no longer probable. That such a result might indirectly be brought about was still possible, for it happened.

The old barrier of Korean exclusiveness had never been completely broken down. The opening of the hermit land was the result of no national movement. The king, indeed, had been in favor of it, but of the official class who constitute the country only a portion had spontaneously desired the change; the persistence of the other contracting parties had been the chief cause of their success. The first step in the new direction had entailed others, and the feeling of the defeated officials had in consequence grown all the more bitter. Hence the enforced opening of the country, subordinating, as it necessarily did, all minor differences of policy, had given rise to two new, all-embracing and all-engrossing, antagonistic parties. These

two parties were named by the Japanese the progressionists and the seclusionists, names which, if slightly cumbersome in use, are at least self-explanatory.

Just as the first paralyzing excitement of the new condition of things was wearing off, and the conservative officials were awaking to the full import of their situation, the various progressionist leaders, who had been dispatched abroad for one reason or another, began to reappear on the scene, fairly intoxicated with their newly acquired ideas. The greater part of the mission to America, headed by Hong Yöng Sik, reached Korea in December, 1883. Min Yöng Ik, his senior colleague, who had accepted an invitation to return in the American man-of-war, the Trenton, arrived in May, 1884; and in June Kim Ok Kyun, perhaps the ablest and most daring spirit among the progressionist leaders, came back from Japan, where he had been living very agreeably for over a year, vainly trying to negotiate a foreign loan. With Min came home another of the chief promoters of the progressionist party, Syö Kwang Pöm. Min himself was a young man of pleasing manners and gracious address, still in the early twenties, whose ruling idea was to see everything and be seen by everybody in truly princely fashion. He had been court favorite at home, and while abroad had fairly reveled in the honors and delights of diplomatic traveling. He spent a few days in Paris, on his journey back, and there, through a happy adaptability of his name, had been felicitously known as Mignon. He had formerly been accounted a progressionist, but on his return it became evident that all he desired was effect, and that he had no intention whatever really of opening his country to the world. What had most impressed him in his foreign travels were the various armies he had seen; perhaps because Korea has always been peculiarly want-

ing in this respect. As soon, therefore, as he reached home, he set himself to organize what he was pleased to call a militia. For this purpose, he caused to assemble in Söul members of the peddlers' and hucksters' guilds to the number of several thousands. These guilds are made up of men from the lowest classes of the people, and the particular specimens selected for the new militia were no better than the refuse of the populace. Quite unfit for discipline by nature, they submitted to very little authority after they had been got together. Bands of these braves wandered at will over the city, doing pretty much as they pleased, and making themselves very objectionable. Thus, during that summer and autumn, the situation was steadily being strained. At last the catastrophe came.

It was the progressionists who struck the blow. Startling and unprovoked as their action appeared, there is reason to suspect it to have been less gratuitous than it seemed. If the progressionists had not seized the reins of government, the seclusionists would soon have had everything their own way. One fact especially is significant. The so-called militia was anything but a guarantee of peace. The ruff-scufl enrolled by that name were far too degraded to sympathize with change. They were entirely at the beck of the seclusionist party, and only too ready at any moment to become its tools. Such would undoubtedly have been the first service required of them. The progressionists had, therefore, the choice of waiting to be crushed, or of delivering an attack themselves, with some chance of success. They adopted the alternative.

Power being in the hands of their opponents, the liberal leaders resolved upon a *coup d'état*. They laid their plans with some cleverness and in complete secrecy from the seclusionists, who up to the very moment that the blow was struck apparently suspected nothing.

To succeed, they reasoned, their action must seem necessary, and to give a show of necessity to their official revolution it was important that some disturbance should first take place. To this end they devised a scheme as ingenious in appearance as it was ingenious in fact. They planned to have their chief political opponent assassinated anonymously by hired cut-throats, and in the commotion that was sure to ensue they proposed to find pretext for seizing the government themselves. They thus astutely contrived a cause which should itself be the first-fruits of a result.

An opportunity was not long in waiting upon their wish. Late in November, 1884, was completed the first postal system ever inaugurated in Korea. Though the Koreans have at no time been backward in epistolary zeal, and write one another letters some yards in length, of no mean artistic merit, they were in the habit of dispatching these poetic effusions, each man as best he could,—the rich by their servants, the poor by their friends. That the government should undertake the business of a common carrier, even for a consideration, was in their opinion wholly derogatory to the dignified occupations of office. The new function was short-lived; the few stamps issued perished in virgin purity, unsoiled by the marks of travel. As yet, however, such premature obsolescence was quite unforeseen. So far all promised well, and in order worthily to inaugurate the opening of the building prepared for the new department, Hong Yöng Sik, the first Korean postmaster-general, gave a grand banquet on the fourth day of December, 1884. To this feast he invited everybody in Söul; that is, all the various Korean dignitaries, together with the few foreign ministers and consuls living in the city. Among the former was Min Yöng Ik, by this time generally recognized as the head of the seclusionist party. He it was

whom the progressionists had marked for their first victim. The occasion thus furnished of itself the man. He came, utterly unsuspecting of any possible danger, and the dinner, begun betimes, rolled on, a matter of no end of courses, until it had got to be nine o'clock in the evening. By this time it had grown conveniently dark for any deviltry without, while within the guests had reached that happy state of general hilarity when an excitement is sure of producing its greatest effect. At this propitious moment the match was applied which was to fire such a terrible train of consequences. Suddenly, rising above the hubbub about the table, a confused shouting made itself heard from without, followed a moment later by the more distinct cry of "fire." At this time-honored sensational summons all instinctively sprang to their feet, and hurried, some of them to the front, some to the rear, of the banqueting hall, to see what they could. From the little sill-veranda, such as surrounds all Korean houses of the better sort, the startled guests discovered that a small building in their immediate neighborhood was in flames; but as these were rapidly mastered, after a few minutes' watching the greater part of the company returned to their seats and their own smoking. They had hardly done so when a fresh commotion started among the retainers on the outskirts of the crowded hall, and the word was passed inward that an official, on his way out during the alarm, had been attacked by assassins at the outer gate and murdered. The official, it was soon noised about, was Min Yōng Ik. The hall at once became the scene of the wildest confusion. Some of the guests rushed out to learn the truth; others, without waiting for particulars, hastily summoned their palanquins, and set out for home; while the progressionist leaders, pretending to be terribly startled and very much alarmed for the safety of the king, proceeded as fast as they could to

the palace. On the way they gave vent to expressions of the deepest regret for what had happened to Min Yōng Ik, which were the more sincere on their part inasmuch as, instead of killing him, as they had intended, the would-be assassins had botched their work, and had succeeded only in badly wounding their victim. This regrettable miscarriage, however, was a comparatively unimportant detail. The great cause for anxiety to the progressionist leaders lay in the want of an army they could count upon to carry out their plans. In the first place, there was, properly speaking, no such thing in existence as a Korean army. The term "army" in the peninsula has for centuries been a striking instance of a name which has survived its object. The nation's beautifully perfect record of defeat is quite unique in history, and even conservative Korea can find no precedent in her long past to justify the keeping of anything so novel as an effective force. On occasions of peculiar peril, the country has been obliged to call in the aid of the tiger-hunters to eke out its own scanty fighting resources. At the period we are considering, there were, in addition to the efficient militia described above, a few troops drilled for the past eighteen months, some after the Chinese, some after the Japanese, fashion. In the second place, even this semi-disciplined handful of men could not be depended upon by the progressionist party. They had hitherto been completely under the control of the seclusionists, and were more than likely, under the slightest leadership, to side with their former officers against the new government. But much more threatening yet to the progressionist schemes, just outside the east gate lay encamped, where they had been squatting for some years, a small army of Chinese soldiers, bound by the strongest ties to seclusionist interests. For the one blind principle of the conservative party was a slavish dependence

upon China. The very presence of these troops in Söul meant as much. Korea's relation to China was at this time most peculiar. For centuries she had been a tributary of the Middle Kingdom, but when it came to be a question of her opening to the world, China began to find the connection very embarrassing. She was anxious to keep Korea shut up, yet without appearing to do so. But as the foreign diplomats pointedly put it to her, either she could dictate to Korea in the matter, or she could not. On that occasion she found it convenient to deny any such authority, but sent, nevertheless, a force of soldiers, on no very particular pretext, to domicile itself near Söul. There was, therefore, no doubt as to which side these Chinese would take if they got the chance.

In this unfortunate military predicament for men about to attempt a coup d'état, the progressionist leaders be thought them of the little Japanese force. The idea of conscripting them, as it were, into the Korean service, without their knowledge or consent, was both a forlorn hope and an inviting bit of far Eastern *finesse*. It seemed an inspiration; it turned out a fatality. In pursuance, then, of what they deemed their happy thought, the leaders, as soon as they had reached the royal presence, dispatched a messenger post-haste to the Japanese legation, to beg the minister to hasten to the palace with his guards, as the king was in danger and unprotected. They omitted to mention the trivial detail that they themselves were the sole cause of the danger. At the same time they proceeded to summon the seclusionist ministers by royal mandate, from a slightly different purpose, namely, to execute them one by one as fast as they should arrive. The first messenger had hardly departed for the legation when two more were hurried off after him, equipped with an autograph letter from the king. The first messenger arrived at his destination, at the other end of

the city, to find the minister, Takezoye, whom a slight cold had prevented from being present at the banquet, well wrapped up in bed. Hastily dressing, however, the minister received the man in an anteroom, and was just beginning to question him when the two others, one of them a court eunuch, arrived with the autograph letter, an imposing document, duly signed and properly sealed in huge red characters by the king. This last reinforcement proved too much for the minister. With a simplicity which did more credit to his heart than to his head, he suffered himself to be overpersuaded by the entreaties of the envoys, backed by their formidable epistle, and, gathering together his little force of one hundred and twenty men, set out to cross the city. It was a fatally false move on the part of the Japanese. In the first place, the minister had no very definite idea what he was starting out to do. To him his own action was indeed very much a step in the dark. He believed the king to be in danger, — that was all; to his mind this fact sufficed. The minister was, in truth, completely duped by the revolutionists. Still, his action was not so egregious a piece of folly as it appears. His position peculiarly exposed him to deception. The wise middle course in like emergencies, of appearing to do everything without in reality doing anything, was not open to him. For to do nothing seemed here to be even more of a committal than to do what was requested of him. The fact was, his relations with the government were anomalous. He stood toward it in the double capacity of advisory friend and foreign diplomat, two irreconcilable positions. Cast suddenly, as the Korean government had been, into a wholly new sphere of action, it was but natural for it to turn, in its childlike ignorance, for advice and counsel to such strangers as came into diplomatic contact with it. It did not hesitate to abuse its privileges. Thus

the minister, as friend, found himself committed to actions which the diplomat would never have sanctioned. Unfortunately, the friend and the diplomat were corporeally one.

When he had got about midway on his journey, he was met by another court official, running, who breathlessly informed him that the king had removed from his own palace to the Keiyu Kiu, and that his majesty requested the minister to proceed there instead. Accordingly, Takezoye changed the direction of his march, and, following the new guide, he and his escort were conducted to where the king had for the time being taken up his abode. The king, the queen, the heir apparent, and his consort were already there, and shortly afterward the queen dowager arrived. It was a gloomy family gathering. The king's face lighted up, however, when he caught sight of Takezoye, and stepping out into the garden, as if he had been anxiously waiting, he welcomed the minister with great warmth, and thanked him for coming. The king was, in truth, anything but easy in mind. He was a young man, of about one and thirty, of a singularly sweet disposition, which in happy moments shone through his face in a most winning smile. Nature had intended him for a life of peaceful beneficence, and not for the moulder of a new *régime*; and in this sudden crisis he felt himself sadly at a loss. His son, the heir apparent, though duly married, was still a little boy of eleven, and consequently more of a care than a companion to his father. As for the queen dowager, she was destined to be the Nemesis of the whole affair.

At the time Takezoye arrived, the Korean general, Yun Te Shun, was on guard at the impromptu palace, with a number of Korean troops. Within and without were crowds of panic-stricken people. If danger was but a progressionist fiction, it was a fiction believed by everybody except the few to whom it

was about to become a fact, — the seclusionist ministers. Everywhere there was the wildest confusion; and to make matters, if possible, worse, the place was packed. For so many dignitaries, court officials, and court ladies had collected there that they not only filled the building itself, but thronged the surrounding court-yards, so that there was hardly a vacant spot anywhere in or about the Keiyu Kiu. Takezoye, after saluting the king, took up his post at the inner entrance, attended by Shimamura and Asayama, secretaries of the legation; while Cheu Syò Kong, the governor of the province of Kyōng Ki To, stood, sword in hand, outside what had become the palace, to prevent the menials and the common people from rushing into the buildings. In the midst of this melodramatic reality the supply of candles all at once gave out, and the whole assemblage found itself plunged in utter darkness. A lantern, brought by the Japanese troops, was hastily lighted and handed to one of the court officials, and this bit of borrowed brightness formed the sole illumination throughout the whole extent of the Keiyu Kiu for the remainder of that dismal night. Even the Japanese themselves felt uneasy, and at last Captain Murakami, commanding the Japanese troops, pointed out to the minister that, amid such a crowd and so much confusion, it would be impossible to detect any one who might have designs upon the royal person; and, furthermore, that the buildings covered so much ground and the gates were so far apart that it was impossible for the small force at his command to guard every part of the vast inclosure. This was rendered no easier by the presence of several large clumps of shrubbery scattered through the compound, excellent hiding-places for persons purposing mischief. He therefore suggested that some attempt be made toward checking the confusion among the servants, and to this end he proposed the posting of

a proper system of guards; for apparently the Koreans were powerless to keep order themselves. The minister laid the matter before the king, upon which his majesty gave orders that the crowd of menials should pass out of the gates, and that the court ladies should all move to a house at the northern corner of the Keiyu Kiu inclosure. The several gates were then apportioned to the troops to guard; some being allotted to the Koreans, some to the Japanese. After this every person applying for admission was obliged to give his name, and was suffered to enter only when the consent of the king had been obtained; and every one going out was required to take with him the card of one of the king's immediate attendants, as a sort of pass.

While the Japanese were thus more particularly occupied about the person of the king, a terrible tragedy was being enacted at one of the outer gates. Unknown to the Japanese minister, and, perhaps, even without a full understanding on the part of his majesty, although in his name, messengers had been sent with royal mandates to the various seclusionist leaders, to summon them separately to the royal presence, as if for an ordinary interview. As they arrived in turn, in obedience to the orders, in utter ignorance of any impending danger, each, as he alighted from his palanquin at the gate, was set upon by men stationed there for the purpose, and murdered. Thus passed this first anxious and terrible night.

II.

On the morning of the fifth, the city of Söul awoke to find itself under a new government, with Hong Yöng Sik nominally at its head as prime minister. The seclusionists had nearly all been assassinated, and the progressionists had taken their vacant places. It was sim-

ply a somewhat violent change of ministry. So far, this was all that had happened, but the complications were yet to come. For to this domestic dispute the Japanese had unwittingly become a party, and, having once identified themselves with one side in the imbroglio, it became every moment more and more difficult to break the connection.

As the day wore on, the king received in audience the various foreign ministers and consuls. He then signified his intention of removing to the house of I Che Won, as the queen dowager was insufficiently provided with clothing against the cold, which the Keiyu Kiu but ill kept out. At the royal request, the several foreign ministers then in audience accompanied his majesty to his fresh choice of a temporary palace, — a set of buildings adjoining the Keiyu Kiu, with only a gate to separate the two compounds. When his majesty was fairly installed in his new quarters, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all the foreign ministers and consuls, except Takezoye, withdrew. He would have followed their wise example, had the king not begged him so earnestly to remain that, much against his better judgment, he still stayed on. Each false step on his part seemed only to render more necessary the next. Finding it practically impossible to get away, he ordered Shimamura to prepare the draft of a telegram to be dispatched to Japan, — to be carried, that is to say, to Nagasaki, and thence transmitted, — describing the events of the day, and explaining his own conduct in the matter. Shimamura had hardly departed with this to the legation, when Takezoye was summoned into the king's presence, and informed by his majesty that he meant to move again, — this time to his original starting-point, his own palace, — as the queen dowager could neither eat nor sleep in her present lodging. Takezoye, sore afraid that this step

might lead to serious Korean complications, saw nothing for it, however, but to accompany the royal retinue, the king's entreaties being too importunate to be refused. Accordingly, the procession again took up its march, and reached the palace about sunset. Guards were at once posted at the several gates, — the Koreans being given the outermost, while the Japanese were stationed at the inner ones; the truth being that the Japanese were both more efficient and more trustworthy than the Koreans. That night Takezoye learned for the first time of the murder of the seclusionist ministers on the night before; the reason he had not heard of it sooner being that, while the assassinations were going on, he had been in immediate attendance on his majesty, and care had been taken by those about the royal person not to speak of such horrible events in the king's presence. Rumors, however, became current during the day, and by evening these were confirmed. Though the Japanese had been as a right hand to the progressionist leaders, it was only too sadly in keeping with far Eastern duplicity not to let the right hand know what the left hand was doing. Matters began to look graver and graver for the Japanese, in their involuntary complicity. Still, as yet, nothing very unpleasant had resulted to them from the connection, except the impossibility of putting an end to it.

On the following day, the sixth, order had apparently been restored. The minister, foreseeing no further need for his services, again submitted through Hong Yōng Sik a request to be relieved; but the king only answered his petition by preferring one of his own, begging him to remain until the various members of the royal family should have reached their respective dwellings in safety. Takezoye, therefore, most unwillingly, again prolonged his stay, for the third time. This last of many ill-fated delays proved fatal. About three o'clock that

afternoon, as the king was in the act of affixing his seal to a royal decree, drawn up by the new ministers, announcing several radical reforms in the customs of the country, shots were suddenly heard, coming from the neighborhood of the outer gates. This was the first firing directed against the palace. Every one was startled by the sound, and the king, who was particularly affected, kept nervously asking his attendants, as ignorant in the matter as he was himself, what it meant. At this moment, a letter addressed to Takezoye, was hastily handed to one of the court officials by an unknown person, who then vanished. The official passed it on to Shimamura, who gave it to the minister.

Just as the minister received the missive a second discharge rattled through the outer court-yard, whereupon his majesty, much disturbed, retired to his sleeping apartment. A third volley succeeded the second, followed by another, and then another, the bullets by this time pattering like rain about the house, so that Takezoye, in the thick of the general excitement, could not find time to read the letter he still stood holding in his hand. At this juncture, the Japanese Captain Murakami hurried in to the minister, and reported that the Chinese troops had attacked the palace; that the Korean troops, posted at the outer gates, had given way before them; and that some of the latter had advanced against the Japanese guards, in company with the assaulting force. What should he do? The minister replied that, as he was there to protect the king, the captain must take what measures he deemed necessary to defend the place. Murakami retired, and gave the order to his troops to fire. The Japanese, already maddened by the attack of the Chinese, and impatiently awaiting the word of command, responded to it at once, and, leveling their rifles, poured a solid fire into the advancing columns. The Chinese and Koreans received it full in

front, staggered, and fell back. The order was then given the Japanese to lie down, and to continue firing from that position. Throwing themselves upon the ground, and making what breastworks they could of their knapsacks, they reloaded their pieces, and discharged them again as fast as possible, keeping up a steady fusillade on the already half-discomfited foe. In this manner, the little band held many times their number at bay, the Chinese and Koreans replying, in a huddled mass, from the other end of the great courtyard.

The assailants had meant to advance simultaneously from three directions, fall upon the small Japanese force, of whose numerical weakness they were well aware, surround and annihilate it. Like most such concerted movements, the attempt failed, the three attacks being separated by just that interval fatal to any combined effect. The Japanese were by no means the flower of the army. They were a local corps from about Sendai, but they possessed one local quality, which took the place now of many more generally effective traits, — a remarkably stolid obedience. They were not the least depressed in mind by their lowly position in body. On the contrary, they were in such high spirits that they made no scruple of joking about the situation, likening the affair to a successful stag-hunt, as with deadly precision they picked off their victims. This amusing pastime was much facilitated by a certain detail in the uniform of their opponents. On the front of the Chinese military tunic blazed the hideous national dragon, embroidered in yellow, while just above it shone the appropriately warlike motto, "Courage." This inspiring insignium has no doubt proved most efficacious in ordinary encounters by mutually encouraging the Chinese braves. In this case it became even more useful to their enemies. The Japanese made of it an admirable tar-

get; and they aimed with such success that when, after the battle, the bodies of the slain came to be examined, it was found that many a bullet through the saying had reached the sought. Whether it was skill, coolness, happy accident, or a combination of all three that enabled them to hit the device, certain it is that they fired low, as the wounds of the Chinese subsequently treated proved to be mostly below the waist.

While this plucky defense was being made in the outer court-yard, Takezoye proceeded to the royal bed-chamber to ascertain what condition the king was in, and was upon the point of entering it when he was prevented by Cheu Syö Kong, the governor of Kyöng Ki To, who assured him that his majesty was perfectly safe, and that he, Takezoye, had no cause for anxiety. The minister, suspecting that the queen and the queen dowager might also be within, discreetly desisted from any further attempts to enter. Instead, he betook himself to the front room of the suite, whence he heard the report of firearms, and where, on arrival, he found the bullets unpleasantly thick. Judging the suite no longer safe for the king, he came back, and now made bold to enter the bed-chamber. On doing so, he found it, to his astonishment, empty. Much surprised, he then proceeded to search in and about the place for some trace of the royal fugitive, but all in vain. Nothing was to be seen. The king, the objective point of the whole disturbance, had disappeared.

The palace, in the more extended Korean meaning of the term, is a vast walled inclosure, pierced by fourteen outer gates, which give access to a perfect labyrinth of inner gateways, court-yards, and buildings. To guard such a multiplicity of approaches against an attacking body of about six hundred Chinese and between two and three thousand Koreans was quite impossible for the one hundred and twenty Japanese

soldiers. They were stationed, therefore, in a few important positions only, being distributed in bands of from twenty to thirty men each. Their *morale* was beyond praise. Wherever they were placed, they held their ground as if they had been a part of it, all attempts of the enemy to dislodge them proving futile. As they could not be omnipresent, however, the enemy simply swarmed in, around and past them; possessing themselves first of one point of vantage, and then of another. The maze of buildings converted the attack into a species of guerrilla warfare, and rendered any moving about peculiarly dangerous. This did not in the least deter Takezoye from prosecuting his quest. Oblivious to the danger, in his all-absorbing desire to find the king, he continued to scurry hither and thither, and very nearly lost his life by so doing. In the course of one of his rapid excursions, he found himself in the rear of the queen's apartments, and before he realized the situation was being fired at by the Chinese troops. A detachment, coming to the rescue, drove his assailants back. At this juncture Murakami arrived on the scene, and was instantly struck with the strength of the place for purposes of defense. Quite ignoring the king, or rather his absence, he was for moving the troops into the apartments at once, and staying there. In his mind, not unnaturally, the welfare of his soldiers stood first, and his majesty's second. To him the means entirely effaced the end. The unfortunate minister, though only too well aware of the wisdom of the step, felt bound to veto the suggestion, in order that he might continue his apparently hopeless hunt for the king. In pursuance of this idea, therefore, the detachment retreated to a wood which crowned a hill behind the garden, just back of the buildings, Takezoye meanwhile diligently searching every nook and corner for the missing monarch. But nothing was to be

seen of the royal fugitive. As soon as they reached the wood, Murakami, at all times a much better Japanese than an extemporized Korean, true again to his military instincts, immediately perceived the strategic advantages of this new position, and promptly proposed that the main body of the Japanese should be concentrated there, and the spot fortified by hastily thrown up earthworks. As it seemed now quite useless to look further for the king, Takezoye, resigning himself to circumstances, grudgingly gave his consent. He had scarcely done so when one of the court officials suddenly appeared a short distance off, beckoning excitedly to them, and shouting, His majesty is here! His majesty is here! At this Takezoye hastily posted off in the direction indicated, while Murakami, after bidding his officers stay where they were till they received explicit orders to move, — so loath was he to abandon his military projects, — followed, taking with him but a portion of the detachment. They found his majesty encamped in a little pavilion snugly situated in a slight depression between two hills. In this secluded spot he continued to remain, guarded by Takezoye and Murakami, with one half of one of the Japanese companies. Before long they were attacked by some of the Chinese and Koreans, whom they repulsed. The building, however, proved to be so ill adapted to purposes of defense that the party moved with his majesty to the summit of a neighboring rise, where a blanket was spread upon the ground, upon which the king seated himself. Takezoye, having at last a moment he could call his own, now opened and read the letter which he had received at the beginning of the fight, and which the general confusion at first and his anxious hunt for the king afterwards had prevented him from perusing before. Its contents proved both startling and humorous. It turned out to be an official communication from

the commander of the Chinese forces, apprising the Japanese minister of his intention to proceed with his troops to the palace, for the sake of protecting the king, — a somewhat diverting diplomatic fiction, considering that the person he was proposing to protect was already being protected by those he was purposing to attack.

Meanwhile, the king was very restless, to the great annoyance of Murakami. No sooner was he securely settled in one spot than he grew nervous at the noise of the firing, and hastened to remove to another. He was now about to start off again on the back of one of the court officials, — the royal mode of locomotion within the palace grounds, — when the minister and Murakami, after some difficulty, succeeded in persuading him that by so doing he was only running increased risks, and eventually induced him to compromise matters by limiting his flight to the top of a hillock behind the garden.

Up to this time the firing had been continuous, but now, suddenly, a particularly heavy burst was heard from the direction of the inner palace, and then everything, all at once, became ominously still. Only through the trees masses of dense white smoke could be seen slowly surging up from a thickly wooded part of the grounds, while a brilliant beam of light shot up dazzlingly into the sky. The Japanese around the king, idle spectators of the sight, concluded that the Chinese troops had fired the palace. On the other side, at the back gate, they could see the Korean troops massed in crowds, while behind these, and at a considerable distance from their own position, they descried the queen dowager and her suite on the shoulder of a hill. As soon as the king caught sight of his mother he instantly begged to be taken to her. This touching appeal found anything but a welcome from his foreign friends; not, indeed, because they were foreign, but

solely because they recognized only too clearly the utter impossibility of granting it. His majesty loftily ignored any such trifling impediment in the path, and simply repeated his request, to the entire disregard of everything and everybody. It was a sort of key-note, this cry, to his whole conduct. An intense filial affection, that asserted itself uncontrollably at the most inopportune moments, would seem to have been the one spontaneous impulse of his majesty throughout this trying regal ordeal. No doubt it did him great credit as a son, but it stood wofully in his way as a monarch. On account of the queen dowager he had removed from the Keiyu Kiu to the house of I Che Won; he had then, for her sake, most unwisely gone back to his own palace; and lastly, after he had got there, he had been constantly jeopardizing the safety of all his followers in his frantic attempts to follow her erratic movements. It had been difficult enough before to keep pace with the royal craving, — for the king's mysterious disappearance and the trouble this had entailed upon the Japanese had been due to a previous effort on his part to rejoin the queen dowager, in which dutiful attempt he had failed, — but to comply with it now, whetted to poignancy by a sight of the desired object, was simply out of the question. To satisfy it, it would have been necessary to break through the Korean troops; and these, it was evident, were preparing for just such an attack, from their choice of a commanding position from which they could fire in a recumbent posture. The king continued, however, to make such frequent and piteous appeals to be taken to his mother that at last the party set out to leave the palace grounds. As they passed through the gate, the Koreans, recognizing them, shouted that every Japanese who came out would be killed. They then opened fire. One of the royal attendants, in the vanguard, was

shot in the wrist, and blood from the wound bespattered the king's outer tunic. Fearing for the royal life, the party retired again within the gate, and sheltered his majesty behind a small clump of trees. His own safety, however, was utterly ignored by the king for his almost uncontrollable filial homesickness. He continued his plaintive entreaties to be taken to his mother, though at the risk of his life, and made as if he would go even without a guard. To conduct him outside the gate under Japanese escort was only to court danger to the royal person, as it was evident the virulence of the enemy was directed solely against the foreigners. The Chinese troops had vanished, only Koreans were to be seen; and it looked as if the king would be safer, everything considered, if allowed to pursue his own whim and trust to the custody of his own people. On communicating this conclusion to his majesty, the latter cried, "Good!" Whereupon the Japanese took leave of him, and, accompanied only by his own personal attendants, he then passed out of the gate.

Thus ended the fight at the palace, and thus ended also the direct connection between the Japanese and the Korean coup d'état, — a connection whose only motive as well as whose sole excuse lay in a quixotic loyalty to a fatal friendship. The foreigners had bravely succored what had proved itself not worth the succoring, and had finally been begged to abandon what at first they had been importuned to protect. It was a pitifully poor ending.

Being now relieved by circumstances from what he had so repeatedly attempted in vain to free himself, Takezoye, after consultation with Murakami, decided to return to the legation. The Japanese detachments scattered about the palace grounds were therefore concentrated and formed into two companies, and then, just as night fell, the little army, in close marching order, emerged from the

palace inclosure by one of the back gates.

Here closed the Anabasis proper, in this the first step of the retreat. The Japanese losses had been insignificant. Of their number they had had but two killed and eight wounded. What the Korean losses were will probably never be known. As for the Chinese, thirty-five bodies were found lying within the palace grounds; and of twenty-two Chinese soldiers subsequently treated by a foreign physician, twenty died of their wounds.

But the Japanese had started an avalanche of disturbance which they could not stop. The termination of the fight at the palace, instead of being the end of a bad beginning, was only the bad beginning of a worse end.

Night had already wrapped the city in gloom, as the column defiled from the palace gate into the black and tortuous streets of the town. No resistance was made to their exit, for, under cover of the darkness, the Korean soldiers had all secretly slipped away. A pall-like obscurity and silence had settled over everything. It seemed the spirit of death. The streets of Söul are for the most part hardly more than wide alleys, crooked and forbidding enough in the day-time. Night converts them into long cavernous passages, devoid of light, like the underground ramifications of some vast cave; for, by a curious curfew law, they are denied any artificial illumination. Through this sombre labyrinth the Japanese column threaded its way, with nothing to light its path but the reflection in the sky of fires in distant parts of the city, — a weird canopy to an inky blackness. Before long, however, even night failed to yield security from man. At the cross-roads and wherever a side-street offered an opportunity for attack were gathered bands of braves, mixed masses of soldiers and populace, who fired upon them or hurled stones, according to the character of the indi-

viduals. Still they pushed steadily forward, though utterly uncertain what they might find at their journey's end; for they had not been able to hear from the legation since the attack on the palace, and were in grave fear for its safety. As they came to the top of a bit of rising ground, they made out by the lurid light of the fires their own flag, the red ball on the white field, flying from its flag-staff, and thus learnt for the first time that the buildings were still standing and in Japanese hands. As they neared the legation the crowds increased, but, sweeping them aside, the troops at length reached their destination at eight o'clock at night, having been absent forty-eight hours.

That the legation was yet safe was not due to any neglect or forbearance on the part of the Koreans. From the moment of the attempted assassination of Min Yōng Ik, the city had fallen a prey to disturbances that grew hourly graver and graver in character, and began to be directed more and more against the Japanese merchants and traders scattered through the town. Such of these as took alarm first hastened to the legation for protection. In this way about seventy of them had collected in the buildings, and they, together with the servants and a score of soldiers that had been left there, had successfully defended the place until the return of the troops. For two whole days the little improvised garrison had kept the besiegers at bay.

The legation was safe, but for the rest it was but a melancholy tale which the minister and his suite returned to hear. The sullen glow in the heavens, that had served them for torches across the city, came, they learned, from the burning by the infuriated rabble of the homes of their compatriots. But worse than the loss of property had been the loss of life. The hatred of the Japanese, that had lain smouldering for centuries, had at last found a vent. Shortly

after the attack on the palace by the Chinese troops, the cry was raised against the Japanese, and a wholesale pillage and massacre of the foreigners began. Foreseeing this, which was only too sure to happen, warning had been sent from the legation to the various Japanese living in the city to rendezvous in the legation buildings. Such as responded early to the call succeeded in reaching the place in safety; later, it became impossible to do so. The scenes enacted throughout the city were frightful. Cruelty ran riot. As many of the Japanese as the populace, or more particularly the Korean braves mentioned above, could lay hands on were murdered in the most horrible manner, and their abodes demolished. Many of the unfortunates were caught while trying to gain the legation, and, not content with simply taking their lives, the Koreans, after their method of indignity, tore the bodies limb from limb. Between thirty and forty were thus butchered. It was during the night of the sixth and during the day of the seventh that most of the atrocities took place. The stories told by the survivors are terrible. Minister Foote was the means of saving the lives of two unhappy women, a mother and daughter, all of whose male relatives had been murdered, and who, after undergoing brutal indignities, were on the point of being put to death, when rescue arrived. Another woman had an almost miraculous escape. Her husband and his brother having both been butchered, she fled into an adjoining house; and after remaining concealed there for some time in the underground heating flues, she dressed herself in Korean clothes, and made her way, unperceived, to one of the city gates. Finding it shut, she gave herself up for lost, when a rope, suspended from one of the pillars, caught her eye, and offered her a means of climbing over. Hardly had she reached the ground without, however, when she was detected and pur-

sued by a band of ruffians; and another moment would have sealed her fate, when, the head of the Japanese column on its march to Chemulpo coming into sight, her would-be violators and assassins promptly took to their heels. This happened on the seventh. To understand so opportune an appearance of her fellow-countrymen we must return to the legation and to the night of the sixth.

As soon as the little army had regained its quarters, additional guards were set in ambush. No one in the legation slept that night. About two o'clock in the morning, the barracks behind them, which they had not seen fit to occupy on their return, were burned by the enemy, and early in the day the Koreans opened fire on the residence of the legation proper from the two streets that inclosed a corner of the compound, while a large mob threw stones at the buildings. No less than three unsuccessful attempts were thus made by the soldiers and the mob combined; the Japanese shooting down several of the assailants. About eight o'clock in the morning a letter was thrust through under the outer gate by a Korean, who immediately ran away. It was at once carried to the minister, and on being opened by him proved to be an epistle from Kim Kong Chun, containing the somewhat tardy and now rather useless information that there existed great hostility to the Japanese. The minister, however, courteously wrote a reply to it, and another in answer to the communication from the Chinese commander, received at the palace, addressed likewise to Kim Kong Chun. Unfortunately, no messenger could be found to take the letters. Any single Japanese would assuredly be killed on the way, and to send a large party would be to weaken the guard at the legation. Of the Koreans in its service, but three remained. After a good deal of persuasion, one of them was induced to go. The return letters were destined to prove

as idle as the original epistles. Unknown to Takezoye, the ministry of two days' career had already ceased to be.

From the moment the Japanese yielded up possession of the person of the king, the rule of the progressionists was at an end. What they might have accomplished had they refrained from invoking Japanese aid will always remain problematical. But after they had once identified themselves with the hated foreigners, their doom was sealed. The Korean masses are in intention patriotic, in practice apathetic. Indeed, patriotism in the peninsula is now a meaningless term. The country has for so many centuries been tributary to China, and Chinese manners and customs have for so long represented to the Korean official class all that was most to be admired and copied, that patriotism has come to signify for the masses a tame acquiescence in the *status quo*, an inherited dependence upon the Middle Kingdom. The populace, accordingly, though by no means Chinese in sympathy, suffered the semi-soldier braves and the worst spirits among the rabble, pro-Chinese by temperament and still more anti-Japanese by temper, to work their will.

The Japanese gone, the progressionist ministers, realizing that they had failed, fled hastily to such concealment as individual ingenuity suggested. Some, under cover of the darkness, sought the dwellings of such of their friends as they could trust not to divulge their whereabouts, and lay concealed there; others stealthily escaped from the capital, made their way *incognito* across country, and eventually reached the sheltering security of Japan; while one of the ring-leaders put himself under the protection of the Japanese troops, marched with them from the palace to the legation, accompanied them in their retreat to Chemulpo, and thence managed to get to Tokio, where he is now in hiding. Some of the refugees, not satisfied with

seeking Japan, crossed the Pacific, and are to-day living in exile in the United States. One alone remained to die at his post. The account of his death, given by certain private Korean letters, is a tale of as noble an act of heroism as was ever performed.

When it became evident that the Japanese would withdraw, and the progressionist leaders be left to their fate, the latter, perceiving that if they remained they must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy, prepared for flight. To the surprise and horror of all the others, Hong Yöng Sik calmly informed them that he should stay. The rest, indeed, had better go, but one, he thought, ought to remain, to show the world that the progressionists were not rebels nor ashamed of the principles they had professed, and he would be that one. The others, aghast at his resolve, tried their utmost to dissuade him, but all to no purpose. Each in turn then offered to stay in his place, but he would not hear of it. It was more fitting, he replied, that he should remain, because one of the oldest (he was just thirty years of age); and forthwith, to signify that his resolve was unalterable, he drew off his long court boots. Finding it impossible to shake his determination, and fearing lest, if they delayed longer, they might not escape themselves, they reluctantly left him and fled. There in the palace, awaiting his certain doom, the Chinese soldiers found him, a few minutes after. They seized him and carried him to the Chinese camp, where, with some show of formality, he was publicly executed. Thus died a brave and loyal soul, true with his life to the principles he had publicly professed, and which he deemed it cowardly and wicked to abandon.

The revenge of the seclusionists was by no means satiated by this single victim. To them it was not enough that their actual opponents should die. The families of the opponents must be ex-

terminated. Guilty or innocent, every member must perish; the very names must vanish from among mankind. So they slew them all, — decrepit old men and helpless infants, those who had begotten the unfortunates and those whom the unfortunates had begotten. Fathers, brothers, sons, children, every male connected with the fallen foe, was shot or poisoned. It was horrible.

At the same time the city was given up to the mercy of the infuriated militia, who went about wreaking their vengeance not only upon the persons and property of the Japanese, but also upon the houses tenanted by the few other foreigners living in the city. The occupants escaped partly through their own exertions, partly in consequence of a certain mixture of dread and respect which hedged them about. They gathered at the American legation, which was not attacked. To lighten, as it were, this sad picture with a ludicrous touch of poetic justice, the new post-office building, the guilty cradle of the whole plot, was pulled to pieces, and the wretched fragments significantly piled in heaps about the court-yard.

Meanwhile, the Japanese lay imprisoned within their legation buildings, closely besieged by the Koreans. Toward the middle of the day, on the seventh, they discovered that their provisions were nearly exhausted. Only the soldiers, therefore, were allowed rice, the rest getting for their portion the water in which the rice had previously been boiled. There were now in the compound one hundred and forty soldiers, thirty servants attached to the legation, about seventy merchants and artisans, besides many other Japanese residents from the city, who had sought refuge in the buildings. It was utterly impossible to procure more provisions. Starvation stared the prisoners in the face, even if they should contrive to hold out against the assaults of the Koreans. Reports now reached them that all the

gates of Söul had been closed, and that preparations were everywhere in progress for a general attack. It was also rumored that this would take place at dusk, and that under cover of the darkness the legation would be fired by the foe.

Thereupon, Takezoye held a council of war, at which it was decided that the legation's only hope, desperate as it was deemed, lay in forcing a passage through the western gate of the city, and retreating as best they might to Chemulpo. Accordingly, at the close of the conference the order was given to withdraw from Söul. It was now discovered that the messenger to whom the letters had been entrusted had been afraid to leave the legation. Doomed indeed seemed the ill-starred Korean attempt at a postal system to bring mishap upon everything connected with it, both big and little, new and old.

Takezoye then addressed the Japanese gathered in the court-yard. He told them that his guards had been obliged, in defense of the king on the preceding day, to fire upon the Chinese soldiers, who had broken into the palace and opened fire upon the royal apartments; that the Korean troops and people had now combined against the Japanese; that the Korean government was apparently powerless to protect them; that the legation was blockaded; that it was impossible longer to carry on the ministerial functions; and that he had resolved to retire upon Chemulpo, there to await instructions from Japan. All the confidential dispatches and other private documents belonging to the legation were then burned.

It was now half past two in the afternoon. The crowd without was steadily growing larger and larger, and closing in slowly but surely about the devoted compound. Suddenly, to its amazement, the outer wooden gates, so stoutly defended a few minutes before, swung inward; there was a moment's hush of ex-

pectation, and the Japanese column, grim with determination, defiled in marching order into the street. It was a sight to stir the most sluggish soul. Instinctively the Koreans fell back, awed as they read the desperate resolve in the faces of the men; and the column kept silently, surely, moving on. First came two detachments, forming the van; then the minister, his suite, the women and children, followed, placed in the centre and guarded on either hand by rows of soldiers. Next marched the secretaries and the subordinate officials of the legation, all armed, and with them the merchants and artisans, carrying the wounded and the ammunition. Two more detachments brought up the rear. Debouching into the main road, the body struck out for the western gate. The Koreans, who crowded the side-streets, the court-yards, and even the roofs of the houses, had by this time recovered from their first daze, and began to attack the column on all sides, firing and throwing stones. So poor was their aim, however, and so unused were they to the business, that neither bullets nor stones did the Japanese much harm. The vanguard, lying down in the road, fired at the assailants and drove them back, and the march proceeded. Nothing could stop the advance of the van, and the rear-guard as ably covered the rear. Slowly but surely the column pushed on.

It had thus got half-way across the city, when it encountered a more formidable obstruction. Opposite the old palace, where a broad avenue from the palace gates entered the road it was following, a detachment of the left division of the Korean army had been drawn up, to prevent, if possible, all escape. The spot was well chosen. On one side lay the army barracks of the left division, a safe retreat in case of failure, while in front stretched the broad, open space of the avenue, ending in the highway along which the Japanese were obliged to pass.

To make the most of this position, a field-piece had been brought out and trained on the cross-road, and deployed beside it the Koreans posted themselves, and waited for the coming column. As the foreigners came into view, marching across the end of the avenue, the Koreans opened fire upon them both with the field-piece and with small arms. The effect should have been frightful. As a matter of fact it was *nil*, owing to the same cause as before, the bullets passing some twenty feet over the heads of the Japanese. Not a single man was killed, and only a few were slightly wounded. The rear-guard, prone in the street or under cover of the little gutter-moats, a peculiar feature of all Korean city streets, calmly took accurate aim, and eventually forced this body of the enemy back into their barracks. Still harassed at every step by other troops and by the populace, the column, advancing steadily in spite of them, at last gained the west gate. It was shut, bolted, and guarded by Korean soldiers. A sudden onset of the vanguard put these to flight. Some of the soldiers, armed with axes, then severed the bars, demolished the heavy wooden doors, and the column passed through. Keeping up a fire on the foe, who still pursued, the Japanese then made for the principal ferry of the river Han, at a place called Marpo, one of the river suburbs of the city. As they turned there to look back toward Söul, they saw smoke rising from the direction of the legation, and knew from this that the buildings had already been fired. With the rear-guard set to pro-

tect the important points, they proceeded to cross the stream. Seizing this opportunity, a parting attack was now made by a conglomerate collection of Korean troops and tramps, who had pursued them from the city. Hovering on their flanks, these fired at the ferry-boats as they passed over; but the Japanese rear-guard shot at and killed some of them, and so succeeded in keeping the others at bay. By about half past five in the afternoon the Japanese had completed the crossing. After this no further serious opposition was made to their retreat, and, following the ordinary road and marching the whole night, they reached the hill above Chemulpo, and looked down upon the broad expanse of the Yellow Sea at seven o'clock on the morning of the eighth.

The long, hard fight was over; an end had come at last. They saw it in the sea stretched out at their feet, just awaking from its lethargy at the touch of the morning light. To them its gently heaving bosom spoke of their own return to life. No crazy fishing boat now stood between them and theirs. One of their own men-of-war lay at anchor in the offing. There she rode, in all her stately beauty, the smoke curling faintly upward from her funnel, waiting to bear them across the water to the arms of those who held them dear. And the sparkling shimmer, as the rays of the rising sun tinged the Yellow Sea with gold in one long pathway eastward, seemed Japan's own welcome sent to greet them, a proud, fond smile from home.

Percival Lowell.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THIRD PAPER.

X.

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND AND
FRANCE.

IN the course of the last article I said that England had been able to pass through a highly convenient intermediate stage, that of an aristocratic republic preserving monarchical appearances, and that France had not been able to do this, because she had not the kind and quality of aristocracy that was necessary for such a work. I said this, but I did not say (what some Englishmen believe) that France has no real aristocracy at all.

On the contrary, I agree with Littré in the belief that the real aristocratic spirit still lives vigorously in France, but only in the aristocracy itself; and I should say that the great difference between England and France in this respect is that what there is of the aristocratic spirit in England is shared by classes outside of the aristocracy, whereas in France very few people have the aristocratic sentiment unless it has been implanted in them by the traditions of an aristocratic house, and cultivated by a training apart from the ordinary training of Frenchmen.

Again, it does not appear that the aristocratic spirit in England, though widely diffused, is of a pure or elevated kind. Perhaps it is for this very reason, perhaps it is just because it is not pure or elevated, that it is so general and so commonly understood. The want of purity and elevation in the English ideal of aristocracy is evident from the undeniable fact that it is now little more than a kind of supreme sanction given to the popular adoration of wealth.

From the idea that it is inconvenient for a peer of England to be poor, a farther advance has been made to the idea that a very rich man has a sort of claim to a title; and when peerages are bestowed on rich obscure men the proceeding is thought so natural as to excite no comment, except, perhaps, from Mr. Labouchere. When, on the other hand, a distinguished man, not exceptionally rich, is made the recipient of a peerage, his promotion is a surprise to the public, unless it is a reward for political services. The Tennyson peerage is a curious example of this. The friends of the Poet Laureate thought it rather a degradation for a man of genius to accept the prize of a lower ambition than that which they had believed to be his, whilst his enemies made quotations from Maud, applicable to new titles and new mansions. If Tennyson had been a successful brewer or banker, nobody would have made a remark; his peerage would not have been considered either above him or below him, but simply the natural English consecration of new riches.

Forty years before the elevation of Tennyson to the English peerage, his contemporary, Victor Hugo, was made a peer of France. It is probable that not a single Frenchman saw anything incongruous in that promotion, or wondered whether the new peer had money enough to support his dignity.

The reader may call to mind a few strong words of Matthew Arnold about the present condition of aristocracy in England: "Aristocracy now sets up in our country a false ideal, which materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle class, brutalizes our lower class. It misleads the young, makes the world-

ly more worldly, the limited more limited, the stationary more stationary."

These evils are due to the transformation of the English aristocracy into a plutocracy, that is not, as in America, a plainly avowed plutocracy, but disguises itself with aristocratic costumes.

The distinction of a true aristocracy is that it is *not* a plutocracy, but a noble caste, including poor members as well as rich, and having certain ideals which, however foreign they may be to the spirit of the present age, did certainly, in their own time, tend to lift men and women above vulgarity. The most ennobling of those ideals was the notion that money was not the highest object of pursuit. The poor gentleman could be contented with ill-paid service in the army or the church, because he did not serve for money; and it was believed within the caste, rightly or wrongly, that to labor for pecuniary rewards as the main object had a degrading effect upon the mind. The army was a chosen profession, because it was the school of courage, obedience, and self-sacrifice; the church, because it was the school of piety and morality, as well as the home of learning. I know that I am describing a narrow ideal, but most ideals that have had any power in the world have been narrow, and I am anxious to show how in the old aristocratic prejudices there were elements of real nobleness. Those prejudices were hostile to some things that we now value. They were hostile, for example, to the pursuit of the fine arts, but it was from an apprehension, which I now see to have been only too well founded, that in struggling for the acquirement of brilliant manual skill, the student might spend his efforts on a low object. Those prejudices looked doubtfully upon commerce; it was thought that a gentleman did better not to go into trade, but the reason was because a heavy business ties a man down so much, and leaves him so little leisure for study or

society, so little liberty for travel, that it is really somewhat of a misfortune to be fastened to such a business during the best years of youth and manhood. Again, although some men in trade might have good manners because they were gentlemen by nature, it was thought difficult for them to have the *best* manners, because, instead of living constantly in refined society, they had to be in close contact with the ruder classes. This aristocracy was, in effect, a somewhat narrow and exclusive caste, that knew quite well the value of riches when they came by inheritance, but did not care to sacrifice its peace, its leisure, its dignity, to get possession of them. It goes without saying that some amount of income was always necessary to the aristocratic life, because independence was the very foundation of it: but the real distinction between aristocracy and plutocracy is that aristocracy had an ideal of existence, making grace and refinement possible on limited means, and the respect of mankind enjoyable without ostentatious expenditure, and economy not contemptible or ridiculous; whereas plutocracy is the most massive materialism, casting into the shade all those graces and elegances of life which are not so materially visible as itself.

The reader may remember how Mr. Bagehot, in one of his excellent essays on the British Constitution, defended titles on the ground that they counterbalanced in some degree the power of wealth by setting up something else to be respected, and he even argued that title was a roundabout means of making intelligence respected:—

"Nobility is the symbol of mind. It has the marks from which the mass of men always used to infer mind, and often still infer it. A common clever man who goes into a country place will get no reverence; but the 'old squire' will get reverence. Even after he is insolvent, when every one knows that his ruin is but a question of time, he will

get five times as much respect from the common peasantry as the newly made rich man who sits beside him. The common peasantry will listen to his nonsense more submissively than to the new man's sense. An old lord will get infinite reverence. His very existence is so far useful that it awakens the sensation of obedience to a *sort* of mind."

This passage contains, I think, a condemnation of the very use of nobility that the author intended to eulogize. If the common peasantry will listen more submissively to the nonsense of an old squire than they will to a new man's sense, it is hard to see how aristocracy, in this instance, can be really on the side of mind. Again, if the old lord gets infinite reverence, whether he is wise or foolish, it is a mere chance whether the reverence is favorable to the influence of mind or against it. If the old lord is a fool, and there is a wise man in the neighborhood who is not listened to because the lord has the ear of the peasantry, the strength of title is not the candlestick of mind, but its extinguisher.

Frenchmen who write about England usually remark that mind is overshadowed by aristocracy; that mediocrities with titles get more consideration, and are listened to more respectfully, than intelligent men without them. I should say that the exact truth is more as follows. Political celebrity, in England, is quite as strong as title. Any one who has the ear of the House of Commons, however humble his birth, is listened to in the country quite as attentively, quite as respectfully, as a lord. But I think that title certainly overshadows literary and artistic celebrity. Not that this is of any real importance, for literary and artistic celebrity are not in their nature powerful except over a very few, and are always likely to be overshadowed by something more visible and massive. If I were a celebrated writer, I would quite as willingly be overshadowed by

an English lord as by an American millionaire, and would accept the shade with perfect contentment in either case. Literature and art, like all noble studies, have their own ample compensations, independently of what may happen to be the popular opinion about them.

If the aristocracies have not done much for the intellectual life, or for art, they have been serviceable in setting up a model of generally refined life, not for people of culture specially, but for all who had means enough to copy it. This is not to be despised. A real aristocracy is a school of refinement and manners, and nations that are destitute of an aristocracy have to look to some fluctuating upper class, less perfectly regulated than aristocracy is by hereditary custom.

Again, a real aristocracy is a school of peace and contentment. In conjunction with its ally, the church, it encourages in every one a spirit of contentment with his lot in life, an acceptance of the lot as a settled thing, which, though it is not favorable to progress, is unquestionably favorable to happiness.

But the best gift of a true aristocracy, such as that which existed in England down to the beginning of the present century, is to establish a claim to respect outside of the preponderance of wealth, and to encourage self-respect in the members of the caste even when they are comparatively poor. In this way it comes to pass that the sentiment of birth is favorable to simplicity of life. The poorer members of the aristocracy often lived with much less self-indulgence in eating and drinking and in dress than is common in the middle class of the present day, whilst their houses were far less luxuriously furnished than our middle-class houses are; and they were not ashamed of practicing in the most open manner a wise economy in many things that would be very difficult and very painful in the present day. I am not writing this from

imagination, but from facts that are well known to me. At the close of the eighteenth century a gentleman belonging to one of the old aristocratic families could live on a small income without any false pretension, at least in the country, and yet not be disclassed. At the close of the nineteenth century the position of such a gentleman will be very different.

The transition from aristocracy to plutocracy has been marked, in England, by the increasing contempt for the poor gentleman. I myself have heard a gentleman of very good family called "a beggar" because he had only six hundred pounds a year, and seen the mention of another excite a smile because he had only twelve hundred. A worse sign is when gentlemen begin to despise themselves for their own poverty. I knew one who thought it absurd and contemptible to be as poor as he was, and yet his private income was as good as the earnings of a fairly successful lawyer. These are signs that the victory of the plutocracy is very nearly accomplished, the proof of its complete victory being the final stage when an aristocracy loses its historical sense, forgets its ancestors, and humbly acquiesces in the pecuniary estimate of itself. It is a bad sign when an ancient European and Christian aristocracy allows itself to be led and patronized by new families of Jewish money-lenders.

Much of the social power of wealth in England, above and beyond its natural power, is due to a kind of sanctity that is attached to it, which comes, it is believed, from the Old Testament. In France wealth is looked upon as an immense convenience; its possessors are lucky, enviable, and also envied. But in England it is more: it is a sort of commission from Divine Providence for the ruling of men, involving great responsibility and a corresponding sense of dignity. The rich man feels that he has been personally selected as a ruler, and

that it is wrong to treat his power with levity. In the presence of his poor domestics, he kneels down and thanks God that he is not poor. He has at least this verity on his side: that whether selected by accident or design, the rich surely hold the forces of nature in their hands.

If plutocracy has been the bane of aristocracy in England, and is gradually taking its place by progressive substitution, what are we to say of the decline of aristocracy in France, and of its present notorious impotence to attain the ends that it still avowedly desires?

Unteachableness, rigidity, want of sympathy with the rest of the nation, lack of practical sense, — these are some of the defects that have reduced the French aristocracy to its present miserable plight. Since they allowed themselves to be enslaved by Louis XIV. the nobles have been out of sympathy with the common people, and since the Revolution they have been hostile to them. It would, perhaps, be expecting too much of human nature to hope that an ancient *noblesse* could forget the rough treatment it received in the first unreasoning outburst of popular vengeance; but it would not have been so dealt with if it had lived less selfishly, and cared for other interests than its own. It had brilliant intelligence, it had charming graces and all the *éclat* of personal bravery in combination with the rarest degree of polish, yet it lost the due rewards of its admirable superiorities by its unkind scorn of the *manant* and the *roturier*. The *manant* and the *roturier* avenged themselves rudely when the time came.

Let us be just to the old French aristocracy, if we can. People of the present *bourgeoisie*, who have preserved in their families some tradition of the way in which the nobles treated them in times past, have told me that they were affable in return for the deference paid to them, and that there existed in those days a very much easier intercourse be-

tween classes than we see at the present day. This is likely to be true, as the noble might repay in condescension the submissiveness of his inferiors, and when they became less submissive he would naturally be less condescending; but however affable it may have been, I cannot learn that the noblesse ever did anything to improve the condition of the people. The people have improved their condition wonderfully and immensely, but it has been entirely by their own efforts. To say that the aristocracy were steeped in the basest pleasures is a coarse exaggeration. We cannot, I think, call hunting a *base* pleasure. The worst that can be said of it is that it is indifferent to animal suffering and a survival from a lower condition of humanity; the best that can be said of it is that it is a corrective of indolence and sloth. Well, hunting was the great occupation of the country nobility, the privilege and the pleasure of their caste. The other pleasure, that finally ruined and overthrew them, was an extreme delight in society, in conversation, a passion for being with crowds of elegant people in drawing-rooms, with an incapacity for solitude and work. The nobility had in time of peace these three occupations, hunting, talking, and going to mass. In the morning they heard mass in the chapel of the *château*, during the day they hunted, and in the evening they dressed splendidly and talked with charming ladies in the most stately saloons. Out of the hunting season they must sometimes have known the miseries of *ennui*; but they had games and garden parties, and the daily duty of amusing those amiable ladies. At a moment's notice they were ready to quit this pleasant life for the hardships of war, and many a fine gentleman lay in his lace and periwig on the battle-fields of Flanders or the Rhine, not to speak of the great internal conflicts that La Roche-

foucauld narrates, and that we now have so much difficulty in understanding.¹ Many of them were vicious enough, no doubt; they were fond of pleasure, they were not industrious, and yet we have no evidence that the race had enervated itself by vice. On the contrary, all the evidence shows us a race that enjoyed life with infinite zest and energy, lively and active in the extreme, but living only according to the ideas of a caste, and careless of the suffering multitude by whose toils the caste-life was made possible. The simple fact that the nobles were so ready to travel, in those days when traveling was so full of discomfort and hardship, is excellent evidence in favor of their real energy. It has always seemed to me that no scene so perfectly depicts the old aristocratic life in France as the mass on St. Hubert's day, when the lords and ladies attended in hunting costume, and the hounds were assembled, and the doors were left open that they might be distant participators in the ceremony. There you have all the interests of lordly life together except war, — the morning mass, the presence of fair ladies in hunting costumes, the dogs and horses ready outside, and the sylvan glades so near.

The life of the great *châteaux* was repeated in the royal palaces, and the king drew the nobles round him by offering them exactly the same pleasures that they pursued at home, but on an incomparably grander scale, and with the additional magic of the royal style and state. Prepared by all their habits to accept the courtly life, they fell readily into the snare, and were detached more completely than ever from all sympathy with the common people.

Versailles was a temporary and delusive heaven, with a mortal king for its God and his mistresses for interceding angels. The blessed denizens of this excessively artificial paradise were ideal-

¹ The difficulty is that no modern Englishman or Frenchman can make out how those brave gentle-

men regarded their country. We cannot imagine the nature of their patriotism.

ists in their own peculiar fashion, their ideal being a courtly life in gardens, palaces, and great royal hunting forests.

The common world is always a disappointment to idealists, and it has been a disappointment to the descendants of these courtiers. The Palace of Versailles has become the place where the National Assembly elects the President of the republic, and the old nobility is represented there by a minority of discontented deputies. All chieftainship seems to have gone away from them. They are neither the leaders nor the masters of the people, neither a directing nor a governing class. They are reduced to mere protest and criticism, whilst the work of government is laboriously carried on by others.

The number of English noblemen who have been loved and trusted by the people would surprise a democrat in France. Where are the French noblemen who have been so loved and trusted? Where are the French equivalents for Lord Hartington and Lord Spencer? What Frenchman has filled anything like the position of Earl Russell? Even amongst conservatives, where is the French conservative grandee who has enjoyed half the popular respect that surrounded Edward, Earl of Derby? The heir to a great dukedom can go down to the English manufacturing towns and speak to the people in as plain and straightforward a manner as if he were one of themselves; he can make them feel that he has not been spoiled by the luxuries of Chatsworth and Hardwicke Hall, but is still a cool and steady English man of business, with a powerful reserve of genuine English independence in his nature. Notwithstanding all the pride and all the frigidity that are attributed by foreigners to the English character; notwithstanding all the vastness of the gulf which, according to the English

themselves, is placed in their country between class and class, it is undeniable that some representatives of the upper classes in England know how to cast a bridge over that gulf, and are able to establish a community of sentiment between themselves and their electors, and a common understanding even as to the details of legislation, that are unknown between the French aristocrats and the provincial urban democracies. I leave Paris out of the question, as there it is useless for any one with aristocratic sentiments to ask for the suffrages of the people.

And yet, in spite of its incapacity for leadership in a democratic age, I think the French aristocracy has, on one or two points, preserved more of the purely aristocratic (as distinguished from the plutocratic) sentiment than the British. To become poor, even moderately poor, in England is to lose caste; to become rich is to acquire caste; and this is the sign that the aristocratic sentiment about ancestry has given place to the plutocratic sentiment about wealth. Those who really belong to the French noblesse are in no danger of losing their birthright of aristocratic consideration for any degree of poverty that does not make a decent appearance impossible, and that does not compel them to engage in some money-earning occupation. The gentry and their descendants have no prejudice against decent aristocratic poverty, but they have the genuine old aristocratic prejudice against work. They despise all wealth that is not inherited, and value only the results of the labors of the dead. Even literature and the fine arts become degrading as soon as they are lucrative,¹ a sentiment quite opposed to the general modern opinion in France. All the forms of trade are despicable for aristocrats, and when they hear of a family that has been in trade they say, with an air of

¹ A French gentleman wanted to let me a country house, and said, with an air of conscious supe-

rriority, "It would be quiet and convenient for the prosecution of your—your *industry*."

genteel ignorance about the nature of the business, "Ils ont vendu quelque chose." Their manners towards shop-keepers are often unpleasant, and exhibit a degree of *morgue* that is peculiarly irritating to a French tradesman. They seem to think that because they want something that is the property of the shop-keeper they are his natural superiors and above the usual French forms of civility.¹ Sometimes this excessive *morgue* is liable to make mistakes. A very proud marchioness had gone, with a friend, to make an excursion in a charming place. It began to rain when their servants were producing luncheon, and there was no house within two miles, except a thatched cottage that happened to be close at hand. A man came out of the cottage, and kindly invited the ladies to take shelter and have their luncheon there. The marchioness assumed an air of awful grandeur, and inquired "by what right" the man offered her such an invitation. "By the right of the owner of the soil. I am Captain de —, eldest son of the Viscount de —, who is the owner of this estate." The estate was large; the viscount was a well-known Legitimist personage, representative of one of the oldest families in France; and the thatched cottage was a shelter erected as a convenience for archæological investigations, close to the site of a Gallo-Roman mansion.

It is curious that the French aristocracy, which professes such a deep respect for the church, should no longer supply recruits for the clergy. Fewer and fewer of the sons of the noblesse

become priests every year, and those who do now become priests shut themselves up in the religious orders, and are of no use for the common work of the parishes, many of which are left empty, in country places, for want of working priests to fill them. It would seem as if it were no longer thought *comme il faut* to be a parish priest, whilst it may be *comme il faut* to belong to one of the recognized orders, such as the Marists, the Jesuits, etc. The practical result is that in the country parishes many of the priests are burdened with extra duty, sometimes far from their homes, merely from an insufficient supply of ecclesiastics. This plain fact — which I do not give merely on my own authority, but on that of a French bishop, who deplored it lately in an episcopal charge — is a valuable commentary on that devotion to the church which the French aristocracy still professes, so long as it entails no greater inconvenience than hearing a mass on Sunday morning, which is often early and short. The priests are not recruited from the noblesse, but from the peasantry. There is, consequently, a social severance between the clergy and the aristocracy, though there may be a political alliance. The priest may have patrons in the château, he may have real friends there, but his relations are generally in the farm-houses. The reason lies no deeper than the obvious fact that the duties of a parish priest are irksome and his life is austere. He is confined to one place, without amusements, with society limited to peasants and to the few gentry who happen to

¹ English custom permits what would be thought at least negative rudeness to shop-keepers in France, but sometimes the rich English lady goes even beyond that. Here is a little scene in a modiste's shop in Paris, of which my wife was an amused spectator.

Two proud-looking English ladies entered, and one of them asked to see some bonnets. A great number were shown her, but they invariably failed to please. At length the mistress of the establishment, anxious to gratify her visitor, said she re-

membered *one* bonnet that might suit her taste, and had it sought for.

"Et celui-là, madame, comment le trouvez-vous?"

"Tray mal."

"Si vous ne trouvez pas ailleurs, madame, un chapeau à votre goût, j'espère que vous reviendrez ici."

"Pewteait."

And her ladyship sailed away in silent and disdainful majesty.

be there for a part of the year only; his work is a continual servitude, and it is never done. He is not allowed to marry, and his conduct is watched with the most jealous and unceasing scrutiny. To devote one's self to such an existence requires not merely the pretense to religious belief, but its reality. That, and that alone, can make a human being happy in a life that is deprived of all worldly pleasures and has no earthly rewards, and that, without faith, would be without an object.

An aristocratic caste may be an institution for which there is no further necessity, it may be a survival that has become useless, but one likes to see it genuine of its kind, even in its latter days. The principle of the French aristocracy is pure, — it is not the principle of a plutocracy; what is less genuine in France is the *personnel* of which the so-called aristocracy is composed. I said long ago, in Round my House, that the particle “de,” which is popularly supposed to indicate nobility, was extensively assumed by families belonging really to the bourgeoisie, but I was not fully aware at that time on what a prodigiously extensive scale these usurpations have been made. Here is a single example. A public functionary, whose duties required frequent reference to registers in a particular locality, told me that he had at first been embarrassed by the changes of name in certain families. Plain names of the bourgeoisie had been laid aside for territorial designations with the “de” before them, and it was difficult at first sight to understand and remember these transformations. Having a curious and investigating disposition, the functionary amused himself by tracing out as many of these cases as he could discover, and he told me that in a single neighborhood he had found no less than fifty families who had raised themselves into what is considered to be the noble caste by the addition of the “de.” Amidst

such an influx of new recruits the authentic old nobility is, in these days, completely overwhelmed. There being no strictly kept peerage, as in England, there is nothing authoritative to refer to, and an injurious doubt is cast upon real coronets by the extreme abundance of false ones. Besides the “de” the most positive titles are coolly assumed and worn. You may meet with people who live in an old château and are very *comme il faut*, very simple and well bred, without any appearance of false pretension whatever, yet they have just one little piece of false pretension, — their title. They call themselves count and countess, but are not count and countess at all. Their fortune was made in trade a generation or two since, and the château bought, and the title of the old family that once lived there gradually assumed by a too familiar process.

This is one cause of decadence for the French nobility, — its powerlessness to protect itself against usurpation; but another cause is the too frequent necessity for intermarrying with the bourgeoisie, for the sake of handsome dowries. Hence the caste is continually liable to deterioration in its social standard, and to the loss of that peculiarly high polish that once distinguished it. In democratic times it may be scarcely safe to say that very high polish must be confined to a caste; yet how can it ever be maintained except by a small class that specially values it and has a constant care for its preservation? In democratic ages there are *persons* naturally refined, but society is not refined. The virtues of a democracy are not delicacy and elegance; they are energy and industry. An aristocracy ought to be elegant, and intolerant of manners that fall short of being the best. Those who know the French aristocracy better than I pretend to do tell me that it is leveling *down*; that it is becoming more and more like the bourgeoisie both in manners and in style.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

STUDIES FOR PICTURES.

I.

A LONELY lake lies far among the hills,
Whose northern sides are dark with whispering pines;
Fed from their breasts by dancing, dappled rills,
For them alone it softly smiles and shines.

No man has pushed the circling leafage back,
Or stirred the laurels, rimmed with drops of dew,
To gaze where boat has never left its track
Like twist of silver on the shimmering blue!

At the quick touch of sudden, wandering breeze,
Its scudding ripples spread o'er sandy bars;
And as the waves the slanting sunbeams seize,
The water blossoms with a thousand stars!

The panting deer may cool his soft, shy lip,
And trouble with his bubbling breath its rest;
Or strong, straight flight of some wild wing may dip,
And cut with flash of light its burnished breast.

With sharp, green spears, the reeds and grasses pierce
The still, dark water 'neath o'erhanging trees,
As though some Pharaoh's army, wild and fierce,
Were buried, marching, as in Egypt's seas!

Over its heart it folds a scarf of lace,
(Faint-imaged clouds that stretch across the sky,)
And, like white jewels fastening it in place,
The trembling-hearted water-lilies lie.

It braids the moonbeams on a summer night,
Or, while soft laughter all its bosom fills,
Its ripples chase the west wind's sunny flight,
And kiss the feet of its grave, guarding hills!

II.

Like heavy stream of slow, scarce-moving oil,
On open flats the dim, still river lies;
No skimming ripple, and no whirling coil
Of dimpling eddy, stirs its mirrored skies;

No bending grasses on the sandy shore
Reach their long fingers down to dip and lave;
And all unmarked the river's even floor
By hidden pebble's softly slipping wave.

A fine, still haze holds all the brown, warm land,
 And hides the line where sky and river meet, —
 Yellow and dim upon the yellow sand,
 And faintly gold on fields of ripened wheat.

A blur of color shows where poppies bloom ;
 A line of shadow marks tall poplar-trees,
 Standing like ghosts against the yellow gloom,
 Unstirred by any lightly blowing breeze.

Faint through the silence of the mellow haze
 Is heard the lingering splash of some slow oar ;
 A boat, for one vague, floating moment, stays,
 Seen like a dream against the misty shore.

Slow, with the unseen current, drifts the boat,
 (The trembling water laps the level sands,)
 And guiding it, a boy, with bronze, bare throat,
 Clings to his slender pole, with sunburned hands.

Margaret Deland.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

XIV.

THE CONTESTED ELECTION.

DAVID LANE was right in his premonitions : his slender majority offered too great a premium to objectors. He was presently served with the proper notices, and his election was formally contested.

The taking of testimony in this contest took place in a long upper room of the Johannisberger House, sometimes used as a lodge-room, for assemblies and the like. It was at no great distance from the Polish quarter, and was deemed a convenient place for procuring the attendance of the persons interested. There had been an active stirring among the dry-bones when it was known that these proceedings would take place. Naturally, investigation would not be confined to one side only. Irregular characters of all sorts were hastily moved to embark on steamers and gravel

trains, while others, of a higher class, with standing to maintain, who could not so easily take flight, quaked with even greater trepidation in their consciences. In the sequel, developments reached far beyond even the utmost that was expected. The principal legal talent of Keewaydin was enlisted. There were writs *quo warranto* and *certiorari*, mandamuses, injunctions, demurrers, appeals, all the law's delays, voluntary and involuntary. Should all the surprises, feats of legal skill, hardihood, and chicanery, and store of legal learning poured forth be here set down, after the Homeric fashion, as they might very well be, this simple account could be extended to unheard-of length. With the vital interests they held at stake, each side strained every nerve. Paul Barclay, who himself bore no unimportant part in the proceedings, formed a habit of reporting to Mrs. Varemberg, at frequent intervals, for her information

and pleasure, all their stages, — the humors, exciting episodes, and glimpses into new and quaint phases of life which this unexpected upheaval afforded.

The case for the contestant, Jim DeBow, was chiefly managed by that astute person, Counselor Rand, — the same who had once had Barclay's property in charge. He proved, on this trial, to be a man of shrewd, quick invention, an adept in the sophistry that makes the worse appear the better reason. He had a ready gift of gab, was skilled both in irony and invective, and was well versed generally in all the unscrupulous resources of his art. In his opening speech he outlined his proposed policy. He said in substance, —

"I offer to prove, and shall establish beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there were cast for David Lane, in all the various wards, not less than one hundred and twenty irregular and fraudulent votes. These are to be deducted from his total vote, as being wholly null and void. A clear title to the high and honorable office of mayor of Keewaydin will thereupon rest with my client, James Sapperthwaite DeBow, Esq." (This middle name created a certain sensation in the court-room. It was perhaps the first time DeBow had ever been known to have any middle name at all, or any other prefix than the customary "Jim.") "I shall show that these irregular and fraudulent votes," Rand went on, "were cast by the following persons, to wit: —

"Aliens, or persons not qualified by sufficient residence in the country to exercise the right of suffrage as American citizens.

"Others who had not resided in the State for the one year next prior to election, as required by law.

"Others not resident in, or qualified electors of, the wards and precincts in which they assumed to vote.

"Others vouched for by persons not householders, and therefore not competent to act as sponsors.

"Finally, I allege that a large number of votes were manufactured outright, and corresponded to no persons having an actual existence."

Rand charged, furthermore, bribery, corruption, and undue influence of many kinds. He glared about the court-room as he spoke, and preserved throughout a sonorous rhetoric and air of august indignation, as if he had been some other Edmund Burke impeaching a Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors, in the great hall of William Rufus. He put Ludwig Trapschuh on the stand, as an expert in the habits, manners, and customs of the Polish people. The bridge-tender proceeded to recollect names, dates, and circumstances with a prodigious facility. His own belief was that all was utterly lost to him henceforth, so far as concerned the favor of David Lane, — even, probably, to the stipend of Stanislava, — and his only salvation must be in deserving the gratitude of the opposition to the utmost.

Mr. Welby Goff next made a considerable figure, under examination, in describing his part in the wrangle over the 'bus-load of Bohemian workmen, as before mentioned.

"Did you not distinctly hear their foreman threaten to discharge them unless they obeyed orders?" demanded counsel for the contestant.

"How could I have understood him, if he was Bohemian?" returned witness, parrying.

"Answer my question. Did you not distinctly hear him make that threat in English?"

"What I want to know, in that case, is how the men could have understood him, if they were Bohemians," said Welby Goff.

This was characterized by Rand as impudent and evasive quibbling, — as no doubt it was, — and when DeBow's side finally rested their case the prospect looked dark for David Lane. It was plainly evident that Ives Wilson

and some of his friends, acting with an ill-judged zeal, to put the most favorable construction upon it, had done things that would not at all bear the clear light of investigation.

When Lane's counsel took the floor, however, the case assumed a very different complexion. It was shown that the DeBow party had engaged in the same, and even more iniquitous, practices. The issue seemed to resolve itself into one more of quantity than quality.

Paul Barclay was called to testify as to an expedition — consisting of himself, one Peter Stransky, the Polish letter-carrier, and a German interpreter — he had energetically organized of his own motion, to go about, on the South Side, searching for the numerous missing voters by affidavit for DeBow. He testified that he had taken a copy of the poll-list, and at several of the addresses given had found no houses at all, nor any such numbers on the streets; and at numerous others, no trace whatever of the pretended voters named, nor of any persons who had ever known them.

He was attacked by Rand with all the arts permitted the unscrupulous cross-examiner. That individual had, for the first time, found an opportunity to wreak in a small way the malice he still cherished from the date of their former dealings together. He sought to impugn Barclay's reputation for truth and veracity. He sought next to show that the little band of searchers were not qualified for their mission, that they had been frightened away from certain tenement-houses by fear of small-pox, that their search was but a mere pretense at best, that they had no real desire to find the voters, but had increased the mystification, and distorted facts for their own partisan purposes. He changed from the browbeating to the patronizing, from the menacing to the genially sarcastic; he threw in plentiful

taunts and innuendoes, calculated to enrage the callow in this kind of experience, to his own entanglement and destruction. The red color of resentment, in fact, mantled the cheek of Paul Barclay at the first few stings, and his eye kindled in a way that might have indicated danger to his tormentor. But he very soon recovered his self-control, and, adopting a far more effectual policy, began to return cool, baffling, sometimes half-amused replies, that showed him to be no tyro in linguistic conflicts, but one amply able to defend himself. Rand fell back from some of his more biting answers, much as the wild bull might fall back, from violent onslaughts, on the keen rapier of the toreador.

"You have lived a long time in Poland, no doubt?" he said, sneeringly. "You are thoroughly familiar with the language?"

"I have spent a short time in Poland. I have a certain idea of its pronunciation."

The questioner was flustered; he had not expected any such evidence of fitness.

He entered next upon questions of pronunciation at great length. He chose to impugn the competency of Peter Stransky — a renegade Pole, he said, whom his countrymen refused to associate with — and the German interpreter. "Will you kindly describe to us," he demanded, "your method of asking for these voters?"

"Where the person named was taken to be Polish, he was inquired for through the Polish interpreter; where he was taken to be German, through the German interpreter."

"How did you know whether the person was Polish or German?"

"I judged of his nationality from the name."

"Are you a first-class expert in judging of the nationality of a man from his name?"

"I am perhaps about a third-class ex-

pert," replied Barclay, smiling, "but the combined expertness of the party must certainly have been pretty near the proper standard."

"Did you not know that if you did not find these men at all it would be more to the advantage of David Lane than if you did?"

"Why, yes, we must take that for granted, just as the learned counsel knows that bluster and impertinence may take the place of argument and evidence, when he has none in his case, — though perhaps it is not to the point just at present," returned Barclay, for once meeting the insult somewhat in kind.

Upon this, the court pounded with its gavel, and insisted on rather better order on both sides; but Rand continued to thunder that the whole inquiry was a delusion and an intentional fraud, and that all the persons inquired for really existed, and could have been found by any honest and competent authorities. He next recalled Trapschuh to sustain his position, which this man did with a preposterous effrontery.

"I ask you, as a person well versed in the peculiarities of the Polish people," he said, putting the bridge-tender a long hypothetical question. "Supposing a number of strange men, one an American, one a German, and one a Pole, should go about together through the Polish quarter, asking a great variety of questions, — such as who lived in a house, whether such and such persons lived there, and the like, — what sort of treatment would such a band of persons be likely to meet with?"

"They would meet with no treatment at all. It would be lucky for them if they did n't get licked."

"And they would not get any information at all?"

"No: parties would run on ahead and tell other parties they was coming, and, when they got there, they would ask them what they wanted to know for;

and no matter what they asked, they would not tell them anything."

"Now as to the Polish women. I ask you, as a person well versed in the peculiarities of the Polish people, what would be the course of the Polish women, if their husbands or other male relatives were absent from home, when such a band of men came prowling about. Would they give information?"

"No, the men would n't let 'em. Besides, all them Polish women lie like the devil; they don't ever answer no questions right."

A slight cry was heard, upon this. Trapschuh, looking round, saw his niece, Stanislava Zelinsky, in the court. He wondered at her being there, but supposed it was only as a spectator, like the rest. The room was packed, several rows deep, all around its borders, with men, for the most part of the laboring sort, in rough, ill-smelling clothing, drawn there by their personal interest, or that of immediate friends, in the proceedings. The girl was being led up to a more favored position, it is true, apart from this crowd, and not far from the counsel for David Lane; but Trapschuh did not approve of the degree of forwardness and curiosity that could have brought her to such a place. He meant to have more to say of this anon, though by no means, as yet, suspecting the real cause of it.

"Have you met with many instances, in your experience, where the Polish women would not tell the truth?" he was asked.

"Yes, more as two hundred, — more as one thousand," he replied, with a nonchalant recklessness.

Stanislava involuntarily lamented aloud once more at this wholesale aspersion. The glib perjuries of her uncle made her breath come thick and fast, with astonishment and grief. She wondered that the floor did not open and swallow them all up. She looked around the circle, as if all present were

somehow responsible, too, and almost as bad as he, inasmuch as they did not stop it on the instant, but calmly sat there instead, and listened to it go on. The true history of her coming into court was as follows :—

David Lane, following with painful intensity all the stages of the trial, went to his daughter, one day, when it was well advanced, and said,—

“ You say this Polish girl, whom I have benefited, once told you she wished to be of service to me. Now is her opportunity, if she will use it. She seems an intelligent, observing person, who has undoubtedly seen something of the true facts in the case ; she may be got to deny some of the wild fabrications of this man, even though he be her relative. She can hardly wish to aid the combination against me, I am sure.”

Mrs. Varemberg had immediately sought the girl, and found her ready to speak the truth. She had sent her to Barclay, and he, in turn, to the discreet counsel in the case, and an arrangement had been effected by which, keeping suspicion averted till the last moment, she was to appear.

Such hard swearing as that of Trapschuh and his mates produced conviction in the humbler portion of the audience, who stood about in awe, and thought that egregious asseveration like this must make even those things to be which had not been so. It had its effect even in higher quarters, not too well versed as yet in distinguishing facts from protestation. The production of Stanislava, therefore, was a decided coup. It was rare that any woman entered the domain of these political turmoils, and here was a very young, pretty, and apparently ingenuous one. A little hubbub arose as she took the stand, which required some time to quell. The protruding little eyes of Ludwig Trapschuh started from his head with amazement.

She controverted his outrageous state-

ments, tried to vindicate her humble country-women from the sweeping charge of mendacity, and traced Polish families and individual voters. She often knew the exact date of their arrival in the country, through having entered them as applicants for assistance and employment on the books of the benevolent societies. The excellent handwriting on which we have heard her complimented now stood her in good stead.

Most important of all,—casting a look of appeal at her uncle, as if to beseech him not to withhold his favor from her, even though she performed a duty which her conscience and the interests of truth clearly demanded,—she testified to overhearing the conspiracy between him, Barney, and Notary Kroeger, whereby, though appearing to act always for David Lane, they were covertly to procure and manufacture votes for Jim DeBow. She was timid and flushed with fevered nervousness, at first, but gained confidence as she proceeded, and her answers were of a clear positiveness that cross-examination could not shake. Her whole manner carried conviction with it.

A recall of Trapschuh, based upon her evidence, followed, and resulted in his utter collapse. He tangled himself up in a new tissue of preposterous falsehoods. Shown an “ exhibit ” that purported to be the affidavit of the voter Andreas Lanick, he was asked if he knew Lanick.

“ Yes,” he replied, “ I know him very well. He belong from Prussia Poland.”

Shown “ exhibit 23,” the affidavit of the pretended voter Wenzel Vai, he was asked, “ Do you know Wenzel Vai ? ”

“ Yes, I know a man like that. He’s a Bohemian man.”

Shown the affidavit of the pretended voter Andreas Lanick, he said,—

“ Yes, I know him.”

“ How long ? ”

"Since twenty-five years ago."

Shown a great number of other affidavits of the same general description, —

"Yes, I know each and every one of them." He caught up stray bits of the legal phraseology.

"And you could find these men if you wished to?"

"Yes, unless they moved away since election day."

"What makes you think they would move away since election day?"

"More as two, three, hundred Poland families moved away since election time," he asserted, in round numbers.

"Does not that estimate seem a little high?"

"No, it is not high; it is low," he insisted doggedly.

"Now, will you tell us what you understand by a family?"

"I und'stand a man, his wife, some children, and may be a few cousins and uncles."

"Why do you think so many families would suddenly leave Keewaydin?"

"If them Polanders can live cheaper by goin' away as by stayin' at home, they will go away, — in Minnesota, Illinois, and Michigan."

Counsel amiably appeared to accept this as quite a philosophical answer and explanation, and Trapschuh was much pleased with his own ingenuity.

"Will you, now, kindly give a description of the Andreas Lanick we have before mentioned?"

"He had a — a — slouched hat and a — kind o' — old coat," stammered Trapschuh. "I know him very well," more promptly.

"Give us a description of Wenzel Vai."

"He's a kind o' sandy man, — not very short. I done some figurin' with him once."

"Please describe Wozer Chezefski."

"He's not very tall. He wears a

slouched hat," the witness returned, already at the end of his invention.

"Give us a description of Mike Matelski."

"The description of each and every Poland is mostly alike."

"Tell us where Mike Matelski lived."

"Down by Muckwonago Road. I guess I don't remember the number."

"In what street?"

"It was a wood house, — kind o' red color, with green blinds," he answered evasively.

"Where did Wozer Chezefski live?"

"His house was kind o' blue color."

The witness began to mop his forehead furiously with a handkerchief.

"What was the age of your friend Andreas Lanick?"

"Oh, he was a younk man, — he's about twenty-two years old."

"Your memory is perfectly good?"

"Nobody has so better a memory as what I got," he replied, resenting any imputations upon it.

"Well, then, how does it happen that you remember Andreas Lanick for the past twenty-five years, when you say he is but twenty-two years old?"

The witness's jaw dropped. He was aghast; but was presently seen recovering himself, in a surly way, for new efforts.

"Now, as to this large number of families that you say moved away: did you personally see them go?"

"I seen some go, and parties told me about the others."

"What were the names of those you saw go?"

"One's name was Lijeski; I guess the man's front name was Antony. Another's name was Molicheck. Another's name was Lexau."

"Those are three; how as to the rest of the three hundred?"

"I don't remember all the names."

"Nor any of them?"

"No."

"Who were the parties who told you they had seen the families leave the city?"

"I don't remember their names."

"Give a description of some of those who told you they had seen the families go."

"One was a big feller with a slouched hat."

"When did you see him last?"

The witness began to glare fiercely at his ruthless tormentor. It was hopeless to think of finding answers to such a remorseless torrent of questions.

"On election day. I sent for him to come over," he added, by way of embellishing with a detail as opportunity offered.

"How did you send for him to come, if you did not know his name?"

"I asked parties if parties over that way had voted," was the reply, in an open fury which the presiding magistrate sternly repressed.

"And you swear that all this is as true as any other part of your testimony?"

"I swear that it is all true. All of them men bin voters; they belong from Prussia Poland; each and every one of 'em got his right citizen papers, and I know 'em all very well," he returned, in a final all-embracing burst.

"Oh, he makes me tired," Welby Goff was heard to exclaim, in the slang of the day, affecting to fall dramatically on the back of his chair. Even hardened counsel sighed, in a pensive way. But Trapschuh was not yet released; he had still to be questioned as to making the boy Nicodem Kraska vote. He brazenly insisted that Nicodem was of age. When asked how he knew, he said "because he looked so." The boy's mother, Suzanka, was in court, and it was even after her testimony that Trapschuh perpetrated his effrontery. Suzanka set up a loud wailing, and, being suppressed, seemed to await his coming down from the witness-stand as

if with the purpose of doing him a bodily injury.

"Have you advised with your counsel as to what you were to say in this case?" Lane's counsel thought good to ask, humorously, to cast part of the odium of Trapschuh's lying upon Rand.

"No, he advised with me," returned Trapschuh, meaning to be surly, but really aiding the design in view even more than was expected.

Upon this he was allowed to retire, and he stepped down, abashed, into obscure private life, from the depths of which it was long indeed before he again emerged.

Barney Trapschuh, among others, was examined in his turn. Being asked why he signed affidavits as a householder, when he was not one, he said naively that he had understood by a householder "a person what lived in a house." At this, Welby Goff nearly fell on the floor, once more.

Peter Haller, the teamster, testified that he had certified to affidavits of a large number of persons he had never seen before, because "they looked honest."

The self-sufficient little notary, Kroeger, when his turn came, was found to have resisted the summons first sent out by the court, and to have been brought in under arrest.

"You said you could not be bothered coming here," said the presiding magistrate to him, in severe reproof. "You were found in attendance at a wedding, instead."

"I knew I was all right, and there was n't no need for me to come," he responded sullenly.

"That remains to be seen," said the judge. And it was so effectually seen that Kroeger was shown to be one of the most heinous offenders on the entire list. It appeared that, through informalities in the taking out of his commission, he was not even a qualified notary-public, nor competent to certify

any affidavits whatever. Here at the very *Johannisberger House*, the seat of his majestic egotism and claims to oracular wisdom, the little man was so thoroughly impugned in all the sources of his authority that he could never hold his head aloft again. In fine, the cases of the voters delayed by the arts of the inspectors at the *Railroad Avenue precinct* were taken up, and argued at great length. It was claimed that there were over forty of these men, all provided with *Lane ballots*, so that, by the fraudulent practices named, many votes were lost to that candidate.

Without doubt, the enterprise of *Barclay* and the testimony of *Stanislava* had been the two elements, in these complications, that had carried the balance of credibility and favor to the side of *David Lane*, and procured the final verdict in his favor. He was forced to owe his triumph to the children of those victims of the *Chippewa Street bridge* whose death was the cause even of this political strife.

XV.

DAVID LANE'S ATTEMPT AT FREEDOM.

At the customary time, as fixed by the city charter, — it was towards the end of April, — *Paul Barclay* took his seat in the new board of aldermen. His reputation for the active, managing sort of ability, as well as for financial soundness, had preceded him. He was well received, and put at once upon some of the more important standing committees.

Among other matters, at this first regular meeting of the year, a combination was discovered to take away the city printing from *Ives Wilson* and his *Index*. Set on foot by his usual adversaries in the other papers, it was aided by some as a punishment for his course in bolting the nominations of his party convention, and by others who had been

made the objects of some of his embittered journalism. That sprightly person was alive to his danger, however, and fought it tooth and nail. It almost seemed as if he could be in half a dozen places at once, as, with the lock of hair streaming back from the apex of his head like an oriflamme, he moved from desk to desk among the aldermen, — in whose part of the council chamber, by the way, he had no business to be at all, — strengthening the weak, joking with his firmer friends, and even making propositions for their support to the less pronounced of his enemies. When the vote was taken, he had retained his patronage by a majority of but two. This was so close that his contemporaries of the press assured him that it ought to be a terrible warning to him, at least, henceforth to keep a civil point to his pen and less gall in his inkstand. But *Ives Wilson* did not take it at all in this light. He announced his success, in the *Index*, as a triumphant "vindication," and he began immediately a more trenchant course of abuse than ever before against all persons and things.

An interregnum of something like two months now ensued. Pending the contest between the rival claimants for mayor, the president of the aldermen continued to govern the city. What with all the delays incident to the decision, it was nearly July, instead of April, before the right of *David Lane* was finally recognized, and he was installed in his chair.

While his fate had still hung in the balance he had wasted, and grown perceptibly older and feebler. The two months of suspense were among the keener forms of his punishment. For a while it had appeared that he was not to have even the desperate chance of attempting his wild and difficult project. During this time, he had thought vaguely whether he might not cause to be introduced into the board of aldermen a resolution calling for the repair of the

Golden Justice; counting that, when once scaffoldings were up, some laborer might perchance be corrupted, and induced to seize the ardently coveted paper for him. He had thought, also, of engaging the janitor; but the worthy Anton Klopp was a wheezy individual, even less capable, physically, than himself. And then the statue needed no repairing; it would easily be discovered to be in excellent condition. And, again, even if it were not, he had decided, years before, that he dared trust his secret to no one. But behold him, at last, in possession of the poor vantage-ground he had sought, and relieved of this source of anxiety.

The inauguration of a mayor, always a stirring affair in political circles, was made especially important on the present occasion by the character of the events that had preceded it. There were deferred appointments to office to be made, and a mass of difficult business had also been diplomatically deferred, to fall upon the shoulders of the new incumbent.

A general amnesty had been tacitly decreed for the irregularities of the late election. Both sides had so equally participated in them that all might be considered as tarred with the same stick. Measures of legislation were at once introduced, however, to prevent the recurrence of such abuses in the future.

With as sharp a feeling of self-reproach as his preoccupation left him for anything less engrossing, David Lane recognized how largely he, the assumed model of probity, had been responsible for this corruption of the public virtue. All evil deeds seemed to follow upon his first, in direct sequence, as if he were another Macbeth. He delivered his brief inaugural address in the chamber of the aldermen, then gravely received some hand-shakings of congratulation as he stepped from the tribune, and then withdrew to his office. He was followed there by some persons connected with

the accumulated business, and for a considerable time had to hold a levee in the spacious room; but one by one these visitors dropped off, and, as the twilight drew on, he was at last quite alone.

He gave a long, heavy sigh, — conveying both relief and a newly arising form of trouble, — and threw himself down in his chair. The first step in his proposed deliverance was accomplished. He was free to come and go, and to remain and plan his projects in the building without question from any quarter. Soon he bent forward again, and, leaning his arm on his desk and his face on his hand, remained a long time in that position, suggesting the brooding attitude of the Lorenzo de' Medici, who looks down from above the famous tombs at San Lorenzo, in Florence. He had brought with him, even on this first day, some of the tools for his exploit. He placed these safely in a drawer of the desk. On the morrow he would bring the others. He paced the floor meditatively, and lightly tested, by turns, the muscles of his legs and arms, as he had done once before, on a previous occasion. On the morrow, too, there would be delivered to him here a light grappling-ladder, already ordered; tall enough, as he said, to reach to the uppermost of his high book-shelves.

For the next few days, as he walked to the city hall for his appointed tasks, — and in many a slow jaunt about the square, for the special purpose, — his eye fearfully sought the Golden Justice; his brain estimated heights, distances, times, and forecast the position of his ladder and all his own movements when at last he should find himself there aloft, where he had so long desired to be. Now, when actually face to face with his undertaking, its sheer physical obstacles loomed up before him, presenting the most formidable difficulties. "I am an old, old man!" he would mutter. He put off its execution yet another day, and another, and at last he was taken

with a sort of paralysis of supreme discouragement; he revolted against the problem before him in utter despair. The shining figure seemed to mock him; high aloft there in the blue empyrean, it swam before his eyes, hopelessly unattainable by any puny efforts of his.

"I cannot do it, — I will not do it!" he cried out to himself, all but demented. "It is impossible. Let them wait."

His manner at home, during a great part of this long delay, had been strained, abstracted, and uncomfortable. Barclay had come there rather upon sufferance than as a welcome guest, and had repined and fumed under the situation with ever-increasing impatience. Lane had made no concession to the object for which the lovers were waiting; he had held obstinately to the letter of his words. Mrs. Varemberg had once or twice taken the initiative upon herself, and addressed him a few words, but only to be repulsed. He had answered her that he was thinking of it.

"Are you indeed thinking of it deeply? Does it require so much consideration?" she had demanded.

"Yes, believe me, I am considering it deeply."

On the momentous day, when he came home oppressed by utter lassitude and despair, as described, it chanced that she spoke to him again. She had, up to that time, preserved a very long silence. They had only their own company at dinner, Mrs. Clinton being absent.

"Papa," began Mrs. Varemberg.

Her father knew at once what was coming, and he evaded her large and earnest eyes, which were raised appealingly to his.

"I did not think I should have to be the one to speak first," she said, "but a week has now passed since you became mayor; the condition upon which you insisted is fulfilled, and yet — and yet" — She arose before she added more, and, coming in a coaxing way around to his side of the table, rested her hand on his

shoulder. "And yet," she went on, "you say nothing of the subject that is the nearest and dearest to the heart of Paul and myself."

He affected at first not quite to know what she was talking about.

"I mean your promise, papa, that you would decide as soon as you were elected. Paul and I have been waiting so patiently. Will you not let me send him word of your favorable answer to-day? I know you have been doing all this only to try us a little, to see if we are really earnest in our affection."

David Lane was suffering the tortures of the damned. He repulsed her caressing hand from his shoulder almost rudely, arose, moved back from his chair in a staggering, almost stupefied way, and then, collecting his faculties, said, "Yes, I recall the matter now. Well, I have decided against it. I cannot consent."

"You cannot consent?" Mrs. Varemberg murmured, trembling, incredulous.

"I cannot give my approval to your marriage with Paul Barclay."

"Oh, what is this? What does it all mean?" she gasped, irrelevantly.

He seemed to feel it necessary to give some answer, and, casting about, he found a wretched excuse.

"He was opposed to my election. I — I have it from the very best authority."

And he proceeded to cite the episode, reported by Ives Wilson, of Barclay's having refused to browbeat his men to his own way of voting.

"I have heard that story, too. I honor him, rather, as you would once have done, for having been one of the few to resist political corruption, even in his own interest. For your interest was his. Was he not one of your strongest supporters? What would you have done without him, in the contest?"

"Perhaps I am harsh, unrelenting, but I have made up my mind. I — I cannot forgive him."

"Forgive him? May Heaven forgive

you all the harm you have done us both," rejoined his daughter, with a noble indignation and contempt, and she prepared to withdraw from the room. "I call you no longer my father. I do not know what your motives can be, but my father would never have acted so. Let this be my farewell. I shall leave your house as soon as is possible."

"Where will you go? What will you do?" he demanded in alarm, aroused to his full faculties, as an intoxicated man is often sobered by some sudden shock.

"I do not know. I will place myself under honorable protection, and when a suitable time has expired I will marry Paul Barclay."

"Will you go to him without money, — if I give you none? Will you throw yourself as a burden upon him?"

She was staggered a moment by this consideration, but, recovering herself, she answered, —

"Yes; he loves me. He alone of all the world wishes me well; to him alone my happiness is dear. He will not look at it so."

"Florence!" cried David Lane, and this time he stretched out his arms towards her pleadingly. She had opposed to him at last an obstinacy and hardness of heart equal to his own. This unnatural casting off by his own daughter wholly unnerved and broke him down. "This from you," he said, — "my darling, my child, the one always so dear to me; you whom I held in my arms as a baby, whom I nursed through sickness; you who made me the confidant of all your joys and troubles, who were always so sure of my affection, as you must be sure of it even now?"

"Then why, papa? then why, papa?" she asked, incoherently. She was easily touched, and quick to forgiveness and reconciliation.

David Lane then had the impulse to tell her all of his sad story. But he

only exclaimed again, much as he had on a former occasion, —

"I must have yet a little time. Wait till you see me again. To-morrow — perhaps it will be different. Oh, I assure you, you shall have reasons to-morrow."

The die was cast. No more vacillations, no more shilly-shally. He had determined once for all that his attempt at freedom should be carried into effect that very night.

When all the other public officials had left the city hall that afternoon, the conscientious new mayor was still at his office, and apparently plunged up to the eyes in the mass of unfinished business there accumulated.

He was still immersed in it, when the janitor made his rounds to close up the building, towards ten o'clock. That round functionary put his head in once more in a deferential way, at eleven o'clock, having waited up expressly an hour later than usual to see if anything might be wanted of him.

"No, no, Klopp, don't mind me," returned David Lane cheerily. "I'll probably be through in a few minutes. Go to bed. I'll let myself out by the small door. And, in any event, don't let me give you the least bit of trouble."

"He's a pretty good feller, and a hard-workin' feller for mayor, zure," soliloquized Klopp to himself.

He gladly availed himself of the permission accorded him, and after banging a door or two and rattling a great poker in the vicinity of the furnaces, in the regions below-stairs, he was soon snoring in the midst of his family, who occupied with him the quarters assigned them in the basement.

For perhaps an hour longer the mayor bent over his official tasks. He paused from time to time, to listen. Finally he swept his papers aside, rose, and began to pace the floor, pressing a hand upon his heart, as to check its ac-

celerated beatings. He had already drawn the shades and tightly closed the shutters of the apartment, that no curious eye, if any were so disposed, might look in upon his proceedings. He now took from their place of deposit the tools he had prepared, an array of sharp-cutting drills and saws, unhooked the new grappling-ladder from the high shelf, and lighted and extinguished once or twice a small dark lantern, to see that it was in working order.

Then he divested himself of a part of his clothing and put on shoes of listing, for greater celerity and stealthiness in his proposed movements. Thus partially disrobed, it could be seen that his was indeed no figure for great athletic undertakings. The work before him was of a kind to try even youthful and robust capacity, and he looked, as he was, old and crippled in his joints by his maladies. The excitement of the occasion gave him an unwonted briskness and color, it is true, and he gathered further strength from another source. He drew forth a flask, and took a long pull at it. At the last moment, another. So there! aid from any quarter is welcome in the supreme effort of one's life.

He heard a sudden dash of rain against his windows, followed by the rumble of distant thunder, and immediately after the cathedral clock struck one. The moment for action had come. Rain? So much the better! Under the cover of storm and darkness, his movements must be hidden from any possible observation, his expedition must be doubly secure.

He opened the door of his apartment, and set foot in the corridor without, but, on the instant, stepped back again in affright. The vacant halls seemed full of stealthy whisperings and light footsteps. Surely persons were stealing along there to spy upon him. A dread haunted him of some ghostly circle of witnesses gathered around the balcony of the rotunda of the central dome, and waiting

to flash a full light of recognition upon him and break out into jeers and laughter at his attempt, the moment he had fairly set forth. He stood for some time within, listening with painful intentness. At last he made sure that all this was but the sound of the rain and the draughts of air which wandered uninterrupted at night through the empty spaces of the great city hall, deserted by all its human occupants.

Thereupon he set forth with a renewed confidence. He passed in turn the office doors of the comptroller, the tax commissioner, the treasurer. What would his trusty subordinate functionaries have thought of him, their mayor, could they have but seen him thus, gliding by like some phantom of the night? He recalled the story of that German burgomaster, who was wont to prowl in the dark over the roofs of the houses, armed with a long knife, committing robberies and murders, and the next day, in his staid official capacity, would conduct the inquiries as to the best means of seizing the assassins. He likened himself to him, and apprehended a similar exposure. He had to sit down and rest several times, overcome with fatigue, as he mounted the principal staircase.

"An old, old man!" he would murmur; but it was in a patient, almost mechanical way now, and with no thought of relinquishing his undertaking.

Once arrived in the upper stories, he breathed more freely; the danger of any personal encounter, at least, seemed here got rid of. He gave himself, too, a fuller benefit of his lantern than he had hitherto dared to do. Once, however, he hastily dashed the dark slide across it, and crouched against the wall, while his heart leaped into his mouth with terror. He was on the secondary staircase, which he had partially mounted, and distinctly heard what seemed a step coming down it. Who could it be?

Who could possibly be abroad there at such an hour? Was it perhaps one of Klopp's children, dispatched thither on some unheard-of errand? Was it some somnambulist, walking in those regions in his sleep? Was it an apparition? Old superstitious stories of his childhood, in which he did not in the least believe, came back to David Lane, and for the nonce took a certain reality.

The footstep still came downward, dropping from stair to stair with, as it were, an uncertain sort of tread. The presence, whatever it was, was close at hand, was passing him. He struck out, in uncontrollable affright, in the direction whence it sounded, and encountered nothing. But at the same moment a leaping and tumbling as of some animal was heard below him, and, flashing his dark lantern, he saw a large rat. It had been coming down with a billet of wood, which was attached to a scrap of leather, and, being discovered, it scurried precipitately away to one of the great dusty attics at the side. He had had no surplus of force to stand such useless drains upon it, but he soon collected himself, and climbed on.

At the balcony where he had once held his interview with Paul Barclay, he stopped a moment, to look out upon the night. It was raining steadily, and the darkness was even thicker than he could have desired. Thence onward again, passing through a minor door or two, which he opened with duplicate keys and locked behind him, to a region where dust and cobwebs were rarely disturbed. Thence up lengths of ladder-like stairway, up a spiral one twining interminably round a central post, and, at length, a steep ladder, which ended at the small trap door through which he must make his final exit upon the dome. He painfully climbed this last, once to throw open the trap door, and again to bring up his scaling-ladder and general budget.

At this point, he stood with his head

and shoulders — the rain falling upon him unhindered — projecting through a small opening in the roof of the cupola which surmounted the principal dome. He was just above the level of its cornice, which constituted a flat ledge of considerable width. Above him, close at hand, but raised a considerable distance still, by her globular base, towered the long-sought Golden Justice.

David Lane thrilled at the strange proximity, and it was some time before he could exert himself to find a safe place for his effects, on the cornice. Next, raising himself by means of his hands and arms, he accomplished the feat — that would have seemed all but incredible to disabilities like his — of climbing out through the opening, and stretching himself briefly at rest beside his traps. The cathedral clock beside him in the air struck two, — he had consumed an hour in making the ascent. He had been drenched to the skin in the very first few moments, and the ledge where he lay would have required steady nerves to remain comfortably upon it even in broad daylight.

He delayed only for a short breathing space, but soon planted his scaling-ladder against the foot of the statue, catching its hooks in the folds of the drapery as best he could. The wind and rain beat violently upon him as he mounted it, as if in remonstrance, just as wild birds beat back with their wings some bold marauder who has climbed to rifle their nests.

The ladder slipped a trifle, but caught again, and, in this instant, he had a paralyzed sense or vision of himself, found, the next morning, dashed to pieces on the roofs below, with the paraphernalia of his mission about him. He saw the profound sensation he created among his neighbors, and could even forecast the columns of moving description, accompanied by diagrams in illustration, in which the newspapers — the Index in particular — would indulge. He ar-

rived safely, nevertheless, at the base of the statue. Examining it with his lantern, he found, as well as his memory could serve him, after the lapse of so many years, the vicinity of the place where the paper had been sealed up. Steadying himself more firmly on the top round of the ladder, he began his search. He first effected an opening through the metal, and then began to enlarge this with his chisels and saws. He thought well to give the edges of the opening an irregular and ragged appearance.

"Should investigation ever arise," he said to himself, "the cut will be attributed to the lightning."

His saw presently ran against a stout brace inside the metal sheathing. It incommoded him greatly, in the section he was trying to cut out, and, unable to avoid it, he at length cut squarely across it, dividing it. From time to time, as he wrought, an illuminating flash of lightning showed him the city, spread out far below his dizzy height, and anon the darkness swallowed it up again, as if it had been only a vision. By turns his hand seemed endowed with an unnatural strength by the stimulus of the reward so near at hand, and again it was all but nerveless and incapable.

A long probe he carried finally struck something hard within, which he knew to be the box containing the documents. The focus of his hopes and fears, the pivotal point of his imagination and his destiny for so long a period, was reached. He had but to stretch forth his hand and grasp the prize. He drew back a little to wipe his brow, braced himself more firmly, and prepared to do so.

But at this very moment his forces failed, and he succumbed to an overpowering sense of exhaustion. Overtasked nature could do no more. If the promised reward had been infinitely greater, he could not have secured it. Hardly knowing how, he slipped and fell, rather than climbed, down his ladder, and lay

supine, more dead than alive, on the narrow cornice ledge once more. The rain still pelted him, but he paid it no heed.

He rose, after a time, and feebly renewed the struggle; but the conviction was remorselessly forced upon him that his labors were vain, and the attempt must be put off to another occasion. By what miracle was it that he was able at last to effect his retreat? He decorously covered, too, all his tracks, taking great pains to hide his ladder and other properties in the vacant attics, where they would be secure from sight. He made his way painfully downward by the same long and devious route, stole as before along the great dark corridors, and entered once more his own office. He was so exhausted by overwhelming fatigue that he had scarce left in his body capacity for any effort, or in his brain for a single lucid idea. Hardly was he there, when, throwing himself down, he was lost in profound slumber.

Paul Barclay, as a means of tiding over the dreary period of his probation, had thrown himself most energetically, of late, into the duties of his new official position. All was arranged between him and Mrs. Varemberg; they belonged to each other, and nothing could ever sunder them, but still they were kept apart. Each day in succession he had hung upon the prospect of hearing some favorable tidings from her, by messenger or word of mouth, and day after day had been disappointed. So long a time had elapsed, what with all these delays, that his private view was that the narrow conventionality which would have prevented the announcement of their engagement to the world, provided they had received the coveted permission, need have little further binding force; but this permission was still withheld. Mrs. Varemberg had checked her lover's impatience, more than once, with her appeal: "Let us be wiser than he, dear Paul. It is for a lifetime."

It seemed fair, at least, to await the end of these political complications, but Barclay was vaguely oppressed by fears and premonitions of new forms of evil. He found himself affected by somewhat the same uneasy feeling as the commander who, though successful and sending his squadrons in pursuit of the flying enemy, cannot be wholly sure that the victory may not yet be wrested from him, in some unexpected quarter.

On a certain night in question, he had returned to his lodging at a late hour. He was fatigued with a hard day's work in inspecting the scene of proposed street openings in the northern part of the town, and had more of the same awaiting him on the morrow, but he was unable to sleep. To relieve his wakefulness, he arose at various intervals, and read and wrote awhile, or meditatively paced the floor. It so happened, on this account, that he was at the window of his chamber towards the hour of three in the morning. He threw up the sash, though it was raining heavily, and looked forth into the night, to cool the fever in his head. He said to himself complainingly that there was something oppressive and portentous in the atmosphere, something sultry even in the rain. He distinctly felt currents of air blow alternately warm and cool on his face. There had been many things, in fact, rather abnormal about the current season. There had been not only a peculiar spring, but a peculiar summer as well. Nothing, he thought, seemed any longer as it used to be. For instance, there had been, of late, eclipses, solar and lunar, and extraordinary auroral displays. A large, greenish meteor had passed over, and burst with a loud report. Tornadoes were noted in the lower part of the State, considerably out of their usual course. Fortunately, they never came to Keewaydin. These portents, it may be said, in passing, seemed to warm the

very cockles of the heart of old Fahrenstock. That veteran workman appeared almost gleeful in the conviction that the world was now coming to its end, in very short order, albeit he was himself enjoying the most comfortable existence he had ever known, in the little cottage at White-Fish Bay, to which he had been assisted by Paul Barclay.

But of Fahrenstock more anon. As Barclay now looked from his window, raising his eyes aloft, he all at once fancied he saw something like gleams of reddish light playing about the base of the *Golden Justice*. It was not lightning: it was much too feeble and too deliberate, even while it was fitful, for that. He had looked out at the time when David Lane was cautiously availing himself of his dark lantern.

"Can it be electric fires? Is the air so full of electricity as that?" speculated Barclay.

The storm centre was moving hither. There came presently some flashes of real lightning,—flashes of an unusually vivid sort, that made all the raindrops glitter on the background of the night like a shower of falling diamonds. Its illumination showed, too, the little park across the way, and the city hall in every detail. The statue on its dome was as effulgent as at noonday; and then,—strange illusion!—there was the figure of a man with a ladder, crouched darkly at the foot of it. Barclay rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and waited for new flashes. He took up his field-glass, which lay conveniently at hand, and devoted himself to a steady examination. For a little time, by the fitful illuminations, the shape seemed still there; and, stranger yet, wilder yet (was there ever a madder conceit?), it had a far-off resemblance to David Lane. The coruscations of lightning grew farther apart, as Barclay watched and scanned so eagerly. The sky cleared somewhat behind the statue, and aided the view; but now, rub his eyes as he would, he could

see nothing further of the figure; it had disappeared.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, turning away. "It was some deceptive trick of the light, or of my own imagination."

He soon went back to bed, and, to make up for his late vigils, he slept heavily in the morning, and did not awake till an advanced hour. He had a drive of considerable extent before him, to inspect, as member of the aldermanic committee, a right of way to be acquired for the purpose of bringing in a small, clear lake at the northward, to be added to the water supply of the city. Just as he had completed his preparations for it, a message was brought him from Mrs. Varemberg, anxiously worded, and asking him to come to her as soon as possible. He accordingly drove to her house before he should set out upon his expedition.

Meanwhile, the rosy-fingered Aurora of the ancients, and the less rosy-fingered hours of the later morning as well, had looked in upon David Lane, and passed over his lethargic slumbers without awaking him. When he again set foot in the corridors of the city hall all the ordinary business of the day had long been in progress. There might even have been some heavy knocks at his door, and fumbling by the janitor with his duplicate key, but he had not heard them. The bustling corridors showed no trace of what had passed through them the night before like a bad dream. Lane himself could hardly have believed it. But its reality was impressed upon him anew, when, evading the demands that presented themselves to his attention, he went forth, and again looked up at the Golden Justice. His head was yet heavy, and he was sore in all his bones. The hard ordeal was to be repeated.

"Courage!" he tried to say to himself bravely. "The prize is so nearly won, and this is to be the end of it all."

He sent home word that he had

passed the night at his office at the city hall, and was still detained by a press of important business. Not precisely rejoicing like a strong man to run his race, he yet proceeded to treat himself like an athlete in training. He breakfasted at the Telson House, took a warm bath later on, and then proceeded to the office kept in the town for his private business. He locked himself in there, and went to sleep again; and, thus refreshed, finally returned, in the afternoon, to his duties as mayor, to await the opportunity for his new attempt. It was his intention to go no more to his own household and not to face his daughter again till the deed was done. Then he should meet with her on a far different footing.

Mrs. Varemberg tearfully related to Barclay, when he reached her, the interview at which we have assisted. She had conceived a harrowing new fear, arising from her father's conduct throughout, and especially from the circumstances attending his last agitated departure from the house.

"Surely no one in his right mind would act so," she said. "It is not like him. I hardly dare tell you what I dread. His bodily infirmities, the election, all these heavy burdens he has chosen to take upon himself — Oh, he is, he must be, very ill. I cannot but think, terrible as it is to have to suggest it to you, or to admit it to myself, that his faculties are failing, and may already be permanently overthrown. Will you not go to him? Perhaps you can ascertain his condition. He passed the night at his office at the city hall, and has not returned."

"He passed the night at the city hall?" said Barclay, echoing her words.

"Yes," she returned. "Ah, you see I was right to be alarmed. Will you not go and try to do something to keep him from such extremes?"

But Barclay was thinking of his vis-

ion or hallucination of the night before. It was a startling coincidence, to say the least. He was all but on the point of telling her the whole story, but something checked it on his lips. Could it be that David Lane was insane, and the most mystic and desperate of somnambulists? No, that figment of the night was too utter a piece of folly in every aspect, and he dismissed it from his mind.

Nor was he greatly disposed to share her misgivings as to her father's sanity. His bitterness—ready, finally, to break over all bounds—attributed it rather to the prejudice of which he had so long been the object.

The matter upon which Barclay was bound held him in an exacting way to its performance. It was one that could not be neglected. But after that was over, upon his return, he would endure no more shilly-shally, suspense, persecution, in the principal affair of his life. The election was over; filial deference had already been carried to the most punctilious extreme; the time for decided and vigorous action was at hand.

"Can you not come with me?" he asked. "We have so much to talk over together, all our future to plan."

In the midst of their deliberations a new message arrived from David Lane, to say that he was quite well; that he need not be expected to dine or sup at home that day, but no one was to have a moment's uneasiness on his account. The entirely sane and easy character of the wording decided Mrs. Varemberg.

"I will go with you," she said.

The conveyance of Barclay was exchanged for that of Mrs. Varemberg, and Castor and Pollux once more drew them. Mrs. Clinton, who dared not object, though—even kept in the dark as she was to the graver aspects of the affair—she thought she ought to, said, with a feeble half affability, that perhaps they would see something of Mrs. Radbrook's out-of-door *fête* at Ingebrand's on the Lake.

It was very long since the couple had been out together, and they were now soon bowling along the pleasant upper country roads, much in their old way.

William Henry Bishop.

WOOD-FEARS.

UNLESS we live in the country the woods play but a small part in our lives. We see them only in the summer holidays, perhaps not even then; we become as strangers to their beauty, and for longer or shorter periods forget to think of them. And yet, aside from all physical consequences, what a dreary world it would be, were there no forests! Our thought would be parched and restless, and, so to speak, without eyelids. The busiest and most persistently urban among us would lose an horizon restful to the eye, a curtain of green and peaceful recollections.

To the wild creatures who inhabit it the wood is full of terrors. It is at once a covert and a snare, a place of refuge and of lurking danger. The tree that shelters the small bird conceals the movements of his enemy, the owl, the squirrel, or the black snake; there is protection beneath the underbrush, but no certitude as to what lies on the other side of its leafage. Everything in the wood appears to be in a perpetual state of watchfulness or of easily routed security. The sparrow by the roadside will accept you for a listener, if you keep within bounds of the auditorium;

transgress them a little, and he measures off another dozen feet to the next post, and begins the concert afresh. The chipmunk, after his first start and scurry, pauses to eye the intruder before slipping into his hole, and the glance is often an assured one. But the wood bird and squirrel have no low curiosity and no desire to be seen; they are up and away at the first alarm. The only birds who are careless of a new presence in the woods are the tiny warblers and fly-catching tribes, who live first floor below the stars and take small note of events in the *rez-de-chaussée*, and the chickadee, who brings in from orchard and pasture a fund of cheerful audacity to be paid out among the shadows.

Do not we ourselves, on entering the wood, take on a certain increase of susceptibility and alertness analogous to this deepened timidity and caution of the birds? Have we no wood-fears? They may be definite and substantial or altogether vague, but I think that most of us have felt some quaver of this innate distrust, this readiness to take alarm in the forest. "See his little breast heave," I once said, pointing out to a startled maiden a chipmunk, who, in the flurry of his own terror, had been the cause of hers. "I don't wonder at it," she replied fervently. "Mine does." There are all degrees of this sensitiveness, according to the fineness or cultivation of the imagination. There are people who suspect every unfamiliar leaf or berry of malicious intent to poison them, who will hardly pluck a flower without challenge, and are more wary of drinking at a mountain stream than of imbibing the filtered liquid which usurps the name of water in the city. And country people have more shrinkings and small superstitions, albeit of a homelier and more absolvable sort, than the most urban of excursionists. The children, on returning from a day's berrying, or "plumming," as they quaintly call it in some parts, report of

hearing a bear in the forest border, and are half convinced that their escape to the sunlight has been a narrow one. Toads and snakes are not looked upon with more favor by those nearest to their haunts. What a venerable cult is that fear of snakes! It is as old as the oldest religion; it is so wide-spread that we can almost call it universal, and has roots so deep that it is impossible to tell whether they are fastened in instinct or in tradition. The fact that it is shared by birds and other animals points to the former source; but if the feeling had not its rise in tradition, it has certainly been among the most potent factors in creating it. The vivid emeralds and harmonious wood-tints of the snake, his patterned spots and stripes, his reproduction in almost every movement of Hogarth's line of beauty, win for him no admiration. Even his innocence is no shield to him; the world will not be brought to believe it. Take away his fangs and reduce him to a puny size, the aversion he inspires is there all the same, illogical yet ineradicable.

Thus it is with the majority of the sensations which I term wood-fears. Apart from all vulgar, tangible apprehension of being bitten or stung, there exist a host of tiny intangible "fear-lets," which tease our imaginations or lurk unsuspected in the background of our consciousness. Alone in the forest, we listen and keep a lookout; there is a course to be shaped; we are alive to every whisper; we startle the partridge, and are startled by him in turn. An unexplained noise has everywhere an unfriendly sound, and under the trees noises do not so readily explain themselves as in the open country. The very screams and bellowings of the farm-yard, familiar as they are, sound new and unaccountable when heard at intervals across a wooded ridge or valley. Sometimes it is the creaking and sighing of the boughs; the tree-tops, on a windy day, give forth unearthly

moans. I have found the cause of a recurrent and perplexing cry in a rude instrument formed by the crossing of two branches, of which the one sawed upon the other like a violin bow drawn across a string. Both bow and string, stout and tough of fibre, were worn and polished by long practice of that solitary note. Even the lightest wood has its hushed twitterings, its vanishings and inexplicable rustlings.

"The copse-depths into little noises start."

I remember as a child being made curious, then awed, and gradually frightened by a low sound resembling a gentle, regular breathing, which proceeded from under an alder-bush on the edge of a swampy thicket. I drew nearer and peeped in. The only live thing visible was a brown thrush, who indeed was skulking away, as if caught in the act; but I knew that was only his usual conscious, embarrassed air, and refused to suspect him of any connection with the disturbance. No other culprit appeared, and yet the even respirations continued, till my courage, like that of Bob Acres, oozed away, and I fled, not from an apparition, but from a vibration.

More appalling than any sound is the silence and lonesomeness of the deep forest. One is haunted by the antiquity which is symbolized in long moss beards, and which lies visible all around in huge decaying trees, the unburied ancestors of the monarchs who are still standing strong in their girth of rings. It suggests the Palæozoic era and the formation of coal to see those great trunks, hewn down by time and tempest, half sunken in the earth, and already perhaps many seasons on in the existence which is theirs after death. Covered with mosses and bright fungi, they seem still half sentient and more wrought upon by age than the coal itself, which has forgotten and become inorganic so long ago that years do not count. Among those aged generations the mountain climber is an

anachronism as well as an intruder, and is confronted at every step by the question what he doth there. Time has put obstacles in his way: to make any progress, he must clamber over logs, tack around bowlders, and avoid impenetrable places. There silence reigns, with a break now and then, which leaves it to settle again deeper than before. Even so busy and cheerful a sound as the woodpecker's hammer divides and intensifies the stillness with a certain solemnity.

In ancient days of superstition the croaking of a raven foreboded ill-hap. If there were an index expurgatory of New England birds, the jay, for all his heavenly plumage, would have to be placed in it. There are few bird notes more weird than that high scream of his, heard in the autumn across the brown fields or through the arches of the pine grove. It rings through all the aisles, making the quietude like a hush of apprehension.

There are moments when, on entering the woods, one seems to have broken in upon some high festivity of Nature. A few hours before, in the same spot, life was suspended; one could walk from end to end of the wood path and hear not a breath, detect no movement save of noiseless insects or a little leaf-hued frog, in complexion like his carpet. That was at the noontide solstice, when a rose-colored light filtered through broad leaves, and one could fancy siestas in progress behind the jealousies of green. But later in the day what groupings and activities! Squirrels start and scuttle off, thrushes beat a hasty retreat through the underbrush, partridges spring up with a sudden rustle of fright and indignation, and go whirring away in loud protest. You have disturbed the wood-gods at their feast, the fairies at a gathering, and your sense of intrusion is stronger than when you walked through the empty halls while they slept. There is something in these sylvan scat-

terings which suggests almost irresistibly the breaking-up of a fairy dance or a flight of shy nymphs. In early morning such interruptions give hints of a whole night of revelry, and tempt us to believe a little in "the good people," and half regret their banishment from power. The pale nymphs dancing at dawn, in a landscape of Corot's, — are they not formed from the dawn itself, from the first shafts and glimmerings of light on the forest's edge? And may not myths have been evolved in the same manner?

But of all imaginations that have peopled the woods, Shakespeare has most exquisitely fitted his creations into their shadows and sun-flecks, their green glades and nooks. Mr. Burroughs, in one of his delightful papers on the natural history of the poets, has paid tribute to the wonderful accuracy of Shakespeare's incidental characterizations of birds and plants. But beyond this intimate knowledge of herb and songster and creeping thing, there is in his outdoor comedies a breadth of greenery, a sense of the manifold harmonies and repose of the forest, a consciousness of its many tints and meanings. The oaks spread lovingly over Rosalind and the flowers grow about Perdita. Their speech does not disturb the quiet, nor

ring false among the boughs. They jest and love; they were born in courts and must return thither; yet they belong to the greenwood, and we are never quite reconciled to seeing them on the stage. To find Shakespeare face to face, however, with the woods and the sky, we turn to *The Tempest*. I have always had a fancy that in this play, as in the *Sonnets*, the poet "unlocked his heart," but that time or our own dullness has sealed it again. *The Tempest* seems to me more indicative of our relations to Nature than any other writing. We see in it her terrors, her beauty, and her inscrutableness. We are wrought upon by a spell; but submit to it reverently, and it is a kindly spell, while all our counter-spells and petty insubordinations dash themselves against it and end in failure. I have often questioned whether these paltry fears and startings in the woods are not punishments, marks of a departure from Nature and cessation of familiar intimate intercourse with her. But read in the light of *The Tempest*, they may be partly signs of election; calls to reverence and to wholesome fear; reminders of the mystery which lies about us, and which we are apt to forget in the sunlight, though it is there in its solemnity no less than in the shadow.

Sophia Kirk.

THE WOOD-THRUSH.

WHAT is it you are whispering, solemn woods?

What hide and hint ye, slopes of sombre green,

Whose dark reflections blur the crimson sheen

Of the lake's mirror, whereon sunset broods,

Trance-like and tender? Speechless, conscious moods

Are yours, ye purple mountain shapes, that lean

Out of Day's dying glory. What may mean

This stillness, through whose veil no thought intrudes

With earth-shod feet? Can any voice unfold

The tremulous secret of an hour like this,

So burdened with unutterable bliss?

Oh, hush! oh, hear the soul of twilight sing!

One poet knows this mystery. Everything

The landscape dreamed of has the wood-thrush told!

Lucy Larcom.

THE GERMS OF NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHILE the events we have heretofore contemplated seemed to prophesy the speedy dissolution and downfall of the half-formed American Union, a series of causes, obscure enough at first, but emerging gradually into distinctness and then into prominence, were preparing the way for the foundation of a national sovereignty. The growth of this sovereignty proceeded stealthily along such ancient lines of precedent as to take ready hold of people's minds, although few, if any, understood the full purport of what they were doing. Ever since the days when our English forefathers dwelt in village communities in the forests of northern Germany, the idea of a common land or folkland—a territory belonging to the whole community, and upon which new communities might be organized by a process analogous to what physiologists call cell-multiplication—had been perfectly familiar to everybody. Townships budded from village or parish folkland in Maryland and Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, just as they had done in England before the time of Alfred. The critical period of the Revolution witnessed the repetition of this process on a gigantic scale. It witnessed the creation of a national territory beyond the Alleghanies,—an enormous folkland in which all the thirteen old States had a common interest, and upon which new and derivative communities were already beginning to organize themselves. Questions about public lands are often

regarded as the driest of historical dead-wood. Discussions about them in newspapers and magazines belong to the class of articles which the general reader usually skips. Yet there is a great deal of the philosophy of history wrapped up in this subject, and it now comes to confront us at a most interesting moment; for without studying this creation of a national domain between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, we cannot understand how our Federal Union came to be formed.

When England began to contend with France and Spain for the possession of North America, she made royal grants of land upon this continent, in royal ignorance of its extent and configuration. But until the Seven Years' War the eastward and westward partitioning of these grants was of little practical consequence; for English dominion was bounded by the Alleghanies, and everything beyond was in the hands of the French. In that most momentous war the genius of the elder Pitt won the region east of the Mississippi for men of English race, while the vast territory of Louisiana, beyond, passed under the control of Spain. During the Revolutionary War, we have seen how the State of Virginia took military possession of a great part of the wilderness east of the Mississippi, founding towns in the Ohio and Cumberland valleys, and occupying with garrisons of her state militia the posts at Cahokia, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes. We have also

seen how, through the skill of our commissioners at Paris, this noble country was secured for the Americans in the treaty of 1783, in spite of the reluctance of France and the hostility of Spain. Throughout the Revolutionary War the Americans claimed the territory as part of the United States; but when once it passed from under the control of Great Britain, into whose hands did it go? To whom did it belong? To this question there were various and conflicting answers. North Carolina, indeed, had already taken possession of what was afterward called Tennessee, and at the beginning of the war Virginia had annexed Kentucky. As to these points there could be little or no dispute. But with the territory north of the Ohio River it was very different. Four States laid claim either to the whole or to parts of this territory, and these claims were not simply conflicting, but irreconcilable.

The charters of Massachusetts and Connecticut were framed at a time when people had not got over the notion that this part of the continent was not much wider than Mexico, and accordingly these colonies had received the royal permission to extend from sea to sea. The existence of a foreign colony of Dutchmen in the neighborhood was a trifle about which these documents did not trouble themselves; but when Charles II. conquered this colony and bestowed it upon his brother, the province of New York became a stubborn fact, which could not be disregarded. Massachusetts and Connecticut peaceably settled their boundary line with New York, and laid no claims to land within the limits of that State; but they still continued to claim what lay beyond it, as far as the Mississippi River, where the Spanish dominion now began. The regions claimed by Massachusetts have since become the southern halves of the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. The region claimed by Con-

necticut was a narrow strip running over the northern portions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; and we have seen how much trouble was occasioned in Pennsylvania by this circumstance.

But New York laughed to scorn these claims of Connecticut. In the seventeenth century all the Algonquin tribes between Lake Erie and the Cumberland Mountains had become tributary to the Iroquois; and during the hundred years' struggle between France and England for the supremacy of this continent the Iroquois had put themselves under the protection of England, which thenceforth always treated them as an appurtenance to New York. For a hundred years before the Revolution, said New York, she had borne the expense of protecting the Iroquois against the French, and by various treaties she had become lawful suzerain over the Six Nations and their lands and the lands of their Algonquin vassals. On such grounds New York claimed pretty much everything north of the Ohio and east of the Miami.

But according to Virginia, it made little difference what Massachusetts and Connecticut and New York thought about the matter, for every acre of land, from the Ohio River up to Lake Superior, belonged to her. Was not she the lordly "Old Dominion," out of which every one of the States had been carved? Even Cape Cod and Cape Ann were said to be in "North Virginia," until, in 1614, Captain John Smith invented the name "New England." It was a fair presumption that any uncarved territory belonged to Virginia; and it was further held that the original charter of 1609 used language which implicitly covered the northwestern territory, though, as Thomas Paine showed, in a pamphlet entitled *Public Good*, this was very doubtful. But besides all this, it was Virginia that had actually conquered the disputed territory, and held

every military post in it except those which the British had not surrendered; and who could doubt that possession was nine points in the law?

Of these conflicting claims, those of New York and Virginia were the most grasping and the most formidable, because they concerned a region into which immigration was beginning rapidly to pour. They were regarded with strong disfavor by the small States, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, which were so situated that they never could expand in any direction. They looked forward with dread to a future in which New York and Virginia might wax powerful enough to tyrannize over their smaller neighbors. But of these protesting States it was only Maryland that fairly rose to the occasion, and suggested an idea which seemed startling at first, but from which mighty and unforeseen consequences were soon to follow.¹ It was on the 15th of October, 1777, just two days before Burgoyne's surrender, that this path-breaking idea first found expression in Congress. The articles of confederation were then just about to be presented to the several States to be ratified, and the question arose as to how the conflicting western claims should be settled. A motion was then made that "the United States in Congress assembled shall have the sole and exclusive right and power to ascertain and fix the western boundary of such States as claim to the Mississippi, . . . and lay out the land beyond the boundary so ascertained into separate and independent States, from time to time, as the numbers and circumstances of the people may require." To carry out such a motion, it would be necessary for the four claimant States to surrender their claims into the hands of the United States, and thus create a

domain which should be owned by the confederacy in common. So bold a step towards centralization found no favor at the time. No other State but Maryland voted for it.

But Maryland's course was well considered: she pursued it resolutely, and was rewarded with complete success. By February, 1779, all the other States had ratified the articles of confederation. In the following May, Maryland declared that she would not ratify the articles until she should receive some definite assurance that the northwestern territory should become the common property of the United States, "subject to be parceled out by Congress into free, convenient, and independent governments." The question, thus boldly brought into the foreground, was earnestly discussed in Congress and in the state legislatures, until in February, 1780, partly through the influence of General Schuyler, New York decided to cede all her claims to the western lands. This act of New York set things in motion, so that in September Congress recommended to all States having western claims to cede them to the United States. In October, Congress, still pursuing the Maryland idea, went farther, and declared that all such lands as might be ceded should be sold in lots to immigrants and the money used for federal purposes, and that in due season distinct States should be formed there, to be admitted into the Union, with the same rights of sovereignty as the original thirteen States. As an inducement to Virginia, it was further provided that any State which had incurred expense during the war in defending its western possessions should receive compensation. To this general invitation Connecticut immediately responded by offering to cede everything to which she laid claim, except 6,000,000 the admirable Johns Hopkins University Studies in History and Politics. I am indebted to Mr. Adams for many valuable suggestions.

¹ This subject has been treated in a masterly manner by Mr. H. B. Adams, in an essay on Maryland's Influence upon Land Cessions to the United States, published in the Third Series of

acres on the southern shore of Lake Erie, which she wished to reserve for educational purposes. Washington disapproved of this reservation, but it was accepted by Congress, though the business was not completed until 1786. This part of the State of Ohio is still commonly spoken of as the "Connecticut Reserve." Half a million acres were given to citizens of Connecticut whose property had been destroyed in the British raids upon her coast towns, and the rest was sold, in 1795, for \$1,200,000, in aid of schools and colleges.

In January, 1781, Virginia offered to surrender all the territory northwest of the Ohio, provided that Congress would guarantee her in the possession of Kentucky. This gave rise to a discussion which lasted nearly three years, until Virginia withdrew her proviso and made the cession absolute. It was accepted by Congress on the 1st of March, 1784, and on the 19th of April, in the following year, — the tenth anniversary of Lexington, — Massachusetts surrendered her claims; and the whole north-western territory — the area of the great States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio (excepting the Connecticut Reserve) — thus became the common property of the half-formed nation. Maryland, however, did not wait for this. As soon as New York and Virginia had become thoroughly committed to the movement, she ratified the articles of confederation, which thus went into operation on the 1st of March, 1781.

This acquisition of a common territory speedily led to results not at all contemplated in the theory of union upon which the articles of confederation were based. It led to "the exercise of national sovereignty in the sense of eminent domain," as shown in the ordinances of 1784 and 1787, and prepared men's minds for the work of the Federal Convention. Great credit is

due to Maryland for her resolute course in setting in motion this train of events. It aroused fierce indignation at the time, as to many people it looked unfriendly to the Union. Some hot-heads were even heard to say that if Maryland should persist any longer in her refusal to join the confederation, she ought to be summarily divided up between the neighboring States, and her name erased from the map. But the brave little State had earned a better fate than that of Poland. When we have come to trace out the results of her action, we shall see that just as it was Massachusetts that took the decisive step in bringing on the Revolutionary War when she threw the tea into Boston Harbor, so it was Maryland that, by leading the way toward the creation of a national domain, laid the corner-stone of our Federal Union. Equal credit must be given to Virginia for her magnanimity in making the desired surrender. It was New York, indeed, that set the praiseworthy example; but New York, after all, surrendered only a shadowy claim, whereas Virginia gave up a magnificent and princely territory of which she was actually in possession. She might have held back and made endless trouble, just as, at the beginning of the Revolution, she might have refused to make common cause with Massachusetts; but in both instances her leading statesmen showed a far-sighted wisdom and a breadth of patriotism for which no words of praise can be too strong. In the later instance, as in the earlier, Thomas Jefferson played an important part. He who in after years, as President of the United States, was destined, by the purchase of Louisiana, to carry our western frontier beyond the Rocky Mountains, had, in 1779, done more than any one else to support the romantic campaign in which General Clark had taken possession of the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. He had much to do with the

generous policy which gave up the greater part of that country for a national domain, and on the very day on which the act of cession was completed he presented to Congress a remarkable plan for the government of the new territory, which was only partially successful because it attempted too much, but the results of which were in many ways notable.

In this plan, known as the Ordinance of 1784, Jefferson proposed to divide the northwestern territory into ten States, or just twice as many as have actually grown out of it. In each of these States the settlers might establish a local government, under the authority of Congress; and when in any one of them the population should come to equal that of the least populous of the original States, it might be admitted into the Union by the consent of nine States in Congress. The new States were to have universal suffrage; they must have republican forms of government; they must pay their shares of the federal debt; they must forever remain a part of the United States; and after the year 1800 negro slavery must be prohibited within their limits. The names of these ten States have afforded much amusement to Jefferson's biographers. In those days the schoolmaster was abroad in the land after a peculiar fashion. Just as we are now in the full tide of that Gothic revival which goes back for its beginnings to Sir Walter Scott; as we admire mediæval things, and try to build our houses after old English models, and prefer words of what people call "Saxon" origin, and name our children Roland and Herbert, or Edith and Winifred, so our great-grandfathers lived in a time of classical revival. They were always looking for precedents in Greek and Roman history; they were just beginning to try to make their wooden houses look like temples, with Doric columns; they preferred words of Latin origin; they

signed their pamphlets "*Brutus*" and "*Lycurgus*," and in sober earnest baptized their children as *Cæsar*, or *Marcellus*, or *Darius*. The map of the United States was just about to bloom forth with towns named *Ithaca* and *Syracuse*, *Corinth* and *Sparta*; and on the Ohio River, opposite the mouth of *Licking Creek*, a city had lately been founded, the name of which was truly portentous. "*Losantiville*" was this wonderful compound, in which the initial *L* stood for "*Licking*," while *os* signified "*mouth*," *anti* "*opposite*," and *vile* "*town*;" and the whole read backwards as "*Town-opposite-mouth-of-Licking*." In 1790 General St. Clair, then governor of the northwestern territory, changed this name to *Cincinnati*, in honor of the military order to which he belonged. With such examples in mind, we may see that the names of the proposed ten States, from which the failure of Jefferson's ordinance has delivered us, illustrated the prevalent taste of the time rather than any idiosyncrasy of the man. The proposed names were *Sylvania*, *Michigania*, *Chersonesus*, *Assenisipia*, *Metropotamia*, *Illinoia*, *Saratoga*, *Washington*, *Polypotamia*, and *Pelispia*.

It was not the nomenclature that stood in the way of Jefferson's scheme, but the wholesale way in which he tried to deal with the slavery question. He wished to hem in the probable extension of slavery by an impassable barrier, and accordingly he not only provided that it should be extinguished in the northwestern territory after the year 1800, but at the same time his anti-slavery ardor led him to try to extend the national domain southward. He did his best to persuade the legislature of Virginia to crown its work by giving up Kentucky to the United States, and he urged that North Carolina and Georgia should also cede their western territories. As for South Carolina, she was shut in between the two neighboring

States in such wise that her western claims were vague and barren. Jefferson would thus have drawn a north-and-south line from Lake Erie down to the Spanish border of the Floridas, and west of this line he would have had all negro slavery end with the eighteenth century. The policy of restricting slavery, so as to let it die a natural death within a narrowly confined area, — the policy to sustain which Mr. Lincoln was elected President in 1860, — was thus first definitely outlined by Jefferson in 1784. It was the policy of forbidding slavery in the national territory. Had this policy succeeded then, it would have been an ounce of prevention worth many a pound of cure. But it failed because of its largeness, because it had too many elements to deal with. For the moment, the proposal to exclude slavery from the northwestern territory was defeated, because of the two-thirds vote required in Congress for any important measure. It got only seven States in its favor, where it needed nine. This defeat, however, was retrieved three years later, when the famous Ordinance of 1787 prohibited slavery forever from the national territory north of the Ohio River. But Jefferson's scheme had not only to deal with the national domain as it was, but also to extend that domain southward to Florida; and in this it failed. Virginia could not be persuaded to give up Kentucky until too late. When Kentucky came into the Union, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, she came as a sovereign State, with all her domestic institutions in her own hands. With the western districts of North Carolina the case was somewhat different, and the story of this region throws a curious light upon the affairs of that disorderly time.

In surrendering her western territory, North Carolina showed praiseworthy generosity. But the frontier settlers were too numerous to be handed about

from one dominion to another, without saying something about it themselves; and their action complicated the matter, until it was too late for Jefferson's scheme to operate upon them. In June, 1784, North Carolina ceded the region since known as Tennessee, and allowed Congress two years in which to accept the grant. Meanwhile, her own authority was to remain supreme there. But the settlers grumbled and protested. Some of them were sturdy pioneers of the finest type, but along with these there was a lawless population of "white trash," ancestors of the peculiar race of men we find to-day in rural districts of Missouri and Arkansas. They were the refuse of North Carolina, gradually pushed westward by the advance of an orderly civilization. Crime was rife in the settlements, and, in the absence of courts, a rough-and-ready justice was administered by vigilance committees. The Cherokees, moreover, were troublesome neighbors, and people lived in dread of their tomahawks. Petitions had again and again gone up to the legislature, urging the establishment of courts and a militia, but had passed unheeded, and now it seemed that the State had withdrawn her protection entirely. The settlers did not wish to have their country made a national domain. If their own State could not protect them, it was quite clear to them that Congress could not. What was Congress, any way, but a roomful of men whom nobody heeded? So these backwoodsmen held a convention in a log cabin at Jonesborough, and seceded from North Carolina. They declared that the three counties between the Bald Mountains and the Holston River constituted an independent State, to which they gave the name of Franklin; and they went on to frame a constitution and elect a legislature with two chambers. For governor they chose John Sevier, one of the heroes of King's Mountain, a man of Huguenot ancestry, and such daunt-

less nature that he was generally known as the "lion of the border." Having done all this, the seceders, in spite of their small respect for Congress, sent a delegate to that body, requesting that the new State of Franklin might be admitted into the Union. Before this business had been completed, North Carolina repealed her act of secession, and warned the backwoodsmen to return to their allegiance. This at once split the new State into two factions: one party wished to keep on as they had now started, the other wished for reunion with North Carolina. In 1786 the one party in each county elected members to represent them in the North Carolina legislature, while the other party elected members of the legislature of Franklin. Everywhere two sets of officers claimed authority, civil dudgeon grew very high, and pistols were freely used. The agitation extended into the neighboring counties of Virginia, where some discontented people wished to secede and join the State of Franklin. For the next two years there was something very like civil war, until the North Carolina party grew so strong that Sevier fled, and the State of Franklin ceased to exist. Sevier was arrested on a warrant for high treason, but he effected an escape, and after men's passions had cooled down his great services and strong character brought him again to the front. He sat in the senate of North Carolina, and in 1796, when Tennessee became a State in the Union, Sevier was her first governor.

These troubles show how impracticable was the attempt to create a national domain in any part of the country which contained a considerable population. The instinct of self-government was too strong to allow it. Any such population would have refused to submit to ordinances of Congress. To obey the parent State or to set up for one's self, — these were the only alternatives

which ordinary men at that time could understand. Experience had not yet ripened their minds for comprehending a temporary condition of semi-independence, such as exists to-day under our territorial governments. The behavior of these Tennessee backwoodsmen was just what might have been expected. The land on which they were living was not common land: it had been appropriated; it belonged to them, and it was for them to make laws for it. Such is the lesson of the short-lived State of Franklin. It was because she perceived that similar feelings were at work in Kentucky that Virginia did not venture to loosen her grasp upon that State until it was fully organized and ready for admission into the Union. It was in no such partly settled country that Congress could do such a thing as carve out boundaries and prohibit slavery by an act of national sovereignty. There remained the magnificent territory north of the Ohio, — an empire in itself, as large as the German Empire, with the Netherlands thrown in, — in which the collective wisdom of the American people, as represented in Congress, might autocratically shape the future; for it was still a wilderness, watched by frontier garrisons, and save for the Indians and the trappers and a few sleepy old French towns on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, there were no signs of human life in all its vast solitude. Here, where there was nobody to grumble or secede, Congress, in 1787, proceeded to carry out the work which Jefferson had outlined three years before.

It is interesting to trace the immediate origin of the famous Ordinance of 1787. At the close of the war General Rufus Putnam, from the mountain village of Rutland in Massachusetts, sent to Congress an outline of a plan for colonizing the region between Lake Erie and the Ohio with veterans of the army, who were well fitted to protect the border against Indian attacks. The land

was to be laid out in townships six miles square, "with large reservations for the ministry and schools;" and by selling it to the soldiers at a merely nominal price, the penniless Congress might obtain an income, and at the same time recognize their services in the only substantial way that seemed practicable. Washington strongly favored the scheme, but, in order to carry it out, it was necessary to wait until the cession of the territory by the various claimant States should be completed. After this had been done, a series of treaties were made with the Six Nations, as overlords, and their vassal tribes, the Wyandots, Chippewas, Ottawas, Delawares, and Shawnees, whereby all Indian claims to the lands in question were forever renounced. The matter was then formally taken up by Holden Parsons, of Connecticut, and Rufus Putnam, Manasseh Cutler, Winthrop Sargent, and others, of Massachusetts, and a joint-stock company was formed for the purchase of lands on the Ohio River. A large number of settlers — old soldiers of excellent character, whom the war had impoverished — were ready to go and take possession at once; and in its petition the Ohio company asked for nothing better than that its settlers should be "under the immediate government of Congress in such mode and for such time as Congress shall judge proper." Such a proposal, affording a means at once of replenishing the treasury and satisfying the soldiers, could not but be accepted; and thus were laid the foundations of a State destined within a century to equal in population and far surpass in wealth the whole Union as it was at that time. It became necessary at once to lay down certain general principles of government applicable to the northwestern territory; and the result was the Ordinance of 1787, which was chiefly the work of Edward Carrington and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, and Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, in committee, following

the outlines of a draft which is supposed to have been made by Manasseh Cutler. Jefferson was no longer on the ground, having gone on his mission to Paris, but some of the principles of his proposed Ordinance of 1784 were adopted.

It was provided that the northwestern territory should ultimately be carved into States, not exceeding five in number, and any one of these might be admitted into the Union as soon as its population should reach 60,000. In the mean time, the whole territory was to be governed by officers appointed by Congress, and required to take an oath of allegiance to the United States. Under this government there was to be unqualified freedom of religious worship, and no religious tests should be required of any public official. Intestate property should descend in equal shares to children of both sexes. Public schools were to be established. Suffrage was to be universal, without any property qualification. No law was ever to be made which should impair the obligation of contracts, and it was thoroughly agreed that this provision especially covered and prohibited the issue of paper money. The future States to be formed from this territory could make no laws conflicting with these fundamental principles, nor could any one of them, under any circumstances, ever be separated from the Union. In such wise, the theory of peaceful secession was condemned in advance, so far as it was possible for the federal government to do so. Jefferson's principle, that slavery should not be permitted in the national domain, was also adopted so far as the northwest was concerned; and it is interesting to observe the names of the States which were present in Congress when this clause was added to the ordinance. They were Georgia, the two Carolinas, Virginia, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts; and the vote was unanimous. No one was more active in bringing about this

result than William Grayson, of Virginia, who was earnestly supported by Lee. The action of Virginia and North Carolina at that time need not surprise us. But the movements in favor of emancipation in these two States, and the emancipation actually effected or going on at the North, had already made Georgia and South Carolina extremely sensitive about slavery; and their action on this occasion can be explained only by supposing that they were willing to yield a point in this remote territory, in order by and by to be able to insist upon an equivalent in the case of the territory lying west of Georgia. Nor would they have yielded at all had not a fugitive slave law been enacted, providing that slaves escaping beyond the Ohio should be arrested and returned to their owners. These arrangements having been made, General St. Clair was appointed governor of the territory; surveys were made; land was put up for sale at sixty cents per acre, payable in certificates of the public debt; and settlers rapidly came in. The westward exodus from New England and Pennsylvania now began, and only fourteen years elapsed before Ohio, the first of the five States, was admitted into the Union.

"I doubt," says Daniel Webster, "whether one single law of any law-giver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked, and lasting character than the Ordinance of 1787." Nothing could have been more emphatically an exercise of national sovereignty; yet, as Madison said, while warmly commending the act, Congress did it "without the least color of constitutional authority." The ordinance was never submitted to the States for ratification. The articles of confederation had never contemplated an occasion for such a peculiar assertion of sovereignty. "A great and independent fund of revenue," said Madison, "is passing into the hands of a single body

of men, who can raise troops to an indefinite number, and appropriate money to their support for an indefinite period of time. . . . Yet no blame has been whispered, no alarm has been sounded," even by men most zealous for state rights and most suspicious of Congress. Within a few months this argument was to be cited with telling effect against those who hesitated to accept the Federal Constitution because of the great powers which it conferred upon the general government. Unless you give a government specific powers, commensurate with its objects, it is liable on occasions of public necessity to exercise powers which have not been granted. Avoid the dreadful dilemma between dissolution and usurpation, urged Madison, by clothing the government with powers that are ample but clearly defined. In a certain sense, the action of Congress in 1787 was a usurpation of authority to meet an emergency which no one had foreseen, as in the cases of Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana and Lincoln's emancipation of the slaves. Each of these instances marked, in one way or another, a brilliant epoch in American history, and in each case the public interest was so unmistakable that the people consented and applauded. The theory upon which the Ordinance of 1787 was based was one which nobody could fail to understand, though perhaps no one could have stated it. It was simply the thirteen States, through their delegates in Congress, dealing with the unoccupied national domain as if it were the common land or folkland of a stupendous township.

The vast importance of the lands between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi was becoming more apparent every year, as the westward movement of population went on. But at this time their value was much more clearly seen by the Southern than by the Northern States. In the North the westward emigration was only just beginning to

pass the Alleghanies; in the South, as we have seen, it had gone beyond them several years ago. The Southern States, accordingly, took a much sounder view than the Northern States of the importance to the Union of the free navigation of the Mississippi River. The difference was forcibly illustrated in the dispute with Spain, which came to a crisis in the summer of 1786. It will be remembered that by the treaties which closed the Revolutionary War the provinces of East and West Florida were ceded by England to Spain. West Florida was the region lying between the Appalachicola and the Mississippi rivers, including the southernmost portions of the present States of Alabama and Mississippi. By the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, the northern boundary of this province was described by the thirty-first parallel of latitude; but Spain denied the right of these powers to place the boundary so low. Her troops still held Natchez, and she maintained that the boundary must be placed a hundred miles farther north, starting from the Mississippi at the mouth of the Yazoo River, near the present site of Vicksburg. Now the treaty between Great Britain and the United States contained a secret article, wherein it was provided that if England could contrive to keep West Florida, instead of surrendering it to Spain, then the boundary should start at the Yazoo. This showed that both England and the United States were willing to yield the one to the other a strip of territory which both agreed in withholding from Spain. Presently the Spanish court got hold of the secret article, and there was great indignation. Here was England giving to the Americans a piece of land which she knew, and the Americans knew, was recently a part of West Florida, and therefore belonged to Spain! Castilian grandees went to bed and dreamed of invincible armadas. Congress was promptly informed that,

until this affair should be set right, the Americans need not expect the Spanish government to make any treaty of commerce with them; and furthermore, let no American sloop or barge dare to show itself on the Mississippi below the Yazoo, under penalty of confiscation. When these threats were heard in America, there was great excitement everywhere, but it assumed opposite phases in the North and in the South. The merchants of New York and Boston cared little more about the Mississippi River than about Timbuctoo, but they were extremely anxious to see a commercial treaty concluded with Spain. On the other hand, the backwoodsmen of Kentucky and the State of Franklin cared nothing for the trade on the ocean, but they would not sit still while their corn and their pork were confiscated on the way to New Orleans. The people of Virginia sympathized with the backwoodsmen, but her great statesmen realized the importance of both interests and the danger of a conflict between them.

The Spanish envoy, Gardoqui, arrived in the summer of 1785, and had many interviews with Jay, who was then Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Gardoqui set forth that his royal master was graciously pleased to deal leniently with the Americans, and would confer one favor upon them, but could not confer two. He was ready to enter into a treaty of commerce with us, but not until we should have renounced all claim to the navigation of the Mississippi River below the Yazoo. Here the Spaniard was inexorable. A year of weary argument passed by, and he had not budged an inch. At last, in despair, Jay advised Congress, for the sake of the commercial treaty, to consent to the closing of the Mississippi, but only for twenty-five years. As the rumor of this went abroad among the settlements south of the Ohio, there was an outburst of wrath, to which an incident that now occurred

gave added virulence. A North Carolinian trader, named Amis, sailed down the Mississippi with a cargo of pots and kettles and barrels of flour. At Natchez his boat and his goods were seized by the Spanish officers, and he was left to make his way home afoot through several hundred miles of wilderness. The story of his wrongs flew from one log cabin to another, until it reached the distant northwestern territory. In the neighborhood of Vincennes there were Spanish traders, and one of them kept a shop in the town. The shop was sacked by a band of American soldiers, and an attempt was made to incite the Indians to attack the Spaniards. Indignation meetings were held in Kentucky. The people threatened to send a force of militia down the river and capture Natchez and New Orleans; and a more dangerous threat was made. Should the northeastern States desert them and adopt Jay's suggestion, they vowed they would secede, and throw themselves upon Great Britain for protection. On the other hand, there was great agitation in the seaboard towns of Massachusetts. They were disgusted with the backwoodsmen for making such a fuss about nothing, and with the people of the Southern States for aiding and abetting them; and during this turbulent summer of 1786, many persons were heard to declare that, in case Jay's suggestion should not be adopted, it would be high time for the New England States to secede from the Union, and form a confederation by themselves. The situation was dangerous in the extreme. Had the question been forced to an issue, the Southern States would never have seen their western territories go and offer themselves to Great Britain. Sooner than that, they would have broken away from the Northern States. But New Jersey and Pennsylvania now came over to the Southern side, and Rhode Island, moving in her eccentric orbit, presently

joined them; and thus the treaty was postponed for the present, and the danger averted.

This lamentable dispute was watched by Washington with feelings of gravest concern. From an early age he had indulged in prophetic dreams of the grandeur of the coming civilization in America, and had looked to the country beyond the mountains as the field in which the next generation was to find room for expansion. Few had been more efficient than he in aiding the great scheme of Pitt for overthrowing the French power in America, and he understood better than most men of his time how much that scheme implied. In his early journeys in the wilderness he had given especial attention to the possibilities of water connection between the East and West, and he had bought for himself and surveyed many extensive tracts of land beyond the mountains. The subject was a favorite one with him, and he looked at it from both a commercial and a political point of view. What we most needed, he said in 1770, were easy transit lines between East and West, as "the channel of conveyance of the extensive and valuable trade of a rising empire." Just before resigning his commission in 1783, Washington had explored the route through the Mohawk Valley, afterward taken first by the Erie Canal, and then by the New York Central Railroad, and had prophesied its commercial importance in the present century. Soon after reaching his home at Mount Vernon, he turned his attention to the improvement of intercourse with the West through the valley of the Potomac. The East and West, he said, must be cemented together by interests in common; otherwise they will break asunder. Without commercial intercourse they will cease to understand each other, and will thus be ripe for disagreement. It is easy for mental habits, as well as merchandise, to glide down stream, and the connec-

tions of the settlers beyond the mountains all centre in New Orleans, which is in the hands of a foreign and hostile power. No one can tell what complications may arise from this, argued Washington; "let us bind these people to us by a chain that can never be broken;" and with characteristic energy he set to work at once to establish that line of communication that has since grown into the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and into the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. During the three years preceding the meeting of the Federal Convention he was largely occupied with this work. In 1785 he became president of a company for extending the navigation of the Potomac and James rivers, and the legislature of Virginia passed an act vesting him with one hundred and fifty shares in the stock of the company, in order to testify their "sense of his unexampled merits." But Washington refused the testimonial, and declined to take any pay for his services, because he wished to arouse the people to the importance of the undertaking, and felt that his words would have more weight if he were known to have no selfish interest in it. His sole purpose, as he repeatedly said, was to strengthen the spirit of union by cementing the Eastern and Western regions together. At this time he could ill afford to give his services without pay, for his long absence in war-time had sadly impaired his estate. But such was Washington.

In order to carry out the enterprise of extending the navigation of the Potomac, it became necessary for the two States Virginia and Maryland to act in concert; and early in 1785 a joint commission of the two States met for consultation at Washington's house at Mount Vernon. A compact insuring harmonious coöperation was prepared by the commissioners; and then, as Washington's scheme involved the connection of the head waters of the Po-

tomac with those of the Ohio, it was found necessary to invite Pennsylvania to become a party to the compact. Then Washington took the occasion to suggest that Maryland and Virginia, while they were about it, should agree upon a uniform system of duties and other commercial regulations, and upon a uniform currency; and these suggestions were sent, together with the compact, to the legislatures of the two States. Great things were destined to come from these modest beginnings. Just as in the Yorktown campaign, there had come into existence a multifarious assemblage of events, apparently unconnected with one another, and all that was needed was the impulse given by Washington's far-sighted genius to set them all at work, surging, swelling, and hurrying straight forward to a stupendous result.

Late in 1785, when the Virginia legislature had wrangled itself into imbecility over the question of clothing Congress with power over trade, Madison hit upon an expedient. He prepared a motion to the effect that commissioners from all the States should hold a meeting, and discuss the best method of securing a uniform treatment of commercial questions; but as he was most conspicuous among the advocates of a more perfect union, he was careful not to present the motion himself. Keeping in the background, he persuaded a weaker member—John Tyler, father of the President of that name, a fierce zealot for state rights—to make the motion. The plan, however, was "so little acceptable that it was not then persisted in," and the motion was laid on the table. But Madison knew what was coming from Maryland, and bided his time. After some weeks it was announced that Maryland had adopted the compact made at Mount Vernon concerning jurisdiction over the Potomac. Virginia instantly replied by adopting it also. Then it was suggested, in the

report from Maryland, that Delaware, as well as Pennsylvania, ought to be consulted, since the scheme should rightly include a canal between the Delaware River and the Chesapeake Bay. And why not also consult with these States about a uniform system of duties? If two States can agree upon these matters, why not four? And still further, said the Maryland message, — dropping the weightiest part of the proposal into a subordinate clause, just as women are said to put the quintessence of their letters into the postscript, — might it not be well enough, if we are going to have such a conference, to invite commissioners from all the thirteen States to attend it? An informal discussion can hurt nobody. The conference of itself can settle nothing; and if four States can take part in it, why not thirteen? Here was the golden opportunity. The Madison-Tyler motion was taken up from the table and carried. Commissioners from all the States were invited to meet on the first Monday of September, 1786, at Annapolis, — a safe place, far removed from the influence of that dread tyrant, the Congress, and from wicked centres of trade, such as New York and Boston. It was the governor of Virginia who sent the invitations. It may not amount to much, wrote Madison to Monroe, but “the expedient is better than nothing; and, as the recommendation of additional powers to Congress is within the purview of the commission, it may possibly lead to better consequences than at first occur.”

The seed dropped by Washington had fallen on fruitful soil. At first it was to be just a little meeting of two or three States to talk about the Potomac River and some projected canals, and already it had come to be a meeting of all the States to discuss some uniform system of legislation on the subject of trade. This looked like progress, yet when the convention was gathered at Annapolis, on the 11th of September,

the outlook was most discouraging. Commissioners were there from Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. Massachusetts and New Hampshire, Rhode Island and North Carolina, had duly appointed commissioners, but they were not there. It is curious to observe that Maryland, which had been so earnest in the matter, had nevertheless neglected to appoint commissioners; and no action had been taken by Georgia, South Carolina, or Connecticut. With only five States represented, the commissioners did not think it worth while to go on with their work. But before adjourning they adopted an address, written by Alexander Hamilton, and sent it to all the States. All the commissioners present had been empowered to consider how far a uniform commercial system might be essential to the permanent harmony of the States. But New Jersey had taken a step in advance, and instructed her delegates “to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations *and other important matters* might be necessary to the common interest and permanent harmony of the several States.” *And other important matters*, — thus again was the weightiest part of the business relegated to a subordinate clause. So gingerly was the great question — so dreaded, yet so inevitable — approached! This reference to “other matters” was pronounced by the commissioners to be a vast improvement on the original plan; and Hamilton’s address now urged that commissioners be appointed by all the States, to meet in convention at Philadelphia on the second Monday of the following May, “to devise such further provisions as shall appear to them necessary to render the constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union, and to report to Congress such an act as, when agreed to by them, and confirmed by the legislatures of every State, would effectually provide for the same.”

The report of the commissioners was brought before Congress in October, in the hope that Congress would earnestly recommend to the several States the course of action therein suggested. But Nathan Dane and Rufus King, of Massachusetts, intent upon technicalities, succeeded in preventing this. According to King, a convention was an irregular body, which had no right to propose changes in the organic law of the land, and the state legislatures could not properly confirm the acts of such a body, or take notice of them. Congress was the only source from which such proposals could properly emanate. These arguments were pleasing to the self-love of Congress, and it refused to sanction the plan of the Annapolis commissioners.

In an ordinary season this would perhaps have ended the matter, but the winter of 1786-7 was not an ordinary season. All the troubles above described seemed to culminate just at this moment. The paper-money craze in so many of the States, the shameful deeds of Rhode Island, the riots in Vermont and New Hampshire, the Shays Rebellion in Massachusetts, the dispute with Spain, and the consequent imminent danger of separation between North and South had all come together; and the feeling of thoughtful men and women throughout the country was one of real consternation. The last ounce was now to be put upon the camel's back in the failure of the impost amendment. In 1783, when the cessions of western lands were creating a national domain, a promising plan had been devised for relieving the country of its load of debt, and furnishing Congress with money for its current expenses. All the money coming from sales of the western folk land was to be applied to reducing and wiping out the principal of the public debt. Then the interest of this debt must be provided for; and to that end Congress had recommended an impost, or system of custom-house duties, upon

liquors, sugars, teas, coffees, cocoa, molasses, and pepper. This impost was to be kept up for twenty-five years only, and the collectors were to be appointed by the several States, each for its own ports. Then for the current expenses of the government, supplementary funds were needed; and these were to be assessed upon the several States, each of which might raise its quota as it saw fit. Such was the original plan; but it soon turned out that the only available source of revenue was the national domain, which had thus been nothing less than the principal thread which had held the Union together. As for the impost, it had never been possible to get a sufficient number of States to agree upon it, and of the quotas for current expenses, as we have seen, very little had found its way to the federal treasury. Under these difficulties, it had been proposed that an amendment to the articles of confederation should endow Congress with the power of levying customs-duties and appointing the collectors; and by the summer of 1786, after endless wrangling, twelve States had consented to the amendment. But, in order that an amendment should be adopted, unanimous consent was necessary. The one delinquent State, which thus blocked the wheels of the confederacy, was New York. She had her little system of duties all nicely arranged for what seemed to be her own interests, and she would not surrender this system to Congress. Upon the neighboring States her tariff system bore hard, and especially upon New Jersey. In 1786 this little State flatly refused to pay her quota until New York should stop discriminating against her trade. Nothing which occurred in that troubled year caused more alarm than this, for it could not be denied that such a declaration seemed little less than an act of secession on the part of New Jersey. The arguments of a congressional committee at last prevailed upon the State to re-

scind her declaration. At the same time there came the final struggle in New York over the impost amendment, against which Governor Clinton had firmly set his face. There was a fierce fight, in which Hamilton's most strenuous efforts succeeded in carrying the amendment in part, but not until it had been clogged with a condition that made it useless. Congress, it was declared, might have the revenue, but New York must appoint the collectors; she was not going to have federal officials rummaging about her docks. The legislature well knew that to grant the amendment in such wise was not to grant it at all, but simply to reopen the whole question. Such was the result. Congress expostulated in vain. On the 15th of February, 1787, the matter was reconsidered in the New York legislature, and the impost amendment was defeated.

Thus, only three months before the Federal Convention was to meet, if indeed it was ever to meet, Congress was decisively informed that it would not be allowed to take any effectual measures for raising a revenue. There now seemed nothing left for Congress to do but adopt the recommendation of the Annapolis commissioners, and give its sanction to the proposed convention. Madison, however, had not waited for this, but had prevailed upon the Virginia legislature to go on and appoint its delegates to the convention. The events of the year had worked a change in the popular sentiment in Virginia; people were more afraid of anarchy, and not quite so much afraid of centralization; and now, under Madison's lead, Virginia played her trump card and chose George Washington as one of her delegates. As soon as this was known, there was an outburst of joy throughout the land. All at once the people began everywhere to feel an interest in the proposed convention, and presently the great State of Massachusetts changed her attitude. Up to this time Massachusetts

had been as obstinate in her assertion of local independence, and as unwilling to strengthen the hands of Congress, as any of the thirteen States, except New York and Rhode Island. But the Shays Rebellion had served as a useful object-lesson. Part of the distress in Massachusetts could be traced to the inability of Congress to pay debts which it owed to her citizens. It was felt that the time had come when the question of a national revenue must be seriously considered. Every week saw fresh converts to the party which called for a stronger government. Then came the news that Virginia had chosen delegates, and that Washington was one of them; then that New Jersey had followed the example; then that Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Delaware, had chosen delegates. It was time for Massachusetts to act, and Rufus King now brought the matter up in Congress. His scruples as to the legality of the proceeding had not changed, and accordingly he moved that Congress should of itself propose a convention at Philadelphia, identical with the one which the Annapolis commissioners had already recommended. The motion was carried, and in this way Congress formally approved and adopted what was going on. Massachusetts immediately chose delegates, and was followed by New York. In April, Georgia and South Carolina followed suit. Connecticut and Maryland came on in May, and New Hampshire, somewhat tardily, in June. Of the thirteen States, Rhode Island alone refused to take any part in the proceedings.

The convention held its meetings in that plain brick building in Philadelphia already immortalized as the place from which the Declaration of Independence was published to the world. The work which these men were undertaking was to determine whether that Declaration had been for the blessing or the injury of America and of mankind. That they had succeeded in assembling here at all was

somewhat remarkable, when we think of the curious medley of incidents that led to it. At no time in this distressed period would a frank and abrupt proposal for a convention to remodel the government have found favor. Such proposals, indeed, had been made, beginning with that of Pelatiah Webster in 1781, and they had all failed to break through the crust of a truly English conservatism and dread of centralized power. Now, through what some might have called a strange chapter of accidents, before the element of causal sequence in it all had become so manifest as it is to us to-day, this remarkable group of men had been brought together in a single room, while even yet but few of them realized how thoroughly and exhaustively reconstructive their work was to be. To most of them it was not clear whether they were going merely to patch up the articles of confederation, or to strike out into a new and very different path. There were a few who entertained far-reaching purposes; the rest were intelligent critics rather than constructive thinkers; the result was surprising to all. It is worth our while to pause for a moment, and observe the character and composition of one of the most memorable assemblies the world has ever seen. Mr. Gladstone says that just "as the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Let us now see who the men were who did this wonderful work, — this Iliad, or Parthenon, or Fifth Symphony, of statesmanship. We shall not find that they were all great geniuses. Such is never the case in such an assembly. There are not enough great geniuses to go around; and if there were, it is questionable if the result would be satisfactory. In such discussions the points which impress the more ordinary and

less far-sighted members are sure to have great value; especially when we bear in mind that the object of such an assembly is not merely to elaborate a plan, but to get the great mass of people, including the brick-layers and hod-carriers, to understand it well enough to vote for it. An ideally perfect assembly of law-makers will therefore contain two or three men of original constructive genius, two or three leading spirits eminent for shrewdness and tact, a dozen or more excellent critics representing various conflicting interests, and a rank and file of thoroughly respectable, commonplace men, unfitted for shining in the work of the meeting, but admirably competent to proclaim its results and get their friends and neighbors to adopt them. And in such an assembly, even if it be such as we call ideally perfect, we must allow something for the presence of a few hot-headed and irrecconcilable members, — men of inflexible mind, who cannot adapt themselves to circumstances, and will refuse to play when they see the game going against them.

All these points are well illustrated in the assemblage of men that framed our Federal Constitution. In its composition, this group of men left nothing to be desired. In its strength and in its weakness, it was an ideally perfect assembly. There were fifty-five men, all of them respectable for family and for personal qualities, — men who had been well educated, and had done something whereby to earn recognition in those troubled times. Twenty-nine were university men, graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Oxford, and Glasgow. Twenty-six were not university men, and among these were Washington and Franklin. Of the illustrious citizens who, for their public services, would naturally have been here, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were in Europe; Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee disapproved

of the convention, and remained at home; and the greatest man of Rhode Island, Nathaniel Greene, who might have succeeded in bringing his State into the convention, had lately died of a sunstroke, at the early age of forty-four.

Of the two most famous men present little need be said. The names of Washington and Franklin stood for supreme intelligence and consummate tact. Franklin had returned to this country two years before, and was now president of Pennsylvania. He was eighty-one years of age, the oldest man in the convention, as Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, aged twenty-nine, was the youngest. The two most profound and original thinkers in the company were but little older than Pinckney. Alexander Hamilton was thirty, James Madison thirty-six. Among political writers, these two men must be ranked in the same order with Aristotle, Montesquieu, and Locke; and the *Federalist*, their joint production, is the greatest treatise on government that has ever been written. John Jay, who contributed a few pages to this immortal volume, had not been sent to the convention, because New York did not wish to have it succeed. Along with Hamilton, New York sent two commonplace men, Yates and Lansing, who were extreme and obstinate anti-Federalists; and the action of Hamilton, who was thus prevented from carrying the vote of his own State for any measure which he might propose, was in this way sadly embarrassed. For another reason, Hamilton failed to exert as much influence in the convention as one would have expected from his profound thought and his brilliant eloquence. Scarcely any of these men entertained what we should now call extreme democratic views. Scarcely any, perhaps, had that intense faith in the ultimate good sense of the people which was the most powerful characteristic of Jefferson. But

Hamilton went to the other extreme, and expressed his distrust of popular government too plainly. His views were too aristocratic and his preference for centralization was too pronounced to carry conviction to his hearers. The leading part in the convention fell, therefore, to James Madison, a young man somewhat less brilliant than Hamilton, but superior to him in sobriety and balance of powers. Madison used to be called the "Father of the Constitution," and it is true that the government under which we live is more his work than that of any other one man. From early youth his life had been devoted to the study of history and the practice of statesmanship. He was a graduate of Princeton College, an earnest student, familiar with all the best literature of political science from Aristotle down to his own time, and he had given especial attention to the history of federal government in ancient Greece, and in Switzerland and Holland. At the age of twenty-five he had taken part in the Virginia convention which instructed the delegates from that State in Congress to bring forward the Declaration of Independence. During the last part of the war he was an active and influential member of Congress, where no one equaled or approached him for knowledge of English history and constitutional law. In 1784 he had returned to the Virginia legislature, and been foremost in securing the passage of the great act which gave complete religious freedom to the people of that State. No man understood better than he the causes of the alarming weakness of the federal government, and of the commercial disturbances and popular discontent of the time; nor had any one worked more zealously or more adroitly in bringing about the meeting of this convention. As he stood here now, a leader in the debate, there was nothing grand or imposing in his appearance. He was small of stature and slight in frame, like Ham-

ilton, but he had none of Hamilton's personal magnetism. His manner was shy and prim, and blushes came often to his cheeks. At the same time, he had that rare dignity of unconscious simplicity which characterizes the earnest and disinterested scholar. He was exceedingly sweet-tempered, generous, and kind, but very hard to move from a path which, after long reflection, he had decided to be the right one. He looked at politics judicially, and was so little of a party man that on several occasions he was accused (quite wrongfully, as I hope hereafter to prove) of gross inconsistency. The position of leadership, which he won so early and kept so long, he held by sheer force of giant intelligence, sleepless industry, and an integrity which no man ever doubted. But he was above all things a man of peace. When in after years, as President of the United States, he was called upon to manage a great war, he was out of place, and his reputation for supreme ability was temporarily lowered. Here in the Federal Convention we are introduced to him at the noblest and most useful moment of his life.

Of the fifty-five men here assembled, Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and Madison were of the first order of ability. Many others in the room were gentlemen of more than ordinary talent and culture. There was John Dickinson, who had moved from Pennsylvania into Delaware, and now came to defend the equal rights of the smaller States. There was James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, born and educated in Scotland, one of the most learned jurists this country has ever seen. Beside him sat the financier, Robert Morris, and his namesake, Gouverneur Morris, of Morrisania, near the city of New York, the originator of our decimal currency, and one of the far-sighted projectors of the Erie Canal. Then there was John Rutledge, of South Carolina, who ever since

the Stamp Act Congress had been the main-stay of his State; and with him were the two able and gallant Pinckneys. Caleb Strong, afterward ten times governor of Massachusetts, was a typical Puritan, hard-headed and supremely sensible; his colleague, Rufus King, already distinguished for services in opposing the slave power, was a man of brilliant attainments. And there were Chancellor Wythe, of Virginia, and Daniel Carroll, of Maryland, who had played a prominent part in the events which led to the creation of a national domain. Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, afterward Chief Justice of the United States, was one of the ablest lawyers of that age; with him were Roger Sherman and William Johnson, the latter a Fellow of the Royal Society, and afterward president of Columbia College. The New Jersey delegation, consisting of William Livingston, David Brearley, William Paterson, and Jonathan Dayton, was a very strong one; and as to New Hampshire, it is enough to mention the name of John Langdon. Besides all these there were some twenty of less mark, men who said little, but listened and voted. And then there were the irreconcilables, Yates and Lansing, the two weak members from New York; and four men of much greater ability, who took an important part in the proceedings, but could not be induced to accept the result. These four were Luther Martin, of Maryland; George Mason and Edmund Randolph, of Virginia; and Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts.

When these men had assembled in Independence Hall, they chose George Washington president of the convention. The doors were locked, and an injunction of strict secrecy was put upon every one. The results of their work were known in the following September, when the draft of the Federal Constitution was published. But just what was said and done in this secret conclave was

not revealed until fifty years had passed, and the aged James Madison, the last survivor of those who sat there, had been gathered to his fathers. He kept a jour-

nal of the proceedings, which was published after his death, and upon the interesting story told in that journal we have now to enter.

John Fiske.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XXVI.

UNDER the strong pull on the curb, the young horse stood quivering in every limb beneath the blooming peach boughs that overhung the grassy margin of the road. There seemed a reflection of their delicate roseate tints in Alethea's upturned face, as with one hand she still grasped the bridle. Her old brown bonnet, falling back, showed her golden hair in its dusky tunnel. The straight blossoming wands of the volunteer peach sprouts, that had sprung up outside the zigzag barriers of the rail fence, clustered about the folds of her homespun dress, as she stood in their midst.

All at once she was trembling violently. Her luminous brown eyes suddenly faltered, as she looked up. In her every consideration she herself was always so secondary — not a sedulous effort of subordination, but yielding with a fine and generous instinct to the interest of others — that until this moment it had not recurred to her mind that it was she who had been the unconscious cause of Gwinnan's injuries. For her he had been struck down and brought near to death. Some sense of a reciprocal consciousness, an overwhelming appreciation of Mink's folly in fancying him a rival, a vague wonderment as to the effect of the idea upon Gwinnan, seized upon her for the first time now in his presence, as if she had had no space to think before of these things. She could not speak. She could not meet his se-

rious, intent, expectant eye as he looked down at her.

"Did you have something to say to me?" he asked, taking the initiative.

It was the same voice that had given her sympathetic encouragement in the court-room, charged with a personal interest, a grave solicitude, all unlike the superficial, unmeaning courtesy of the lawyers. She spoke impetuously now as then, and with instant reliance upon him.

"I hearn, jedge," she cried, looking up radiantly at him, "ez how ye hev gin out ez ye never wanted Reuben Lorey ter be prosecuted fur tryin' ter kill ye, an' axed fur him ter be let off, an' I 'lowed ye hold no gredge agin him. 'Pears ter me like ye war powerful good 'bout'n it."

"But he was prosecuted," the judge said quickly, fancying that she was under a delusion. "His sentence was the extremest limit of the law."

"I know!" she cried, with a poignant accent. "I know! I hearn it all."

She thought of his justification, his fancied provocation, and once more timidity beset her. How could she have found courage to attempt to speak in his behalf to Gwinnan? The judge himself was embarrassed; she knew it by the way he turned the reins in his hands. She noted with a concentrated sense of detail minutiae which usually, when her faculties were not so abnormally alert, would not have arrested her attention: the sleek coat of the handsome young horse, which now and then shook his

head as if in disdain of her grasp ; the superfine accoutrements of saddle and bridle ; the toilless hands that held the reins ; the severely straight lineaments, shadowed by the brim of the hat ; and the searching, intent gray eyes, which saw, she felt, her inmost thought.

The postmaster, ploughing, came ever and anon down to the fence, pausing there to turn, and sometimes to thrust with his foot the clinging mould from the share. Occasionally he glanced at the incongruous couple, but as if the colloquy between them were a very normal incident, and with that courteous lack of curiosity and speculation characteristic of the region. All the fowls of the place followed in the furrow, clucking with gustatory satisfaction ; now and then, with a gluttonous outcry, they darted to favored clods, upturned by the plough, and the pantomime indicated much mortality among those poor troglodytes, the worms of the earth.

"You wanted to speak to me about him," said Gwinnan, with, it seemed to her, wonderful divination.

"Ye know, jedge," she went on, more calmly, instantly reassured whenever he spoke, "they hev fund out ez 't war n't him ez bust down the mill. A boy seen it done, an' he war feared ter tell afore. I reckon that war what set Reuben off so awful onruly, — knowin' he never done it, nor drowned Tad nuther, — an' the 'torney-gin'al makin' folks 'low I seen a harnt."

"I dare say," said Gwinnan, dryly.

"An' I 'lowed," she continued, faltering, and looking at him with beautiful, beseeching eyes, "ez 't won't do him much good ef he kin git off at his nex' trial, kase then he'll be bound ter be in the prison arterward, ennyhow, fur twenty year. An' I 'lowed I'd ax ye, seein' ez ye don't hold no gredge agin him, — I wonder at ye, too ! — if ye can't do nuthin' ez kin git him out now."

The wind waved the peach boughs

above their heads, and the pink petals were set a-drifting down the currents of the air. Among the blossoms bees were booming, and on a budding spray a blue and crested jay was jauntily pluming its wings. Golden flakes of sunshine shifted obliquely through the rosy, inflorescent bower delicately imposed upon the blue sky. In its fine azure cirrus clouds were vaguely limned. On the opposite side of the road was the bluff end of a ridge, presenting a high escarpment of grim splintered rocks ; among the niches ferns grew and vines trailed downward ; there came from them a dank, refreshing odor, for they continuously trickled with moisture, and a hidden spring in a cleft by the wayside asserted its presence, its tinkling distinctly heard in the pause that ensued.

He looked meditatively at the jagged heights. Then suddenly he turned his eyes upon her.

She was only an humble mountain girl, but it seemed to him that never since the first spring bloomed had woman worn so noble and appealing a face, so fine and delicate a personality. The familiar dialect, common enough to him, accustomed to the region, significant of all ignorance, of all poverty, of all hopeless isolation from civilization, of all uncouth manners, was in her all that speech might be, — a medium for her ideas ; the coarseness of her dress could hardly impinge upon the impression of her grace, — it was merely a garb. Her embarrassment had ceased. She looked straight at him ; the unconscious dignity of her manner, the calmness of her grave eyes, the fading flush in her cheek, betokened that she had made her appeal to his generosity and that she had faith in it.

He was not a man who made promises lightly. He was still silent. Again he looked up the road, with an absorbed and knitted brow. He tipped his hat further forward over his face ; he shifted the reins uncertainly in his hands ;

the horse impatiently shook his head and struck the ground with his fore-foot.

"It would be the worst thing I could do—for you," Gwinnan said at last, surprised himself at the tone he was taking.

She made no rejoinder; her face did not change; she only looked expectantly at him.

"You ought not to marry a man like that," he continued. "You are too good for him; and that is not saying much for you, either."

"Oh," she cried, renewing her hold upon the bridle, and looking up with a face that coerced credulity, "'t ain't fur myself I want him free! It air jes' fur him. He seemed ter set mo' store by another gal 'n me. I ain't thinkin' ez we-uns would marry then. Like ez not he 'd go straight ter Elviry Crosby."

Another man might have experienced an amusement, a sort of self-ridicule, that he should remember the names of the infinitely insignificant and humble actors in the little drama played in the court-room. But to Gwinnan people were people wherever he found them, and he had more respect for their principles than for their clothes. He recollected without effort Elvira's rôle in the testimony.

Nevertheless, with that many-sided view of the lawyer, he rejoined, oblivious of the suggestion conveyed, "I think not. It was on your account he attacked me."

Her face crimsoned, but with that fine instinct of hers she steadfastly met his gaze, intimating that she placed no foolish interpretation upon his words or actions. She answered quietly enough, "Reuben air sorter gin ter reckless notions. I reckon he noticed ez ye sorter tuk up fur me whenst them lawyers war so besettin'. He war n't used ter sech ez that in Wild-Cat Hollow. Folks ginerally air sot agin me. Though I ain't treated mean, noways," she added,

hastily, lest she might decry her relatives. "Only nobody thinks like me."

A forlorn isolation she suggested, away up in the Great Smoky Mountains, thinking her unshared thoughts.

There was an increased attention in his face, as he demanded, "Think differently about what?"

He had an imperative eye, an insistent voice. It did not occur to her that his interest was strange. And indeed he was not a man to be questioned.

She paused for a moment, her eyes full of a dreamy retrospection. Once more she was not looking at him, but at the boughs of pink blossoms above his horse's head, and then absently following the motions of a black butterfly, bespangled with orange and blue, across the road to the ferns about the spring. As the fluttering wings disappeared she seemed to start from her reverie.

"Jedge," she said, in a piteous deprecation, "things seem right ter me, an' other folks thinks 'em wrong. An' I feel obligated ter do what I 'low air right, an' it all turns out wrong. An' then I'm besides myself with blame! I reckon ye would n't b'lieve it, but it's all my fault 'bout'n this trouble o' Reuben Lorey's. Ef it hed n't been fur me, he would n't hev gone down ter Shaftesville ter gin up all he hed ter old man Griff,—like I tole him ter do ez soon ez I hed hearn 'bout bustin' the mill down. I tole him ter do it, an' he done it. An' look,—look!" She lifted her hand as if she drew a veil from the disastrous sequences. Her voice choked, her eyes were full of tears. "An' then I told that thar moonshiner ez I would n't promise ter keep his secret, an' they runned away fur fear o' me, kase Tad went thar arter he got out o' the ruver. I seen Sam Marvin arterward, an' he 'lowed ter me they s'posed he war a spy, an' beat him, an'—an'—I dunno *what* else they done ter him. None o' that would hev happened ef I hed promised ter hold my

tongue. But it didn't 'pear right ter me."

"Then you were right not to promise," he said, reassuringly. "No one can do more than what seems right; that is," — it behooves a man of his profession to modify and qualify, — "within the limits of the law."

She looked up at him a little wonderingly. Her latent faculties for speculation were timorously developing in the first realization of intelligent sympathy, of recognition, that had ever fallen to her lot. How strange that such as he — and somehow she subtly appreciated in him that unification of mental force, education, civilization, natural endowment, and moral training, of the existence of which she was otherwise unconscious — should tolerate her doctrine; nay, should revere and accept it as a creed!

"A heap o' harm an' wrong hev kem of it," she said, submitting the logic of Wild-Cat Hollow.

"That is not our lookout. The moral law is to do what seems right, no matter what happens."

A vague smile broke upon his face; his eyes were illumined with a new light; his stern lips curved softly; he seemed suddenly young and very gentle.

"You need never be afraid of doing any harm; you may rely on it, you know what is right."

He was laughing at himself a moment later, — to gravely discuss these elementary ethics with a weighty sense. And yet he was glad to reassure her.

"Oh, jedge!" she cried, overcome with a sense of relief, with her happy reliance on his superior knowledge, — was not he the judge? — "that ain't what folks tell me. They 'low I be like that thar harnt o' a herder on Thunderhead: ef I can't kill ye, I jes' withers yer time an' spiles yer prospects. Oh!" — she struggled for self-control, — "I hev studied on that sayin' till it 'peared 't would kill me."

"Whoever told you that was very cruel, and I dare say very worthless," said Gwinnan sharply. His words were prompted by an impersonal resentment; he was prefiguring to himself some harsh-faced mountain neighbor, as he asked sternly, "Who said it?"

She saw the indignation in his face, and suddenly feared that she was near to wrecking her lover's interest with the powerful man whom she sought to enlist.

"I — I can't tell," she faltered.

He waived the matter. "All right," he said, hastily. His face had hardened; he was laughing a little, cynically. Who it was he knew right well. He had known right well, too, and many months ago, that she was infatuated with this young mountaineer, scapegrace, jail-bird, — how incomparably handsome, how dashing, how spirited, the man looked, in his sudden recollection! — and only now he began definitely to resent it. He glanced down at her with reprehensive, reproachful eyes. He was but a man, for all that he sat upon the bench and knew the law.

Alethea was conscious of the subtle change in his face. It bewildered and confused her, but her surprise was as naught to the amazement that overpowered her on discovering that the sun was low in the purple Chilhowee, the sky reddening, all the intervenient levels suffused with a golden haze, while down the tawny, winding road she discerned a moving speck, which she divined might be Jerry Price and Bluff coming for her from the mill. So unconsciously does a woman beloved feel her power that it never occurred to her to wonder at her temerity that she should thus detain Judge Gwinnan to stand in the road and give judgment for her comfort and ease of mind. Her rigorous conscience only took her to task that, beguiled by a word of sympathy, of comprehension, she should have let the for-

lorn interests of her captive lover wait while she listened.

"Oh, jedge," she exclaimed, clinging to the bridle, — and it seemed he heard for the first time the voice of supplication, — "I know ye ain't one ez medjures a gredge an' pays it back. An' I 'lowed I'd ax ye ter do suthin' fur him. He air a onruly boy, I know, but he never meant ter do sech — no harm — leastwise he — He war harried by things turning out so ez he could n't git jestic. An' leastwise, jedge" —

Poor Alethea was unskilled in argument, and even Harshaw had been fain to let Mink's moral worth pass without emblazonment.

"Oh, jedge," she cried, "ef ye could do suthin' fur him, 't would be sech a favior ter him, — all his life's gone in that sentence, — an' — an' ter me."

He slowly shook his head.

"Not to you. It surprises me that a girl like you, who know so well what is right and good, should care for a man like that. He has only two alternations: he is either mischievous or malicious."

She was once more helplessly feeling aloof from all the world; for here his sympathy ended.

"It is a folly, and that is very wrong. You have mind enough, if you would exert it, to be sensible, to be anything you like."

And so he thought, with all the rest, that she was too good for the man she loved, and for this he would not help. Ah, what joys of liberty, what griefs of long laborious years, what daily humiliation of that sturdy pride, what inexorable tortures to break that elastic spirit, — for break at last it must, — had Mink's half-hearted affection cost him! Her face had grown pale; the ebbing of her hope, that had rushed in upon her in a strong, tumultuous tide, was like the ebbing of life. Her eyes filled with tears, and her despair looked through them at him.

He had known much of the finalities

of life. He dealt in conclusions. Volition, circumstance, character, might all make vital play in the varied causes that brought the event under his jurisdiction, but he wielded the determining influence and affixed the result. All human emotions had been unveiled to him: he could finely distinguish and separate into its constituent elements hate, misery, despair, fear, rage, envy; he even must needs seek to analyze the incomprehensible black heart of the murderer. He was a man of ample learning, of chastened aspirations, of excellent nerve, untouched by any morbid influence. He had pronounced the death sentence without a tremor. He was deliberate, cautious, reserved.

And yet because her cheek paled, because her eyes looked at him with the reproach of a dumb creature cruelly slain, because she said no word, he was pierced with pity for her. He was definitely aware now of his own generosity, when he promised aught for her lover. He was amazed at himself, — amazed at the pang that it gave him when he said, —

"But I'll try, — I'll see what can be done. I shall be in Nashville soon, and I'll talk to the governor, and make a strong effort to get a pardon. Not at once, you understand, but after a little time."

He gathered up the reins; the long tossing horns of Bluff, approaching very near, were affronting the tender sensibilities of the roan colt, who snorted and stamped at the sight of them, and seemed likely to bolt. Alethea had, perforce, moved back among the pink blossoms by the wayside; from amidst them she looked up at Gwinnan with a rapture of gratitude, of admiration, of benediction, for which she had no words. She felt that she did not need them, for he understood so well, he understood so strangely, her most secret thought. He nodded to her and to the staring Jerry, who sat in the ox-cart. Then

the restive roan bounded away into the golden spring sunshine, his glossy coat and flying mane distinct against the delicate green of the wayside, far, far up the road; and presently he was but a dwindling atom, and anon lost to view.

XXVII.

The spectacular effects of the newly built railroad through Cherokee County were of ceaseless interest to the denizens of the little log cabins that lie at wide intervals upon the route, along which, indeed, the only trace of civilization and progress is the occasional swift apparition of the locomotive, and the long parallel steel rails glistening in the sun. The dwellers in a certain hut near the river might be considered to afford typical manifestations. The children appear behind the rickety fence, or perhaps perched on the giddy eminence of the topmost rail, and salute the engine with the dumb show of much shouting and sometimes of derision. An old man hastily hobbles to the door; a woman hanging out clothes in the sun, on the althea bushes, desists, to stare; the round-eyed baby on the doorstep becomes motionless in amaze; the gazing dogs wag approving tails; the farmer, leaning on his plough-handles, watches it till it is but a speck in the distance; a cow in the pasture is turning, in her shambling run, to look back in affright; and near the woods-lot you may see the hind heels and the flying mane and tail of a panic-stricken filly, plunging, and kicking, and snorting. And however often it may be vouchsafed, the sight of the great, splendid, burnished motor, with its clouds of white steam, its thundering gait, its servitors standing upon the platform, and all its trains of loaded coaches, from which human faces look forth, to be curiously scanned, is thus greeted. But at night a mystery hangs about it. The

reverberations of its footsteps may sound in the deepest dreams. Where is the darkness so dense, when is the storm so wild, that it cannot make its way as it lists? It appears then to these simple folks like some strange development of unexplained force, as it rends the gloom with its white glare, as it skims along the denser medium of the earth like a meteor through the sky, or some strange serpent with a glittering eye, drawing after it its sparkling convolutions. The rocks clamor with the wild clangors it has taught them, and the tumultuous, exultant shrieks of its whistle pierces the night. And for a time after it is gone the rails shiver with the thought of it, and the hills cry out again and again with fear.

It might seem that the river held some vague terror for this bold nocturnal marauder; always it slackened its speed and bated its voice when it approached the bridge, and gave to the current a thousand glittering gauds of reflection. If the hour were not too late or the weather too cold, the wayside family came out and stood to watch the train cross. When it reached the other side, and sped away with a loud cry of triumph and a renewed redundancy of motion, the old man would turn, with an air of disappointment, a wag of the head, and a muttered insistence: "Can't do that thar fool trick *every* time." He had opposed the theory of railroads, and had looked for a judgment to descend; in especial he had watched the building of the bridge in a spirit of indignation, prophesying that there would be a "big drowning" there one day, and had even lavished his advice upon the engineer in charge of the work, who, nevertheless, did not desist. Always he was convinced that that gossamer web, that union of strength and lightness, would give way some time under the weight, and one spring night, as he hobbled to the door as usual to look at the flying and fiery dragon,

no longer mythical, the catastrophe appeared imminent.

There was a variety among the passengers in the smoking-car. The commercial traveler, returning with the swallow, was taking his way once more to the places that knew him. Conference had been held in a neighboring town, and the reverend gentlemen, homeward bound, were secular of aspect, genial and jolly, enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke of their own making. The deputy-sheriff of Cherokee County was on board, and in his charge was Mink Lorey, on his way to stand his new trial in Shaftesville, handcuffed with Pete Owens, of the same county, who had had the misfortune to lose his temper on a small provocation, and to kill his brother. They and the guards were also a merry party. The deputy was undisguisedly glad to see Mink again, and rehearsed for his benefit the news from the town, and the rumors from the coves, and the vague echoes from the mountains, as he sat facing his prisoner, his elbows on his knees, fanning himself with his hat, now and then tousling his rough hair with one hand as he laughed, as if to add this dishevelment to the contortions and grotesqueness of his hilarity.

Mink listened with the wistful attention of one for whom all these things are forever past. This world of redundant interest was to be his world no more. Already it wore only the tender glammers of memory. The brown shadows and yellow lights from the lamps were shifting and shoaling, as the train jogged and lurched continually. The fluctuating gleams showed that his face was a trifle thinner, perhaps; the expression of his vivid brown eyes had changed; they were desperate and hardened, but quickly glancing, and even brighter and larger than before. His white wool hat was thrust on the back of his head, as he leaned against the red velvet cushion, and his auburn hair,

longer than ever, curled down upon the collar of his brown jeans coat. Now and then, when the deputy waxed facetious, he smote with his unmanacled hand his long leg, booted to the knee, and laughed aloud in sympathy.

The moon was a-journeying, too, with all the train of stars. Always through the open window one could find a serene transition from the interior, with its gaudy colors, its lounging masculine figures, its wreathing tobacco smoke, and the suffusion of yellow light and alternating brown shadow. The sky was pure and blue; he marked the weather-signs; the wind was astir,—a breeze other than the motion of the train; he saw the trees on the hillsides waving in the sweet spontaneity of the air; he noted the shadow of the great monster swiftly traversing the wheat-fields, with its piles of smoke scurrying behind it, and seeming not less material. He leaned to the window, and called to the deputy to mark how forward the crops were. And then he fell back, with a white despair on his face, for the train was thundering through a forest, and the interfulgent sheen and shadow of the great trees had caught the woodland creature's eye. Their sylvan fragrance came to him for a moment. The fair, lonely vista lured him. How long, how long it had been since he had trodden such wilds! Rocks towered in the midst, and he was glad when they closed about the way, and the reverberating clamors of the cut drowned the groan that burst from him. And then they grew fainter, and here were the levels once more, and suddenly—the Tennessee River! How should he fail to know its splendid breadth and muscle, its majestic sinuosity as it curved! He leaned once more to the window, catching at the sill; the man with whose hand his own was manacled complained of the strain. He dropped the hand, and once more looked out, as the train, at a bated and circumspect

pace, drew its slow length upon the bridge. Most of the passengers were looking out, too, under the fascination that the water in a landscape always exerts upon travelers. The moon hung above the broad vista of the dark, lustrous stream, flinging upon its surface some gigantic magical corolla, softly refulgent, to float on the water like a great white lily. The dense forest, with a deeper gloom of shadow at its roots, stood solemn and silent on either hand. The glare of the head-light fell distorted on the ripples, and the lanterns of the brakemen found twinkling reflections below. The dank, vernal odors from the banks came in on the breeze, and the wheels rolled slowly, and yet more slowly. They were just beginning to accelerate their speed, when one of the passengers, glancing within to comment to a friend, saw the lithe young prisoner rise suddenly and liberate his hand with a violent jerk, while his companion in shackles clutched frantically at him with his one free hand, and uttered a hoarse cry. The guard turned with a start, as the young mountaineer, with an indescribably swift and elastic bound, sprang through the window and caught the timbers of the bridge. A violent jerk, a bell's sharp jangle, and an abrupt shiver seemed to run through all the length of the train. Then the reflection of the calcium glare and the lesser radiating points of light in the river were motionless. The train was at a stand-still in the middle of the bridge. A wild clamor arose from many voices; the brakemen on the platforms flashed their lanterns back and forth; a heavy body sprang into the swift waters with a great splash, and the sharp crack of a pistol echoed from the dark woods on either bank.

The startled passengers were treated to a fine display of conflicting authorities, as they poured out on the platform of the smoking-car, where it appeared that the conductor of the train was la-

boring under the delusion that he could arrest the sheriff of Cherokee County.

"You had no right to pull the bell-cord and stop my train,—and stop it on the bridge!" he exclaimed.

"I'm bound ter ketch my prisoner!" cried the deputy-sheriff, wildly. "He was handcuffed with this one, and he slipped his paw out somehow, an' lept through the window, an' perched thar on that timber o' the bredge; an' I knowed he war expectin' the train ter go right on, an' I pulled the rope ter stop it. I'd hev hed him,—I'd hev hed him, ef the durned mink hed n't tuk ter the water! Lemme go! Lemme go!"

But the train was in motion again, slowly crossing the bridge, and the sheriff could only rush to a window and look wildly over the waters, illumined by the contending glare of the calcium and the light of the moon, and fire at devious black floating objects that showed resemblance to the head of a swimming man struggling for his life. Several of the passengers derived great sport from this unique target-practice, and the quiet was invaded with the reiterated ping of the pistol pealing over the water, mingled with cries of excitement. There! a fair shot! the object sinks—only a floating rail, for it is distinct as it rises once more to the surface; and again the balls make havoc only among the ripples. The quarry eludes—eludes strangely. He must have had great practice in diving, or, as one hopeful soul cries out, he must be at the bottom of the river.

Its current was placid enough when the train was safely on the other side at a stand-still, and the people from the little log-cabin below climbed the embankment to hear the cause of the unprecedented stoppage. The bridge did not break this time, but the old man is very sure they cannot do this "fool trick" again.

Although the train waited while the

banks of the river were patrolled, it was gone clanging on its way long before the rocks had ceased to echo the tramp of excited horsemen, and their hoarse cries as they beat the bushes in the neighboring woods; for the whole country-side was roused. The opinion that the reckless young mountaineer had, in leaping into the river, struck against some floating log, and had been killed by the concussion, or had gone to the bottom among the boulders with a fatal force, gained ground as the day gradually dawned and no trace of him was detected.

By degrees the search degenerated into the idler phases of morbid curiosity. Many people visited the spot, ostensibly to join in the quest, who stared at the bridge and speculated on its height, and strolled up and down the banks, wondering futilely. Even when the sunset was reddening the water; when the evening star was tangled in the boughs of a white pine on the bank; when the sound of lowing kine was mellow on the air; when the bridge doffed its massive aspect, and became illusory, a shadow not more material than its reflection in the water below, — footing for the moonbeams, lodgment for the dew, a perch for a belated bird, familiar of the mist, — still vague figures lingered about the water-side, and raucous voices grated on the evening air. But at last the night slipped down; the train came and went; silence fell upon the river, save for its own meditative, iterative voice, the croaking of frogs, and the exquisite melody of the mocking-bird, as he sang in the slant of the moonbeams glistening through fringes of the pines. A wind rose and died away. The night was inexpressibly solitary. Far off a dog howled, and was still. The constellations imperceptibly tended westward. Presently, in the dark loneliness of the dead hour, something, — an otter, a musk-rat, a mink? — some stealthy wild thing, stirred itself on the margin, be-

neath a broad ledge of the jagged, beetling rocks along the bank, beneath the current, on the gravelly shallows. It made some commotion; the water receded in widening circles far out toward the middle of the river. A scramble, a stroke or two, and it rose to its full height and waded along the shore; for it was the battered image of a man. He wore no hat; his long locks hung in straight wisps down upon his shoulders. He glanced about him continually with fearful eyes, as he skulked, hobbling stiffly, up the bank. Once he sat down on the roots of a tree in the shadow, and essayed to draw off the great cow-hide boots, heavy with water, and hampering his every motion. But the leather, so long steeped, had swelled, and he could not divest himself of them.

“Mought lose ’em, ennyhow, ef I war ter take ’em off,” he said, sturdily adapting his optimism to the cumbrous impediments. So he limped on. He shivered in every limb. Over and again his breath appeared to fail him. More than once his head whirled, and he leaned against a tree to steady himself. The air was chill, but although the wind blew he was not sorry; it would the earlier dry his garments.

“An’ I reckon I hev done cotch all the rheumatiz I kin hold, ennyways, a-layin’ thar under the aidge o’ the river, half kivered with water, fur a night an’ a day.”

When the woods began to give way to fields, he hung back, feeling desolate and affrighted. How could he barter these sheltering shadows, this nullifying darkness, for those wide, exposed spaces of the pasture? Its dewy slope, with here and there an outcropping rock, but never a bush or a tree, lay under the slanting light of the moon. The mountains, he knew by its position, lay straight in that direction; and presently he took courage to climb a fence, and, with his hobbling shadow at his side, — from which he sometimes shrank with

abrupt fear, and glanced over his shoulder askance, — skulked across the grassy space, now in the melancholy sheen, and now in the vague shadow of a drifting cloud. There were sheep at one side of the slope, all asleep, huddled and white, save one, that held its head up and looked at him with a contemplative eye as he passed. A dog seemed their only guardian. He did not bark, but came down toward the stranger with a sinister growl. Mink had no fear of dogs, and somehow they trusted him. The shepherd sniffed in surprise at his heels, bounded up to lick his hand, followed with a wagging tail till he climbed the fence, and regretfully saw him take his way down the road. For his courage was renewed by its own achievements. He was bold enough presently to invade a garden where potatoes had lately been planted, and he dug up the sliced fragments, each carefully cut that it might contain two or more "eyes." He found, too, some turnips, and was greatly refreshed and strengthened by his surreptitious meal. As he rose from the garden border and turned away among the currant bushes, he was suddenly confronted by the figure of a man. He sprang back, his heart plunging. He thought for a moment that he was discovered. And yet — it stood so strangely still. Only a suit of clothes, stuffed with straw, and surmounted by an ancient and battered hat.

Mink gazed gravely at the scarecrow, that had surpassed its evident destiny in frightening that larger fowl, a jail-bird.

It might seem that with the weight of his heavy cares, the anguish of his forlorn plight, the dispiriting influence of his imprisonment, the jeopardy of his tortured freedom, his doubtful future, — exhausted, chilled, sore, — he would find scant amusement or relish in the grotesque image. One might wonder at the zest with which he applied himself, with convulsive, feeble efforts, to uproot the pole that sustained it. He

conveyed it across the garden, — daring the dogs, — and placed the scarecrow where it might seem to peer into the front window of the house. He stood looking at it with intense satisfaction for a moment, — so like a man it was! He could forecast how the women of the house would cry aloud with terror when they should see it, how the mystified men would stare and swear. He did not laugh; the feat appeared in some other method to satisfy his sense of the ludicrous. It did not occur to him as a futile waste of his time and strength; of both he presently stood in sore need. For the day was breaking, and still he trudged between the zigzag lines of farm fences, along a road that bore evidences of much travel, in a country which he did not know, of which the only familiar objects were the dying moon and the slowly developing outline of the Great Smoky Mountains, far away.

"I'll git ter Shaftesville in time ter stan' my trial, ef I don't mind, 'fore the dep'ty does," he said to himself in a panic.

Nowhere were forests visible promising shelter. Here and there a limited woods-lot lined the road; more often fields of corn, barely showing tender sprouts above the ground, or stretches of winter wheat or millet, or pastures. He was in the midst of a scene of exclusive agricultural significance, when the startling sound of wagon wheels broke upon the air, and a man driving a pair of strong mules rose gradually from over the brow of the hill.

Mink's clothes were already dry; his hair curled freshly once more down upon the collar of his coat. He was painfully conscious of the lack of his hat, and he knew that the teamster's eyes rested upon him in surprise. The man drew up his mules at once. But the wily fugitive hailed him first.

"Howdy," he remarked, advancing sturdily, putting one foot on the hub of the front wheel and his hand on the off

mule's back, and looking up with his bold, bright eyes at the driver. "Do you-uns hail from nighabouts?"

"Down yander at Peters' Cross-Roads," responded the catechumen promptly.

"I ax kase I 'lowed mebbe ye hed hearn some word o' that thar prisoner ez got away from the sher'ff o' Cher'kee County, — Reuben Lorey."

"Mink Lorey, I hearn his name war," corrected the teamster.

"Waal," — Mink's careless glance wandered aimlessly up and down the sunny road, — "he oughter be named Mink, ef he ain't; mean enough."

"Ye're 'quainted with him, I reckon," said the teamster, still looking at his hatless head.

"Mighty well! He hev gin me a heap o' trouble. I dunno but I'd nigh ez soon he'd be in the bottom o' the Tennessee Ruver ez not. We-uns hail from the same valley, — Hazel Valley."

"What ye doin' 'thout no hat?" demanded the saturnine, perplexed, and vaguely suspicious man.

"Lost it in the ruver. Been fishin'. I been visitin' some folks in the flat-woods ez I be mighty well 'quainted with. I'm goin' ter the store ter git me another hat."

There was a pause.

"They 'low that thar man war drowned," said the teamster, discursively.

"Waal," said Mink drawlingly, "I 'lowed I'd ax, so ez when I git ter Hazel Valley I mought tell his folks a straight tale."

The teamster's wonderment as to the bare head of the young fellow being satisfied, he was eager to proceed on his journey. Certainly all imaginable suspicions must have been allayed by the pertinacity with which Mink hung upon the wheel, and talked about the rheumatism he feared he had caught a-fishing, and how he had found no sport in it.

Finally, with apparent reluctance, he

took his foot from off the hub, and the teamster was glad to go creaking along on his journey.

Although the danger was so successfully thwarted, the strain upon his ingenuity, his nerves, and his presence of mind had told heavily upon Mink's reserve force of strength and courage. When at last he reached the deep woods he was more dead than alive, as he flung himself down in the hollow of a poplar-tree, struck long ago by lightning, — its great length fallen, its branches burned, only its cylindrical bole standing to boast what proportions this chief of the savage wilds had borne. The young mountaineer could almost stretch himself at full length. He doubted, as he fell asleep, if he would ever wake. But exhaustion did not prevail. Over and again consciousness would seize upon him, and he would be himself long enough to contrast his forlorn plight with the feignings of his dream, and so sink again into troubled sleep. Yet it was with a deep satisfaction that he gazed out at intervals upon the lonely, crowded sylvan limits. The underbrush closed about him; the great trees upreared their heads against the sky, showing only, it might be, a glimpse of the blue or a flake of the burnished vernal sunshine. How restful the sight, how reassuring the sound of the wind in the leaves! A squirrel frisked by, sleek and dapper, with a brilliant, unafrighted eye and a long, curling tail. The familiar creature seemed like a friend. "Howdy, mister," observed Mink. "Ye air the fust pusson I hev seed ez I ain't afeard on."

But the squirrel came no more, although ever and anon Mink lifted himself to look out. He noted the moss, green and gray, on the bark of a rotting log; he started to hear the woodpecker tapping; he watched for a long time a crested red-bird's graceful and volent motions, as he sought to teach a small, stubby brown scion of his house to fly.

The vibrant, peevish juvenile remonstrance was somnolent in its effects, and when Mink next opened his eyes darkness enveloped the world, and the picture of evening had all flown. He could hardly say who he might be: he did not know where he was. The oppression of his familiar cell in the Glaston jail filled his consciousness, until, as he stretched forth his hands, he felt the rotting sides of the old tree and realized that he was free.

"I mus' be a-travelin'," he said to himself.

Free, but with so burning a pain in every limb he could hardly stand upon his feet; and what was this new misfortune? His forlorn boots were bursting into fragments. As he staggered into the moonshine he sat down, and, putting one foot on his knee, examined the sole in rueful contemplation.

"Now don't that thar beat kingdom come! Them boots war mighty nigh new when I went ter jail, an' I never stood on 'em none thar sca'cely. Mus' hev been the soakin' they got. I ain't useter goin' bar'foot lately, an' how 'll I travel thirty mile this-a-way?"

It was with difficulty that he hobbled along; now and then he stumbled, and would have fallen but for his hasty clutch at a bush or a tree. His feet were pierced by flints through the crevices of his boots, and he was presently aware that he was marking his steps with blood. He made scant progress, although he struggled strenuously, and it was long before day when he was fain to lie down in a rift in a great bank of rocks, and recruit his wasted energies with sleep. "I hope I ain't a-goin' ter die in sech a hole ez this," he said, "ez ef I war a sure-enough mink, or sech vermin. But Lord-a-massy, what be I, ef I ain't a mink?"

He laughed sarcastically as he turned himself over. He had evolved some harsh theories of worldly inequalities. If he had knocked Jerry Price or Ben

Doaks senseless with a bit of iron, he argued, he would hardly have been in jeopardy of arrest; the affair would perchance have been chronicled by the gossips as "a right smart fight." But he must forfeit twenty years of his life for assaulting a man of Gwinnan's quality. He had some bitter reflections to divert his mind, with the functions of a counter-irritant, from his aching bones, his bleeding feet, his overpowering sense of fatigue. It was not till the next night — for he again lay hidden all day — that he passed through the gap of the mountain and entered Eskaquia Cove. His spirits had risen at the sight of the familiar things, — the foam on the river dancing in the light of the moon, which nightly rose earlier, the dense, solemn forests, the great looming, frowning rocks. He hardly cared how steep the hillsides were, how his sore feet burned and ached, how heavily he dragged his weight. He could have cried aloud with joy when he beheld the little foot-bridge which he knew so well, albeit he could hardly stagger over the narrow log; the low little house on the bank, where Mrs. Purvine lived. It was dark and silent under the silver moon, for the hour was late, reckoning by rural habits, — about ten o'clock, he guessed. He hesitated for a moment when he was in the road beside the fence. He thought he might shorten the way by crossing the corn-field, for the road made a bend below. He had climbed the fence and was well out in the midst of the sprouting grain, when suddenly he started back. There was a shadow coming to meet him. He could not flee. He could not hope to escape observation. Yet, when he looked again, the dim figure seemed curiously busy, and was not yet aware of his presence. It was the figure of a woman, and he presently recognized Mrs. Purvine. Her head was evidently much wrapped up against the night air, and her sun-bonnet was fain to perch in a peaked attitude, in order to surmount the integuments

below; it was drawn down over her face. It was by other means than the sight of her countenance that he identified her. It might seem an uncanny hour for industry, but Mink could well divine that Mrs. Purvine had experienced belated pangs of conscience concerning sundry rows of snap-beans, left defenseless, save for her good wishes, against the frost. She was engaged in covering them,—detaching a long board from a pile beside the fence, and placing it, with a large stone beneath either end, above the tender vegetable. Her shadow was doing its share, although it gave vent to none of the pantings and puffings and sighs with which the flesh protested, as it were, against the labor. It jogged along on the brown ground beside her in dumpy guise, and stooped down, and rose up, and set its arms akimbo to complacently observe the effect of the board, and even wore a sun-bonnet at the same impossible angle. It started off with corresponding alacrity to the pile to fetch another board for another row, and was very busy as it bent to adjust a stone beneath. It even sprang back and threw up both arms in sudden affright, when Mrs. Purvine exclaimed aloud. For a deft hand had lifted the other end of the board, and as she glanced around she saw a man kneeling on the mould and placing the stone so that the delicate snap-beans might be sheltered.

"In the name o' Moses!" faltered Mrs. Purvine between her chattering teeth, as she rose to her feet, "air that thar Mink Lorey—or—or"—she remembered how far away, how safe in jail, she had thought him—"or his harnt?"

Mink turned his pallid face toward her. She saw the lustrous gleam of his dark eyes.

He hesitated for a moment. Then he could not resist. "I died 'bout two weeks ago," he drawled circumstantially.

Mrs. Purvine stood as one petrified for a moment. Then credulity revolted.

"Naw, Mink Lorey!" she said sternly. "Naw, sir! Ye ain't singed nowhar. Ef ye war dead, ye'd never hev got back onscorched." She shook her enveloped head reprehensively at him.

Regret had seized upon him. The fleeting privilege of frightening Mrs. Purvine scarcely compensated for the risks he felt he ran in revealing himself.

He stood silent and grave enough, as she set her arms akimbo and gazed speculatively at him.

"How d'ye git out'n jail?" she demanded.

"Through thar onlockin' the door," said Mink.

Mrs. Purvine knitted her puzzled brows.

"War they willin' fur ye ter leave?" she asked, seeking to fathom the mystery.

"Waal, Mis' Purvine," equivocated the fugitive, jauntily, "I ain't never fund nobody, nowhar, right up an' down willin' fur me to leave 'em. They hed ter let me go, though."

"Waal, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvine, with the accent of disappointment. "I never b'lieved ez Judge Gwinnan war in earnest, whenst he promised Lethe Sayles ter git ye pardoned. Whenst she kem back rej'icin' over it so, I 'lowed the jedge war jes' laffin' at her."

The man, staring at her with unnaturally large and brilliant eyes, recoiled suddenly, and his shadow appeared to revolt from her words. "Jedge Gwinnan! pardon!" he cried, contemptuously, his voice rising shrilly in the quiet night. "He got me no pardon! I'd hev none off'n him, damn him! I'd bide in the prison twenty year, forty year,—I'd rot thar,—afore I'd take enny faviors out'n *his* hand! Lord! let me lay my grip on that man one more time, an' hell an' all the devils can't pull me off!"

His strength failed to support his excitement. He staggered to the pile of boards and leaned against them, panting, now and then passing his hand over his brow, lifting the hair that curled upon it. Mrs. Purvine noted how white his face was, how exhausted his attitude.

"Ye 'pear sorter fibble," she remarked, prosaically, "an' ye walk toler'ble cripple."

"Yes," observed Mink, with his wonted manner, "it 'peared ter me a toler'ble good joke ter jump off the middle o' the bledge inter the Tennessee Ruver. But it turned out same ez mos' o' my jokes, — makes me laugh on the wrong side o' my mouth."

Mrs. Purvine began to understand. Her lower jaw dropped. "Whar hev ye got ennything ter eat?" she demanded, with bated breath.

"Waal," said Mink, argumentatively, "eatin' 's a powerful expensive business; we-uns would all save a heap ef we'd quit eatin'."

Mrs. Purvine received this in pondering silence. Then she broke forth suddenly: —

"Ye air a outdacious, sassy, scandalous mink, an' I hev 'lowed ez much fur many a year, but I never looked ter see the time when ye'd kem an' prop yerse'f up in my gyardin-spot, an' look me in the eye, an' call me stingy. How war I ter know ye war n't ez full ez a tick, ye impident half-liver? I kin see ez ye ain't fat in nowise, but how kin I tell by the creases in a man's face what he hed fur dinner?"

"Laws-a-massy, Mis' Purvine!" exclaimed Mink, deprecating the untoward interpretation which his words seemed to bear. "I never meant sech ez that. Ef it hed been enny ways nigh cookin' time, I'd hev kem right in, — ef I hed n't been afraid ye'd tell on me, — an' axed ye fur a snack. Ain't I eat hyar time an' agin along o' Jerry Price? I hev hed a heap o' meals from you-uns, — more 'n ye know 'bout, fur I hev treat-

ed yer watermillion patch ez ef it hed been my own."

If Mrs. Purvine was placated, she did not at once manifest her mollification. "What d'ye know 'bout cookin' time, or cookin' air one, ye slack-twisted, lazy, senseless critter? Jes' kerry yer bones right inter that thar door, fur eat ye hev got ter. In Moses's name!" she ejaculated piteously, "the boy kin sca'ce'ly walk."

But Mink hesitated. "I don't wantter see Jerry," he said. "I dunno what Jerry mought think 'bout'n it all."

"Jerry's dead asleep, an' so air all the boys," declared the industrious Mrs. Purvine. "Ye reckon ye air goin' ter find ennybody up this time o' night 'ceptin' a hard-workin' old woman like me? I can't be no surer o' ye 'n I be a'ready. Go 'long in, 'fore I set Bose on ye."

He was sorry for himself, — to gauge the joy, the comfort, that the very sight of the humble and familiar room afforded him. The fire had been covered with ashes, but Mrs. Purvine promptly pulled out the coals and piled on the pine knots, and the white flare showed the low-ceiled room, its walls covered with the old advertisements; the punch eon floor; the hanks of yarn; the many pendent strings of pepper from the beams, and the quilting-frame clinging to them like a huge bat; the two high beds; the glister of the ostentatious mirror; the prideful clock, silent on the shelf. As the interior became brilliantly illuminated, Mink looked suspiciously at the glass in the windows; he experienced a relief to note that the batten shutters were closed.

"I did n't want nobody ter git a glimge o' me," he said, "kase I dunno but what they mought try ter hold ye 'sponsible fur feedin' me, cornsiderin' I be a runaway."

"They ain't never goin' ter find out ez ye hev been hyar, now," said Mrs. Purvine.

"They mought ax ye," suggested Mink.

"Waal, lies air healthy." Mrs. Purvine accommodated her singular ethics to many emergencies. "Church-yards air toler'ble full, but thar ain't nobody thar ez died from tellin' lies. Not but what I'm a perfessin' member," she qualified, with a qualm of conscience, "an' hev renounced deceit; but ef ennybody kems hyar inquirin' roun' 'bout my business, — what I done with this little mite o' meat, an' that biscuit, an' the t'other pot o' coffee, — I answer the foolish accordin' ter his folly, like the Bible tells me, an' send him rej'icin' on his way."

Mink, his every fear relieved, thought it a snug haven after the storms that he had weathered, as he sat in Mrs. Purvine's own rocking-chair, and felt the grateful warmth of the blaze. He had hardly hoped ever again to know the simple domestic comforts of the chimney-corner. The coffee put new life into him, and after he had eaten the hot ash cake and bacon broiled on the coals, he took, at her insistence, another cup, and drank it as she sat opposite him on the hearth. In this last potation she joined him, having poured her coffee into a gourd, to save the trouble, as she explained, of washing another cup and saucer.

"How do Lethe keep her health?"

"Fust-rate," said Mrs. Purvine. Her tone had changed. She looked at him speculatively from under the brim of her sun-bonnet, which she wore much of the time in the house. "She air peart an' lively ez ever."

His lip curled slightly. He was sarcastic and critical concerning Alethea's mental attitude, — the reaction, perhaps, of much rebuke and criticism received at her hands.

"I reckon she ain't missed me none, then?" he hazarded.

"She never seen much o' you-uns las' summer, bein' ez ye war constant

in keepin' company with Elviry then; though she's missed ye cornsider'ble. Ye need n't never 'low the gals will furgit ye, Mink," she added, graciously. "The las' time Lethe seen Jedge Gwinnan she war a-beggin' him fur ye, — an' he promised, too. Lethe's pretty enough ter make a man do mos' ennything, — leastwise these hyar town folks think so."

The color had sprung into Mink's face. He stood up for a moment, searching for Jerry's tobacco on the mantel-piece. He lighted his pipe by a coal which he scooped up with the bowl, and as he put the stem between his lips he looked covertly at Mrs. Purvine's placid face, as she drank her coffee from the gourd, and meditatively swung her foot; the right knee was crossed over the left; the other foot was planted squarely upon the floor; a narrow section of a stout gray stocking was visible above a leather shoe, laced incongruously with a white cotton cord, the kitten having carried off its leather string, and Mrs. Purvine continually forgetting to properly supply its place.

"Ben Doaks, — air he still thinkin' 'bout marryin' Lethe?" demanded Mink between two puffs of smoke.

"Ef he air, he air barkin' up the wrong tree, I kin tell ye!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvine, angrily. "Lethe Sayles air goin' ter marry a town man, — leastwise that's what all the kentry air sayin'. He 'lows she be plumb beautiful. An' I always did think so, though she air my own niece," as if this ought to be an obstacle. "I names no names," — which would have been difficult, under the circumstances, — "but he air a town man, an' hev got a high place, an' air well off. Some folks don't keer nuthin' 'bout money, but I ain't one of 'em. An' he air o' good folks, — fust-rate stock; an' I sets store on fambly, too."

Mink was leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees; his eyes burnt

upon her face; his pipe-stem was quivering in his gaunt hand.

"Whar did she meet up with him?"

"Down in Shaftesville, when she went ter testify fur you-uns," said Mrs. Purvine. Then, with her felicity of inspiration, "He seen her fust in the court-room, an' he war smitten at sight."

She could not accurately define the impression she was making. But she grew a little frightened as she watched the keen, clear-cut face, changing unconsciously, responsive to unimagined thoughts: his wild dark eyes, in no sort tamed or dimmed, dwelt steadily on the white vistas of the fire; his fine red hair curled alluringly on his collar. As she looked at him, fain to note how handsome he was, she wished very heartily, poor woman, that that mythical fortunate suitor had added to the charming qualities with which she had endowed him the simple essential, existence.

Mink burst suddenly into a satiric laugh, startling to hear. Mrs. Purvine turned upon him, the gourd trembling in her hand.

"Ye ain't got no manners, Mink Lorey," she said, trying to resume her note of superficial severity. "What be ye a-laffin' at?"

"Jes' at thoughts," he said enigmatically, — "thoughts!"

"Thoughts 'bout me, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Purvine aggressively.

"Naw; jes' 'bout Lethe an' that thar town man." He whirled from the fire, and walked up and down the floor, with his hands in his pockets.

"Waal, don't ye say no mo' 'bout'n him," said Mrs. Purvine, desirous of contemplating him no longer, "an' don't ye ax me who he be, fur I won't tell ye!"

"Thar ain't no need ter ax ye; I know."

Mrs. Purvine pondered this for a moment. She forgot it in her effort to persuade the young fellow to accept the hospitalities of the spare bedroom, of which she was so proud. "Ye kin jest

stay in thar all night, Mink, an' all ter-morrer. Ye won't wake up fur no breakfus', arter the tramp ye hev hed, an' a long sleep 'll ease yer bones. An' ter-morrer night, 'bout ten o'clock, arter all the chill'n hev gone ter sleep, I'll gin ye a good meal, an' ye kin set out heartened up an' strong. I'd ruther Jerry an' the boys did n't know 'bout yer bein' hyar, kase I dunno what the law does ter folks ez holps them ez be runnin' from jestic — or injestic; 'bout the same thing, ez fur ez I kin make out. An' I don't want them ter git inter trouble."

"Mebbe the sher'ff 'll kem arter you-uns," Mink warned her.

"Waal, I'll tell him I ain't got no time ter fool with him, an' ter take himself off the way he kem;" and Mrs. Purvine dismissed the imaginary ministerial officer with a lofty sniff.

The next day it seemed to Mrs. Purvine that many immediate requisites were stowed away temporarily in the bedroom. She was continually on the alert to prevent Jerry or the boys from invading it. "Keep out'n that thar bedroom. I ain't keerin' ef ye *ain't* got no syblin' seed. I ain't goin' ter let ye s'arch thar. I hev got all my fine quilts what I pieced myself — 'ceptin' with a leetle help from Lethe Sayles — a-hangin' up thar ter air. Hang 'em up in the sun, ye say? Who d'ye reckon wants ter fade them gay colors out?"

When at last Jerry desisted, in deference to this new, strange whim, one of the boys was beset with anxiety to get his shoes which he had set away there.

"That's the way the shoe-leather goes, — walkin' on it," said aunt Dely reasonably. "Naw, sir! Save them soles, an' go bar'foot. The weather's warm now."

The youngest, the most pertinacious and hard to resist, was tumultuous to get a certain "whang o' leather" which Bluff needed to complete his gear, in order to continue ploughing.

"I ain't a-keerin' ef one o' Bluff's horns was lef' in thar, an' he could n't low without it. I ain't goin' ter hev them quilts disturbed."

Presently, when drowsy from her long vigil of the preceding night, she placed her chair before the door, that no one might enter without rousing her, and thus solemnly sentinel, she alternately knitted and nodded away the afternoon.

It was a great relief to her when the house was still, the family all asleep, and the fugitive's meal prepared. She had taken special pains with it, albeit she went about it yawningly, and had filled a tin pail with provisions that he might carry with him.

She waited ten minutes or so after all was ready. She listened, as she knelt on the hearth. There was no sound within but the stertorous breathing of the sleepers in the roof-room. From without only the murmur of the river, the croaking of a frog; the stir of the wind came in at the open back door, through which she could see the white moonshine, lying in lonely splendor upon the dark, prosaic expanse of the newly ploughed fields. She rose and closed it, that the fugitive might not be revealed to the casual eye of any nocturnal fisherman, striking through her domain on his way to the river bank. Then she went to the bedroom door.

As she tapped on the panel, the door moved under the pressure, and she saw that it was unbuttoned on the inside. "That thar keerless boy ought ter hev buttoned this door!" she exclaimed. "The sher'ff could hev gone right in and nabbed him whilst he war asleep. Ye Mink! *Mink!*"

There was no answer.

"Waal, sir! I never seen the beat." Then in imperative crescendo, "*Ye Mink!*"

She pushed open the door. The moonlight slanted through the porch and into the little bedroom, revealing

the bed empty, the room deserted save for Mrs. Purvine's rows of dresses hanging by the neck, and the piles of quilts on a shelf, rising in imposing proportions to attest her industry and a little help from Lethe Sayles.

He had fled,—when, why? She could not say; she could not imagine. She stood staring, with a vacillating expression on her face. She was ready for an outburst of futile anger, could she construe it as one of his minkish tricks; he might even now be far away, laughing to picture how she would look when she would stand at the open door and find the room empty. Her face reddened at the thought. But perhaps, she argued, more generously, he had taken some alarm, and fled for safety.

Mrs. Purvine had had no experience in keeping secrets, and her colloquial habits were such as did not tend to cultivate the gift. More than once, the next day, as she speculated on the mysterious disappearance of Mink, she would drop her hands and exclaim in meditative wonderment, "Waal! waal! waal! This worl' an' a few mo' sech worl's ez this!"

It went hard with her to resist the curious questionings that this demonstration was calculated to excite. But when asked what she was talking about, she would only reply in enigmatical phrase, "Laros to ketch meddlers!" and shake her head unutterably. Nevertheless, when it became evident that her household had exhausted all their limited wiles to elicit the mystery of which she seemed suddenly and incomprehensibly possessed, and had reluctantly desisted, her resolution grew weaker instead of stronger, and she was bereft of a piquant interest in their queries and guesses. She began herself to play around the dangerous subject; her remarks appeared to excite no suspicion and no surprise, and thus she was astonished in her turn.

"I wonder, Jerry," she said, as he and

she, their pipes freshly lighted after supper, strolled about the "gyardin-spot" to note how the truck was thriving, Bose and a comrade or two at their heels, — "I wonder how high that thar new bredge be over the Tennessee Ruver?"

"Never medjured it," returned Jerry, his eyes twinkling as they met her serious gaze.

"Ye g' 'long!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvine tartly. She was addressing only the unfilial spirit that prompted his reply, for she had no intention of dismissing the audience, as she resumed at once in her usual tone. "Waal, from all ye hev hearn, would n't ye 'low ez ennybody jumpin' off'n it war 'bleeged ter break thar neck?" she argued.

"I'd hev thunk so," admitted Jerry, "but it seems not."

She looked sharply at him from over her spectacles, as she canvassed his reply. It must have been accident. How could he know aught of Mink? She was for a moment so impressed with a sense of danger here that she hastily spoke from the purpose.

"Ye see them butter-beans?" she remarked, pointing to the white seed lying on the top of the ground. "It alwais 'peared mighty comical ez they air planted in the ground, an' soon ez they sprout they fling the seed on the top. Whenst I war a leetle gal I useter go 'round an' stick 'em all under agin, — we never hed more 'n a few messes a season at our house."

"Them peas 'll hev ter be stuck afore long," said Jerry, complacently.

But the simple pleasure in a garden was too insipid long to enchain the interest of the sophisticated Mrs. Purvine; her mind reverted to her burning secret and the many speculations to which it gave rise. She hardly noted the red sky, stretching so far above the purple mountains; the river, with reflections of gold and pink amid its silver glinting. In the south Procyon, star of ill-omen,

swung in the faint blue spaces. A whip-poor-will sang. Darkness impended.

Once more she skirted the forbidden topic.

"Waal, I would n't advise nobody ter try it." She was alluding not to the industrial necessity of sticking the peas, but to jumping off the bridge.

"Naw, sir," Jerry assented, quietly. "'Bout some things Mink 'pears ter hev the devil's own luck, though ginerally they run agin him. I reckon nobody but Mink could hev lept from that bredge an' swum out'n the ruver 'thout gittin' cotched."

Mrs. Purvine trembled from head to foot. As she turned her face toward him the light of the evening struck upon her glittering spectacles in the depths of her sun-bonnet, and it seemed a fiery and penetrating gaze she bent on her adopted son.

"In the name o' Moses, Jerry Price!" she solemnly adjured him. "How did you-uns know ennything 'bout Mink Lorey?"

"Same way ye did," said Jerry, in accents of surprise.

Mrs. Purvine sat down abruptly on the pile of boards beside the fence.

Jerry, astonished at her evident agitation, proceeded: —

"Yer mem'ry air failin', surely, ef ye hev furgot ez the dep'ty-sher'ff tole us 'bout'n it yistiddy, — rid his critter right up thar ter the side o' the fence, an' I lef' Bluff whar I war a-ploughin', an' went down an' talked ter him."

"What war I a-doin' of?" demanded Mrs. Purvine, feebly.

"Ye war settin' knittin' right in front o' the bedroom door, — ter keep we-uns from raidin' in on them quilts ez ye war airin' in the bedroom, whar thar ain't no air."

Mrs. Purvine breathed more freely. She had a vague memory of hearing a man hallooing at the fence, and of seeing Jerry running to meet him; the rest was lost in the deep slumber which she

called "dozin' off," as she sat sentinel in front of the door. "I mus' hev been noddin'," she said, trembling a little at the idea that the sheriff and the prisoner had been at such close quarters. "I never hearn none o' it."

"Waal," explained Jerry, "he hed traced Mink up somewhar nighabouts. An' he war mighty keen ter ketch him. He 'lowed Mink war a turrible fool ter hev runned off, kase they hed n't lef' Glaston more'n two hours 'fore Mink's pardon kem. Jedge Gwinnan hed gone an' beset the gov'nor, an' tole him 't war a plumb mistake, an' Mink war n't no reg'lar jail-bird, nor hardened critter, nor nuthin' but a simple country boy. An' he'd hed a reg'lar martyrdom o' injustice, an' sech. An' the 'sault war jes' a boy's hittin' a feller ez he 'lowed war gittin' the better o' him. 'T war n't 'count o' the trial. He war jes' jealous. Jedge Gwinnan 'lowed ez the fight war mighty onfair, kase Mink war chained an' he war n't. An' he would n't let him be prosecuted ef he could hev holped it. An' ez Mink's case hed been affirmed by the S'preme Court the gov'nor pardoned him. Skeggs 'lowed folks say the gov'nor war right down glad ter do it, kase he hev hed ter be toler'ble hard on some folks lately ez applied fur pardons; an' he did n't want ter git onpop'lar, an' ter 'pear set agin mercy ez a constancy."

"Waal! waal!" exclaimed Mrs. Purvine, divided between surprise and an effort to gauge the effect of this intelligence on the prisoner listening in the little room.

"Skeggs 'lowed 't war mighty mean in Mink ter hide out an' leave him ter ketch all the consequences, — he air 'sponsible fur the 'scape, — kase they don't want Mink fur nuthin' now but that thar leetle case 'bout'n the mill, an' everybody knows Tad ain't dead. Mr. Harshaw 'lows he seen Tad when he war huntin' up in the mountings. An' Lethe, she seen him. An' Skeggs air honin' an' moanin' 'bout'n it, an' 'lows Mink mought kem an' be tried, ef he hed the feelin's o' a man stiddier a mink."

Mrs. Purvine rose slowly, and bent her meditative steps toward the door, wondering all the more why Mink should have disappeared so mysteriously, cognizant as he must have been how his dangers had lessened, — whither he had gone, with what purpose.

"Aunt Dely," said Jerry, suddenly, following her slowly, "how did ye know ennything 'bout Mink, ef ye never hearn Skeggs tell it?"

"Jerry Price," said Mrs. Purvine, sternly, "ef ye hed been raised by yer aunt Melindy Jane, I'll be bound ye'd hev larned better 'n ter ax fool questions with every breath ye draw."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

TO A MAID DEMURE.

OFTEN when the night is come,
 With its quiet group at home,
 While they broider, knit, or sew,
 Read, or chat in voices low,
 Suddenly you lift your eyes
 With an earnest look, and wise;
 But I cannot read their lore, —
 Tell me less, or tell me more.

Like a picture in a book,
 Pure and peaceful is your look,
 Quietly you walk your ways;
 Steadfast duty fills the days.
 Neither tears nor fierce delights,
 Feverish days nor tossing nights,
 Any troublous dreams confess, —
 Tell me more, or tell me less.

Swift the weeks are on the wing;
 Years are brief, and love a thing
 Blooming, fading, like a flower;
 Wake and seize the little hour.
 Give me welcome, or farewell;
 Quick! I wait! And who can tell
 What to-morrow may befall, —
 Love me more, or not at all.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON, ARCHITECT.

It is recognized that since the beginning of this century architecture has not kept pace with the general advance of the other arts of civilization. Science has made steady progress all along the line, and often has astonished the world by leaps and bounds; its torch has flooded vast regions of doubt and darkness with triumphant illuminations. But while there is undeniably a style of the nineteenth century, and while England, France, Germany, and America have impressed certain national characteristics upon the architecture of the period, no definite advances have been made corresponding with those which occurred in every decade in Europe from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, when most of the other arts were asleep, or with those from the fourteenth to the seventeenth, when the artistic invention of the world found ample scope for expression and development in the renaissance of classic forms. The architects of this latter period were content with the language of the four or

ders, and with the coördination of arch, pilaster, and entablature, according to established formulas of proportion.

The modern era of research and experiment, which began with the encyclopædists in the eighteenth century, put an end to the progress of the renaissance of classic architecture, and inaugurated eclecticism. Under the same influence, science began its phenomenal career of successful discovery. Eclecticism in architecture is entirely consonant with the spirit of the times; it implies the collection, analysis, arrangement, and study of all the historical forms of art. This process, while it has made architects learned and reflective, has dissipated their inventive powers, and rendered impossible that unity of effort without which characteristic progress in style is impossible. The same impulse which made science productive has made architecture unproductive. In rendering this art more scholarly and correct, it has gradually removed it from the stimulus of public

sympathy and correction. The history of modern architecture has thus become rather a history of study and experiment than of accomplishment and progress.

The question now is, When will this long discipline of probation bear its natural fruit, and furnish us with the elements of a true progress in art, consistent with our civilization, and competent to express it with the same sort and degree of precision with which the civilizations of the Middle Ages, of the Spanish Saracens, of the Italians of the fifteenth century, of the English of the Tudor times, for example, were respectively symbolized in their buildings and works of decorative art?

The Greek revival of the last century, the Gothic revival of the first half of the present century, the late revival, improperly called, of the Queen Anne style, and all the various subordinate revivals which, meanwhile, have arisen and fallen apparently as illogically as fashions in costume, have failed, because they were revivals of perfected styles, incapable of further progression; they were quotations, admirable for their archæological correctness, and for the skill with which they were adapted to modern uses. But they infused no new life into modern architecture, and failed to arouse public attention.

In our own country there have been corresponding movements, with corresponding results.

The constant desire for new things has made architecture extremely sensitive to impressions and hints. Every successful building is the parent of a score of imitations, not in its neighborhood only, but in distant places, sporadically all over the Union. For the publication of designs is prompt, and every architect has in his hands duly every new expression of form. Thus we have had and are having a succession of little fashions, contemporaneous, overlapping, intermingling, dying out,

and coming into vogue, the duration of each being in proportion to the strength of the original impulse. We have imitations of imitations, the quality of each varying according to the training of the practitioner, and, as a general rule, deteriorating according to its distance from the original revival or invention.

At the present moment we are under the dominion of an impulse so vigorous, healthy, and stimulating, so different from any which has preceded it, so elastic to practical uses, that, in the hands of a profession far more accomplished and far better trained than ever before, it gives us the right to hope for results of the first importance in the development of style.

If there are any prevailing characteristics in the best architectural work of the present day in this country, they consist in the free use of heavy Romanesque forms from the south of France, low-browed round arches, stone mullions and transoms, wide-spreading gables, severe sky-lines, apsidal projections, rounded angles, and towers with low, pointed domical roofs; great wealth of carving, where the work is rich; a general aspect of heaviness and strength, frequently degenerating into an affectation of rudeness. Columns are short and stumpy, and capitals show Byzantine influence. Colonnades and arcades of windows are frequent, and all are free from the trammels of classicism. The new fashion has, for the moment, driven aspiration and lightness as well as precision and correctness out of the market. Important buildings with such features have lately been completed, or are under construction, in nearly all the large cities of the Union, from Boston to San Francisco. No modern buildings of this sort are to be seen either in France, Germany, or England. For the Romanesque of to-day in Europe is derived mostly from Norman traditions, and is more or less stiffened by pedantry and straightened by monastic formulas.

In fact, we apparently have at last, and for the first time, a purely American revival of certain ancient forms. There is scarcely a trained architect in this country who is not at the moment more or less attracted towards this especial phase of Romance art. There are, however, none who have not been, from their days of pupilage, as familiar with these forms as with that variety of them which the Normans introduced into England in the eleventh century; or with those derivatives of them which the monastic orders in the twelfth and the lay-builders in the thirteenth successively developed and brought to perfection; or with those forms which Francis I. brought from Italy to France in the fifteenth century; or, in fact, with any of the historic styles which have formed the basis of design for the last fifty years. Yet, until now, the front of Poitiers, the porches of St. Trophime at Arles, and the apses of St. Julian at Brioude have remained neglected in their portfolios, — a sort of antique rubbish, archæologically interesting, perhaps, but practically useless. Barbaric and rude, they have seemed in no respect germane to modern thought and modern practice.

It is observed also that, unlike any of the experiments in style which we have adopted from our English brethren, unlike our correct classic, our irreproachable Gothic, our Dutch reform, with its fretted gables, its sash windows, and its brick carving, this new revival has something about it which interests the public. Educated people of the laity are at last taking notice; and this is a most remarkable and encouraging sign.

Under what impulse has this change taken place among architects and laymen? What is its significance? Has the new movement a future before it? Has it come to stay?

It is a peculiarity of every change of style in modern practice that it must start from an archæological revival of

some sort. Indeed, archæology is the necessary basis of every style; for it cannot be too often repeated that a style is a growth, and not an invention; and yet, as Sergeant Troy said, "Creation and preservation don't do well together, and a million antiquarians can't invent a style." Thus at the beginning of every revival there must stand one or more architects of exceptional force and ability, to give to the new movement its first impetus, — to show how it can be adapted to modern usage, to establish its respectability and success.

The personality which has performed this function in America with reference to the Romanesque of Auvergne is certainly one of the most interesting, and perhaps one of the most remarkable, in the history of modern architects. Other contemporaries in his profession have exhibited at least equal professional attainments. Others have surpassed him in the amount of work accomplished. But none have had a professional career so fortunate, so exceptional in its characteristics, and so brilliant in its results as that of Henry Hobson Richardson, of Brookline, Mass. It would not be difficult to point out single works by some of his professional friends which, in respect of artistic and technical merit, would occupy a rank at least as high as anything from his hand. But it would not be possible to show a succession of works from any other hands exhibiting an individuality so strong, a personal force so imposing, a progress of achievement so steady, a development of genius so harmonious and consistent. Certainly we shall find no career which has made upon the public an impression so marked, none which has had an influence upon the profession so powerful and so widely spread.

Dr. Johnson said that every human life, however humble, must have something of interest in it for all mankind. No biography can fail, at some point, to touch the sympathies and awaken prof-

itable thought. Above all, a career of consistent progress in any walk of experience, a career which developed from good to better and from better to best, deserves to be studied and analyzed in all its phases, for the benefit of those who are still in the midst of the labors of production. Such a career should ultimately belong to the public, with all the incidents and accidents which helped to make it possible. That, however, with which we are now especially concerned is too recent and too near to us to be spread before the world in all its details. Its results are not yet sufficiently ascertained, its value is as yet too much a matter of question, to justify a premature invasion of its privacy. But, even at this stage, an outline of its purely professional part may be permitted, because it had qualities which have visibly affected the taste of to-day, and which therefore claim serious consideration.

Henry Hobson Richardson was born at Priestley's Point, St. James' Parish, Louisiana, September 29, 1838. His father, Henry D. Richardson, was a planter of ample means, born in America, but whose ancestors were originally Scotch, and afterwards took up their abode in England. His mother, Catherine Caroline Priestley, was a daughter of the famous Dr. Priestley, of England. Their son received an appointment as cadet at West Point from Judah P. Benjamin, who was then Senator. He passed his examinations, but, his father dying at that time, he gave up the appointment and entered Harvard College, whence he graduated with the class of 1859. In July of the same year he went abroad with two of his classmates, traveled extensively, and finally settled in Paris, where he began the study of architecture in the School of Fine Arts, entering, in 1860, the *atelier* of M. André. Meanwhile, his family, in the vicissitudes of the war for the Union, lost their fortune, and Richardson was for

the first time thrown upon his own resources. But he pursued his studies in Paris until October, 1865, when he returned to this country, and in the following year began the active practice of his profession as a member of the firm of Gambrill and Richardson, in New York. In 1867 he married Julia Gorham Hayden, daughter of Dr. Hayden, of Boston, and took up his residence at Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., where he remained until May, 1875. The professional partnership having been previously dissolved, he moved to Brookline, Mass., in 1875. Here he established his studio, and here he lived until his death, April 27, 1886.

In 1866 he was made a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects; in 1879 he became a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in 1881 of the Archæological Institute of America.

The incidents of his professional career may be most briefly stated in a chronological list of his works, which is approximately correct:—

1. Grace Church, Medford, Mass.
2. Boston and Albany Railroad Offices, Springfield, Mass.
3. Church of the Unity, Springfield, Mass.
4. The Agawam Bank, Springfield, Mass.
5. House for William Dorsheimer, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y.
6. The State Asylum for the Insane, Buffalo, N. Y.
7. Exhibition Building, Cordova, Argentine Republic.
8. American Express Co. Building, Chicago, Ill.
9. Brattle Street Church, Boston, Mass.
10. Worcester High School.
11. The Hampden County Court-House, Springfield, Mass.
12. Trinity Church, Boston, Mass.
13. Cheney Buildings, Hartford, Conn.
14. Phoenix Insurance Building, Hartford, Conn.
15. House for B. W. Crowninshield, Boston, Mass.
16. The North Church, Springfield, Mass.
17. William Watt Sherman's house, Newport, R. I.
18. Portions of the New York State Capitol, Albany, N. Y.
19. Public Library, Woburn, Mass.
20. Ames Memorial Library, North Easton, Mass.

21. Sever Hall, Cambridge, Mass.
22. Ames Memorial Town Hall, North Easton, Mass.
23. Trinity Church Rectory, Boston, Mass.
24. Monument to Oliver and Oakes Ames, Sherman, Wyoming.
25. Gate lodge for F. L. Ames, North Easton, Mass.
26. Crane Memorial Library, Quincy, Mass.
27. Bridges for the Back Bay Park, Boston, Mass.
28. City Hall, Albany, N. Y.
29. Depot for the Boston and Albany R. R., Auburndale, Mass.
30. New Law School, Cambridge, Mass.
31. House for F. L. Higginson, Esq., Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
32. House for General N. L. Anderson, Washington, D. C.
33. Railroad depot, Holyoke, Mass., for Connecticut River R. R.
34. Depot, Palmer, Mass., for Boston and Albany R. R.
35. Depot, North Easton, Mass., Boston and Albany R. R.
36. Dairy Building, North Easton, Mass.
37. House for Grange Sard, Esq., Albany, N. Y.
38. Store on Kingston and Bedford Sts., Boston, for F. L. Ames, Esq.; also store on Washington Street.
39. Billings Library for University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
40. Depot, Chestnut Hill, Mass., Boston and Albany R. R.
41. Converse Memorial Library, Malden, Mass.
42. Baptist Church, Newton, Mass.
43. House for Henry Adams, Esq., Washington, D. C.
44. House for John Hay, Esq., Washington, D. C.
45. Alleghany County Buildings, consisting of Court-House and Jail, Pittsburgh, Penn.
46. Wholesale warehouse for Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
47. Armory, Detroit, Mich.
48. Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati, Ohio.
49. Dwelling-house for Franklin MacVeagh, Esq., Chicago, Ill.
50. Dwelling-house for B. H. Warder, Esq., Washington, D. C.
51. Dwelling-house for J. J. Glessner, Esq., Chicago, Ill.
52. Dwelling-house for Robert Treat Paine, Esq., Waltham, Mass.
53. Dwelling-house for Professor E. W. Gurney, Beverly, Mass.
54. Dwelling-house for J. R. Lionberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.
55. Dwelling-house for William H. Gratwick, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y.
56. Store on Harrison Avenue, Boston, for F. L. Ames, Esq.
57. Railroad depot, New London, Conn.
58. House for Professor Hubert Herkomer, A. R. A., England.

Of these buildings, the fourteen last named were incomplete at the time of his death, though practically developed in design.

The mere number of his works does not necessarily imply an exceptionally successful career; but in the character of all of them, in the importance of many of them, in their logical succession in point of merit, in their consistency to an ideal established as firmly as the foundations of his most massive buildings, in the impression which they bear of the unrelenting vigor of his mind, they are unique.

It is the fate of most modern buildings—not less of the most scholarly and correct among them than of the most vernacular and commonplace—that they have failed to excite public interest. They are not discussed or criticised, as are the latest works in sculpture or painting. They seem to have no word to say which is intelligible to the passers-by. They may give pleasure in some sort, but the pleasure is undefined, and no layman seeks to analyze the cause of these unconscious impressions. This great art, therefore, seems to live a life quite apart from public sympathy, and the genius of the architect becomes introverted and sophisticated without the continual spur and admonition of common appreciation.

But Richardson's works, wherever placed, have in some way made an impression upon the public mind. They have always surprised, and generally pleased, all who looked upon them. They have aroused discussion outside the closed areopagus of the profession. To discover the cause of such a phenomenon and rightly to profit by this unusual experience would make architecture at length a living art in our land. Its professors have but to gain their public by their works, and the *reform* has begun. Reform is better than any revival, however learned or picturesque.

It is therefore eminently desirable to discover the nature of these potent qualities in Richardson's works. They are not likely to reside in the characteristics which first attract the architect, certainly not in the cleverness with which this skillful student has adapted to modern uses certain devices of construction and decoration which were developed by a few unknown builders in the south of France, in the tenth or eleventh century; they are not in his archæological correctness, nor in the light which he has thrown upon the spirit of certain phases of historical art, nor in his technique. But we may find them among the more obvious characteristics of his work, namely, in its subjective qualities, — in the weight and breadth of his touch, in the remarkable simplicity of his architectural conceptions, in their large, manly vigor, in their clear and powerful accentuation, in the plainness of their sky-lines, and in their freedom from the conventionalities of design. The general idea of each of his buildings is patent to all. The beholder is flattered to find that here, at last, is a fine building which he can understand. His eye is not distracted by detail; that is to say, the detail remains subordinated to the general conception, and only presents itself to the mind subsequently as a confirmation of the first impression. He may like or dislike the design, but he does not forget it.

It would seem an obvious conclusion from this experience that a theory of composition based upon general principles of simplicity and breadth or strength is a better starting-point for a school of reform than any revival, the greatest virtue of which must be correctness of reproduction and skill of adaptation. This, in fact, is the most important bequest left by Richardson to his professional brothers. The natural tendency of modern architecture is to complexity and pedantry, born of familiarity with the whole history of art; its appeal is rather

to the profession through technical qualities and displays of science than to the public through the larger and more robust virtues which all can comprehend. I am referring to the best work of the best men in the profession, who disdain to sacrifice their convictions for the sake of astonishing the vulgar with extravagances, or of attracting them with novelties. To such, a career like that of Richardson is a welcome refreshment. Its influence upon contemporary work is altogether wholesome, and seems not unlikely to prepare the way for a reform of the best sort. The Rev. J. L. Pettie, in the preface of his admirable *Architectural Studies in France* (1854), said, "I would look forward to an architectural style that shall appeal to a deeper sense than a critical taste for correctness, and display a power beyond that of mere science. That such a style will spring up sooner or later I have little doubt. But I cannot venture to pronounce what will be its constructive or decorative character. . . . It may prove to be something as little within the contemplation of our present architects and architectural writers as the richest Gothic was in the imagination of the first builders of the Roman basilica."

The lesson of Richardson's career is conveyed to us mostly in the language of the Romanesque of Auvergne, but with reminiscences from the neighboring provinces of Anjou, Aquitaine, and Provence. He was fortunate enough to hit upon an undeveloped style, full of capacity, picturesque, romantic; its half-savage strength beguiled by traces of refinement inherited from the luxury of the later Roman Empire. It was a style quite in harmony with the natural habits of his mind, and he was wise enough to resist the temptation to experiment in other styles. He forced his Romanesque to uses the most various, — from Trinity Church to the Pittsburgh Court-House, from dwelling-houses at Washington to railway stations in Massachu-

setts, from warehouses in Boston and Chicago to the State House at Albany. In all these the influence of his chosen style was dominant in various degrees, colored more or less, as occasion required, by influences of later styles. It must not be inferred that he was an archæological architect, like Sir Gilbert Scott, whose works were always correct and learned but dry and prosaic; or like Burgess, whose whole life was a beautiful early Gothic masquerade; or even like Vaudremer, who, in his famous church at Montrouge, showed how a refined artist could evolve an ideal Romanesque out of the traditions of the Paris studios. And yet no architect ever made a more thorough and conscientious study of his chosen style; he collected all the books, prints, and photographs which bore upon the subject, and personally ransacked all the forgotten by-ways among the springs of the Loire for examples and details. He saturated himself with the spirit of the unsophisticated builders and stone carvers of southern France who preceded the builder-monks of Cluny and Cîteaux; and yet he never permitted his antiquarianism to swamp his individuality. The success of his revival must be attributed far less to this sympathy with the spirit of these Romanesque designers than to the powerful personality which was everywhere infused in his work. It is this element which distinguished his performances above those of any of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic, and has given to them their peculiar attractiveness. They were never mere adapted quotations, like the works of the Gothic and Queen Anne revivalists; they constituted a living art, for, as has been intimated, the succession of his works, from the Boston and Albany Railroad offices and the Agawam Bank at Springfield to his competitive designs for the Cathedral at Albany, shows a steady process of development from savage and brutal strength to strength refined by study, enriched by

experience, and controlled by indomitable will. His artistic biography may be clearly read in his buildings taken in the order of their date. The most casual observer recognizes in each his big, plain, unmistakable sign-manual. His range of favorite architectural *motifs* is exceptionally small for an architect of his accomplishments. The predominant horizontal string course, the low arch, the heavy stone transom, the frieze of windows, separated by grouped shafts, the apsidal projection, the accentuation of points by profuse semi-barbaric sculpture, the coarse mosaic, the large, unbroken wall surface, the depressed gable, the severe sky-line, the general tendency to a sort of grandiose archaism, — these features are incidents in every work of masonry which came from his hand. His invention was active, but it found ample scope for variety of expression with this simple language of form. Every problem of design, whether large or small, — especially in a few little wooden country houses, — was developed in a broad, strong way; with mannerism, indeed, but without sophistications of detail. Evidences of recklessness and carelessness in matters of technique are not unfrequent. In some of his earlier work, notably in Trinity Church, he seemed impatient of the study of detail. He never made a sacrifice for the sake of symmetry; very few of his *façades* are controlled by a centre line, none are overladen or overstudied; some, on the other hand, are bald and vacant. But he always obtained an effect of repose, and sometimes of a reserved force unusual in modern work. He knew how to decorate without weakening, and no modern designer ever more thoroughly understood the value and true function of sculpture in a work of architecture. He rarely placed an ornament where it was not duly subordinated to and illustrative of the architectural frame-work. Much of his earlier work was abandoned to a display of bigness and force which

betrayed him into grotesqueness and extravagance. This tendency never entirely deserted him, and even in the later part of his career made possible that extraordinary piece of architectural athleticism, the gate lodge on the estate of F. L. Ames at North Easton, which might have been piled up by a Cyclops. This specimen of boisterous Titanic gamboling was nearly coincident with some of the most refined and most patiently studied work of his hand, as, for example, the Town Hall at North Easton and the New Law School at Cambridge.

Richardson poured into the antique mould such a stream of vital energy and personal force that the old types seemed transformed in his hands. The productions of such a man must necessarily be open occasionally to adverse criticism in matters of technical detail. It is not the object of this paper to review his works in any such spirit. It is sufficient that there are qualities in them which interest the public, and which have made an almost unexampled impression upon contemporary architects. There are few of his countrymen in the profession who, at this moment, among the influences which affect their hands in designing, will not recognize the distinct enrichment and enlargement of their resources by a new range of architectural motifs first made current by Richardson's practice.

On general principles, every addition to our means of expression in an art, the language of which is a language of forms, appealing to the imagination through the eye, would be accepted as a benefit, were it not that this *copia verborum* is already so overcrowded with contributions out of the inexhaustible past that the architect is apt to overlay the fundamental idea of his work with favorite expressions and phrases, so that its intention becomes "caviare to the general." He is somewhat like the Chinese poets, who, when they would

write a sonnet to their mistress' eyebrows, make a mere compound of quotations from their classics, ingeniously dovetailed, and intelligible only to Chinese scholarship. But we have to thank Richardson for something more than an interesting addition to our architectural vocabulary. This has been done before him by many architects of genius, who did not leave their successors practically any richer, nor advance their art a single step towards reform or the development of a style.

It is because of the almost unexampled proof of the potency of breadth, unity, and simplicity of style that we are chiefly indebted to our friend. These are the qualities which, irrespective of the especial forms which he affected, constitute his greatest claim to recognition as a leader. The benefits of this example may be detected not only in the work of his immediate school of young followers, but in the practice of older men in the profession. It is rather from this influence that we have a right to anticipate beneficent results than from his peculiar mannerism in handling his favorite phases of Romanesque. One has but to glance at the innumerable wooden country houses of the cheaper sort which have arisen during the last two or three years, to see, even in this homely branch of the art of building, that the day of fatal facility in jig-sawing, machine-made mouldings, and "gingerbread work" has gone by, and given place not to antiquarianism or old colonial masquerading, but to a careful simplicity of outline, to a reserve in matters of detail, which, while they make possible any desirable degree of quaintness or picturesqueness of expression, are entirely consistent with convenience, economy, and a display of the best sort of architectural power. We venture the opinion that this wholesome phase in the building art is the direct result of Richardson's example.

As might be expected, he has imita-

tors, who travesty his peculiarities of style and affront the civilization of our times with elaborate affectations of savagery and archaic rudeness. These brutalities, fortunately, find no general acceptance, and will soon be forgotten. Evidence of refinement and study is essential to any work of the nineteenth century; and when these qualities are made consistent with those nobler qualities which work for strength, simplicity, and life, as we may see in the Chamber of Commerce at Cincinnati, in the Library at Woburn, and in the unexecuted studies for the Cathedral at Albany, we seem to approach the highest architectural achievements of our time, and to catch a glimpse of the dawning of a new era, having its foundations in prin-

ciples, and not in imitations and conventionalities. Perhaps the hope of architecture resides largely in a continuation of Richardson's experiments with the Romanesque of Auvergne. The resources of the style and its capacities for development are evidently not exhausted. If it is treated merely as a revival, there is no health in it, and it will presently fail, like the other revivals which have preceded it. If it is treated as a basis for true progress, it will be found more fruitful than any other style now available, and the movement may have before it a future entirely beneficial for American art, — a future which will differentiate that art from contemporary work on the other side of the Atlantic, and give us at last, perhaps, a definite American style.

Henry Van Brunt.

THE BLINDMAN'S WORLD.

THE narrative to which this note is introductory was found among the papers of the late Professor S. Erastus Larrabee, and, as an acquaintance of the gentleman to whom they were bequeathed, I was requested to prepare it for publication. This turned out a very easy task, for the document proved of so extraordinary a character that, if published at all, it should obviously be without change. It appears that the professor did really, at one time in his life, have an attack of vertigo, or something of the sort, under circumstances similar to those described by him, and to that extent his narrative may be founded on fact. How soon it shifts from that foundation, or whether it does at all, the reader must conclude for himself. It appears certain that the professor never related to any one, while living, the stranger features of the experience here narrated, but this might have been merely from fear that his

standing as a man of science would be thereby injured.

Edward Bellamy.

THE PROFESSOR'S NARRATIVE.

At the time of the experience of which I am about to write, I was professor of astronomy and higher mathematics at Abercrombie College. Most astronomers have a specialty, and mine was the study of the planet Mars, our nearest neighbor but one in the Sun's little family. When no important celestial phenomena in other quarters demanded attention, it was on the ruddy disc of Mars that my telescope was oftentimes focused. I was never weary of tracing the outlines of its continents and seas, its capes and islands, its bays and straits, its lakes and mountains. With intense interest I watched from week to week of the Martial winter the advance of the polar ice-cap toward the equator, and its corresponding retreat in

the summer; testifying across the gulf of space as plainly as written words to the existence on that orb of a climate like our own. A specialty is always in danger of becoming an infatuation, and my interest in Mars, at the time of which I write, had grown to be more than strictly scientific. The impression of the nearness of this planet, heightened by the wonderful distinctness of its geography as seen through a powerful telescope, appeals strongly to the imagination of the astronomer. On fine evenings I used to spend hours, not so much critically observing as brooding over its radiant surface, till I could almost persuade myself that I saw the breakers dashing on the bold shore of Kepler land, and heard the muffled thunder of avalanches descending the snow-clad mountains of Mitchell. No earthly landscape had the charm to hold my gaze of that far-off planet, whose oceans, to the unpracticed eye, seem but darker, and its continents lighter, spots and bands.

Astronomers have agreed in declaring that Mars is undoubtedly habitable by beings like ourselves, but, as may be supposed, I was not in a mood to be satisfied with considering it merely habitable. I allowed no sort of question that it was inhabited. What manner of beings these inhabitants might be I found a fascinating speculation. The variety of types appearing in mankind even on this small Earth makes it most presumptuous to assume that the denizens of different planets may not be characterized by diversities far profounder. Wherein such diversities, coupled with a general resemblance to man, might consist, whether in mere physical differences or in different mental laws, in the lack of certain of the great passionate motors of men or the possession of quite others, were weird themes of never-failing attractions for my mind. The El Dorado visions with which the virginal mystery of the New World in-

spired the early Spanish explorers were tame and prosaic compared with the speculations which it was perfectly legitimate to indulge, when the problem was the conditions of life on another planet.

It was the time of the year when Mars is most favorably situated for observation, and, anxious not to lose an hour of the precious season, I had spent the greater part of several successive nights in the observatory. I believed that I had made some original observations as to the trend of the coast of Kepler Land between Lagrange Peninsula and Christie Bay, and it was to this spot that my observations were particularly directed.

On the fourth night other work detained me from the observing-chair till after midnight. When I had adjusted the instrument and took my first look at Mars, I remember being unable to restrain a cry of admiration. The planet was fairly dazzling. It seemed nearer and larger than I had ever seen it before, and its peculiar ruddiness more striking. In thirty years of observations, I recall, in fact, no occasion when the absence of exhalations in our atmosphere has coincided with such cloudlessness in that of Mars as on that night. I could plainly make out the white masses of vapor at the opposite edges of the lighted disc, which are the mists of its dawn and evening. The snowy mass of Mount Hall over against Kepler Land stood out with wonderful clearness, and I could unmistakably detect the blue tint of the ocean of De La Rue, which washes its base,—a feat of vision often, indeed, accomplished by star-gazers, though I had never done it to my complete satisfaction before.

I was impressed with the idea that if I ever made an original discovery in regard to Mars, it would be on that evening, and I believed that I should do it. I trembled with mingled exultation and anxiety, and was obliged to pause

to recover my self-control. Finally, I placed my eye to the eye-piece, and directed my gaze upon the portion of the planet in which I was especially interested. My attention soon became fixed and absorbed much beyond my wont, when observing, and that itself implied no ordinary degree of abstraction. To all mental intents and purposes I was on Mars. Every faculty, every susceptibility of sense and intellect, seemed gradually to pass into the eye, and become concentrated in the act of gazing. Every atom of nerve and will power combined in the strain to see a little, and yet a little, and yet a little, clearer, farther, deeper.

The next thing I knew I was on the bed that stood in a corner of the observing-room, half raised on an elbow, and gazing intently at the door. It was broad daylight. Half a dozen men, including several of the professors and a doctor from the village, were around me. Some were trying to make me lie down, others were asking me what I wanted, while the doctor was urging me to drink some whiskey. Mechanically repelling their offices, I pointed to the door and ejaculated, "President Byxbee — coming," giving expression to the one idea which my dazed mind at that moment contained. And sure enough, even as I spoke the door opened, and the venerable head of the college, somewhat blown with climbing the steep stairway, stood on the threshold. With a sensation of prodigious relief, I fell back on my pillow.

It appeared that I had swooned while in the observing-chair, the night before, and had been found by the janitor in the morning, my head fallen forward on the telescope, as if still observing, but my body cold, rigid, pulseless, and apparently dead.

In a couple of days I was all right again, and should soon have forgotten the episode but for a very interesting

conjecture which had suggested itself in connection with it. This was nothing less than that, while I lay in that swoon, I was in a conscious state outside and independent of the body, and in that state received impressions and exercised perceptive powers. For this extraordinary theory I had no other evidence than the fact of my knowledge in the moment of awaking that President Byxbee was coming up the stairs. But slight as this clue was, it seemed to me unmistakable in its significance. That knowledge was certainly in my mind on the instant of arousing from the swoon. It certainly could not have been there before I fell into the swoon. I must therefore have gained it in the mean time; that is to say, I must have been in a conscious, percipient state while my body was insensible.

If such had been the case, I reasoned that it was altogether unlikely that the trivial impression as to President Byxbee had been the only one which I had received in that state. It was far more probable that it had remained over in my mind, on waking from the swoon, merely because it was the latest of a series of impressions received while outside the body. That these impressions were of a kind most strange and startling, seeing that they were those of a disembodied soul exercising faculties more spiritual than those of the body, I could not doubt. The desire to know what they had been grew upon me, till it became a longing which left me no repose. It seemed intolerable that I should have secrets from myself, that my soul should withhold its experiences from my intellect. I would gladly have consented that the acquisitions of half my waking lifetime should be blotted out, if so be in exchange I might be shown the record of what I had seen and known during those hours of which my waking memory showed no trace. None the less for the conviction of its hopelessness, but rather all the more, as

the perversity of our human nature will have it, the longing for this forbidden lore grew on me, till the hunger of Eve in the Garden was mine.

Constantly brooding over a desire that I felt to be vain, tantalized by the possession of a clue which only mocked me, my physical condition became at length affected. My health was disturbed and my rest at night was broken. A habit of walking in my sleep, from which I had not suffered since childhood, recurred, and caused me frequent inconvenience. Such had been, in general, my condition for some time, when I awoke one morning with the strangely weary sensation by which my body usually betrayed the secret of the impositions put upon it in sleep, of which otherwise I should often have suspected nothing. In going into the study connected with my chamber, I found a number of freshly written sheets on the desk. Astonished that any one should have been in my rooms while I slept, I was astounded, on looking more closely, to observe that the handwriting was my own. How much more than astounded I was on reading the matter that had been set down, the reader may judge if he shall peruse it. For these written sheets apparently contained the longed-for but despaired-of record of those hours when I was absent from the body. They were the lost chapter of my life; or rather, not lost at all, for it had been no part of my waking life, but a stolen chapter,—stolen from that sleep-memory on whose mysterious tablets may well be inscribed tales as much more marvellous than this as this is stranger than most stories.

It will be remembered that my last recollection before awaking in my bed, on the morning after the swoon, was of contemplating the coast of Kepler Land with an unusual concentration of attention. As well as I can judge, — and that is no better than any one else, — it is with the moment that my bodily

powers succumbed and I became unconscious that the narrative which I found on my desk begins.

THE DOCUMENT FOUND ON MY DESK

Even had I not come as straight and swift as the beam of light that made my path, a glance about would have told me to what part of the universe I had fared. No earthly landscape could have been more familiar. I stood on the high coast of Kepler Land where it trends southward. A brisk westerly wind was blowing and the waves of the ocean of De La Rue were thundering at my feet, while the broad blue waters of Christie Bay stretched away to the southwest. Against the northern horizon, rising out of the ocean like a summer thunder-head, for which at first I mistook it, towered the far-distant, snowy summit of Mount Hall.

Even had the configuration of land and sea been less familiar, I should none the less have known that I stood on the planet whose ruddy hue is at once the admiration and puzzle of astronomers. Its explanation I now recognized in the tint of the atmosphere, a coloring comparable to the haze of Indian summer, except that its hue was a faint rose instead of purple. Like the Indian summer haze, it was impalpable, and without impeding the view bathed all objects near and far in a glamour not to be described. As the gaze turned upward, however, the deep blue of space so far overcame the roseate tint that one might fancy he were still on Earth.

As I looked about me I saw many men, women, and children. They were in no respect dissimilar, so far as I could see, to the men, women, and children of the Earth, save for something almost childlike in the untroubled serenity of their faces, unfurrowed as they were by any trace of care, of fear, or of anxiety. This extraordinary youthfulness of aspect made it difficult, indeed, save by careful scrutiny, to distinguish

the young from the middle-aged, maturity from advanced years. Time seemed to have no tooth on Mars.

I was gazing about me, admiring this crimson-lighted world, and these people who appeared to hold happiness by a tenure so much firmer than men's, when I heard the words, "You are welcome," and, turning, saw that I had been accosted by a man with the stature and bearing of middle age, though his countenance, like the other faces which I had noted, wonderfully combined the strength of a man's with the serenity of a child's. I thanked him, and said, "You do not seem surprised to see me, though I certainly am to find myself here." "Assuredly not," he answered. "I knew, of course, that I was to meet you to-day. And not only that, but I may say I am already in a sense acquainted with you, through a mutual friend, Professor Edgerly. He was here last month, and I met him at that time. We talked of you and your interest in our planet. I told him I expected you." "Edgerly!" I exclaimed. "It is strange that he has said nothing of this to me. I meet him every day." But I was reminded that it was in a dream that Edgerly, like myself, had visited Mars, and on awaking had recalled nothing of his experience, just as I should recall nothing of mine. When will man learn to interrogate the dream soul of the marvels it sees in its wanderings? Then he will no longer need to improve his telescopes to find out the secrets of the universe. "Do your people visit the Earth in the same manner?" I asked my companion. "Certainly," he replied; "but there we find no one able to recognize us and converse with us as I am conversing with you, although myself in the waking state. You, as yet, lack the knowledge we possess of the spiritual side of the human nature which we share with you." "That knowledge must have enabled you to learn much more of the Earth than we know of

you," I said. "Indeed it has," he replied. "From visitors such as you, of whom we entertain a concourse constantly, we have acquired familiarity with your civilization, your history, your manners, and even your literature and languages. Have you not noticed that I am talking with you in English, which is certainly not a tongue indigenous to this planet?" "Among so many wonders I scarcely observed that," I answered. "For ages," pursued my companion, "we have been waiting for you to improve your telescopes so as to approximate the power of ours, after which communication between the planets would be easily established. The progress which you make is, however, so slow that we expect to wait ages yet." "Indeed, I fear you will have to," I replied. "Our opticians already talk of having reached the limits of their art." "Do not imagine that I spoke in any spirit of petulance," my companion resumed. "The slowness of your progress is not so remarkable to us as that you make any at all, burdened as you are by a disability so crushing that if we were in your place I fear we should sit down in utter despair." "To what disability do you refer?" I asked. "You seem to be men like us." "And so we are," was the reply, "save in one particular, but there the difference is tremendous. Endowed otherwise like us, you are destitute of the faculty of foresight, without which we should think our other faculties well-nigh valueless." "Foresight!" I repeated. "Certainly you cannot mean that it is given you to know the future?" "It is given not only to us," was the answer, "but, so far as we know, to all other intelligent beings of the universe except yourselves. Our positive knowledge extends only to our system of moons and planets and some of the nearer foreign systems, and it is conceivable that the remoter parts of the universe may harbor other blind races like your own; but it certainly

seems unlikely that so strange and lamentable a spectacle should be duplicated. One such illustration of the extraordinary deprivations under which a rational existence may still be possible ought to suffice for the universe." "But no one can know the future except by inspiration of God," I said. "All our faculties are by inspiration of God," was the reply, "but there is surely nothing in foresight to cause it to be so regarded more than any other. Think a moment of the physical analogy of the case. Your eyes are placed in the front of your heads. You would deem it an odd mistake if they were placed behind. That would appear to you an arrangement calculated to defeat their purpose. Does it not seem equally rational that the mental vision should range forward, as it does with us, illuminating the path one is to take, rather than backward, as with you, revealing only the course you have already trodden, and therefore have no more concern with? But it is no doubt a merciful provision of Providence that renders you unable to realize the grotesqueness of your predicament, as it appears to us." "But the future is eternal!" I exclaimed. "How can a finite mind grasp it?" "Our foreknowledge implies only human faculties," was the reply. "It is limited to our individual careers on this planet. Each of us foresees the course of his own life, but not that of other lives, except so far as they are involved with his." "That such a power as you describe could be combined with merely human faculties is more than our philosophers have ever dared to dream," I said. "And yet who shall say, after all, that it is not in mercy that God has denied it to us? If it is a happiness, as it must be, to foresee one's happiness, it must be most depressing to foresee one's sorrows, failures, yes, and even one's death. For if you foresee your lives to the end; you must anticipate the hour and manner of your death, — is it not so?" "Most as-

surely," was the reply. "Living would be a very precarious business, were we uninformed of its limit. Your ignorance of the time of your death impresses us as one of the saddest features of your condition." "And by us," I answered, "it is held to be one of the most merciful." "Foreknowledge of your death would not, indeed, prevent your dying once," continued my companion, "but it would deliver you from the thousand deaths you suffer through uncertainty whether you can safely count on the passing day. It is not the death you die, but these many deaths you do not die, which shadow your existence. Poor blindfolded creatures that you are, cringing at every step in apprehension of the stroke that perhaps is not to fall till old age, never raising a cup to your lips with the knowledge that you will live to quaff it, never sure that you will meet again the friend you part with for an hour, from whose hearts no happiness suffices to banish the chill of an ever-present dread, what idea can you form of the God-like security with which we enjoy our lives and the lives of those we love! You have a saying on earth, 'To-morrow belongs to God;' but here to-morrow belongs to us, even as to-day. To you, for some inscrutable purpose, he sees fit to dole out life moment by moment, with no assurance that each is not to be the last. To us he gives a lifetime at once, fifty, sixty, seventy years, — a divine gift indeed. A life such as yours would, I fear, seem of little value to us; for such a life, however long, is but a moment long, since that is all you can count on." "And yet," I answered, "though knowledge of the duration of your lives may give you an enviable feeling of confidence while the end is far off, is that not more than offset by the daily growing weight with which the expectation of the end, as it draws near, must press upon your minds?" "On the contrary," was the response, "death, never

an object of fear, as it draws nearer becomes more and more a matter of indifference to the moribund. It is because you live in the past that death is grievous to you. All your knowledge, all your affections, all your interests, are rooted in the past, and on that account, as life lengthens, it strengthens its hold on you, and memory becomes a more precious possession. We, on the contrary, despise the past, and never dwell upon it. Memory with us, far from being the morbid and monstrous growth it is with you, is scarcely more than a rudimentary faculty. We live wholly in the future and the present. What with foretaste and actual taste, our experiences, whether pleasant or painful, are exhausted of interest by the time they are past. The accumulated treasures of memory, which you relinquish so painfully in death, we count no loss at all. Our minds being fed wholly from the future, we think and feel only as we anticipate; and so, as the dying man's future contracts, there is less and less about which he can occupy his thoughts. His interest in life diminishes as the ideas which it suggests grow fewer, till at the last death finds him with his mind a *tabula rasa*, as with you at birth. In a word, his concern with life is reduced to a vanishing point before he is called on to give it up. In dying he leaves nothing behind." "And the after-death," I asked, — "is there no fear of that?" "Surely," was the reply, "it is not necessary for me to say that a fear which affects only the more ignorant on Earth is not known at all to us, and would be counted blasphemous. Moreover, as I have said, our foresight is limited to our lives on this planet. Any speculation beyond them would be purely conjectural, and our minds are repelled by the slightest taint of uncertainty. To us the conjectural and the unthinkable may be called almost the same."

"But even if you do not fear death for itself," I said, "you have hearts to

break. Is there no pain when the ties of love are sundered?" "Love and death are not foes on our planet," was the reply. "There are no tears by the bedsides of our dying. The same beneficent law which makes it so easy for us to give up life forbids us to mourn the friends we leave, or them to mourn us. With you it is the intercourse you have had with friends that is the source of your tenderness for them. With us it is the anticipation of the intercourse we shall enjoy which is the foundation of fondness. As our friends vanish from our future with the approach of their death, the effect on our thoughts and affections is as it would be with you if you forgot them by lapse of time. As our dying friends grow more and more indifferent to us, we, by operation of the same law of our nature, become indifferent to them, till at the last we are scarcely more than kindly and sympathetic watchers about the beds of those who regard us equally without keen emotions. So at last God gently unwinds instead of breaking the bands that bind our hearts together, and makes death as painless to the surviving as to the dying. Relations meant to produce our happiness are not the means also of torturing us, as with you. Love means joy, and that alone, to us, instead of blessing our lives for a while only to desolate them later on, compelling us to pay with a distinct and separate pang for every thrill of tenderness, exacting a tear for every smile." "There are other partings than those of death. Are these, too, without sorrow for you?" I asked. "Assuredly," was the reply. "Can you not see that so it must needs be with beings freed by foresight from the disease of memory? All the sorrow of parting, as of dying, comes with you from the backward vision which precludes you from beholding your happiness till it is past. Suppose your life destined to be blessed by a happy friendship. If you could know it beforehand, it would be a joy-

ous expectation, brightening the intervening years and cheering you as you traversed desolate periods. But no; not till you meet the one who is to be your friend do you know of him. Nor do you guess even then what he is to be to you, that you may embrace him at first sight. Your meeting is cold and indifferent. It is long before the fire is fairly kindled between you, and then it is already time for parting. Now, indeed, the fire burns well, but henceforth it must consume your heart. Not till they are dead or gone do you fully realize how dear your friends were and how sweet was their companionship. But we — we see our friends afar off coming to meet us, smiling already in our eyes, years before our ways meet. We greet them at first meeting, not coldly, not uncertainly, but with exultant kisses, in an ecstasy of joy. They enter at once into the full possession of hearts long warmed and lighted for them. We meet with that delirium of tenderness with which you part. And when to us at last the time of parting comes, it only means that we are to contribute to each other's happiness no longer. We are not doomed, like you, in parting, to take away with us the delight we brought our friends, leaving the ache of bereavement in its place, so that their last state is worse than their first. Parting here is like meeting with you, calm and unimpassioned. The joys of anticipation and possession are the only food of love with us, and therefore Love always wears a smiling face. With you he feeds on dead joys, past happiness, which are likewise the sustenance of sorrow. No wonder love and sorrow are so much alike on earth. It is a common saying among us that, were it not for the spectacle of the earth, the rest of the worlds would be unable to appreciate the goodness of God to them; and who can say that this is not the reason the piteous sight is set before us?"

"You have told me marvelous

things," I said, after I had reflected. "It is, indeed, but reasonable that such a race as yours should look down with wondering pity on the Earth. And yet, before I grant so much, I want to ask you one question. There is known in our world a certain sweet madness, under the influence of which we forget all that is untoward in our lot, and would not change it for a god's. So far is this sweet madness regarded by men as a compensation, and more than a compensation, for all their miseries that if you know not love as we know it, if this loss be the price you have paid for your divine foresight, we think ourselves more favored of God than you. Confess that love, with its reserves, its surprises, its mysteries, its revelations, is necessarily incompatible with a foresight which weighs and measures every experience in advance." "Of love's surprises we certainly know nothing," was the reply. "It is believed by our philosophers that the slightest surprise would kill beings of our constitution like lightning; though of course this is merely theory, for it is only by the study of earthly conditions that we are able to form an idea of what surprise is like. Your power to endure the constant buffetings of the unexpected is a matter of supreme amazement to us; nor, according to our ideas, is there any difference between what you call pleasant and painful surprises. You see, then, that we cannot envy you these surprises of love which you find so sweet, for to us they would be fatal. For the rest, there is no form of happiness which foresight is so well calculated to enhance as that of love. Let me explain to you how this befalls. As the growing boy begins to be sensible of the charms of woman, he finds himself, as I dare say it is with you, preferring some type of face and form to others. He dreams oftenest of fair hair, or may be of dark, of blue eyes or brown. As the years go on, his fancy, brooding over what seems to it the

best and loveliest of every type, is constantly adding to this dream-face, this shadowy form, traits and lineaments, hues and contours, till at last the picture is complete, and he becomes aware that on his heart thus subtly has been depicted the likeness of the maiden destined for his arms.

"It may be years before he is to see her, but now begins with him one of the sweetest offices of love, one to you unknown. Youth on earth is a stormy period of passion, chafing in restraint or rioting in excess. But the very passion whose awaking makes this time so critical with you is here a reforming and educating influence, to whose gentle and potent sway we gladly confide our children. The temptations which lead your young men astray have no hold on a youth of our happy planet. He hoards the treasures of his heart for its coming mistress. Of her alone he thinks, and to her all his vows are made. The thought of license would be treason to his sovereign lady, whose right to all the revenues of his being he joyfully owns. To rob her, to abate her high prerogatives, would be to impoverish, to insult, himself; for she is to be his, and her honor, her glory, are his own. Through all this time that he dreams of her by night and day, the exquisite reward of his devotion is the knowledge that she is aware of him as he of her, and that in the inmost shrine of a maiden heart his image is set up to receive the incense of a tenderness that needs not to restrain itself through fear of possible cross or separation.

"In due time their converging lives come together. The lovers meet, gaze a moment into each other's eyes, then throw themselves each on the other's breast. The maiden has all the charms that ever stirred the blood of an earthly lover, but there is another glamour over her which the eyes of earthly lovers are shut to,—the glamour of the future. In the blushing girl her lover

sees the fond and faithful wife, in the blithe maiden the patient, pain-consecrated mother. On the virgin's breast he beholds his children. He is prescient, even as his lips take the first-fruits of hers, of the future years during which she is to be his companion, his ever-present solace, his chief portion of God's goodness. We have read some of your romances describing love as you know it on Earth, and I must confess, my friend, we find them very dull.

"I hope," he added, as I did not at once speak, "that I shall not offend you by saying we find them also objectionable. Your literature possesses in general an interest for us in the picture it presents of the curiously inverted life which the lack of foresight compels you to lead. It is a study especially prized for the development of the imagination, on account of the difficulty of conceiving conditions so opposed to those of intelligent beings in general. But our women do not read your romances. The notion that a man or woman should ever conceive the idea of marrying a person other than the one whose husband or wife he or she is destined to be is profoundly shocking to our habits of thought. No doubt you will say that such instances are rare among you, but if your novels are faithful pictures of your life, they are at least not unknown. That these situations are inevitable under the conditions of earthly life we are well aware, and judge you accordingly; but it is needless that the minds of our maidens should be pained by the knowledge that there anywhere exists a world where such travesties upon the sacredness of marriage are possible.

"There is, however, another reason why we discourage the use of your books by our young people, and that is the profound effect of sadness, to a race accustomed to view all things in the morning glow of the future, of a literature written in the past tense and relating exclusively to things that are ended."

"And how do you write of things that are past except in the past tense?" I asked. "We write of the past when it is still the future, and of course in the future tense," was the reply. "If our historians were to wait till after the events to describe them, not alone would nobody care to read about things already done, but the histories themselves would probably be inaccurate; for memory, as I have said, is a very slightly developed faculty with us, and quite too indistinct to be trustworthy. Should the Earth ever establish communication with us, you will find our histories of interest; for our planet, being smaller, cooled and was peopled ages before yours, and our astronomical records contain minute accounts of the earth from the time it was a fluid mass. Your geologists and biologists may yet find a mine of information here."

In the course of our further conversation it came out that, as a consequence of foresight, some of the commonest emotions of human nature are unknown on Mars. They for whom the future has no mystery can, of course, know neither hope nor fear. Moreover, every one being assured what he shall attain to and what not, there can be no such thing as rivalry, or emulation, or any sort of competition in any respect; and therefore all the brood of heart-burnings and hatreds, engendered on Earth by the strife of man with man, is unknown to the people of Mars, save from the study of our planet. When I asked if there were not, after all, a lack of spontaneity, of sense of freedom, in leading lives fixed in all details beforehand, I was reminded that there was no difference in that respect between the lives of the people of Earth and of Mars, both alike being according to God's will in every particular. We knew that will only after the event, they before, — that was all. For the rest, God moved them through their wills as he did us, so that they had no more sense of compulsion

in what they did than we on Earth have in carrying out an anticipated line of action, in cases where our anticipations chance to be correct. Of the absorbing interest which the study of the plan of their future lives possessed for the people of Mars, my companion spoke eloquently. It was, he said, like the fascination to a mathematician of a most elaborate and exquisite demonstration, a perfect algebraical equation, with the glowing realities of life in place of figures and symbols.

When I asked if it never occurred to them to wish their futures different, he replied that such a question could only have been asked by one from the earth. No one could have foresight, or clearly believe that God had it, without realizing that the future is as incapable of being changed as the past. And not only this, but to foresee events was to foresee their logical necessity so clearly that to desire them different was as impossible as seriously to wish that two and two made five instead of four. No person could ever thoughtfully wish anything different, for so closely are all things, the small with the great, woven together by God that to draw out the smallest thread would unravel creation through all eternity.

While we had talked the afternoon had waned, and the sun had sunk below the horizon, the roseate atmosphere of the planet imparting a splendor to the cloud coloring, and a glory to the land and sea scape, never paralleled by an earthly sunset. Already the familiar constellations appearing in the sky reminded me how near, after all, I was to the Earth, for with the unassisted eye I could not detect the slightest variation in their position. Nevertheless, there was one wholly novel feature in the heavens, for many of the host of asteroids which circle in the zone between Mars and Jupiter were vividly visible to the naked eye. But the spectacle that chiefly held my gaze was the Earth, swim-

ming low on the verge of the horizon. Its disc, twice as large as that of any star or planet as seen from the earth, flashed with a brilliancy like that of Venus. "It is, indeed, a lovely sight," said my companion, "although to me always a melancholy one, from the contrast suggested between the radiance of the orb and the benighted condition of its inhabitants. We call it 'The Blindman's World.'" As he spoke he turned toward a curious structure which stood near us, though I had not before particularly observed it. "What is that?" I asked. "It is one of our telescopes," he replied. "I am going to let you take a look, if you choose, at your home, and test for yourself the powers of which I have boasted;" and having adjusted the instrument to his satisfaction, he showed me where to apply my eye to what answered to the eye-piece.

I could not repress an exclamation of amazement, for truly he had exaggerated nothing. The little college town which was my home lay spread out before me, seemingly almost as near as when I looked down upon it from my observatory windows. It was early morning, and the village was waking up. The milkmen were going their rounds, and workmen, with their dinner-pails, were hurrying along the streets. The early train was just leaving the railroad station. I could see the puffs from the smoke-stack, and the jets from the cylinders. It was strange not to hear the hissing of the steam, so near I seemed. There were the college buildings on the hill, the long rows of windows flashing back the level sunbeams. I could tell the time by the college clock. It struck me that there was an unusual bustle around the buildings, considering the earliness of the hour. A crowd of men stood about the door of the observatory, and many others were hurrying across the campus in that direction. Among them I recognized President Byxbee, accompanied

by the college janitor. As I gazed they reached the observatory, and, passing through the group about the door, entered the building. The president was evidently going up to my quarters. At this it flashed over me quite suddenly that all this bustle was on my account. I recalled how it was that I came to be on Mars, and in what condition I had left affairs in the observatory. It was high time I were back there to look after myself.

Here abruptly ended the extraordinary document which I found that morning on my desk. That it is the authentic record of the conditions of life in another world which it purports to be I do not expect the reader to believe. He will no doubt explain it as another of the curious freaks of somnambulism set down in the books. Probably it was merely that, possibly it was something more. I do not pretend to decide the question. I have told all the facts of the case, and have no better means for forming an opinion than the reader. Nor do I know, even if I fully believed it the true account it seems to be, that it would have affected my imagination much more strongly than it has. That story of another world has, in a word, put me out of joint with ours. The readiness with which my mind has adapted itself to the Martial point of view concerning the Earth has been a singular experience. The lack of foresight among the human faculties, a lack I had scarcely thought of before, now impresses me, ever more deeply, as a fact out of harmony with the rest of our nature, belying its promise, — a moral mutilation, a deprivation arbitrary and unaccountable. The spectacle of a race doomed to walk backward, beholding only what has gone by, assured only of what is past and dead, comes over me from time to time with a sadly fantastical effect which I cannot describe. I dream of a world where love always

wears a smile, where the partings are as tearless as our meetings, and death is king no more. I have a fancy, which I like to cherish, that the people of that

happy sphere, fancied though it may be, represent the ideal and normal type of our race, as perhaps it once was, as perhaps it may yet be again.

S. Erastus Larrabee.

EPIC RUSSIA.

THE new interest which has begun to manifest itself in Russian things could have no more significant illustration than that which is supplied by Miss Hapgood's felicitous experiment in the translation of Russian epic song.¹ Ten years ago it would have been impossible to issue a volume like this, such was the wide-spread incredulity, even among educated readers, concerning native Russian literature; during the greater part of the subsequent decade the rewards for successful investigation in this field have been discouragingly scanty. Nor is it at all doubtful that the thanks for the revived attention to Russia are due much more to the political pamphleteer, with his war sensationalism and jingo spirit, than to the Slav scholar and ethnologist, whose aim is the union of races by knowledge, as the purpose of others is the separation of men by prejudice. Yet it is the change itself, and not the means which have determined it, that is here of importance. The nations are evidently to know Russia in spite of themselves. A great Aryan people, with half of Europe already in its grip; a race to which prophetic statisticians award a population of one hundred million for the next half century; a new and original intellect, saturated with the learning of the West, yet full of the freshness of Eastern life,—these are objects of study which the world cannot much longer

afford to ignore, even in the interest of politics and politicians.

To say that there is ample room for The Epic Songs of Russia would be severely inadequate and misleading. Even the broadest aspects of that branch of Russian literature represented in Miss Hapgood's version have not yet been presented to readers of English. The surveys of Russian poetry accessible to most of us appear in German or in French. A few isolated poems by Pushkin, some fragments representing the poetical work of other Slav writers, together with a number of scattered magazine articles, are all that the cosmopolitan taste of the last twenty years has culled from the great store-house of Russian song. So far as facilities of knowledge are concerned, most of us are more familiar with the Magyar than with the Russian Parnassus; those speakers of English who read French are nearer to the realm of the Basque lyric than to the wide plains through which the Great Russian peasant minstrel wanders, with his mouth full of singing birds.

The book before us is thus a happy first installment of a debt long owing to Russian literature by the English-speaking nations of the West. In one sense the work is severely literary in its character, work of translation though it be; yet it has an interest for even the general reader that belongs to none of such issues, for example, as those of the Early English Text Society. The *byliny* chosen for reproduc-

¹ *The Epic Songs of Russia.* Translated by ISABEL FLORENCE HAPGOOD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

tion here are by far the finest of a series of stories that have the double charm of an absorbing narrative and a serious meaning, while the clear-cut precision of language and the fidelity to the meaning of the original, which are preëminently Miss Hapgood's contribution to the book, must prove the best help of all to the reader who is now awakened for the first time to the genuineness of the Russian popular poetry, and to the large claim which it has upon his attention.

So far as the explanatory notes are concerned, the conscientiousness of the translator is conspicuous and praiseworthy. There was, in reality, no other course open to Miss Hapgood than that of presenting, in addition to many thoughtful suggestions of her own, the main conclusions of comparative mythologists regarding the origin and significance of the Russian epic song. It is not her fault that the temper of scholarship towards the comparative method has grown of late years somewhat incredulous. Men have learned to fear, not the science, but the exaggerations, of comparative mythology. The attempt to explain popular beliefs in various countries of Europe by giving them an Aryan origin, and so making them branches of a single tree, has led, it must be admitted, to certain fruitful results, but has also involved mythology in a mass of inconsistencies and absurdities. The search after a principle of interpretation that should apply to every case deserved to end in failure.

In the comparison of popular myths, we have attached too much importance to science, and too little to common sense. Ingenuity has been allowed to take the place of insight. The philological method of interpretation, which seeks the origin of a story in the proper names which it contains, has tried men's patience most of all. We have forgotten, many of us, that myths, however many versions they may possess, have

only a single method of evolution. When the myth is new it is as intelligible in all its meanings as is the simplest description of events told to children. It cannot rise above the understanding of those amongst whom it has had birth. It has not one significance as a story, and another meaning as a nature myth. It is story or nothing, nature myth or nothing. But whatever the form may be, its actors are recognizable: it is the sun, or the sun as a divinity in human or animal shape, or a giant, or a military hero, who performs exploits. All is clear. But when the myth is old, there are two views of it: one is the remembrance of the modifications through which it has passed; the other is the attitude towards it of the generation to whom it has descended. The first is for scholars, who can recall its history; the second is for simple people, who believe a story as it is told, like their ancestors.

Hence the Russian peasant who to-day hears sung the adventures of various legendary and mythical personages, treats the events narrated and the beings introduced as real, not as mere corporeal masks for natural changes, such as the return of light, the triumph of the sun over darkness, or the phenomena of thunder and lightning. Probably a century of education will be needed to teach Russian agriculturists that Svyatogor is the cloud-mountain; that Mikailo's roaring in the grave is the thunder, and that his candles are the lightning, which he forges, by the way, with rod and pincers; that Nightingale the Robber represents "the rude and boisterous gales," while Nightingale Budimirovich is "the breeze, gentle and seductive as a minstrel;" that Vladimir is "the passive, inactive principle of the sun, and pursues his way tranquilly through the sky;" but that Dobrynya "wages incessant war with darkness, triumphing over it every morning, and with winter, whose fetters he strikes

asunder every spring with the sword of his rays." How habitually a Russian peasant may employ an apparently solar epithet without attaching to it a solar meaning is shown in the use of *krasnoe solnyshko*, signifying red or beautiful sun. This is used throughout Russia by a mother to her child, by a girl to her sweetheart; it is also the epithet given to Vladimir, of historic fame; yet in no single case is there any thought of the sun associated with the words. The epithet is one of honorable distinction; it is the highest thing that can be said of any one; it conveys the idea of beauty in a preëminent degree. There is thus a true analogy between the vicissitudes of myths and those of words. Both begin with a single, simple significance, intelligible to everybody; both end with two meanings, one of which, exclusively for scholars, escapes altogether the attention of the unlearned.

At the foundation of these Russian songs, moreover, lies a human element that cannot be attributed to any purely racial influence. However national an epic may be, we shall find in it evidences that the intellectual development of man has been much the same in all parts of the world. Looking far enough back, we reach a time in which human beings, as yet ignorant of the environment, sought to explain it by investing things with the vitality they saw in themselves. At a later period, when men had learned to draw a distinction between objects animate and inanimate, they still confounded the life of the brute with the life of the human being: hence that wide-spread belief in the human nature of animals, which in so many countries has given rise to a belief in their power of reasoning and speech. It is one of the most interesting studies to note how full of this theriomorphic faith are the Russian epic songs. Horses frequently warn the hero of his danger, making set speeches to suit the occasion. Volga Vseslavich, who had a

serpent for his father, undergoes transformation into a wolf, on another occasion into a hermine. One of the bogatyrs addresses a short oration to his arrow, before launching it at a foe. In one of the songs Dobrynya assumes the shape of an aurochs. Serpents and other animals are frequently represented as in negotiation with men.

There has been much discussion concerning the sources of the Russian epic. The problem has been complicated by a process of growth remarkably involved. Popular legends in poetic form do not increase, like the crystal, by successive layers, each one of which may be removed for examination by an easy and natural cleavage: they grow by a sort of literary intussusception, massing together elements the most diverse. They show us the mind of the people acting not analytically, but synthetically, and far more intent on presenting the whole of the memories, fancies, and impressions, out of which such collections always arise, than of preserving any particular method of narration, or of handing down any myth or legend intact. In the formative period both matter and form are fluent, as befits the life hours of both myth and word; it is when a story has grown old, has hardened into a symbol, that the conservative spirit provides it with a shield.

The best scholarship of recent years has found a far more rational method of dealing with the Russian epic than that followed by M. Stassov in his well-known attempt to trace it wholly to Eastern sources. The researches of Jagic and Wesselofsky show the heterogeneity of the songs to be greater than any claimed for them by previous interpreters. They yield, in addition to well-established resemblances with Hindoo myths, traces of the profane literature of the Middle Ages, of the Byzantine stories, the Tale of Troy, the legends of Baarlam and Josaphat, the story of Prester John, the myth of the

Fair Melusine; of the apocryphal legends and the Bible stories. The influence of Christianity and of Christian beliefs, especially of the Biblical narratives, is now shown to have played a very large and important part in determining the present form of the songs. The allegation of a Tatar or Mongol element seems to raise the question whether the Russian epic has not some point of contact with Finnish mythology which scholarship has not yet been able to reach. That Russian folk-lore must have borrowed plentifully from Finnish tradition cannot well be doubted. There is a touch of something other than purely Aryan myth in such divinities as Dazh-Bog, Perun, Stribog, and Did Lado.

Two questions finally arise: Have the Russians genuine epic poetry, and to what extent does it bear the impress of the national temper and genius? It is true that the adventures of fairy princes and princesses, and combats with snakes, giants, and demons, do not constitute an epos in the true meaning of that word; they represent, whatever their environment may be, no more than the *skazka*, the *Volksmärchen*. The historic background of the songs is occasionally disappointing. Yet that they are truly epic must, we think, be universally acknowledged. The nature of the events narrated, the exploits performed and their heroic actors, the cyclical character of the stories, the frequent reappearance in them of the bogatyr under new circumstances, the sharpness of the narrative, the use of Homeric epithets and their frequent repetition, as well as the beauty of the coloring, all bring the byliny within the category of epic song.

Purely native traits, on the other hand, abound in all the songs. Especially characteristic is the apotheosis of the peasant. The frequent exchange of crosses, the marriage around the *cystus* bush, the wearing of the virginal plait,

the drinking habits of the heroes, are all customs intensely Russian. It may, indeed, be said that the Russian character and the methods of the Russian genius have never had better exemplification than that which they receive in these byliny. No race that did not possess a large receptivity for the foreign could have assimilated so many and such diverse elements; none less richly endowed with the poetic instinct and with the qualities of imagination and feeling could have dealt with those elements in so masterly a way. The highest triumph of all won by the Russian people over the raw material of their epic was, perhaps, not that of redacting it into poetic form, but that of imparting to the whole the distinct stamp of the national customs and character. So that, we may say, the victory gained by Russia in quite modern times, as the founder of her own prose literature in the face of a foreign menace perhaps more dangerous to her true interests than that of a disastrous war, was by a victory not less brilliant, won centuries before in the field of epic song.

Thanks are finally due to Miss Hapgood for the excellent quality of her Russian scholarship. To be able to add one more to that small but growing band of writers on Russian subjects, who believe that there is an English as well as a French and a German method of spelling Russian names, is, to say the least, a pleasant experience. The additional merit of correct accentuation is by no means trivial. Of the translation itself, it may be said, after an examination of some of the originals, that Miss Hapgood has adhered with remarkable closeness to the meaning of the text. Only in a very small number of cases can there be any need of that revision which authors almost always insist on making in the phraseology of a first edition. The word "damp," for example, has a frequent occurrence in such phrases as "damp oak" and "damp

earth," where it is quite misleading, if not altogether meaningless, for English readers. A literal translation of the Russian word which Miss Hapgood has reproduced as "damp" conveys no idea whatever of its significance in the combinations cited. The Russian peasant, with a scientific accuracy into which close observation of nature, not reading or education, has led him, associates the idea of lifelessness or death with the conception of dryness, and the idea of life with the notion of damp or moisture. All through the epic songs, therefore, the Russian word for "damp" is used in the sense of "living," "live," or "quick." Another phrase of frequent occurrence in this translation is "green wine," of which the heroes drink large draughts. Here, again, the Russian adjective is used not in its ordinary, but in its special sense. Just as the Russians link with the idea of red the meaning of beauty and of noble qualities, so to the idea of green they attach the conception of that which is "malignant," "wicked," "biting," or "strong" (with a strength that is evil). To call wine "green" in Russia is to

make an assertion of its great strength, of its power to overcome men by making them intoxicated. Without some such explanation as this to accompany it, the phrase "green wine" must prove a stumbling-block to not a few readers, especially in view of the existence of such misleading English analogies as "white wine" and "red wine." The sentence on page 71, "Wilt thou steam thyself with me?" can be intelligible only to those who know that the operation alluded to is simply that of taking a bath; that, in fact, the Russian original of "to steam one's self" means the act of beating the body with a bough-like whip in an environment of steam. What the "general reader" will make of the Russian word "pope," used throughout instead of "priest," we know not. Yet it is really the key to all the tiny criticisms in which we have been indulging, for it presents Miss Hapgood in the light of a magnanimous scholar, generously attributing the fullness of her own knowledge to those who are not all likely to prove themselves worthy of the confidence which she reposes in them.

FRANCE UNDER MAZARIN.

MR. PERKINS'S two scholarly and handsome volumes¹ belong to a rare class of books. Few have the leisure, patience, or opportunity to write standard history; and, except in the form of text-books of greater or less dignity, perhaps no branch of English literature increases so slowly. Studies of some brief and striking periods, sketches of famous characters, abstracts of manners and customs, broad generalizations re-

specting race-development in institutions, and the thousand forms in which the modern compiler reissues the old stock of knowledge are sufficiently plentiful; but a new work depending upon original investigation, and throwing light upon some important era, is not to be met with every day among the announcements of the American press. Mr. Perkins has followed the example of a former literary age in choosing the Old

¹ *France under Mazarin, with a Review of the Administration of Richelieu.* By JAMES BRECK PERKINS. Two volumes. New York and Lon-

don: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press. 1886.

World as his field ; and, as in the case of his predecessors, the result has shown that the historian need be of no country. The period he has selected is a great one in French history ; and the first thought among readers might well be that, in telling the careers of the two illustrious cardinals, the author could have no more to do than transfer to English what already existed in French, after the manner of the compilers aforesaid. This, however, is far from being the true state of matters. Since history by the modern method of exhaustive investigation of the sources came in, it is nothing strange to find that in the accepted account of a nation whole chapters have to be rewritten, owing to the discovery of new records ; but in the case of the seventeenth century in France, despite the large number of memoirs which have long had a value, the facts of history require a much more careful examination than has been given them even by French writers, with a few very recent exceptions. The manuscripts, which include dispatches and letters of the government and the exceedingly valuable note-books or diaries of Mazarin himself, have been but little used ; and the mass of impartial contemporary observation and news, contained in the regular, full, and frequent dispatches of the Venetian ambassadors to their own government, has only lately been copied for the National Library and made accessible to students. Such are some of the new materials on which Mr. Perkins grounds his work, which exhibits throughout research of the most exacting modern standard, thorough, patient, and discriminating. These volumes, consequently, are not only the first extended and particularized account of the administration of Mazarin in English, but, except so far as they are anticipated in their chapters of diplomacy and politics by Cheruel, they may lay claim to a high degree of originality and freshness.

To the English reader the period of the Fronde, to which Mr. Perkins practically devotes his labor, is interesting on one or the other of two accounts : either because of its failure to evolve parliamentary institutions, or because of the striking individuality of the actors in those days of feminine intrigue or courtly treason. Richelieu occupies the stage while he treads it, as a matter of course, and his overpowering personality suppresses doubt in the reader as readily as revolt in the great nobles ; but after he is out of the way, and the reins of power are held by a hated foreigner, of a yielding, procrastinating, and mild disposition, during a long royal minority, one cannot help asking how it was that at the very time when Charles lost his head in London the Parliament of Paris, even when in league with princes of the blood, archbishops, and great nobles, with both the city and Condé upon their side, got no hold on political power, no check on the monarchy, no control over the finances. Mr. Perkins frequently suggests this problem, and offers occasionally a significant word of explanation : but differences of national temperament or of institutions and legal procedure do not solve the question by themselves, though the absence of great constitutional cases in French history is a capital point to notice in studying its parliamentary fiascos. Mr. Perkins's description of France contains by implication a better statement of the causes of political incapacity in the body of the French nation than he anywhere brings out with fullness. The most remarkable trait of France at the time, in view of the modern conception of what constitutes a nation, was the diversity of one part from another in the character of its people, its prosperity, its administration, its local customs and rights, and its reserved powers, to use the American phrase. The unity of the nation was less advanced then in England, the people were less closely knit

together in patriotic sentiment or constitutional practice, the state was much nearer being a conglomeration of hereditary fiefs and conquered provinces than England had been for centuries; in particular, that concentration of local institutions into national usage, which was the essence of English constitutional development, had never taken place. Hence it followed that the Parliament of Paris represented only itself, not the country at large; and when to that cardinal fact is added the consideration that it was practically a hereditary chamber of lawyers, it is not so strange that the Fronde turned out to be, on the popular side, a Paris-rising against a minister, instead of a movement expressing the nation's consciousness of its existence apart from royal authority, and enforcing the public will upon the crown as the recognized depositary of its united power. On the side of the nobles, to look at it from the other point of view, the Fronde, as Mr. Perkins repeatedly says, was merely an eddy of personal politics. The great lords were in no sense interested in the people, or stimulated by any patriotic motive. They were eager hunters for the spoils of office, for governments, emoluments, incomes, any of the thousand forms of tribute money which the people paid to the dignitaries whom high birth had made the privileged freebooters of the state. The only man in their party who was even by remote resemblance a people's leader was Cardinal Retz, who enjoyed the happiness of being a demagogue of the most genuine stamp without the burdensome necessity of framing any legislative measures. To the clergy and the aristocracy the Fronde had as little constitutional meaning as to the people. The story of the scramble for place and money, of treason and intrigue and mob warfare, becomes utterly mean and insignificant, so long as one remembers the far-reaching principles and elevated characters of the Puritan rebellion. In the Fronde

there was in reality no sign of constitutional effort, in the English sense, and it ceases to seem a contemptible broil only because of the misery it helped to spread through France among the poor, and because of the picturesqueness of the characters engaged in the long and ever-changing contest.

The most of these personages are already firmly outlined to us in the memoirs of the age to which the military glory of Condé, the literary piquancy of Cardinal Retz, the name of Rochefoucauld, and, more than all else, the charm of those women who mingled love and war in company with each passing hero have long lent unusual attraction. Of all these, Condé suffers most in this new delineation of him. He was "a poor creature," and one fancies how Carlyle would have sent the light through his moral anatomy, had the famous general come under the lens of his art. Gaston, the chronic traitor; Retz, a Wilkes in a red hat; the golden-haired Bouillon, chief darling of the citizens' wives; Guise, the Harlequin of romance; Charles of Lorraine, the most *bizarre* of the troopers even of that time, and many another, keep turning up in these pages with a certain cheerful insolence as of old acquaintances; and all the *dames* and *mademoiselles*, though reduced to the unwonted decorum of history, and somewhat retired into the background, are at least present, each with some distinction, from the veteran Madame de Chevreuse to Hortensia Mancini, who refused Charles II. as a husband in his exile, to accept him as a lover when he was on the throne. About all of these there is the traditional halo of the time when the Hôtel de Rambouillet began to be a name, and wit and mind and political purpose became a part of what was fitting in the idea of the French gentlewoman; and occasionally there is a gleam of true nobleness of nature, as in Turenne and Molé, though there is nothing else in the volume approaching

in fineness the letter of Montmorenci to his wife, on the eve of his execution. The figure of Mazarin himself lacks definition; but our knowledge of him is fuller, and the story of his relation to the queen regent is a curious and most interesting chapter in the Book of Royal Affections. He was more patriotic than the Frenchmen, and seems the only one fit to govern, the only one with a serious sense of overruling state interests, in all the group. The worst that is said of him is that he amassed a great fortune in his later years of power; but it is plain to the most moral of men that in those days the standards of probity, honor, and justice were very different from any now known in civilized countries. To rob the state, as we should now call it, was the essence of the divine right of rulers. The sale of offices being legalized, the revenues being farmed out, and pensions and opportunities for corrupt administration being the usual bribe for unruly princes and dukes, financial honesty in public affairs seems not to have been contemplated; and if Mazarin profited by being an important factor in the ring, it was no more than every one did who was sufficiently high-born or gifted with the genius to rise in life. Colbert was near at hand to begin a line of national financiers; but it was the gradual growth of a commercial and industrial civilization, and of the ideals it necessarily developed, that brought the people's money at last within the province of the *meum* and *tuum* of ordinary morality.

That the world is well rid of this generation of two hundred and fifty years ago will be the natural reflection of one who scrutinizes the public men of the time; and much more when, coming to the last chapters, he has spread out before him the sight of the people in the provinces, at whose cost the victories were won and the money drawn from the soil. The misery was, like that of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, scarcely credi-

ble. The methods of taxation, the burdens on the soil, the prevalence of privilege in every relation of the state, to a modern mind seem not only monstrous in injustice, but lacking in intelligence, and even under the aristocratic constitution of society merely stupid. Armies that, whether friendly or hostile, never had a commissariat, and every agency of war, contributed to the ruin of the country outside of Paris. Though agrarian history is necessarily obscure, enough remains to paint a very lively picture of terror, suffering, and abject and hopeless want both in peace and war. Mr. Perkins has not overdone this portion of his work, but by the extreme carefulness of his investigation shows so much the more plainly how far back the *ancien régime* went, how long the French Revolution was in preparing; even then doctrines, such as that of the consent of the governed, were heard in the provinces. Occasionally, too, he makes a modern comparison, which would be grotesque were it not so just, such as the conjunction of the most sacred names of the nobility with Tweed's as brothers in plunder, though the latter was little more than a pilferer in the art, if judged by the colossal scale on which those born "nigh the throne" stole. It is as well for an American historian to remind us of these things, and for us to notice them. To the serious all history has a practical lesson; and this is the easier learned when the volumes breathe a contemporary spirit. We think any one of competent judgment would know that the author of this work writes from an American standpoint. This is not the least virtue of his history, in our eyes,—that it renders an American judgment, and measures the fact by institutions and ideals of democratic origin, though half unconsciously. The literary lustre of the classical age of the French drama and of the controversies of the Port Royal, and the philanthropic ardor of St. Vincent de Paul, are not

omitted altogether; but in the main Mr. Perkins has confined himself to the history of action, with little analysis of the spirit of the age. His work will

hold an honorable place in its department as the fullest and most trustworthy record of the times of the minority of Louis XIV.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In the midst of a queer higglety-pigglety dream, last night, I thought the Great Panjandrum appeared to me with the kind offer to have some one class of my fellow-beings immediately exterminated; provided I could, without taking too much of his valuable time, decide which particular class it should be. Just seven minutes were given in which to make and announce the decision. Of course I accepted with alacrity, and at once hastened to run over in my mind such of the obnoxious varieties of human nature as could most speedily be recalled. At first I thought I would select the people who do not answer letters; but I reflected that sometimes we write letters in haste, which had better be answered at leisure, long leisure, or even not at all, on the principle that the least said, soonest mended. Then I dallied for a moment with the idea that it should be those who, hearing us say things in joke, straightway report them as things said in earnest. Surely, thought I to myself, we can't go amiss in having this venomous species obliterated! But as the genial destroyer looked at his watch a little impatiently, I hurriedly recollected certain other deserving candidates. There were those who always allow for everybody else's being late at appointments, and so afflict the punctual soul with a quarter of an hour of painful fidgets; and those who send us lukewarm verses, with a request for an introduction to the favorable notice of the editors of the great magazines; and those who borrow tennis-rackets and sheet-music; and the

book-store attendants who tag us around with recommendations of the latest inanities; and the botherhood [*sic*] of locomotive engineers who agonize the ear of night with gratuitous shrieks as of whistling fiends; and the literary ladies who follow up our plainest observations with praise of how nicely, or prettily, or nobly, or something, it was said.

"Six minutes and three quarters," whispered the Grand Panjandrum, punching at me with his sceptre, and knocking his little round button at top against the ceiling, as he hastily rose. I made one more rapid snatch among my recollections of people who are with difficulty to be endured, and cried, "Take those who carry a perpetual countenance of cold displeasure, and contrive to make each member of the household, or the company, feel that he is at all times the special object of it!" The departing monster nodded benignly over his shoulder and winked, as who should say, "You have chosen well!"

— Now that public attention is being so constantly addressed to the relations between employer and employee, and the so-called "labor question" is undergoing such eager discussion among all classes, can any one suggest a reason why, in spite of all that we hear in regard to the sufferings and oppression of the laboring people, the difficulty of obtaining employment, and the miserable remuneration accorded nearly all kinds of manual labor, nothing seems to affect the wages of our female servants? They remain at the same high

figure to which they were advanced when the exigencies of our civil war forced us into the use of a depreciated paper currency.

Up to that terrible period of bloodshed and confusion, the mistress of a small household could hire a maid-of-all-work for eight dollars per month; and if she were willing to struggle with the ignorance and incapacity of a girl fresh from the green isle of Erin, she could find any number willing to serve her for even a less amount. In fact, six dollars per month was considered an ample sum to give an inexperienced servant. Now, an offer such as this would be received with a broad grin of amazement by the youngest and most unlearned of the seekers after American gold that every great ship brings to our shores.

If there is any reason for this immutability of pay in this one single department of the endlessly fluctuating labor market, I should be glad to have it pointed out. Everything that a female servant has to buy in order to make and keep herself comfortable and respectable in her situation is now quite as cheap as it was before the war. Calico of the best quality can be bought for the equivalent of the old-fashioned shilling; the "shilling calico" and the "sixpenny calico," so much discussed by our grandmothers, being now of even a firmer texture and more lasting as regards its colors than it was in their day. Good stout walking-boots can be purchased at three dollars a pair, which is as low a sum as shoemakers have ever asked. Muslin is cheap and millinery is cheap, and, in fact, unless a servant desires to dress far beyond her station, she would be puzzled to expend even half of her monthly wage of fourteen to sixteen dollars upon dress.

If our servants had anything to do with providing their own food, there would, perhaps, be some small reason for paying them these sums. Beef may cost double what it used, and the price

of the loaf increase while its size decreases, but the denizen of our kitchen has no concern in the matter.

There can be no question that many a mistress of a small household, whose modicum of strength is insufficient to admit of her performing the domestic feat called "doing her own work," and to whom a "girl" is a necessity, would esteem herself most fortunate if she could know that her yearly allowance for her wardrobe would not be less than \$180. Indeed, I fancy I can see a smile on the face of many a careworn housekeeper, as she estimates the wide difference between this sum and the modest amount that stands under the head of "Personal Expenses," in her yearly account book. Yet she is burdened with the obligation to dress and appear "like a lady," while Bridget, upon whom no such obligation rests, and whose habits and manner of living ought not to carry her into any society where elaborate toilettes are the custom, is fully able to provide herself with a new bonnet, fresh gloves, or a fashionable costume whenever the fancy seizes her.

The picture is a ridiculous one, but any one who would take the trouble to scan closely the two doors through which mistress and maid make their egress from our middle-class homes, when the church-bells ring of a Sunday morning, would see, in the majority of cases, a plain, neatly clad figure issue from the upper portal, while the area gate opened to let forth a stately form in draperies of flowing silk or satin, crowned with the latest wonder in the way of millinery, and waving a lace parasol in a hand covered by a six-button kid glove made in Paris.

I should be the last to cast any slurs upon the business qualifications of our sex; but in looking about for a reason for this remarkable state of affairs in this one department of labor, I cannot find any, unless it be that the hiring and paying of female domestic servants lies

entirely in the hands of women. In factories, in shops, in all kinds of job work, the arrangement and controlling power are in the hands of men. They discover what is the condition of the labor market with regard to the industry they are interested in, they calculate the supply and demand, and they arrange a scale of prices based upon the showing made by these facts. Alas, that in so many instances they pay such meagre sums for honest toil that the toiler can scarcely keep body and soul together, let alone indulge in extravagances. That, however, is not the subject under consideration.

It must be admitted that all dealings with female house servants are entrusted to women. They, then, are responsible for the prices paid for the work they have to offer; and it is equally clear that they are paying for it at a ratio with which nothing else in the labor market is comparable. Are female servants scarce? Certainly not. Look at the crowded benches in our so-called "intelligence [Heaven save the mark!] offices;" glance at the long line of steerage passengers, as they defile into Castle Garden from the crowded decks of our emigrant ships. Hundreds of women and girls are hastening to our shores from every part of Europe, asking for places in our kitchens. Is it that most of these are ignorant, and valueless to the housekeeper who must have skilled labor? No. Ignorant most of them certainly are, and many seem incapable of learning; yet the Irish girl who, if employed in Dublin, would consider herself well paid for her labor by £10, or at most £12, per annum, no sooner presses her foot upon American soil than she demands \$200.

More than any class of women in the world, if we except the indolent Asiatic, do American women need servants. We have not the robust frame nor the sturdy strength of the British matron or the German *Hausfrau*. Our climate is

exhausting, our lives are varied and exciting, our frames are slight, and our nerves weak. We can do much with our heads,—much planning and thinking, much arranging and directing. To supplement this we need the strong arms, the tireless backs, of the peasant women of the Old World. If we were wise and sensible enough to pay them moderately but fairly, to make them dress suitably and live plainly, in every case where we now can have but one pair of hands to assist in the household work, while we make shift to do the rest, we might have two. Yes, there is no question that if the maid-of-all-work, who now receives sixteen dollars per month, and is fed "like one of the family," were to receive the same wages that an English housekeeper would pay, to eat what English servants are given to eat instead of our broils and roasts and dainty luxuries in the way of desserts, the jaded female head of our smaller American households would find that she could "keep two girls" without adding a dollar to her yearly expenses.

And why cannot this be done? Is it not a positive wrong that it should not be done? The poor of Europe are crowding to our shores, demanding work, and there is none for them; begging for food and shelter, and suffering misery and lapsing into sin for want of decent homes and honest labor. Are not our women blind to their duty in giving one what is abundant for two, in keeping up an unnatural and unreasonable scale of prices for the benefit of a few? We have not waited for our employees to impress the boycott upon us; we have boycotted ourselves. Without reason, without outside pressure, in defiance of common sense, and to their detriment and ours, we insist upon a state of affairs that is a sarcasm upon our judgment, and a convincing proof that, whatever we may attain to in the future, men are very right yet in saying that we lack business knowledge and capa-

city, and show ourselves singularly unintelligent in regard to the conduct of affairs.

— If I could only translate a fragrance into words; explain why, when I smell a certain flower, I remember certain personal experiences, of no value to any one but the owner! — but I cannot. Let me try what I can do with a sound, a musical reminder: —

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound” —
The people down below
Turned and looked round.

The hymn was old, the music, too;
The leader's pitch-pipe was not new.
What was it, when the trumpet blew,
About the sound
To make the congregation look around?

They saw the blacksmith singing bass;
There was the miller tenor's face;
And there the clerk,
Who, having closed his six days' work
Behind the counter in “the store,”
Was not averse to one day more
Spent in a sphere a trifle higher,
And so sang “counter” in the choir;
There, in his sombre Sunday suit,
The pedagogue essayed the flute;
In tones alternate harsh and mellow
The carpenter sawed at the 'cello;
While, over on the other side,
The postmaster, with modest pride,
Winded the ophicleide.

The women, too, were much the same:
That elderly, sharp-visaged dame,
With keen-edged voice,
Sang treble there — a trifle flat —
(The people never minded that)
When you and I were boys;
There were the same half-dozen girls,
Each with a dozen dangling curls,
All standing in a row,
With hymn-books leather bound.

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound” —
Why should the folks below
Turn and look round?

In bonnet small and neat,
And ribbons 'cute,
There, on the second seat,
Beside the flute,
And almost elbowed by the fellow
Playing the 'cello,
A maiden sat, and sang the old “fugue-tune” —
Long as it was, 't was ended all too soon —
In alto tones, full, rich, and mellow.

The aged treble oft had pierced my ear;
The row of girls had added to the smart;
But this new voice — its tones not loud, but clear —
Pierced to my heart,
And filled it with a mad desire
To join the choir.

Ah, fatal madness! 'T would not do;
For well I knew
I could not cling
To such a hope. I could not sing!
My tuneless throat
Held not a single note.
And yet that “gladly solemn sound”
An echo in my soul had found;
I longed to occupy a seat
Between the flute and alto sweet,
Or 'twixt the bow upon her bonnet
And that other bow with rosin on it.

A year has passed since this occurred,
And I that sweet new alto heard:
And doubtless you will be surprised
To know my hope is realized.
No, no! I have not learned to sing, —
I could not compass such a thing
Within so short a space.
I occupy no place
Up in the choir. It would not do;
My tuneless voice too well I knew
To show my face
Where “gladly solemn” trumpets blew!

So, knowing I could not aspire
To sit beside her in the choir,
What could I do
But just reverse the situation?
The alto joined the congregation,
And sits beside me in the pew!

— The difference in our estimate of people and things depends on how we take them. If we eat the whole nut, we find a good deal that is coarse and innutritious; but if we have the habit of picking out the kernel, we generally find it sweet. Even the squirrel knows enough for that. Persons of a very wide and varied experience are apt to acquire this squirrelous wisdom. Out of each of their battles, sieges, and fortunes they have contrived to extract a central core that was interesting. The crude remainder of incident and circumstance, like the ache of the philosophical warrior with the broken leg, at least served “to pass away the time.” A neighbor of mine finds human nature very humdrum. People bore him terribly. He should stop trying to take

them whole. Even in one's self there may be found some deeply hidden bit of good meat, however thick the shuck and shell. How delightful, and perennially delightful, is that friend who seems to have discovered this kernel in our husky nature! What an agreeable day we pass when he succeeds, for the time being, in making it visible even to ourselves!

As experienced persons learn to extract the kernel from the real world, so contemplative persons learn to do it with books. Macaulay was said to be able to stop a minute at a book-stall, and pluck out the heart of a new volume. Others of us take longer, but we all have to acquire something of the art, in the bewildering presence of the constantly thronging crowd of books. It seems to me, for instance, that I found the very innermost kernel of Amiel's *Journal* the first hour I spent in a preliminary *reconnaissance* of those charming pages. It was in the single phrase "*mâle résignation*." This "resignation with energy," — the giving up without giving in, — it is a whole philosophy of life in a nutshell.

— The inquiry has sometimes suggested itself to me, What is the most pathetic figure in story? When I was a boy, the fate of Evangeline the Acadian always seemed to me the most piteous of all that I had ever known. Not so much at the end, — the wofulness of that finding of her lover *too late* did not impress me so much till those words had taken on their deeper meaning from the experience of life; but the perpetual disappointment, the hope, not crushed and ended, but continually revived, only to be the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," — this seemed to me the "pity of it." Most poignant of all appeared that moment in the story when, as Longfellow tells it,

"Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er
the water.
.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self
and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of
the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen
of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed
in the willows.
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and
unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God, was there none to awaken the
slumbering maiden?
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a
cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had
died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and
the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, 'O Father
Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth
to my spirit?'"

In after-years, when this tale of the Acadian exiles had lost something of its pathos through mere familiarity, I read Chaucer's story of Patient Griselde. What reader has it not impressed as a most piteous passage, where the poor mother meekly suffers the supposed loss of her "children twain"? As it reads in the Clerke's Tale: —

"This ugly sergeant in the same wise
That he hire doughter caughte, right so he
(Or wese, if men can any wese devise),
Hath bent her sone, ful was of beautee:
And ever in on so patient was she,
That she no chere made of heavynesse,
But kist her sone and after gan it blesse.

"Save this she praied him, if that he might,
Hire litel sone he wold in erthe grave,
His tendre limmes, delicat to sight,
Fro foules and fro bestes for to save."

And, again, when the children are brought back to her alive and well: —

"When she this herd aswouned doun she falleth,
For pitous joye, and after hire swouning,
She bothe hire yonge children to hire calleth,
And in hire armes, pitously weping,
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissing
Ful like a moder with hire salte teres
She bathed both his visage and his heres.

"O tendre, o dere, o yonge children mine!
Your woful moder wened steadfastly

That cruel houndes or som foul vermine
 Had eten you; but God of his mercy,
 And your benigne fader tendrely
 Hath don you kepe: and in that same stound
 Al sodenly she swapt adoun to ground."

Still later it seemed to me (and perhaps justly) that the instant when Lear recognizes Cordelia should be accounted the most pathetic instant of all recorded human destiny. Let me here, however, make the confession (and it goes toward showing that the drama of Shakespeare should be played as well as read, always provided it be played worthily) that it was not till I saw Edwin Booth portray the part that I realized its full power. It is where the old king stretches out his arms, and cries,—

"Pray, do not mock me!

I am a very foolish, fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward. . . .

Do not laugh at me;

For as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia!"

But there is a pathos that moves the intellect, rather than the source of tears. And to this faculty it has sometimes seemed, as I have meditated on the woful possibilities of human fate, that nothing can be more sorrowful than the destiny of Tithonus, the moon's aged and immortal lover:—

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
 The vapors weep their burden to the ground,
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan.
 The only cruel immortality
 Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,
 A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
 The ever silent spaces of the East,
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

I asked thee, 'Give me immortality.'
 Then did thou grant my asking with a smile,
 Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
 But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
 And beat me down and warr'd and wasted me,
 And though they could not end me, left me maim'd

To dwell in presence of immortal youth.

"Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 Thy beauty, make amends, though even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,

Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me?

Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the
 stream

Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
 Of happy men that have the power to die,
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead."

But to me now, as I recall the "moving accidents" of written story, perhaps that appears most touching which Scott relates in the poem of Helvellyn; though the chord which it touches be not of sympathy with manhood, but only of faithful dog-hood, most "tender and true." The quaint prelude relates, in its old-fashioned prose, how "a young gentleman of talents and of a most amiable disposition perished by losing his way on the mountain. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland." It is the same incident that Wordsworth celebrates in a poem which has no passage of anything like the imaginative power of that which I am about to quote from Scott, yet I will recall to the reader its closing stanzas:—

"But hear a wonder, for whose sake
 This lamentable tale I tell!
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.

(This of the "lasting monument" is very characteristic of the one bard, and how little it would have been characteristic of the other!)

"The Dog which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This Dog had been through three months' space
 A dweller in that savage place.
 Yes, proof was plain that since the day
 When this ill-fated Traveler died,
 The Dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side:
 How nourished here through such long time
 He knows, who gave that love sublime;
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate!"

And this is the passage from Scott, doubtless familiar to a hundred for every one who remembers the "lasting monument" which the profounder yet often weaker poet wrought:—

"Not yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attend-
ed,

The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

"How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft
didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy
heart?

And, oh, was it meet that—no requiem read
o'er him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore
him,

And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before
him

Unhonor'd the Pilgrim from life should de-
part?

But meetest for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek moun-
tain lamb,

When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff high
in stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his
dam."

After all, be it noted, this is not a morbid but a very wholesome direction of inquiry. The contemplation of the real pathos of other lives, even if they be but products of the "blind life within the brain," may haply save us from that most contemptible of illusions,—the self-pitying fancy that there is anything specially pathetic or tragic in the commonplace fortunes of our own little well-enough-to-do and tea-and-toast-consuming life.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Stockton's *Stories* is the summary title of two volumes into which F. R. Stockton's short stories have been gathered. (Scribners.) We make no complaint of the title, with its jaunty bid for fame. The stories are nobody's else, and the Stocktonese is a dialect which we warn writers is by no means so simple and easy as it looks. Mr. Stockton has achieved the feat which the philosopher with his lever hopelessly gave up. He has got outside of the world, and trundles it along with an ingenuousness which is unblushing. Did ever people behave so naturally in any world as Mr. Stockton's do in that which he has invented? Place them in the realistic world of Mr. Howells or the ideal world of Mr. Hardy, and they would appear to have lost their wits; but in Mr. Stockton's world the Mrs. Leckses and Mrs. Aleshines, the ladies and the tigers, are perfectly self-possessed, perfectly at home.—One can now have his Stevenson hot: there is no waiting to find out if he be a coming man; he has come, and the fife and drum may be sent to the rear to herald some one else. Here is Prince Otto, a romance (Roberts), and Kidnapped (Scribners). Prince Otto is a light, half-burlesque, half-fantastic play, with mixed romantic and realistic material; Kidnapped is a genuine tale of adventure, full of vitality and with just a touch of literary handling. It is this conscious artist in Stevenson which separates him from a story-teller like De Foe.—A Victorious

Defeat, by Wolcott Balestier (Harpers), is a story which uses the Moravian life as substance out of which to lift a romance. The author has been conscientious, and he has by no means made a failure, but he strikes us as having fallen somewhat into the snare of the realists, and to have lamed the wings of his romance thereby.—*Oblivion*, by M. G. McClelland (Holt), is a story which we are glad again to commend to our readers as being worth their reading, though what crime the book has committed to be brought out anew in an ill-smelling oil-cloth suit we do not know.—This objectionable covering has been inflicted also on Hannibal of New York, by Thomas Wharton,—which also appears, however, in the neat binding of the Leisure Hour Series (Holt),—a novel which is clever and rattling, and dashes off New York and Newport and Philadelphia and English noblemen and American young women, and leaves the reader a little breathless, perhaps, but on the whole prepared to take a commercial view of life.—*King Arthur*, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*,—a lady whom we like for her obstinacy in sticking to that one book which made her reputation (Harpers),—is declared on the title-page to be not a love story; but we are happy to say that it ends with a marriage, and although the love of a young man for a young woman is not the mainspring of the book, there is plenty of love shown by the old to the young

and the young to the old in this half-family narrative. There is, to be sure, a good deal of sentiment to the page, but it is not unworthy sentiment, if it is a little effusive. — *Misfits* and *Remnants*, by L. D. Ventura and S. Sheirich (Ticknor), is the title of a collection of slight sketches, stories, and odds and ends of material for stories. The writing is simple and the writers have not strained themselves for subjects, but one can hardly think that the book will ever justify itself in any strong interest or affection on the part of readers. The music is fairly good, but it is played with one finger. — *Cut, a Story of West Point*, by G. I. Cervus (Lippincott), has all the appearance of a story, but the author lacks the skill to select from his persons and incidents those which combine to make a picture of scenes, a development of character. The book is pretty hard reading, and yet the writer has written hard. — *Mr. Desmond, A. S. A.*, by John Coulter (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), is an honest story of the wronging of a girl by a selfish man. It is not a specially strong story, but it is effective in parts, it is natural, and it allows the main character in the book to shrivel into insignificance according to his nature. It has, besides, a certain freshness in its transcript of army life and its apparently truthful record of the sentiment to be found in army posts. — *No Saint, a Study*, by Adeline Sergeant. (Holt.) This is a study of a man who murdered his brother in a fit of passion, and by circumstances was brought, after his release from prison, to live in the village where he had committed the crime. The situations in the story are somewhat strained, but the author set herself a difficult task, at which she has wrought with some success. — *Whom God hath Joined*, by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin (Holt), one of the *Leisure Hour* Series. We may return to this story. — *A Romantic Young Lady*, by Robert Grant. (Ticknor.) Even a romantic young lady requires the gift of imagination in her creator, but a more business-like imagination than Mr. Grant's it would be difficult to conceive. The dreariness of this succession of scenes in what purports to be a picture of life is hard to match. Mr. Grant has ability of a certain sort. — *Miss Jewett* has collected her recent short stories into a pretty little volume, *A White Heron, and Other Stories*. (Houghton.) Our readers will find some of their favorites, together with two new stories which have not before been printed. — *A Politician's Daughter*, by Myra Sawyer Hamlin (Appleton), is written by a person who appears to have seen politicians in processions, perhaps, and their daughters in galleries, but scarcely to have had a nearer and more intimate acquaintance. — *Pepita Ximenez*, from the Spanish of Juan Valera, with an introduction by the author. (Appleton.) The introduction, written especially for this edition, is very interesting as disclosing the author's relation to his work, and the book itself will not disappoint the reader if he be thoughtful and not too wedded to current forms of fiction. — *Double Cunning*, the tale of a transparent mystery, by George Manville Fenn (Appleton), is a novel of

conventional society, pitched in a low key, and devoid of wit or wisdom. — *St. John's Eve, and Other Stories*, by Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood (Crowell), is another of the Russian stories which are like nuts with hard shells to the ordinary reader. However, the *bizarre* style has a fascination for some; one can call all the proper names Moses, and by aid of the foot-notes can usually tell what the queer-named dishes and titles mean. — *Miss Melinda's Opportunity*, by Helen Campbell. (Roberts.) Mrs. Campbell's fertility is that of a very observing and eager-minded woman, and the characters whom she creates are individual and forcible. Her humor also is ready, and in all her writing she seems to have before her the thought of how much more might be made out of life by the men and women whose circumstances seem commonplace. — *Love and Luck, the Story of a Summer's Loitering on the Great South Bay*, by R. B. Roosevelt. (Harpers.) Mr. Roosevelt is first a sportsman, and after that a novelist; but we are not disposed to quarrel with a story-teller who has so laudable a purpose in his story as to transform a *Saratogo blasée* belle into an open-air, yachting, and fishing girl. — *A Secret of the Sea, etc.*, by Brander Matthews (Scribners), — a collection of stories which, like all of this author's work, have reason in their being. His brief story of *Perturbed Spirits* is a capital example of how a little fancy may go a great way and produce a positive impression. — *Aliette*, by Octave Feuillet, translated by J. Henry Hager. (Appleton.) The name of the heroine in *La Morte* has been used for the English version. — *Constance of Acadia* (Roberts) is a praiseworthy attempt by an anonymous writer to work in the historical material furnished by the annals of New England. Constance is *La Tour's* wife, and the conditions of the story give the opportunity for a contrast of the French and English, the Puritan and Jesuit, the Huguenot and the Catholic. The book is sober in its use of all this material, and strikes us as rather careful and discreet than vividly imaginative. — Recent numbers of *Harper's Handy Series* are *The Fall of Asgard*, by Julian Corbett; *Our Radicals*, by Fred. Burnaby; *A Wicked Girl*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *The Long Lane*, by Ethel Coxon; *Francis, a Socialistic Romance*, by M. Dal Vero. — Recent numbers of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* are *Pomegranate Seed*, by the author of *The Two Miss Flemings*; *Like Lucifer*, by Dengil Vane; *Keep my Secret*, by G. M. Robins; *The Chilcotes*, by Leslie Keith; *Two Pinches of Snuff*, by William Westall; *St. Briavels*, by Mary Deane; *Ottolie, an Eighteenth Century Idyl*; and *The Prince of the Hundred Soups*, by Vernon Lee.

History and Biography. The seventh volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, edited by Leslie Stephen, runs from Charles Brown to Richard Borthogge. There is a long, minute, and very even-handed article on Burns by the editor, who also writes well, in brief, on Buckle. Mrs. Browning is treated by Mrs. Ritchie, and the world at last knows on what day the poet

was born. The Bucklands, Frank and William, are treated perhaps too summarily, considering the interesting characters which they present, and one wishes that so important a figure in architectural history as Bruges might have had greater prominence, but we are struck anew with the excellent judgment of the editor as to the general proportion of articles. — *Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison, Wife of James Madison*, edited by her grand-niece. (Houghton.) The American literature of this order is so scanty that we welcome this agreeable little book with a cordiality perhaps beyond its actual deserts. Madison, with all his greatness, was personally so colorless a man that the bright, winning ways of his wife seem almost to convince us that she was a woman of wit. Her amiability and her domestic tastes conspire to make her comments on men and affairs not important so far as the interior of life is concerned, but very useful as humanizing and making real the somewhat impoverished society of Washington in the early days. We hope the book will succeed, not only because it deserves to succeed, but that it may call out similar books. — *Woodstock, an Historical Sketch*, by Clarence Winthrop Bowen. (Putnams.) Mr. Bowen has in preparation a formal history of the town, and this sketch is an address given before the town at its bi-centennial celebration. He has compressed a good deal into it; we trust his history will preserve the juice of New England country life also. — *Mary and Martha, the mother and the wife of George Washington*, by Benson J. Lossing (Harpers), is, in effect, a sketch of the domestic life of Washington. Mr. Lossing has used the material which he has printed at different times in different forms, has added a few trivial letters and anecdotes, and presented the whole in a series of somewhat desultory chapters. The book has no great critical value, but it is a convenient repository of anecdotes. — *The Dearborns*, a discourse commemorative of the eightieth anniversary of the occupation of Fort Dearborn and the first settlement at Chicago, read before the Chicago Historical Society, by Daniel Goodwin, Jr. (Fergus Printing Company, Chicago.) With this is bound *Provincial Pictures* by Brush and Pen, by the same author, an address delivered before the Bostonian Society. The connection of the two cities by means of the name of Dearborn is easily established. — *In Memory of Edwin Channing Larned* (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago) is a volume of tributes to a man whom Chicago could ill spare. Half of the volume is occupied by one of Mr. Larned's arguments in a slave case. — *The Rear-Guard of the Revolution*, by Edmund Kirke. (Appleton.) "Mr. Kirke" is to be thanked for showing what brilliant material is unused for historical and romantic purposes in our post-revolutionary days. The after-clap of war in the Tennessee mountains was not only significant; it was the beginning of the history of a great section of our country. In the growth of nationality, we look to men and women bred in

Kentucky and Tennessee for literary work which shall be enduring. No people with such a beginning can help some day honestly building upon it in literature. — *The Last Days of the Consulate*, from the French of M. Fauriel, edited, with an introduction, by M. L. Lalaune. (Armstrong.) Why, by the way, not put M. Fauriel's whole name on the title-page? One might as well say, *The Life of George Washington*, from the pen of Mr. Irving. Fauriel's narrative has an air of candor about it, and is one unlikely to satisfy extremists. It is in effect a defense of Moreau. — *California*, from the conquest in 1846 to the second vigilance committee in San Francisco, a study of American character, by Josiah Royce. (Houghton.) This book, which is one of the American Commonwealths Series, justifies its title; for it is not, strictly speaking, a history, but a study based upon history, and as such takes very high rank. It is refreshing to find an American writing of the development of a State with so much freedom and at the same time with such an absence of petty criticism. Dr. Royce writes in a large spirit, but with an acumen which never allows him to lapse into mere vague generalities. He has limited himself in the period which he studies, but after all that period was the central and crucial one for California. It is as if one were to write the biography of a man, and seize upon the day in his life when he crossed the Rubicon. Dr. Royce gives the day before that yesterday sufficiently to account for the one day which he wishes to characterize; and while he seems to have allowed himself to stray a little from his main subject in order to corner General Frémont, this hunt serves to disclose many features in the Californian character. We greatly mistake if this book does not take its place as one to be read by more than one generation of readers. — In the series *The Story of the Nations*, three new volumes have appeared: *The Story of Germany*, by S. Baring-Gould, with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman; *The Story of Norway*, by H. H. Boyesen; and *The Story of Hungary*, by Arminius Vámbéry, with the collaboration of Louis Heilprin. (Putnams.) Mr. Boyesen has had somewhat the easiest task, and we think he has performed it the most satisfactorily. He has written a popular history of a compact people, and has done his work seriously and apparently faithfully. To give the story of Germany was a much more difficult matter, but the central idea of showing the development of the imperial principle was a good one, and has been kept in mind with some steadiness. It strikes us, however, that in his eagerness to be bright and lively Mr. Baring-Gould has crowded in a good deal of detail to the exclusion of strong leading lines. We wish, for example, that he had made more clear the real meaning of Protestantism. It seems a pity that Mr. Vámbéry should not have given a fuller and clearer statement of the recent constitutional questions. The illustrations in the first two books, especially in Germany, are capital; those in Hungary are inferior.

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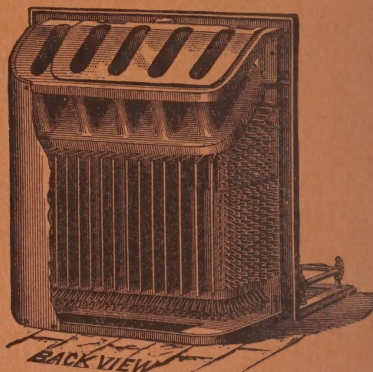
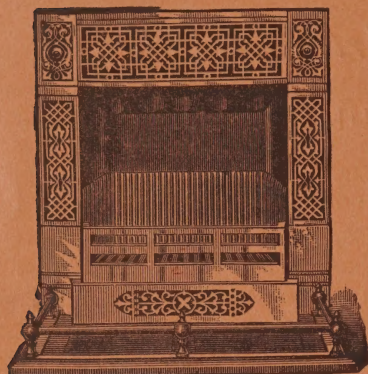
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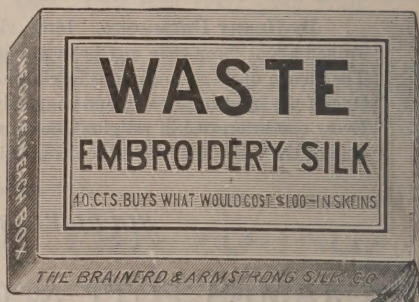
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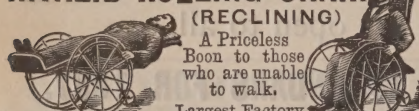
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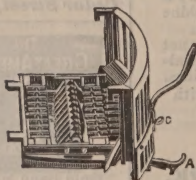
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VOL. LVIII. — DECEMBER, 1886. — No. CCCL.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

XVI.

THE POWERS OF THE AIR.

A KEEN enjoyment of nature was one of the ties that bound the pair, and there was much in the drive to-day to gratify their taste. Dismissing their graver cares at times, they reveled almost like children in the short respite thus granted them, and talked of the blue lake, the trivial sights and figures met with by the way, and of the wealth of the June roses.

Their last excursion together had been a very brief one, when the orchards were in flower. They recalled it now. It was the season of paradise upon earth, if paradise it ever be. How lovely the branches of fragrant blossoms had been, flung broadcast against the blue lake; how enchanting the rolling clouds, the pastures, and the grayish-green fields of grain ruffled by the breeze!

The country was now in the full luxuriance of summer. The clouds to-day also were particularly fine, and, as our friends drove onward, it was a part of their pleasure to watch them piled up before them in those stupendous heights and gorges, dazzling minarets and domes, or fantastic shapes of animal life, with which they realize the phantasmagoria of dreamland.

"Perhaps every one who can afford it ought to live only amid beautiful scenery," began Barclay, in a speculative way he had, which generally embodied nothing more than some ingenious, passing theory of the moment. "Perhaps he ought to pick out the most attractive spot in the whole earth, and spend his days there exclusively. If this should happen not to consist with the other alleged duties of life, so much the worse for them. I am inclined to think there ought always to be mountains in the prospect, for one thing," he went on. "That is like having a high ideal always on the horizon, even though you never reach it. We ought to establish ourselves where the hours of the day would pass along like successive stanzas of a beautiful poem."

"And how as to society in this elysium, provided it could be managed otherwise?"

"There ought to be absolute solitude," he declared positively; "that is to say, solitude *à deux*. The philosopher — he — I — for you see I speak for myself — ought to have only the dearest being in existence beside him, as I have now, and all the other billions of population might cease to exist."

Certain random verses of Theocritus he had once liked came into his head, and he quoted to her from the translation: —

"Not Pelops' realm be mine, nor heaps of gold,
Nor speed fleet as the wind, but by this rock
To sing, and clasp my darling, and behold
The sea's blue reach and many a pasturing
flock."

He accentuated the end with a caress.

He had a way of making love to her — a tenderness mingling with his manly strength, and heightened, perhaps, by his reputation for reserve with others, of which we have spoken — that inexpressibly charmed her. He had, for her, ways and epithets of devotion that lingered in her memory long after he had gone, and sometimes caused her to fall into moods of delicious day-dreaming, with half-shut eyes. There were times when her heart went out to him with such an ineffable expansion that it would have seemed positive pleasure to endure tortures for his sake. Nor, though kept apart in reality, had they been so in mind and soul, during their period of probation. They could not sufficiently embrace each other in ardent written words. The privilege of pouring out to each other in this way their long pent-up feelings was too precious a one to be foregone. Tender epistles had constantly been exchanged between them.

"I find myself like the lover in tradition, who went away from his mistress to write to her," wrote Barclay on one occasion. "I observe that I stay as long as possible, however, before going, and he no doubt did the same thing."

"I am sure the post-office is positively ashamed of *me*," said Mrs. Varemberg. "I should never dare face my letter-carrier in person, and I trust he has little idea of what kind of a person it is who sits trembling above-stairs while the missives are brought up by the servant, whom I have induced to be discreet about them, that they may not be too much scrutinized by the rest of the household. Do you suppose he could possibly find out who it is that deposits the principal contents of his letter-box at the corner?"

There had been letters and notes at irregular hours, and in all sorts of informal shapes. There had been some dated at midnight, others at two and three o'clock in the morning, and at daylight. The writers set forth their last waking thoughts at night or first in the morning, or took the occasion of many sleepless vigils to dwell upon some new phase or detail of their absorbing passion. There had been a long one, chiefly anxious and melancholy, from Mrs. Varemberg, in the journal form, some part of it being done in nearly every successive hour of the day. Once, when Barclay was absent from town, there had arrived from him three all together. These had been mailed by him at different times, but were brought, as it chanced, from the small place where he was, at the same time.

"I had no means of telling one from the other, at first," the dear recipient had told him, "so I opened and read them one by one. Then I read them again in their proper order, getting thus a double and unexpected pleasure from them, don't you see? And oh! then I read them over again a hundred times, as I always do, and kissed them, and thanked God for his goodness to me, and my heart was full to overflowing with my pride and delight in you and the love you bear me."

In this delicious intoxication, — which is said to be even sweeter to be possessed by than to inspire, — a rapture with pain in its pleasure, they wished well to each other with an intensity far beyond the poor limit of mere human expression or performance.

It was natural enough, on a day like this, that there should be iteration of these words of fondness, — forever trite, yet touched with living fire, — though formal propriety was imposed upon their actions by the public gaze. They passed from grave to gay. They began to formulate their plan of life. Barclay said they were no longer children, to

be kept apart by the caprices of others. He would seek David Lane, in a final interview, when he got back, — his ire awoke at the recollection, — and after that they would endure no further opposition. Florence must be his own; he insisted upon it. Let the world at last know it. They dwelt upon the future in detail. It had always been one of Barclay's ideas to build a house, and incorporate into it his favorite notions. They would do that. They thought they would arrange their life somewhat like that of the Radbrooks. They would not know too many people. They pronounced it frittering and destructive of the best objects of human intercourse. A part of their time they would reserve for travel. Paul Barclay wished to revisit with her some of the places where he had been so unhappy on her account, to remove, as it were, certain undeserved stigma he had attached to them. And, then, they both meant to be better, morally. It is one of the aspirations of such an affection that it aims to secure not only time, but eternity. They meant to keep their minds only upon high and noble things.

"I shall help you in all your projects and labors," insisted Mrs. Varemberg. "You must make a name, and be known far and wide for your abilities and your goodness of heart, just as I know them."

But oh, best of all! — oh, inexpressible delight! — they were to be always together.

"Every day, on my return," thought Barclay, with subtle thrills of rapture stealing over him, "I shall find her there awaiting me." He could only think of her as an influence to dissipate every sorrow and redouble every joy.

She thought in like manner of those comings-home, when she was to tell him all the events of the day, even to those of no importance. The prospect had the keener zest for her, from her previous unhappy experience. She dreamed

the sweet, feminine dream of the inseparable companion and friend, the strong protector who would banish fear. She would look her best, talk her best; she meant to tell him everything; she would prepare loving surprises for him. Ah, yes, much as he had seen, she knew some ingenuity would remain to her to do this. In his strength her weakness and trouble would disappear, her past would be forgotten.

"We will rule the world, my loved one, my sweet one," pronounced Barclay, in one of his moments of high enthusiasm. "Yes, we will yet throne it together, like another Antony and Cleopatra."

"Dear heart, I fear I shall play but a sorry Cleopatra to your highness's Antony. I often have to think what a poor, weak creature I am still; and, after all, I suppose even happiness will not imperatively cause one's health and strength to be restored."

"I will see to it; I take it upon myself," he returned, with the heartiest reassurance. "You are going to be young and strong and blooming again. Trust me with it; it is not longer your affair. We have most of life yet before us. All shall go well. Nothing shall keep our happiness from us."

"I have often thought of asking you to put me out of your life, even now, and to forget me," persisted Mrs. Varemberg, half despondently. There seemed to be something in the air that invited it. "Who knows what misfortune will yet happen? I distract you from your own best interests and from useful work. I am not worth it."

"You do not love me when you talk so. I have no interests but you. I could not forget you."

"If I thought you could I should die. I will try to be all that you desire. I shall not be what you ought to have, but you must have patience with me."

The business that brought Barclay to the vicinity of the little rural inland

lake was duly finished, and they turned homeward. The clouds they had so much admired, on their way up, had, for some time past, been acting rather strangely. The tops of all the battlements and peaks were blown off, and their general mass was driven about in confusion, as by strong upper currents, while the air at the surface of the earth was abnormally calm. There was a certain oppressiveness at intervals, almost a difficulty in breathing, that recalled to Barclay his feelings of the night before.

They had planned to stop a moment, in passing, at the new cottage of Fahnenstock, on the White-Fish Bay road, considering that it was exactly in their way. A peculiarly interesting family of *protégés* was assembled there just at present. Besides old Fahnenstock himself, — who, being a bachelor, could not very well attend to his own comfort, — it comprised the McClarys, whom he had brought there to keep house for him during the summer months. It was an excellent place for the babies, who were already fat and rosy. The young wife, whom we have seen pinched and faded, was recovering her spirits and good looks. The enterprising McClary had set up the little shop for which he had wished, near the upper city limits, and was now absent there. And then there was a spinster sister of Mrs. McClary, a person apparently of much executive ability and natural thrift. She had but lately come to these parts, having been blown out of both house and home, it was said, by some such catastrophe as a tornado in Missouri or Kansas, where her family had lived. It appeared that Fahnenstock was quite taken with this spinster sister, and the waggish thought that, after all his long years of bachelorhood, the two might yet make a match of it.

But even more important figures than these were a young bridal couple, William Alfsen and his wife. Yes,

Alfsen and Stanislava Zelinsky were at last united, and, as it happened, were passing a day or two of their honeymoon here. It had come about through Ludwig Trapschuh, furious at her for having given evidence against him at the trial, having made her life so unendurable that she had finally left her home and sought a refuge elsewhere. She had repaired first to Mrs. Varemberg, who received her kindly, and found her occupation, and a temporary abiding-place with the McClarys. During all this time, however, she would not marry her lover. With some curious ideas of the binding force of relationship, she obstinately refused him till the consent of her uncle, her guardian and the authoritative head of her family, could be obtained, and there was no prospect whatever that that irate person would consent. Her sighing swain was in despair; but circumstances had favored him, the obstacle had disappeared of its own accord, and they had married two days before the present. David Lane had seen to it that they had a handsome gift from him, disguising it partly as a subscription to the fund to Alfsen for his services in the great river fire.

The impolicy and fruitlessness of his opposition gradually impressed Trapschuh. Reports of the growing prosperity of Alfsen reached his ears. Still, he was not thoroughly humbled till he lost his place on the Chippewa Street bridge. Though no political proscription was declared, as has been said, an example was made of a few of those holding public office, who had been most prominent in the frauds, and the offense of Trapschuh had been so flagrant that no one could say anything in his favor. At the moment that he was coming out of the Board of Public Works, after hearing his sentence of dismissal, — it was only on the day succeeding David Lane's installation, — he met Alfsen face to face. He all at once assumed before him as humble an

air as Haman, after his overthrow, might have taken before Mordecai.

"I always bin friend o' yours, Billy," he said obsequiously, "though sometimes I guess may be you don't always know it. I never got no sure objections that you get married with Stanislava. She got pretty bad temper, that's so; but she can come back to my house, if she want, and you can get married with her any time what you like. I say, Billy, you could n't get a feller out o' work some kind o' good job, could you?"

Alfsen let no grass grow under his feet, but immediately proceeded to have this authorization confirmed in the presence of his sweetheart, and they had been married forthwith.

This case had made talk, among the rest, for Barclay and Mrs. Varemberg, as they approached the cottage. The opposition of Ludwig Trapschuh struck them both as a sort of parody of that to which they had been so long subjected. They recognized an echo, as it were, of the same note.

"I wonder if we shall have to wait till David Lane, too, is overthrown and wrecked, in some wholesale collapse, before we can expect to have his objections withdrawn?" suggested Barclay, with half-humorous lightness. "That would need a long delay indeed."

All the men of the house were, at present, away at their work; only the women were at home. But the women warmly did the honors of the place. They ran into the garden and plucked its fairest flowers, with an almost reckless hospitality, to press upon the visitors. There had been bushes of fragrant syringa and lilacs already in the yard, and the new tenants had added roses, and especially a double row of tulips, flanking the path from the gate to the door. These flowers, vividly glowing with their various hues of scarlet and yellow, were most trimly kept, and every foot of the small domain gave evidence

that pains were being taken to develop its utmost capabilities.

Hardly was this cottage reached, however, when there came on a sudden thunder-storm, that had been for some time threatening, and all were driven for a brief space in-doors. The rain — very slight in quantity — was accompanied by violent hail; the ingredient of cold, as it were, in the grateful glass of sherbet, which the summer day might fancifully be conceived to be. The flower-beds, so shapely but a few moments before, were much broken down, and presented to view numbers of the charming tulips sadly hanging their heads. Hailstones had fallen, on this occasion, of sizes variously estimated — according to the current way of measuring this product of nature — at from "as large as a hen's egg to as large as a man's fist." In the suburbs of town, at the same time, as was afterwards learned, one mass of compacted ice had fallen, estimated to be as large as a man's head.

When the guests came forth to resume their journey, the storm had passed over; the sun was shining, though through broken clouds, still in turmoil, and all nature looked fresher and greener for its late ablutions. The enterprising spinster sister of Mrs. McClary came out with them. Looking up at the heavens, while shading her wrinkling forehead with her hand, she felt moved to say, "'Pears as if them clouds looked like some we used to have down in our country. There's a kind o' curious feelin' in the air, these last few days, any way. Down there, we should 'a' called it kind o' tornader weather."

"But we do not have them, fortunately," said Barclay. "You must not let that make you uneasy here."

"No, of course not, but the wind's ben to the south'ard so long, — till to-day, when it come round, — an no rain, though the clouds has gathered up every day and tried to give some, that it's

looked to me more 'n once just as it used to down in Kansas, when we was expectin' one of 'em. But of course they don't get as far north as this," she concluded.

Getting under way again, Mrs. Varemberg and Barclay came presently to the spot, at no great distance from town, where Mrs. Radbrook was giving her garden-party, as mentioned by Mrs. Clinton. This was Ingebrand's on the Lake, a pretty spot, left much in its condition of natural wildness, which was patronized in a quiet way by people driving out from town. It was distinguished from Ingebrand's on the River, another resort of the same kind, much frequented by pleasure-parties of rowers, whereas there was but little rowing on the lake, which was generally esteemed much too rough and uncertain for that sport. A touch of romance hung about Ingebrand's on the Lake,—some legend of a countess who had once occupied the rural dwelling on the grounds, when it was a simple farm-house. It appeared that this Mrs. Radbrook was noted for originality in her entertainments, which she but rarely gave, and which were the more highly esteemed on that account. Following some little precedent derived from abroad, she had taken this pleasant spot to-day for her exclusive use, and promised to turn its attractions, together with those of the season, to account, in a charming *fête champêtre*. She had caused to be set up a number of pretty tents and pavilions, of gayly decorated canvas. In a large pavilion, open to the water, an attractive collation was prepared. The tents and waving pennants, with the summer costumes of the ladies intermingled, upon the background of the moor and varied shrubbery, made a gay and dainty scene, such as a Rossi, or some of his compeers of the Spanish-Roman school, might have painted.

Our friends had already met some representatives from the fête, taking

merry drives farther up the road. They had been adjured not to miss it, and now civilly stopped at it, but only for the very briefest moment. Mrs. Varemberg was in mourning, and had no need to plead any excuse for not participating further in the entertainment. Their presence together was gossiped about, as it would naturally be in such a company, but there was no severity in the tone. The true state of the case had begun to get abroad, as, in some mysterious way, such things always will, and people invested them with a certain poetry and pleasant interest. That is to say, it was known that Barclay was an old lover, that he had been unhappy, and that he had been true and high-minded as well throughout most trying circumstances. The critics at the Saturday Morning Club and the charitable guild now admitted that he was probably a man of flesh and blood, like others, and they secretly admired him the more for his stout fidelity to a forlorn, almost desperate ideal.

The two had left the fête but a little behind, when the threatening aspect of the weather impressed itself upon them. No engrossment with their own affairs could wholly withhold their attention from the amazing panorama that began to unroll itself in the heavens.

It was no ordinary storm that seemed impending. The entire masses of broken clouds had gathered and distributed themselves, as it were, into two hostile camps, over against each other, in opposite quarters of the sky. After gathering thus, a most turbulent commotion broke out among them, and they began to approach each as in battle array. Their rate of motion increased, and, as they drew near, lightnings darted from one to the other.

"Look! look!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Varemberg, in consternation. They had been urging their pace to the utmost, to seek a place of safety. Blasts of hot air had smitten their faces, fol-

lowed immediately by others so cold that they drew their wraps closer around them.

"Oh! oh!" cried Barclay, unable to refrain from manifesting almost as much agitation as his fair companion.

They were in the presence of the dread scourge of the tornado.

The spinster sister of the McClarys, whose words had, perhaps, seemed even to herself only desultory chatter, was right. One of those rare visitants had come far to the northward of its usual course, and, like some fell marauder, seeking new and untried fields to foray, was about to swoop down with ruin and dismay upon a locality that had never hitherto had to give a thought to this particular form of danger.

The great plain of the Mississippi Valley is the theatre where these mighty forces, the torrid winds from the equator and frigid airs from the poles, meet and struggle for the mastery. This vast unimpeded stretch, the inhabitants of which pay a woful cost in lives and treasure for the gladiatorial shows they witness, is the "battle-ground of the tornadoes." Here the detail of the phenomenon was the same as there. Rain had been lacking for a very long time past: a veritable drought had been threatened. The barometer, to-day, stood remarkably low. A swift current of wind in the upper air was blowing southward, while that at the surface of the earth was northward.

The sudden sharp exclamation of Mrs. Varemberg had been drawn forth by the meeting of the great opposing cloud masses mentioned. From their point of junction dropped down a strange and ominous funnel of dark and murky vapor. Some described it afterwards as shaped like a wicker basket; others, as like a snake, the head of which was held up in the sky, while the body writhed and lashed about below. At any rate, this definite form began to turn round upon itself, with a rapid gyratory mo-

tion, and at the same time to progress in a right line course, taking its direction towards the northeast. A violent boiling movement could be observed within it, and it was presently filled with flying *débris* of every kind, caught up by the suction into its destroying vortex. The small end of its funnel dangled just above the ground, and it had a way of striking and rebounding as if highly elastic.

The domes of Keewaydin were now visible, but no promising point of escape from such a peril appeared over a wide intervening stretch. The couple drew up, upon a high ground, the better to mark the route of the tornado, and thus determine their own. The dread scourge struck the city, here and there, as in selected spots, under their very eyes. It was like some stinging whip-lash of the gods, whirled with an avenging purpose. Wherever it touched, devastation followed. Turrets and steeples were seen to go down, and the fragments of roofs to whirl into the air. Bells struck of themselves, with a lugubrious sound. There was smoke, as from shells in a bombardment; but the thickest of this was when some of the flouring-mills along the river were wrecked, and the fine white powder choked the air.

There were no buildings easy of access for the refugees, and perhaps shelter ought not to be sought, at such a time, even in the most solid of buildings. It was uncertain what direction the desolating force might finally take. Its rate of progress, now faster, now slower, and again, for brief periods, coming to almost an absolute stand-still, could be plainly traced; but what rule was to be laid down, by novices, for this gigantic eddy of the atmosphere, that beats, like a greater ocean, on the whole round world? Mrs. Varemberg sat pale and trembling, with her hand clasped in her lover's. They saw much to excite a reverent awe and dismay,

but fortunately they could not see all that was passing in the town.

The tornado fell first upon the sparsely settled region below the city limits on the South Side. There it uprooted orchards, and beat down the soft earth of gardens and ploughed lands till it seemed as if they had been macadamized. It wrenched the very grass from the ground, as by ravening teeth. It was not a wide-spread and all-devouring force, however, but moved in a narrow and well-defined path. Its area of widest destruction was hardly more than three hundred yards across, while that of its greatest energy was, perhaps, a hundred. It was in evidence afterwards that at a quarter of a mile away one would not have known what was in progress, and only a gentle breeze fanned the brow. Next, it touched the line of the city proper, and, as if at a given signal, every chimney and turret went down.

Presently a minor funnel was seen to separate itself from the main one, and go whirling away on a new career. This followed the ravine of Sobieski Street to the right, unroofing or shattering to pieces the Polish houses. Had the addresses of certain voters been looked for now, they would have been found missing indeed. The house of Ludwig Trapschuh was rapt up into the air bodily, as if on the magic praying-carpet of the Arabian Nights; and the proprietor, not knowing it was in transit, — for in the few moments of the immediate passage of the storm-cloud all was Plutonian darkness, — attempting, in a panic, to step out of his own front door, fell headlong to the ground, a distance of some twenty feet, and broke a leg and various ribs.

All the ordinary operations of the law of gravitation seemed suspended. All movable objects flew, as if possessed by witchcraft, to an imperative centre of attraction: heavy benches and tool-chests rose from the ground, furniture

and bedding leaped from the doors and windows, to join in the mad carnival. A few hapless animals feeding in suburban pastures suffered wofully. Cows and horses were driven, dragged, and rolled, against their utmost resistance, — the hoof-marks in the ground showing, afterwards, the desperate opposition many had made, — and were found with bones broken, or beaten to jelly and left in a shapeless mass. Nor was it brute animals alone that perished; there were many human victims as well. One of the poor Polish women, among others, was found battered and dead, with her hair twisted from her head, and lying in a sort of rope beside her. The very soles of her shoes were torn from her feet.

Many corpses were naked, and so ecchymosed, — the surgical term came to be freely used, — discolored by numberless bruises, that they might have been taken for those of negroes.

Among the comic incidents, in this quarter, may be mentioned that of the graceless young Barney Trapschuh. He was sitting loaferishly on a fence at the time; he made a long excursion into the air, leaving shreds of his clothing on the roofs of houses and trees over which he passed, and, covered with black mud, was cast down in a distant field. This was a mud peculiar to the tornado: it was of the consistency of paint, and was forced into the eyes, ears, and nostrils, and even the very pores of the skin so energetically that it took weeks to eradicate it.

The lesser funnel reached the shore. It danced and spun there, for a brief space, among the sand-dunes, like another merry Pau-Puk-Keewis; then, as a parting bit of malice, wrecked a luckless shallop or two it found abroad on the water, and was finally dissipated in the lake.

The principal storm-cloud, however, kept on its original course. A tithe of its eccentric and virile doings could not

be described. It lifted one of the German turn-halls from its base, made it plough the ground for many feet, and racked it completely to pieces. It cut in two a railroad freight-house as cleanly as if with a saw, leaving one half standing intact. A row of boards, which had belonged to the other half, was found set up in a circle and firmly driven into the ground, some four miles from the original point of departure. It did not respect even the Johannisberger House. It raised up one end of that worthy caravansary so high that the terrified inmates, who had taken refuge in the cellar, reported that they had glimpses of the prospect without, between the sills and the foundations; but to make amends, it set it back again nearly as good as ever.

The tornado did not think all objects alike deserving of its vengeance. It seemed to pick and choose, and struck at notable points, as if to decide the day by the fall of certain leaders, as in mediæval times.

"There goes St. Jude's!" exclaimed Barclay, as they saw its prominent spire enveloped in the fog, and, the moment after, a distant jangle of bells came to their ears.

And so it was. A small, panic-stricken congregation had assembled in the church of the Rev. Edward Brockston, — much as the early inhabitants of Britain fled to their sanctuaries for refuge from the fury of the Northmen, who descended periodically on their coasts, — when the whole massive structure was rapt from over their heads, fortunately doing the inmates but little harm. With a few mighty gyrations, the edifice was wrenched into a tall pyramid of interwoven iron, timbers, stones, and bricks, a more impressive monument of the resistless power that had done it than any of the others left behind. Next, the ruin of one of the mammoth grain elevators could be distinguished, and the yellow wheat from it floated on the river

and bay for many days thereafter. The Chippewa Street bridge, in the vicinity, — though this they could not see, — followed suit. It was twisted, like the church, into a chaotic mass of materials, and the whole unceremoniously dumped into the stream. When it came to be rebuilt, it may be here mentioned, it was on a new and handsomer model; for a sentiment had arisen for making these so necessary but unsightly bridges, of which the lake towns are full, somewhat more in keeping with the comely buildings and effects of street perspective which abut upon them.

The very river-bed itself was exposed to view, and a heavy column of water was lifted from it and precipitated over the most proper district of the city, the trim Seventh Ward itself. The sides of many buildings in that quarter were so encrusted with river slime, weeds, and shells that they took a decidedly venerable and submarine aspect. The case might have recalled the story of the turbid douche given by the offended elephant to the tailor who had pricked his trunk with a needle.

The storm-cloud, which had once or twice wavered towards the city hall, and again away from it, was now plainly seen to swoop down upon that important structure, as if finally to claim it for its own. How could the building fail to succumb? Mrs. Varemberg's filial thoughts flew in terror to her father. At such a moment every resentful impulse vanished before the dread of his personal danger. She stretched forth her hand mutely in his direction, as to save him.

The turbulence and obscurity cleared away from the point in question, and the civic building was seen still standing. There was but one change, but this a notable one, — the twinkling Golden Justice had disappeared from its dome.

"It stands firm, but I do not see the Golden Justice," said Barclay, straining his eyes painfully.

"Yes, it is surely gone," said his companion. "There is not a trace of it. It is too bad, is it not?"

Little time was afforded for comment on this or any other phenomenon. The tornado, either satisfied with its achievement or having met with a foe beyond its strength, had the look of intending a new departure. It made one, in fact. It greatly increased its rate of speed, and shaking off the dust of the town from its feet, as it were, advanced upon the suburbs and the open country northward. Our lookers-on recognized two men who came breathlessly running up the slope. These were Fahnenstock and Alfsen, making for their cottage, to be present with the inmates in time of danger.

"Fly, fly for your lives!" they shouted, in voices hoarse with alarm, to those who lingered. "It is coming this way."

Barclay had already turned the heads of the trembling horses away from the tempest. A decisive move now seemed necessary. He lashed Castor and Polux to their utmost speed, hoping to reach a certain cross-road, at a little distance, which turned to the left. Following this, they might traverse the path of the danger, now that they distinctly knew what it was, and place themselves out of its reach on the other side. Looking, fearfully, back over their shoulders, however, they saw the tornado advancing by gigantic leaps and bounds. It was evident that the cross-road could not be reached in time. They came to a place where a score or more of fugitives from Mrs. Radbrook's fête were huddled confusedly, not knowing what to do next. It appeared that the fête had been overtaken by panic. The principal pavilion had been blown down, by a sudden gust, upon the very heads of the banqueters, turning the revelry into a sort of Belshazzar's feast. Many had fled, with a blind purpose of reaching town; but arrived thus far, they had stopped, and

were awaiting the issue in terrified suspense.

The destroying force had at first followed the line of the Keewaydin River; then broken away from it, and veered more to the eastward. Woe to any pleasure skiffs abroad on the quiet, syvan current that day! Woe to the vegetation, the gardens, the summer chalets, along the pleasant banks! The very bluffs shook under its heavy tread. A roar as of ten thousand moving railway trains, momentarily increasing, filled the air.

The couple alighted, and Barclay, loosing the horses from the conveyance, quickly secured them to a rail fence, near which all stood. Fahnenstock and Alfsen had time to come up and join them. The monstrous funnel cloud, looming perhaps five hundred feet in the air, was so near at hand that its texture could be plainly studied by any bold eyes that dared to gaze upon it. Part of it was fleecy white, as if the sun were shining in the midst of it; but the greater part was murky, lurid, or of a greenish hue, like the thick, unwholesome smoke of the chimneys of factories or of chemical works.

"To the lake! to the lake!" cried some alarmed voice. Forthwith, a general stampede took place to an open field. Most of the fugitives hurried to its verge, above the lake shore, and there threw themselves on the ground. Barclay tenderly aided the steps of her who leaned upon him, and urged their pace to the utmost.

"Courage! courage!" he said, reassuringly. "A moment more and we are safe. It will not follow there; I am sure of it."

"I am not afraid," she responded more than once. "You are with me."

Perhaps through the minds of both there passed the same thought, that if this were to be indeed the end of all things, it would be sweet to die together. They would mitigate with their

warm hand-clasps the chill and dreary way to eternity.

The noise of the tempest increased to an awful roar. Drops of a warm, viscid, loathsome mud fell in their faces and on their clothing. Green leaves, rent from their parent stems, were thicker in this blast than are withered ones in autumn, and intermingled with them were broken twigs, blossoms, dead birds, and wraiths of mist. A semi-obscurity enveloped the refugees, while a vast wall of murky blackness seemed about to overwhelm them. Bulky objects, brought from afar, the impact of any of which would have brought certain death, fell around them. There were found on the ground the figure-head and part of the fore-castle of the brig Orphan Boy, the cupola of the Johannisberger House and the refreshment-booth of Coffee John, a great section of the metal cornice of the city hall, and the tongue and wheels of a heavy baggage wagon. Though the wall of gloom at no time wholly overspread the party, it was night instead of day around them. It seemed a time of almost Apocalyptic terrors. The books of judgment were about to be opened, and all the vials of wrath poured forth.

Old Fahnenstock began to pray aloud, possibly with a trace of exultation, even in the midst of his terror, that his appalling forecasts were at last about to be realized.

"O all ye lightnings and clouds," he said, "bless the Lord; praise and exalt him above all forever!"

"I am here," murmured Paul Barclay, meanwhile, to his beloved companion.

"I do not fear," she returned.

If she trembled, it was with some involuntary physical tremor, but with none of the mind or heart. She rested her head against his shoulder, and they waited in the darkness.

"We are but as the chaff of the threshing floor, before thee," Fahnen-

stock went on, sonorously. "He made the midst of the furnace like a blowing wind. Thy kingdom hath consumed all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

The tornado wrecked many large trees around the field in question, so that their upper portions were found, afterwards, literally whipped to shreds. William Alfsen, who was a little in advance of the rest, and nearer to it, was violently seized by a wandering gust, whirled twice or thrice round a sapling to which he clung for support, and thrown to the ground. With this, however, it seemed to have reached its farthest point. It was perhaps checked in part by a stout quickset hedge, bordering the other side of the high-road, with which it wrestled furiously, and over which it paused for some time, as if recognizing an enemy rather worthy of its steel. A woful snapping and crackling, such as might have been made by fire, was heard in this hedge, and also a loud, sucking noise as the plants were drawn bodily from the ground. They were particularly old and tough, and it was estimated by competent judges that a greater force was required to uproot them thus than if they had been the strongest oaks.

The air again grew lighter. The baffled or capricious visitant distinctly turned aside, struck a new course, and began to move off to the northwestward. The little group of fugitives dared not at once rise from the ground, or credit the reality of their deliverance; but when it was certain, they exchanged the most joyful words and hand-shakings of congratulation.

The danger over and dazed faculties grown calmer, it was observed that the sky appeared to threaten rain, and soon all was haste and confusion to be back again in town. Barclay found the horses he had tethered to the fence severely maimed by falling débris, and rendered wholly unserviceable. He was casting about to make some dispo-

sition of Mrs. Varemberg, when the Radbrooks drove up and offered her a vacant seat in their carriage. They had waited not far from the scene of the fête itself, and had escaped with perhaps less inconvenience than any of their friends. Having seen Mrs. Varemberg safely bestowed, Barclay, left to his own resources, set out to walk. He had proceeded but a little way, when he was overtaken by a man in a light spring wagon, who offered to take him in. It proved to be Welby Goff, of the Index. Mr. Goff was in a very affable, chatty mood, and apparently anxious to find some one to talk to about the doings they had both witnessed.

"I've been canvassing a nursery and garden-seeds place, out this way," he said, by way of explaining his presence on the road. "I struck it for an article and advertisement, and got 'em, too. After that, I was just going to start over Wauwatosa way, where I've had a party on the string for some time, when I saw this coming, and turned round. I've watched it all along the road, and had solid comfort out of it. I knew from the first it was n't near enough to do me any harm."

"You are a person of judgment."

"Judgment? A newspaper man has to be. He's got to see how close he can run to some lively new sensation, all the time, and then stand out from under, before it has a chance to fall on him."

"We shall see some curious sights when we get to town," suggested Paul Barclay.

"It will be a circus, and no mistake. I would n't miss it for a farm. I've seen some of the biggest things there is, in my time,—I generally make it a point to keep posted on all the biggest things in every line,—but probably this will lay way over any of 'em."

"You don't let it depress your spirits, I see?"

"Well, hardly. There's not much

depress about this; it's the biggest chance to pick up news items that was ever struck. You want to look out for the extra Index, these next few days,—that's all. It will make your hair curl."

The retreating tornado moved slowly and in ever-widening circles. As if fatigued with rapine and too heavily gorged with all the spoil it had gathered, it was throwing out, over its upper rim, as it were, a continual rain of the smaller articles it had carried up to so great a height.

"Chucks 'em out in a kind o' lazy way, now that it has n't any more use for 'em," commented the amateur in large sights, in terms that well enough described the phenomenon. "A fellow could probably pick up stuff of a good deal of value, if he had any time to attend to it," he went on; "but I've got to get back to town."

His eyes were actively on the alert, however, among these objects, and he could not forbear getting down, now and then, to forage a little. He made a pretext of tightening a buckle or adjusting a strap on the harness, as often as he did so.

There were, indeed, marvelous items to be told of this day. The Index was to revel in them, and the Johannisberger House to have stories—besides its own—for its gossips for many a year to come. Miracles of delicacy as well as incredible force had been wrought. Locomotives had been raised into the air and mill-stones broken asunder, at the same time that the fragile jars of colored liquid in a druggist's window had been spared, though buried under the most jagged rubbish. There were startling anecdotes to be told *à propos* of letters, of legal documents, and of a packet of bank-bills wrenched out of a safe. One of the parties to a certain lawsuit was as good as served with a process of court that properly belonged to him. A long-remiss debtor, in She-

boygan County, had had his account — brought by the wind from the wrecked place of business of his creditor — thrown into his door-yard. Conscience-stricken, as if at the direct interposition of Providence, he at last hastened to town and paid it. A tin-type likeness of a pretty girl, whisked from her home, was found stuck by a sharp corner into the bark of a tree, far away in the country. It happened, too, that it was found by a man of romantic tendencies, who was greatly interested in the circumstances, and hunted up the original of the picture, and with such good results that a marriage eventually took place between the two.

But all this was in the future, and yet to be collected, wondered at, and dilated upon.

The newspaper man got down finally to pick up a packet of official-looking documents that lay in the road. A part of them had become loosened, and were about to blow away. They eluded his grasp, as he first stooped for them; but he went after them, and secured these with the rest.

"No great find here," he said, sardonically, after looking them over, as he walked back to the wagon. "Latest news from fifteen years ago. Here's a copy of the old Keewaydin Advertiser, — ain't even published now. Did you ever see it? Here's a venerable old Chamber of Commerce report. These must be some of the documents that were deposited in the statue on the city hall. I recollect when she was dedicated. They've come quite a journey."

He tossed them all carelessly into Barclay's lap, while he went round to the other side, to give a blow, with a stone, to a bolt, or large rivet, that had begun to shake itself loose there.

Paul Barclay turned over these papers with a certain reverence and a decided interest. The random prediction of the old weather-vane maker, ridiculous as it was, had come true, after

all. The Golden Justice had fallen, and scattered her contents broadcast, and here was the bulk of them, tossed at his very feet. There was no doubt as to their identity; each was plainly marked with a stamp showing its origin. Here was the copy of the school census, here the Chamber of Commerce report, here the copy of the ancient Examiner, here — Suddenly he uttered a smothered exclamation. He had come upon something very different from all the rest.

He brushed away most of the others with an involuntary movement, and devoted himself with all his eyes to a paper bearing in a plain hand the inscription, *The Confession of a Repentant Man*. Below this was labeled as a secondary head, in an equally legible writing, *Being a True Account of the Connection of David Lane with the Disaster at the Chippewa Street Bridge, and the Deaths of Christopher Barclay and Stanislaus Zelinsky*.

"What's the matter?" asked his companion, who had again mounted to his place and was seated beside him.

"I thought we were going to get another jolt," said Barclay, and quickly changed the subject. The wreck of a once beautiful dwelling, that lay close at hand, afforded a ready diversion. A part of its material was piled up like veritable cord-wood. The ornamental trees in its spacious door-yard had been torn to strings by the fury of the gale, and a few pitiful rags of clothing fluttered from their bare stems. Barclay screened his paper from observation among the others, and managed to read it piecemeal. He read it twice more, without exciting suspicion, studied every sentence intently, and then secreted it about him.

How violently his heart beat as he read! What new light this strange history, so miraculously brought to his knowledge, cast back over all the past! How many things it explained!

And now what should he do? Had the instrument been delivered to him as the means of a just retribution? Was he to arise, like another Hamlet, and signally revenge the slaying of his father, and the unmerited suffering that had so long been poured out upon himself?

Whatever may have been his meditations, at the conclusion of them his eyes gazed lovingly in the direction in which Mrs. Varemberg had shortly before disappeared, going towards her home, and he had involuntarily almost stretched forth his hand after her, as she had towards her father, from the hill-top.

"Where shall I set you down?" his companion asked him, after a time, arousing him from reverie.

"I will not take you out of your way," returned Barclay.

"It's all the same to me. One place is as good as another. There will be items enough everywhere."

"At the city hall, then, if quite convenient."

Meantime, the acute disturbance in the air, that had wrought so much havoc, had grown heavy and sluggish in its movements, and was fast losing its distinctive character. It proceeded now at some little distance above the ground, to which it seldom descended to do further harm.

During the time of its most furious energy, it had absorbed into itself forces of every other kind, but now some crinkled lightnings began to play in its track, like satellites celebrating the triumph of their truculent monarch. It ceased entirely to be a hurricane, and then it swept on some twenty miles further across the country, as a violent storm of rain and hail. The wind at Keewaydin shifted round and blew from the north, and such of the wounded as still lay unattended where they fell began to groan anew, with their stiffening wounds.

The cold was so severe that a thin

surface of ice formed on the water of ponds, and the same night the heaviest hoar frost known in years grievously damaged all the fruit crops.

XVII.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

David Lane had returned, as we have seen, to his office, to await the coming of night, for the renewal of his attempt.

While there he busied himself with his papers, received visitors, and attended to the usual duties of his routine. Ives Wilson dropped in, and talked awhile on the happy results of the late election. He was getting up a column of city hall notes, for the nonce, in the place of Welby Goff, having a fancy for setting all departments of his paper in turn an example of the way in which he would manage their respective specialties.

The next visitor was of a less ordinary sort. This was Schwartzmann, the sculptor of the Golden Justice, who came to pay his respects, being about to start for Europe. He had some artistic commissions to execute there for David Lane, among others.

"Do you know," said he, in the course of familiar conversation, "that the Justice up on the dome pleases me about as well as anything I ever did? There are some mighty good things about that figure, if I do say it myself. I've just been looking at it again, taking it in from different points of view. There's a go about it that I'm not always certain of getting even when I want it."

He had a sort of business-like and at the same time impersonal and almost naive manner in praising his own work that relieved it of offensiveness.

"But where could one have found such another model as I had?" he went on. "Your charming daughter has changed since then. She is more *spiri-*

tuelle and even lovelier than before," — disclaiming any disparagement, — "but just that precise union of soul and physique she then possessed, and which go to make up the true goddess-like type, I expect rarely to meet with again."

"Yes, she is changed," assented her father.

The conversation served to bring vividly before him anew his daughter's features, her situation, the Golden Justice, the dizzy height to which he must climb, the whole painful ordeal awaiting him. Why did the talk, the actions, of everybody in the world, even the most inconsiderable, now seem to harp on this single string?

"I don't know as there's more than one small detail I'd alter if I was doing the work over again," pursued Schwartzmann. "I think now I should put the figure on a sort of cone-shaped base, instead of that globular one, and, say, a few feet lower. If she should ever have to come down for anything, I'd like to make that change."

A furtive suggestion of hope, such as he had indulged on some former occasions, flitted through the mind of the mayor. Might he not possibly encourage Schwartzmann to lead a movement for having the Golden Justice taken down, to be set up again on a cone-shaped pedestal, some feet lower? The fancy was but a passing one. Ah, no; the emendation proposed would be looked upon by the hard-headed spirits of economy as the veriest trifle. They would appropriate no funds for such a purpose.

Schwartzmann presently took his departure. The mayor was immersed to the eyes in his papers, when the same gust of rain and hail we have seen devastate the flowers at Fahnenstock's cottage smote against the city hall. The hail broke some lights of glass in the dome, and was heard rattling briskly down upon the tessellated marble pavement of the rotunda. The janitor, hear-

ing it, anxiously hastened up from his basement region to lend his aid where due, not unlike a stout beaver who comes to the top of the water when his dam is threatened by the trappers.

The sun shone out anew, but presently the air grew obscure and yet more obscure. Even David Lane, preoccupied as he tried to be and had been, could not long remain unaware that some portentous atmospheric disturbance was impending. As the tornado drew near, the mayor heard a distant sound like the roar of the sea, which gradually increased in volume. Hasty footsteps were heard in the halls without, and voices speaking in alarm. The roar grew nearer and louder, till it became an infernal din. David Lane rose and hurried to look out of his window.

For one brief lurid instant he had a vision as of chaos come again. Trees uprooted in the square, twisting around one another like serpents or strands of rope, were coming towards him, on the wings of the furious gale. The atmosphere, choked with dust, torn leaves, miscellaneous small débris of every kind, resembled turbulent clouds of dark smoke. The shock of the mighty force impinged upon the *façade* of the building, and, at the same moment, all was enveloped in the blackness of night, which the tornado carried in its bosom. A riven tree trunk had burst through the window, carrying sash and frame with it, and, drenched with mud and weeds as it was, lay in the midst of the floor like a snag from the current of the Mississippi. The city hall rocked to its foundations. The lights were extinguished. The plastering of the room was thrown down in large sections, and electric sparks played upon its ceiling and walls, like scintillations from an emery wheel.

The mayor, in this pandemonium, had turned away with an instinctive impulse to escape, and groped his way to the door of the apartment. As he found it and laid a hand upon it, before he

had time to make any effort of his own, it suddenly flew open, yielding to resistless, expansive force from within, and struck him a violent blow. He was hurled backwards, and fell, stunned and bleeding, to the floor.

As he lay thus prone, in a half stupor, he knew not how long, his fancy renewed the scene, of years long past, at the Chippewa Street bridge. He thought that it was by the collision with the propeller *Pride of the West* that he was once more hurled down, crushed, and suffering in every fibre. Then he thought he was again awakening from his heavy sleep, as in the morning just past. The traces of havoc around him struck on his sight at first like a part of his troubled dreams. But then, with an effort, he remembered where he was, the convulsion of nature that had passed over, and all that had befallen him. His first anxious thought was for the *Golden Justice*, and the mission yet awaiting him. All was now still. It was light again. The great building no longer vibrated. He seemed to have been lying there in his stupor a very long time. In reality, it might have been some three quarters of an hour.

He rose from the floor, gathering his battered frame painfully together. "Surely," he said to himself, "the dome has gone; the statue can never have weathered it." And he thought with sinking heart of the possible fate of the papers he had made such herculean efforts to obtain.

As he sallied forth, the inmates of the building, who had fled in a general stampede, were cautiously venturing back again, and marveling aloud to find that so little damage had been done their offices and the structure as a whole. David Lane overheard one of them saying to another, —

"The yellow gal from the dome looks as if she were laid out for her wake, eh, piled up there among that lot of trees. What kept the whole upper works from

coming down with her is more than I can see, blest if it ain't!" It was thus that the *Golden Justice* was designated, as is perhaps the irreverent way of the Americans with their statues generally, — which, to be sure, do not often deserve greater consideration. David Lane knew well what was meant. "Oh, my prophetic soul!" he might have exclaimed. His worst premonitions were verified. The *Golden Justice* was down. And now those papers, — could they be still intact in their box? or into whose hands had they already fallen? The people who were coming in tried to detain him, to tell him of their individual experiences and inquire his own, to demand his theories, to ask directions from him; but he pushed them aside, and went on his way.

It was twilight now. Rather the diffused storm-clouds, a mass of which had settled in the west in heavy leaden strata, which the sunset penetrated only in a few dull red bars, had created an artificial twilight. The mayor looked back and up at the city hall. The tornado had either found it too stout an antagonist, or had not well planned the attack. It had been shaken as with a mighty hand, it is true, and in certain spots had taken on a ragged, half-archaic appearance; one of the lesser domes of the wings, a great iron column from one of the porticoes, and liberal sections of its iron cornices, for instance, had gone; but, in the main, it had stood the ordeal. After some profitable days' work by the ingenious race of contractors, it would be about as good as ever. Its central dome did not appear to have suffered in the least; the cupola, or lantern, upon it was intact; only the *Golden Justice*, on its apex, had gone.

The eyes of the man whose destiny was so much bound up with hers roved wildly, pathetically, about. He soon caught a trace of the figure. A gleam from her shining surface came to him from above a formidable mass of wreck-

age. Going thither, he found her lying as in state, a little inclined, her head supported on the ruined fountain. The uprooted tree trunks, as they had been tossed together, inclosed her on three sides in a bristling *chevaux-de-frise*, resembling somewhat an early Indian redoubt.

The tempest had used a certain consideration or gallantry in dealing with the statue; respected, as it were, the very charming person it represented. It had brought it down lightly, leaving the comely features calm and smiling still, and little distorted by fractures. The chief damage appeared about the lower portion of the drapery, where it had joined with the supporting pedestal. Here considerable portions of the metal had been rent away, exposing the mechanical devices of the interior construction.

David Lane, bending above the figure, discerned plainly the trace of his tampering with it the night before. He saw, breathless with anxiety and dread, that the metal box of the receptacle was shattered, as if by lightning, and its precious contents were missing.

His forces deserted him, and he seated himself, bowed with dismay, upon a projecting fragment of the débris. "Alas!" he said, "it has been carried away by the four winds of heaven. From what quarter will detection overtake me?"

Later, he tried to argue with himself: "Why may it not have fallen in the lake, or in some ploughed field, some swamp or piece of lonely woods, where it will rot undisturbed, and no human eye ever rest upon it?"

He searched the vicinity with eager eyes, but no vestige of any of the papers appeared. They had probably been loosed and taken flight like a flock of birds while still far aloft. He was roused by the voices of Schwartzmann the sculptor and Ives Wilson the editor who had climbed over an end of the

rugged barricade. The latter was rapidly possessing himself, note-book in hand, of all the striking details of the sights and scenes around him, having sent Welby Goff off on a more distant mission. Like his subordinate, whom he had well trained in his own manner, he was brimming over with interest, not to say enthusiasm. He meant to make the Tornado Edition of the Index the event of his life-time.

"As to the statue, the head is unharmed, you see. It can be set up again, about as good as ever, at no great expense," Lane heard Schwartzmann saying; "and this time, I would like it to have a little different pedestal."

"Here is a curious thing," said Ives Wilson, stooping to examine it. "Here is a place that looks as if it had been regularly cut out with a saw. A brace is cut, too, — looks as fresh as if done yesterday. It beats everything what pranks the lightning can play."

"If it was done by the lightning, yesterday is rather an ancient date, is it not?" said the first speaker. "But the fact is that tornadoes have nothing to do with electricity. It used to be thought necessary to account for their capers, but the idea is exploded. They are purely an atmospheric force."

Wilson disputed this, Schwartzmann reaffirmed it. They caught sight of David Lane, and deferred their controversy to him; but he evaded them, and renewed, instead, his disconsolate quest about the vicinity for some trace of the missing document. He set out — perhaps beside himself, and not quite conscious of all he did — to pick his steps first away from, and then towards, the Golden Justice by many different paths.

This, then, was the end of all his diplomacy, his arts, his indomitable perseverance, his sufferings, his feats of physical strength. He was betrayed by the very elements. He would have called back the pledge he had given to justice, but the opportunity was taken

from him. As if the wish to do so had but served as a signal, the secret was placed forever beyond his reach and recall. It was launched into space, published broadcast to all the world. The wretched evil-doer was now to face the obloquy of the world, and to be visited, as well, with the condign punishment of the law due his crime. He could formulate no plan for his next immediate actions. Could he ever meet his family again? He hardly even thought of the perils they also might have met with in the tornado. That convulsion itself was all but forgotten. Should he fly and hide his shame in a foreign dominion? No, he could only dumbly await his fate.

Paul Barclay alighted at his house in the city hall square. His inquiring eye missed the Golden Justice from her accustomed place, and, ranging around, soon caught a glimpse of her, as David Lane had done, lying on her funeral pyre, or amid the stockade-like heap of rubbish. He thought good to hasten at first to see how his relations, the amiable Thornbrooks, had passed through the dangers of these exciting times. He found them well and unharmed; the hurricane had passed by them, on another side of the park. He then repaired to his room, hurriedly made some much-needed changes in his damaged attire, sat down and read the confession over again, word by word, with the most sedulous care, and once more sallied forth.

He did not yet know what he should do with the document so providentially conveyed to his hands. His ideas were still in a whirl over this most singular of situations. It was now likely that he would see David Lane; indeed, it was with that object that he had come hither. What should he say to him?

But his thoughts continually mingled together the father and the daughter. He had suffered a grievous wrong, his

life had been marred, his mother and sisters had been bereft of their mainstay and comforter. What punishment did not the perpetrator of all this, the cause of so much suffering, deserve, in spite of his *bizarre* attempt at satisfaction, in spite of his having committed himself to an ideal justice? These had been his gloomy ponderings, at first, as he rode along to town. But now he did not seem a man struggling wholly with bitter resentment. He had permitted himself even a speculative interest. It was all so very long ago, this story. What a strange revelation into the character of David Lane was it not! Was Barclay, then, recreant to the memory of his own dearly loved parent? Ah, no; but at present the sweet affection by which he was held gave to all other opinions and feelings, even this, an exceeding remoteness. No doubt, too, the scenes of devastation and death through which he had passed by the way, and the recent memory of the mighty force of nature, so dwarfing to all sublunary things, had their effect upon his state of mind.

He directed himself towards the overthrown Golden Justice, in which he had held so tremendous a stake. His interest in it was now fully accounted for, above and beyond all past explanations. He descried David Lane pursuing his wistful search, and quickly divined its object. The latter, raising his head at the sound of approaching footsteps, suddenly discovered in his presence the one man of all others who should have been far from him at such a time, — the man with whom fate had brought him into such astounding relations. Surely, however, it was but a coincidence at best. It would be too miraculous to suppose that Barclay had already become possessed of his secret. It would come, no doubt, but not so directly as this. For the time being, and until the blow should fall, this visitor might be regarded like any other, in whose eyes he, the mayor, was still the honored citi-

zen, the figure of unimpeached standing, the model of probity and integrity. He thought that the younger man would recall only the match with his daughter, to which the pair were awaiting his consent. Alack! his consent or his refusal,—what did it matter now? All honorable proceedings in the world were henceforth to take place without him.

"It has been a terrible day," he said, to make talk, not daring to evade this new-comer as he had the others, "but the worst is surely over."

"You have lost something? You seem to be searching," began Paul Barclay, in a vibrating voice.

"I searching? I have lost — Oh, no," stammered the other. "There are many articles of value scattered about, but, but — one has not time for that as yet. I have much to do. I was examining the state in which the city hall was left. The damage is not extreme. It is nothing like so great as I had expected. It might have been much worse."

Still his eyes involuntarily sought the ground, over which they wandered, at moments, with such a feverish energy as if they would have burned the spot on which they rested.

Barclay paused. The gaze which he fixed upon the averted head of the man before him was full of commiseration.

"She came down, as my weather-prophet predicted she would," he said, as they stood together beside the fallen *Golden Justice*.

Schwartzmann and Ives Wilson were still to be heard, at the further end of the inclosure, continuing their argument.

"You don't suppose anybody has been cutting up the image, for the value of the metal, since the storm, or climbed up there to do it before?" demanded Wilson.

"Well, no, it is n't very likely."

"The way of it was this," went on the editor. "The opening was made and the brace broken by the lightning

beforehand. That let in the wind, and gave it its powerful purchase inside the figure. If it had n't been weakened by the cutting of the brace, it would n't have come down at all. It stands to reason. You can see for yourself. Notice how that light cupola stood it, if you don't think so."

Barclay's vision of the night — the man, with a ladder, crouched against the pedestal in the fitful flashes of the storm — once more came before him. He could no longer doubt that it was real. David Lane, too, had heard the words. His very effort to escape, and that alone, had brought the image down.

"I don't believe it was ever done by lightning," persisted Schwartzmann.

Upon this the two walked away, disappearing through a gap in the *chevaux-de-frise*, at the other end of the unwieldy bulk, where they had been posted.

"I must go and look after my — my house. I have not been near it yet," said the mayor, apologizing for a move as if towards withdrawal. He had roused himself from his preoccupation, and perhaps really harbored some such intention. But with what front was he to present himself again at his home? Would that he had died, rather, by the fury of the hurricane!

"Your daughter is safe and well," said Paul Barclay.

"She is safe? You have seen her?"

"Yes, I have but just left her. She has met with no harm."

"Thank God for that!"

There could be no doubt of the fatherly interest that spoke in such a voice. He still continued, however, his movement to withdraw. He pleaded, also, public duties that would soon demand his attention. Barclay watched him depart a few steps; then, reluctantly, —

"I spoke of a loss. What if I had found the object of your search?"

"A loss?" said the mayor, turning sharply. "Have I not said" —

But his glance, which had risen to

meet that of Barclay, discovered something stern and mysterious there. It fell again before it, and he left the sentence unfinished.

"Give yourself no further concern for its destination. I have found it," said the younger man.

"Oh, no, you have not found that for which *I* was looking. It may be so later, but not yet, not yet. You speak of other things."

"Shall I describe it to you? Was it not a certain document which had been sealed up in this dismantled statue? Was it not indorsed in a most legible hand, *The Confession of a Repentant Man?*"

"God! *You* have found it? You know all?" cried the mayor, with a shudder of indescribable anguish and dismay.

"Was it called further, *A True Account of the Connection of David Lane with the Disaster at the Chippewa Street Bridge, and the Deaths of Christopher Barclay and Stanislaus Zelinsky?*"

"How can it be possible that it has come into your hands, — you who should have been the last in the world" —

Barclay silently drew forth the paper, and extended it towards the other, for the conviction which the sight of it must overwhelmingly produce. The character and superscription were plainly visible.

David Lane fixed his eyes upon it with a pitiful intensity. Then he opened wide his hands, with an involuntary gesture of self-abasement and overthrow.

"What will you do with me?" he asked simply.

It is not the habit of Anglo-Saxons, trained to abhorrence of "scenes," to express emotion in the melodramatic way. When something important is in progress, they do not necessarily saw the air, nor violently contort their bodies. An impassiveness of manner even may take the place of demonstrativeness. The voice, instead of being raised, is as likely to be sunk yet lower than usual.

So any spectators who might have looked on would by no means have divined the tragic nature of the interview in progress between the two men. Flushings and paleness would not be repressed, it is true, and there were crispation of the hands, and some subtle penetrating tones that seemed to vibrate from the very inmost strings of being; but, for the most part, they faced each other, and talked with apparent calm of the momentous situation in which they found themselves involved. David Lane, indeed, broken by his previous labors and terrors, had small force remaining for effort of any kind.

Paul Barclay did not directly reply to the question last put to him, nor as yet exhibit his purpose. He led on his interlocutor to speak of the history of the affair.

"You have made some attempts to relieve yourself of this heavy burden?" he finally asked. There was a definite significance in his words, and yet he was hardly prepared, even now, to hear so complete a corroboration of his vision as that laid before him in reply.

"Yes, last night I endeavored to recover the confession. I climbed to the dome, and had reached the box, when my forces failed me. But for the wind and rain I should have succeeded. I made the opening and cut the brace of which those men were speaking."

"I knew it."

"How could you possibly have known it?"

"I was awake, and, from my window, saw a man on the dome. I learned that you had passed the night at the city hall, and I found the paper. Then all was explained."

"I should have gone back and finished the work to-night," said the mayor mournfully. "With the paper once more in my own hands, I should have been free. It would have been better for all of us. But Providence willed otherwise."

"And had you made no efforts of the same kind before?"

"Never. There had never been the same overpowering stimulus, nor had there been an opportunity. But at last I could endure no more. It was for this alone I became mayor. In no other way could I have remained in the city hall by night without awakening suspicion."

This was yet a new revelation to Barclay. The involvement in the affair of the destinies of a great city and its inhabitants, the struggles and uncertainties of the political contest through which they had just passed, gave to it an enlarged and more dignified aspect. It took the air of some strange epic, with vast ramifications, centring round the fortunes of himself, David Lane, and Mrs. Varemberg. He saw David Lane, broken with age and infirmities as he had never been broken before, bowed in humiliation before him, the younger man. The pathos of such a situation, the recollection of what the labors of the past night must have been, and the thought of the many and varied tortures, even if deserved, of all the years gone by combined with his affection to sweep away from his heart the last lingering traces of resentment. Even the crime itself seemed to him the unreasonable act of one, for the time being, of some weaker, less responsible order of humanity. He was all ready to say, —

"It is the motive that is to be judged, and not the consequence. Surely you have suffered enough." But before he could open his mouth to this purport, David Lane anticipated him, with, —

"I await your orders. You will exact ample expiation: it is your due."

"Yes, I shall exact ample expiation."

"I am ready. I shall make no complaint at whatever you please to demand," rejoined David Lane, with a melancholy smile.

"Give me, then, your daughter's hand

in marriage!" exclaimed the young man passionately.

"My daughter's hand? You can still demand her?" returned the other, with a wholly astounded air. Was this the punishment for which he had sullenly braced himself? "You do not hate us unutterably? You do not let this weigh with you?"

"There has never been a moment from the first when this wretched secret would have weighed with me. Oh, why did you not make it known? I loved her more than life, more than family, more than any and all other interests whatever. There has never been a moment, if the guilt were a hundred fold worse, when it could have diminished my loving regard for her, or induced me to bring discredit upon one whose fair fame and standing were bound up in hers. If you would have been really safe, why did you not tell me? It was that way most of all that safety lay."

"Believe me, it was not my own safety I consulted," protested the mayor, with tearful earnestness. "Ah, what a lamentable error! Each successive step of it led to the next. I thought it a matter of conscientious duty to keep you apart. Believe me, it was but a misguided desire for your welfare and hers that prompted it. I dreaded what would happen when you should one day come to know, and found yourself indissolubly bound to poor Florence."

"Let us talk of it no more. Come, let us go to her," said Barclay, persuasively, passing his arm through that of David Lane. It is doubtful if the elder man could have sustained himself on his feet, so weak had he grown, or even risen from his seat, without this aid. He let himself be taken possession of, and even went on a little way in this fashion; but then, all at once, he murmured, and drew back with horror.

"No," he said, "I cannot go, I cannot meet her. She was the dearest in the world to me, and I sacrificed her

health and her happiness. My treatment of her was infamous. How shall I face the scorn and bitterness of my daughter when she knows the kind of a father I have been to her?"

"She knows nothing, and never shall know," said Barclay, and his manner had the solemnity of that of one registering a vow. "I had already thought it all over. It is best for her own peace of mind and happiness, best on every account, that no word of this should ever be spoken to her."

"But how can it be, if others — if justice — surely — do you mean that the paper will not be given to — will not be disclosed to the public?" exclaimed David Lane, gasping and confounded at the possibility of so amazing a consummation.

For his sole reply, Paul Barclay slowly began to tear the confession into fragments, and scatter them about him.

David Lane grasped his hand with the warmth of excessive gratitude.

"It is your secret and mine," said Barclay; "let it rest forever with us alone. It seems that you have suffered as much as we. Justice must be satisfied. Let Florence Lane be the bond of forgiveness and union between us."

"Oh!" cried the other abjectly, "for this I will be your slave. I will do whatever you wish."

At that moment, Mrs. Varemberg herself was seen approaching, from a conveyance that had stopped at the curbstone. She came on with a light, gliding tread, very quick and elastic for her. She had paused at home only long enough to throw over her tempest-tossed attire the first enveloping mantle found at hand, an ample gray wrap, and to add to this a gray Tyrolean hat with a white wing in it. The gray, with the dash of white, gave her, in the gathering dusk of evening, — such a fleeting fancy passed through the mind of Barclay, — the suggestion of a lonely heron visiting some haunted spring.

The site was that, by the fountain, where Barclay had once called her the princess of the pearls and diamonds. As she drew near, he was scattering to the winds the last fragments of the destroyed confession. David Lane precipitated himself upon the hand that did this, and pressed it to his lips in a fervor of reverent gratitude.

"I will be your humble slave forever," he said. "Henceforth I will be and do whatever you shall command."

Tears of joy filled his eyes, at the thought that he was not to be disgraced in the sight of his daughter.

Mrs. Varemberg saw that something of no common import had taken place between the two men. Nor did it seem to be of an unfriendly nature.

"You are safe, you are not harmed?" she cried, addressing her father in a voice full of anxious affection. The Radbrooks had broken their harness in driving to town, and she had been delayed; but on arriving at home and finding her father not there, she had hastened at once to seek him.

There was still a certain constraint in the manner in which he received her, but her lover came to her, and took her tenderly in his arms. It was done openly, in the presence of the other. There was no need of concealment, then, no opposition any longer?

"Our troubles are over, my darling," said Barclay, in answer to her wondering looks. "You are to be mine. The last obstacles have vanished."

"You are friends?" she exclaimed, looking from one to the other, while prayers of gratitude welled up from her heart. "You are reconciled?"

"Yes, we are friends. Let us speak no more of it; there have been troubles enough in this tragic day — And yet our happiness, dearest, has sprung out of the very midst of them."

He drew her a little nearer to her father, who took one of her hands also, so that they were all three united.

"We had misunderstood each other, — that is all," said David Lane, embarrassed, offering the only explanation of the past that was given.

"Ah yes, you had misunderstood each other," she murmured, glad of any consummation that had ended it all, and oblivious as yet of details.

"That will happen, even where intentions are of the best," Barclay hastened to add, with all his cheerfulness; "and, once begun, such things are often hard to set right. But luckily it is all over, and now we are going to be as happy as we can, all three together. Tornado or no tornado, this will always be the most blissful day of my life."

Nor had Mrs. Varemberg's spirits wholly deserted her. She soon began to examine with interest the fallen statue which lay in the midst of them, the subject and basis of their conference. "One can no longer exclaim, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,'" she said, quoting lightly, "but rather, 'Her magnificence is destroyed whom all Asia and the world worshipped.'"

"Not so; she is in an excellent state to set up again, — better than ever," rejoined Barclay. "We have just heard Schwartzmann say so."

"Well, I do not find myself too beautiful on so mammoth a scale. Thirty-six feet of loveliness all at once is rather paralyzing. I feel as if I saw myself distorted in a vast magnifying mirror."

"For my part," said Barclay gallantly, "I could find it in my heart to be in love with her were she a hundred times as big. There never can be too much of even the poorest imitation of so sweet a model."

The fair, helmeted features did not seem to indicate, even in their fall, broken hopes or gloomy prospects. They smiled up a definite reassurance, instead. It was as if the trio consulted some beautiful sphinx, who foretold for them yet a prosperous destiny.

People now began to come and seek

them, and invade the stockade, which had hitherto screened their interview in privacy. The mayor was in demand to put himself at the head of affairs. Urgent measures of relief were necessary. Loss of life and tragic devastation had taken place in many quarters of the city, particularly, perhaps, on the outskirts, and messengers were now beginning to arrive from those districts in hot haste, with pressing appeals for aid.

Mrs. Varemberg seemed aroused most keenly to the duties of the hour, all but forgotten for the moment in the engrossment with their own affairs. "We will go with you," she said to her father. "We will celebrate our new-found happiness by doing something for these sufferers around us. We will help you. You must make us your lieutenants."

All three went to the mayor's office. There were ambulances to be sent forth, ruins to be cleared away, food, clothing, and shelter to be provided. Medicines and surgery were needed for the injured, and decorous burial for the slain. David Lane, in his enfeebled condition of mind and body, would never have been equal, unaided, to the heavy responsibilities thus suddenly thrust upon him. It was really Barclay who assumed the heat and burden of the day, while Mrs. Varemberg, up to the furthest limit of her strength, acted as private secretary, full of sympathy and resource. And all opened their purses liberally as well as their hearts.

In considerate labors like these their new existence began. It was not a question of the toil of one night or one day alone, but of several. Such terror had been struck by the tornado that many of the people anxiously watched every passing cloud and puff of air, and sat up at night, ready dressed and with lanterns burning, dreading a return of its devastations. The excitements of such a time already took something away from the sharpness and vividness of the troubles of our friends. Their

future at once commenced to blend imperceptibly with their past. It is a rapidly moving world, that does not stop long in amazement before any crises, even the most stupendous, nor in wondering at any individual fortunes. And so, in their own consciousness, as in the actual fact, their fate began to be woven again into the general pattern, from which it had a little departed. Or rather only departed in seeming; for if we pick up a portion of the web, and screen our eyes momentarily from the rest, it is not that we have discovered a separate and complete pattern, but that we may see by this close inspection the strangeness and richness of the design we call life, in all its parts, and thus perhaps come to the better understanding of the whole.

Shall it be told here, or is it best only inferred, that Paul Barclay went on in the career of enlightened political usefulness he had marked out for himself? He rebuilt his factory, and incorporated into it all his original favorite ideas, so that its fame spread far and wide. His popularity, obtained by his able and sympathetic efforts in relieving the suffering caused by hurricane, soon made him the mayor of the city in his turn. He next served in legislative bodies, by degrees approaching the highest. It was thought that few were better equipped than he, by reason of his sound reading and excellent judgment, or few more desirous, through his good heart and progressive views, to play a useful part in all current industrial questions that fell within his sphere. He, would seem, too, one of those to whom the country might best turn as a resource in the greater economic problems of the times, the vast conflicts of capital and labor, the antagonisms of social classes even with arms in their hands that loom on the horizon, as a threat to free institutions and even to civilization.

And as to Florence Barclay, the Mrs. Varemberg and Florence Lane that had

been, if ever combatant in the rude battle of life had tender nurse to bind up his wounds, if ever philanthropist and rising public man had worthy consort to grace his home, and win to his measures yet more ready support by the engaging charm of her presence, surely it was Paul Barclay, in the sweet model of the *Golden Justice*, which came to be set up, to gleam once more as the symbol of impartial right, over Keewaydin.

The new relation that sprang up between Paul Barclay and David Lane was a strange one. There was now manifest as warm regard as there had once been hostility and estrangement. The mayor's daughter was greatly touched by it, and with an innocent self-complacency ascribed it solely to her own influence; her heart swelled with gratitude at the thought that the affection of both for her had brought them thus together, and joined them in bonds of enduring amity.

By no word or implication of the younger man's was the secret ever referred to, though David Lane, in the earlier days, would often have fallen into his self-accusing spirit, and renewed the expression of his remorse. Paul Barclay would have none of it, but put down, with a friendly insistence, all painful recallings from the past.

Thus the reunited household lived in an atmosphere of perfect harmony and peace. But David Lane did not long survive, to enjoy this seemingly blissful condition of affairs. He was gnawed within by his self-abasement and repentance, and perhaps but suffered the more for the forced suppression of them. Within two years he passed away from their midst, leaving to his daughter the sincerest regret, unalloyed by any stigma upon his memory.

At the beginning of her married life, she had asked her husband, it is true, "How was it that our happiness rose out of the very calamities of that day?" But

Barclay had put her off with a careless manner, and as often as the subject was referred to made use of that kind prevarication of which perhaps the recording angel makes his lightest notes. He let it appear that there had never been any real difference between her father and himself, save some bickerings by reason of differing ages and temperaments, and possibly now and then an unfortunate manner on both sides. He thought he had imagined much of it; and that he had not been happy in his way of proposing for her hand, in the first place. The tragic experience of the tornado had naturally made their quarrel seem petty, and reconciliation

had been easy when it chanced that opportunity offered. With this, the topic was dropped out of sight, and soon well-nigh wholly forgotten.

It was only after long years had rolled by, and all possibility of shock or pain had departed from the story, that Paul Barclay at last disclosed it to the wife of his bosom. He could not bear to be permanently separated from her, united as they were in the most perfect confidence in every other way, even by so pardonable a reticence. They sat by the monument of David Lane in the grass-grown cemetery, and the listener's tears flowed as if at some far-off, pen-sive, fanciful tale.

William Henry Bishop.

MADONNA PIA.

Ricordati di me, che son la Pia.
Siena mi fe; disfecemi Maremma:
Salsi colui, che, inanellata pria,
Disposato m' avea colla sua gemma.

Purgatorio, Canto V.

To westward lies the unseen sea,
Blue sea the live winds wander o'er.
The many-colored sails can flee,
And leave the dead, low-lying shore.
Her longing does not seek the main,
Her face turns northward first at morn;
There, crowning all the wide champaign,
Siena stood, where she was born.

Siena stands, and still shall stand;
She ne'er shall see or town or tower.
Warm life and beauty, hand in hand,
Steal farther from her hour by hour.
Yet forth she leans, with trembling knees,
And northward will she stare and stare.
Through that thick wall of cypress-trees,
And sigh adown the stirless air:

"Shall no remembrance in Siena linger
Of me, once fair, whom slow Maremma slays?
As well he knows, whose ring upon my finger
Hath sealed for his alone mine earthly days!"

From wilds where shudders through the weeds
 The dull, mean-headed, silent snake,
 Like voiceless doubt that creeps and breeds;
 From swamps where sluggish waters take,
 As lives unblest a passing love,
 The flag-flower's image in the spring,
 Or seem, when flits the bird above,
 To stir within with shadowed wing,

A Presence mounts in pallid mist
 To fold her close: she breathes its breath;
 She waxes wan, by Fever kissed,
 Who weds her for his master, Death.
 Aside are set her dimmed hopes all,
 She counts no more the uncurrent hoard;
 On gray Death's neck she fain would fall,
 To own him for her proper lord.

She minds the journey here by night:
 When some red sudden torch would blaze,
 She saw by fits, with childish fright,
 The cork-trees twist beside the ways.
 Like dancing demon shapes they showed,
 With malice drunk; the bat beat by,
 The owlet sobbed; on, on they rode,
 She knew not where, she knows not why.

For Nello, — when in piteous wise
 She lifted up her look to ask,
 Except the ever-burning eyes
 His face was like a marble mask.
 And so it always meets her now;
 The tomb wherein at last he lies
 Shall bear such carven lips and brow,
 All save the ever-burning eyes.

Perchance it is his form alone
 Doth stroke his hound, at meat doth sit,
 And, for the soul that was his own,
 A fiend awhile inhabits it;
 While he sinks through the fiery throng,
 Down, down, to fill an evil bond,
 Since false conceit of others' wrong
 Hath wrought him to a sin beyond.

But she, — if when her years were glad
 Vain, fluttering thoughts were hers, that hid
 Behind that gracious fame she had;
 If e'er observance hard she did

That sinful men might call her saint, —
 White-handed Pia, dovelike-eyed, —
 The sick blank hours shall yet acquaint
 Her heart with all her blameful pride.

And Death shall find her kneeling low,
 And lift her to the porphyry stair,
 And she from ledge to ledge shall go,
 Stayed by the staff of that last prayer,
 Until the high, sweet-singing wood
 Whence folk are rapt to heaven, she win;
 Therein the unpardoned never stood,
 Nor may one Sorrow nest therein.

But through the Tuscan land shall beat
 Her Sorrow, like a wounded bird;
 And if her suit at Mary's feet
 Avail, its moan shall yet be heard
 By some just poet, who shall shed,
 Whate'er the theme that leads his rhyme,
 Bright words like tears above her, dead,
 Entreating of the after-time:

"Among you let her mournful memory linger!
 Siena bare her, whom Maremma slew;
 And that dark lord, who gave her maiden finger
 His ancient gem, the secret only knew."

Helen Gray Cone.

THE OBJECT OF A UNIVERSITY.¹

ON a dull morning of the early winter, when the light snow was tracked only by the bell-ringer and watchman, as the morning service at chapel had closed, a group of hurriedly dressed students had entered the recitation room of one of the two universities which our civilization calls venerable. There were some fifty students sitting restlessly on the long benches; the lights burned with the dimness which no art can avoid, against the struggling dawn; the tutor sat alone, in a box high enough to survey the

class. The energy of the whole was pitted against an hour. Each student ran in advance over the page while another recited. The tutor, when each was called, was busy with an estimate of the value of the recitation, of which his book was to give the gauge; or, with the force of habit, marked at a low figure the boys whose dullness had grown familiar, and those singled out for some honor at a higher figure. He was to ascertain how well each could recite. The student had ceased from the study of cer-

¹ An address delivered in 1883 before the Massachusetts Society for the University of Women, Boston. This posthumous publication is without

the benefit of the author's revision and adjustment to the needs of a magazine.

tain subjects for certain ends, and learned to study only to recite. His aim was to accumulate a certain amount of knowledge for immediate use; it was to spend two or three hours, as the phrase went, in a "little cram" for the recitation, and to close at the end of the term with a general "cram" for the examination. For the tutor, it was an inquisition, and not an instruction. The method was one which tested most the freightage of the memory. It often honored dullness; it gave distinction to mechanical habits of thought; it aided no enthusiasm; it discouraged the study of subjects. It looked not out on life, nor beyond the lesson for the day. It made the noblest literature a mere adjunct of the grammar. The tutor was not a teacher. The student was led to one aim, which was to make the best show of the stock of learning he had on hand; and for this he was to conceal his ignorance and take brave risks in showing what he could venture. The tutor was conscientious, and one who watched the motions of his countenance could see how much of the hour was occupied in estimating the relative value of the stock in learning which was displayed. But the three hours of recitation were the best of the day, and for three years afforded almost the only intercourse which the student had with the faculty. The recitation was looked forward to by the student as something better to be avoided, and when closed was regarded with relief as a good riddance. The subject may have been the lofty rhyme of Aischylos, "of tragedy with sceptred pace;" or the story of the building of Rome, which should hold the ear of all the centuries with the soft measures of the Tuscan flute, and invest the periods of archaic history with the noblest moral significance; or the banquet of Plato, with its prophetic voices, containing, as Goethe said of his poem, more than the author knew; or the story of the tragedy of philosophy in

the dying Socrates: yet these served only to illustrate the uses of the grammar, and it was indifferent whether their unity was perceived, though that be the condition of art. There was no effort to give the student a knowledge of the literature which for a whole year should engage him, and still less to give some thought of the spirit and purpose which penetrated it. It was the study of the dead languages.

But again, in later years, it was my fortune once to attend a recitation at another school (kept by women in an old city). It was the early forenoon; the fresh morning hours had been given to undisturbed study. The recitation continued for forty minutes, as the mind could not well stand longer its effort and movement, and it was not to become a strain. There was no pause or diversion. Each passage was translated, each topic was stated by a student, — and this secured the only advantage of the old recitation in cultivating clearness and readiness of statement; but, beyond that, each imperfect statement was supplemented by the more perfect statement of the teacher, each passage was retranslated, each allusion explained, the illustrations of art brought back the spirit of the old literature; and further, each student was free to ask questions of the teacher, and encouraged in showing his own ignorance. It united all the advantages of private tuition and the instruction of a class. There was no thought of measuring the comparative excellence of one scholar against another; the only thought was of the excellence of the work itself, or the excellence of the subject. I came away with the impression that a recitation is one of the fine arts.

I might from my own experience draw the same contrast between books and experiments, and lectures and examinations. It is true that books are not of the first consideration. The text of Aischylos which Milton used

was scant; but who would mind the text and page, if they had Milton to construe Aischylos? So, too, the Eton Latin grammar is a dingy book, written in Latin, not to be rated in a list to-day; but with this book were trained the scholars who gave to Eton College a distinction beyond any school in England. The scholar to-day has an advantage, though we have no Latin grammar to compare with the better English grammars, and no texts so good as the better German texts, with their footnotes and thumb-marks and varied illustrations.

So I might draw the contrast of a lecture and an examination. There have been few lectures yet in our colleges which have had an enduring influence upon the thought of the people, or even shown adequate appreciation or respect for it. And we have lecturers to compare with those who have crowded the halls of universities in Europe; and there are in none of our universities the avenues which would give admission to those men.

But recitations are followed by examinations. They have the utmost value in the methods of study; they concentrate thought, they open the view of a subject as a whole, they disclose the unity in great ideas. Iteration, also, has a singular power in forming the habits of the mind. These objects should always be considered in an examination, and in the study which is the preparation for it. Examinations should be frequent; they should never be so far apart as not to sustain each other and increase the volume which gathers accumulative force as it moves on. They should not be simply to ascertain how much the student knows: this is one object, though here it is more important to enable the student to measure his own knowledge, and as well his own ignorance. But to have an examination primarily to give a relative rank and degree to the student is to regard the student himself

as the object of experiment. It is, as Dr. McCosh says, the device of the little child who is pulling up his flowers and fumbling at the roots to see if they be growing.

But examinations, besides being frequent, should cover a whole subject, and be both oral and written. I recall an instance when a class in a venerable university was examined through two weeks of summer on the study of two years. It was the inventory of a vast and miscellaneous stock. The writing of the voluminous pages required of the student, as well as the reading of piles of manuscript books by the tutors, imposed too much unprofitable work on the busy world. The effort was followed by a reaction, in which the materials accumulated for use on a single occasion were as quickly dispersed. It is evident that examinations should conform to the subject; and though they may have, for instance, when applied to the *Iliad* or the *Politics* of Aristotle, less of the style of a stated observance, and should be constantly going on, yet it is important that an examination on the *Iliad* should be on each book as a whole, and then on the *Iliad* as a whole. So in geology, it should be in cosmical, in structural, in physiographical geology, for instance, and then in geology as a whole; for we can never know a work of art nor any science unless we learn to contemplate it in its unity and totality, since that alone gives to us in a more or less perfect form an insight into the ideal which is the presupposition of every art and science. The study of isolated sections, often arbitrarily made, is simply the degradation of literature. It can only tend to produce an uncouth habit of mind. But I recall an examination in a book of the higher mathematics, in perhaps the most famous school of engineering and mechanics in Europe, which was brief and oral, where each student was asked only one question, an exercise held perhaps fortnightly; and this was

followed, when the subject was closed, by a written examination of a general character and embracing the whole. It made an examination what every movement in a university should be, a work of intellectual discipline.

But I have thus detained you because a book, a recitation, a lecture, and an examination are the elements which go to the making of every university; and however far it may advance, however vast and splendid its attainment, its value at any period will always depend upon the perfect uses to which it has brought these primary elements.

There is one other element which I will name, which has a physical expression, though more than a physical significance, and that is an atmosphere. The new geology begins with the atmosphere, which is the envelope of the earth, and in which we appear as the fauna and flora in some deeper sea. It is true that the term may apply to any institution, and every form of communal life. But the illustration will serve my thought; it is more than a mere environment; that is presumed, and there cannot be too thoughtful consideration for it, and for all that will aid toward its perfection. There can be no means and uses in nature and art, within human control, which a university should not aim to secure and shape in its more perfect environment. But there is also a spiritual environment, and there is with this an atmosphere. It may be elevating and expanding as the wide and liberal air, or it may be stifling and depressing. I do not know how to define it, or how to say of what elements it is composed; but I know it is formed of light, and to it belong ministries of life; it becomes the source of a subtle strength of character; from it is drawn the sustenance of a more robust life. It does not regard the mind as a figure to be moulded by it, in a certain pattern, to make a good fit for sects and schools and parties, like the idol of the tribe,

but as a power that is to grow, and to grow after its own development,—and for this it brings the amplitude of its own freedom. Hence there is nothing which it so carefully avoids as the pale negations which are indicative of the absence of life, and tend at last to a mere vacuity; but it cherishes all elements that aid toward a larger growth, it tolerates no narrow confines, it welcomes sources of vigor from the four quarters of the globe, and heeds not, though “winds blow south, or winds blow north.” It recognizes the fact that all growth is calm and steady, as it is noiseless and ceaseless; it is, in the poet’s line, “as a star, unobscured and unresting.”

These elements, a book, a recitation, a lecture, an environment, an atmosphere, are never to be lost sight of.

Before I pass to consider the object of the university, it is well to consider briefly its history. This history is the exposition of the more or less perfect realization of the idea of the university. It illustrates, as no mere theory will, the character of the institution and the conditions of its development. It aids toward averting the assumption that an individual can mould and fashion the university wholly after his own design, and without regard to its aim and development in the past; and it shows that this attempt, instead of being an advance toward a larger apprehension and organization of the university, tends to become merely destructive. It implies that there can be no identity or even correspondence between different forms of the university in different towns or lands. It instantly tears down that which has been carefully and slowly built up, until, in the phrase of Shakespeare, “unfenced desolation leaves it as naked as the vulgar air.”

In the ancient world there was no university. There was none in Greece, though it may be said with a certain truth that where Plato taught, or where

Aristotle gathered about him a company of scholars, there was the university; their philosophy had the universal for its end, but it did not conceive of its realization in the life of humanity. Thus in Greece virtues were reserved for heroes. There was no university in Judea, although there was the power of a physical distinction, as a tribe, and in a civilization determined by physical conditions this power may again appear; in Rome, with the inheritance of Grecian thought, rights were not the rights of man, but of station, and so of man for a certain station.

There was not in Judea, nor Greece, nor Rome the recognition of the universal as an end, which, in its physical and historical and spiritual import is the characteristic of the modern world, and is involved in the principle which is the most powerful in modern civilization,—the unity of humanity. It was not until another age that there should come the institution of the university, with its always ampler development, although in it the work of the Hebrew and Greek and Roman was (even in the restoration of its fragments) to have an immortal renown, and to aid toward the attainment of a universal end.

I will not trace the rise and growth of the university in the Middle Ages. There had been schools of law and theology, but these were to train men for a special pursuit. The university can scarcely be dated earlier than the twelfth century. It arose, says Mr. Bain, — and the statement is significant, — “in the separation of philosophy from theology,” and “the foundation was in philosophy.” It is here to be noticed that it had its ground in the recognition of an object which was distinct from any and every special pursuit. The position was won against a specialty which had the oldest and widest claims. The University of Bologna became eminent in jurisprudence, as it yielded to the tendency of the Latin mind. But the University of

Paris taught nothing except philosophy. From this as a centre, universities were organized in the greater towns of Italy and Germany, and at Oxford and Cambridge in England.

I can but briefly present the growth of the university in America. This has increasingly an intimate relation with the university in Europe,—in England, and France, and Germany, where, since the days when Fichte advised the foundation of the University of Berlin as a national institution, it has come to have a higher and ampler development. With the years the inter-communication will become more intimate, but the university in America will not be a copy. It will not be a reproduction of Oxford, or of Jena, or of Paris. Even in each university in America there will be a certain distinct character, and it will have the qualities of individuality. This will come increasingly with its higher organization. Smith will not be like Wellesley, nor Yale like Harvard. And I may add that the university in its higher form illustrates the power of organization. It is slowly attained. A Christian missionary said to me that the missions in the East would have been straitened, and in some instances abandoned, but for the support, in the financial crisis which followed the war, of the women’s missionary societies. The women, he said, learned from their work in the Sanitary Commission the power of organization. It gives one a better hope for the world that this power of organization should be born of charity.

With the beginning of the history of the United States, in the colonial age, there was the building of a school for learning. There was the tradition of an education which had another purpose than merely to serve special and private ends. The new Cambridge followed the old Cambridge, as that had sprung from the University of Paris. This was the germ. The first college was not to be merely a school to adapt a certain

number of men to pursue more successfully their private ends and execute their selfish schemes, although, it is true, the first college was founded primarily as a training-school for a single profession; it was a school of theology. This commemorated the piety of its founders; it was the fulfillment of the love which called them. The purpose was carefully guarded, so that the freshmen studied Hebrew and the seniors geography. There was little attention given to the law. The early magistrates of the towns of the United States were few of them lawyers. They were a noble body of men, and they did their work well, but they shared Cromwell's notion of the civil law when he pronounced it "a tortuous and ungodly jungle." They did believe in a righteousness which was at the foundation, and was manifest in the order of human society; hence this, in the simple conditions of life in this early age, may have better served. It was not until a more varied civilization opened before the people that there was adjoined to the faculty of theology that of law and of medicine.

The university, then, was represented as an institution which had in one connection schools of theology, law, and medicine. This was very nearly the reproduction of the notion of the Middle Ages; but then it was found that these schools in local contiguity, existing in the same community, did not constitute a university, and it was sought to form some inter-relation between them which should be more than the institution of separate colleges of law, theology, and medicine on the same street or in the same city, where often they were in an attitude of distrust or indifference each toward the other. There was at the same time arising within the college itself a school with even narrower limits than that of law, or theology, or medicine, — a school of physics, which trained men to be surveyors, or engineers, or

chemists, in the mechanic arts, in architecture, or even in veterinary surgery. These branches of instruction were sometimes formed into a separate school, but often, with a more confident assumption than the older professions, took possession of the college itself. It was conceived that in this there was the more perfect attainment of the object of a university. The studies which jostled each other for their places so confidently brought with them an ethics which was a mere utilitarianism, and a politics which was a mere secularism. Thus the university, with its vast endowments of charity, came to be regarded mainly as an institution which might better train a certain number of men for business. Thus, at last, the conception of the university itself has disappeared, and the isolated schools of law, theology, and medicine are measured against another, — the new-comer with stout shoulders and sturdy tread, though not very farsighted, who is disposed to identify the horizon with his own vision, and has obtained possession of the university itself. There may be in this certain transient advantages, but there are also more serious defects. It is, in fact, little more than the application of an atomic and mechanical theory to education, and we may come to look back upon this period as not very far from the barbarism of thought.

I pass now from this brief survey of its history to consider the object of the university. Is it for research? Is it for invention and discovery? This has been the object set forth in the most recent theories. There are to be endowments for research. The faculty is to be engaged in the invention of arts and in investigation. It is for experiment. The theory does not go so far as to regard the students themselves as objects of experiment. It does not, in fact, stop to think much about them, in its eager assertion that it has found the true object of the university to be re-

search. Now, the attainment of new truth, the result of some single discovery, is of so great value to the world, it adds so largely to the material progress, and, through the material, to the spiritual progress of the race, that if this could be effected through the organization of any institution it would justify the amplest endowments. But there is an original element in the finest research, the spirit which sets sail for unknown seas, which is more than the investigation of a topic in history or the solution of a problem in mathematics, and this the university may impair as well as encourage. It can rightly only know its value in its fruits, and the university may well be slow to learn the wisdom of Hamlet, "and, therefore, as a stranger give it welcome." But while research may be held as some coign of vantage and is incidental to its object, it is yet not primarily its object. The object of the university here is to instruct the scholar in the best processes and methods; it is to qualify men for research; it is not itself for research. It is to furnish to its students the last and best results in every science; it is to give them the most perfect equipment for the widest research, and then to send them forth. But for the adventure of thought, for invention and discovery, the world is before them. The most that the university can do is to give them the facilities for instruction in every subject which, through the attainment of an ideal unity, can be formulated as a science.

But the university is not the world; it cannot rival the world. It can prepare the student for research, but it is only in limited lines that it can furnish the facilities and field for this. Thus there are certain lines of research which can be conducted only by the state, and can allow no other control. The wider research will increasingly fall under this direction. And the most advanced examples of it in the fields of nature

and history have been apart from the university. The work of Darwin in the study of nature had in its inception — and it may be rightly, as an unfounded hypothesis — the support of no university. The most valuable studies in archæology, in the illustration of the Homeric poems, have been conducted against the theories of every university. The most extensive contribution to the study of Latin has been made in the new Latin dictionary by a scholar who has no connection with any university. If investigation be limited to the laboratory, no university can afford the means which are open in the arts and inventions of the world. There are in no university the means for research in these departments which are found in the shops of Thomas Edison at Menlo Park and the Bessemer steel works, or the offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company; and all the Bessemer steel works are subject to the constant study and experiment of the rare genius of the machinist, whose patents alone give to the works their great value and income. But I do not wish to carry this subject too far. I only desire to enforce the position that the most which a university can do is to bring to the student a process and method to qualify him for research.

It may be concluded, then, that the first object of a university is to educate the scholar, to discipline his mind in those studies which have an ideal end. There is an ideal end in every science. Thus there may be a science where design and thought, what Darwin calls "the provisions of nature," are manifest in their simplest form. There may be, for instance, a science of building a stone-wall; there can be no science of stone-heaps. It follows, then, that the object of the university is not to train men in specialties. This is the work of special schools, and these schools, in various forms, may advantageously be grouped around a university; but they are not

the university, and the end of the university is not attained in any one of these schools separately, nor in several of them, nor all of them together. The university is not to train men in those occupations which represent that which is necessary to subsistence in life, to aid in the production and distribution of that which is required for its material ends, but it is to keep before itself the realization of an ideal, in the larger life and freedom of thought in which man is lifted above necessity. It is the conscious apprehension of this purpose that alone enables men to become the leaders of society. The university is to train, not the helots of society, but the captains.

There is thus one study which is distinctively to be recognized in a university, and that is the study of human society, sociology, — the study of social institutions and laws and relations. This is illustrated in the noblest literature. The poems of Homer are of the utmost value for the study of archaic society. The plays of Shakespeare are of the highest use, not only in their profound apprehension of the laws which are at the foundation of society, but in the lessons we may learn from them of our relations to our neighbors. It is in human society that humanity attains the conscious recognition of a universal end, and therefore it becomes distinctively the study of the university. For society does not exist simply as a physical organism. It is this, and so much is ascertained and defined in the economy which deals with wants, with physical necessities, and with the organization of society for production and exchange. But it is also an ethical and a spiritual organism. Thus Homer and Shakespeare in their larger realism apprehend it, and only thus can the poets give to us any representation of it. A society in Leipsic recently offered a prize for an essay On those Ethical Conditions which are beyond Question in Human

Society. But there is one condition which is beyond question, and that is that the ethical is inalienable; without it society will fall to pieces.

There has been, it is to be noticed here, a change in the theory of evolution, which already has a history. At the outset, it was simply the evolution of force, in lines of necessity, and this was to determine economic and social conditions. To those who intimated that this was hard, the reply was that they were sentimental or idealistic. But latterly evolution has come to have a conception of an evolution of character, and of moral ideals, and through a moral organism, and in this human society is formed.

Again, the object of the university is the scholars. It is all adrift if it does not keep this constantly in view. There may be, with the increase of endowments, an imposing character and influence, but it will not go well if the scholars who are gathered to the university are not made to recognize the fact that it is for them. Vast and splendid, as we come to think of them, are the resources of Nature, — her endowments in the crystals that fill her caverns and the gold that veins her hills, in the trees that grow in limitless forests, the flowers and grasses of meadowlands; but Nature takes her foster-child, and from the first, in the reflective spirit of childhood itself, is saying to him, "All things are yours." And from Nature, that seems to distrust sometimes the pedagogue, and does not respect him, the university may learn a lesson. The young scholar comes up from the country, where haply his early years have passed in that undisturbed growth in which, through the association with simple imagery, repose brings strength. The years upon the farm and the onlooking life of study in the village are closed as he is ushered into the university. There, the long and elaborate list of studies does not impress him very greatly. He

is sure that he will come to know them, more or less; he is sure that in geology there is nothing beyond the tilt of the rocks and the scarred cliffs that mark the line of the rivers and the trend of the hills at home; he is sure that botany can add no lustre to the flowers he gathered for some young girl with whom he walked through the meadows. He knows that he can read no poet whose measures are softer than are those of Virgil; he knows that in the humor, the tragedy, the life, the infinite variety, in the figures that come to him like the catastrophe in the old comedy, there is a subtle power which no grammarian can interpret. But apart from the list of studies which he is to pursue and the books he is to read, there is the university itself. He is awed as he gazes upon the long line of buildings, and passes through the spacious halls, or looks upon the storied wealth of the library or the museum. The affectation of familiarity or indifference which is often attractive to him, and constantly betrays itself, does not conceal his ignorance nor his admiration; so that it may be long before he learns that simple truth which was the characteristic of Abraham Lincoln, who of all things could not endure that one should ever think he knew what he did not know. But the young scholar is impressed alike by the imposing buildings and the eminent men, representing so high attainment; he is awed by all the elements which have given to the university its renown; he is often overborne by it. It comes in its vast organization to be regarded as a weight upon him, and not as existing to furnish stepping-stones for his advance. He is buried under it, and as with some living form imbedded in the rocks, it does not matter much how massive are the strata over it, or how imposing are the names they bear. So, it may be, not until his college course is nearly gone, that the young scholar comes to know, as he counts the time passed, that

the university exists for him and his uses. It may be slowly that he learns that Harvard, for instance, exists for him, rather than he for Harvard. I recall a university which counts its library amongst its advantages; but it has no directory to indicate the special excellences of its books. No effort is made to encourage or instruct any student in its uses. The faculty avail themselves of it, and are subject to no rule in its use, "only to take as many books as they want, and keep them as long." But the students come and go, while its costly possessions are known only to a few, although one of the constant aims of a university should be to teach a student how to use books and museums and libraries: these are his tools.

So, one of the first objects of the university is to enable the young scholar to know that the university is for the scholars, and not the scholars for the university. But it is slowly that we learn the law of human uses which pervades the highest forms. The institutions which are necessary to order and freedom have their fulfillment only in the order and freedom of man. The world has not known, the world will not know, an historical line and precedent so imposing as that which formed the ancient Temple; however, there was One who without concern, said, in looking on it, "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." It was the witness that human society is the enduring temple.

I will notice now, as they give us the advantage of a side-light, some more obvious defects in the American university. The first is that its methods have been those of an abstract system, without adaptation to the conditions of life, and therefore have allowed neither breadth nor freedom. It has presumed an evolution, but through mechanical, and not vital, forces. Thus, the sentences to be construed as examples in

an English school-book are fresh and interesting, when those in an American book are dry, — like the abstract laws in ethics or obvious remarks. So, the not verbose but stiff and forbidding character of the American books for the higher forms has been a constant subject of criticism by English writers. The brave architect who built the new college of science at Oxford filled the wide panel over the main doorway with the figures of owls and apes and parrots; it conveys a lesson never to be lost sight of.

The question is often discussed as to whether it would have been better had Shakespeare gone to the university. If it had been to spend four years with the study and construction of merely formal propositions and abstract systems, if it had been to spend four years with pedants, certainly not. If it had been to forget for one moment that real life is the great school, if it had been to overlook the fact that life is the book which we are to learn to read, certainly not. It would have been no gain to one who of his own education said, —

“In Nature’s infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.”

But we are coming to recognize that Shakespeare did not abide with ignorance; that he laid every department of thought in his own age under contribution for his own work. He learned his art by the light of the stage lamps; but in politics, in law, in history (and eminently in the history of his own country) were the subjects of his study; and then in his profound ethical spirit there was that ardent patriotism, which every university as it becomes national will cherish, which left him bereft by no weak cosmopolitanism, and was to find profound expression in those impassioned words which the pale abstractions and economic theories in politics wholly eliminate: —

“This little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.”

For to talk about a national university is easy; to assume that it is national because it is located in a certain geographical position, that it is made national by noting the points of the compass, is easy; but to be a national university, — that is difficult. It will be only as it is pervaded by a national spirit, and by its duties and obligations, and only so does it come to have in its life and purpose a universal aim.

Here again is the evidence that a university is not to train men for specialties, equipping each for greater success in the pursuit of his own private end in life, but it is to train men in those studies which bring before them the universal end. Thus it becomes a school in politics, and the true order and foundation of the family and the nation are subjects which it can avoid only as it fails of its own conscious aim and end, for they are involved in the ethical life of society.

There is another defect which I will name, — and it needs only to be named: it is the tendency to conform to the fashion in thought. It is simply to adopt what is going. It is the new book and the new hypothesis, not yet even formulated as a theory. This excludes that which has been tested and already come to have a permanent value. The young scholar grows restless. He is led to read the last new book, the last new poet. The editor of a university magazine told me that the larger number of papers offered for publication were on the prose writings of Arnold and the poetry of Morris and Rossetti; not the prose of Milton, nor the poetry of Spenser, or Wordsworth, or Shelley. In the lecture room the student is engaged with new and improved theories. It is true that every age must write its own books and will have its own theories, but the first object of the univer-

sity is to engage the student with the best books, and the knowledge of those principles which are to be held against all theories. The university which is swayed and moved by the latest fashion of thought in literature or history, or ethics or politics, need not complain of the restlessness of the age, nor that it is so agitated by the tumult of politics as to have no time to study the principles of politics.

Another defect, never to be wholly overcome, appears in the failure adequately and constantly to recognize moral ideals. I do not mean that it is servile towards social distinctions, or allows them to be recognized and perpetuated in the university, nor that it is obsequious; but it should offer constantly the excellence of moral ideals, the excellence of truth and beauty. These should be maintained in their austerity. There is thus an ascetic element in all true methods of education. The ideals of truth and the moral excellence which it involves should be so strongly asserted that all social distinction which is based upon the circumstance of life would come to be held in indifference in comparison with them.

There is still another defect in the fact that the distinctions are often founded in a low conception of human nature. There is a constant appeal to emulation. There are certain relative positions in rank, described by the formal notions of rhetoric of some ancient grammarian, as orations, dissertations, or colloquies, and grades corresponding to those. But, to borrow a phrase from the arena, the neck-and-neck race of certain contestants through a course of four years is often a weak and pitiful exhibition, and not always justified by its results in actual life. It is singular that a scholar so observant as Mr. Spencer should have found the one subject for warning, in his study of the intellectual life of this country, in the tendency to overwork. But it is not restricted to mature life,

and is a danger to be guarded against in schools and universities, with their eager ambition; in the long run it becomes a hindrance to the best work and the largest intellectual development. That the tendency to overwork is confined to a small section does not diminish the danger. So it is confined in the world, and in the university it is aggravated by the fact that often the work through these years is done within the limits of a mechanical system, which allows no elective action. There should be the means of instruction in every science, and when thought, through its application to facts, is formulated into a science, then to exclude it impairs in that measure the scope and fullness of a university. Its work is imperfectly done; but the object still is discipline, and not the mere acquisition of information. It is not the mere accumulation of facts in learning, gathering them as so many pumpkins are gathered into a cart, but it is the discipline of the mind, so that it will concentrate as in a crystal its clear light upon any subject.

The university in this representation becomes not more restricted, but larger in its scope. It is not itself to educate men for specialties, but it should aim to group about it schools of instruction in the various arts and professions: in theology and medicine and law, in mechanics, in architecture, in agriculture, in music, in sculpture, in painting, and in teaching and journalism, two professions which I name for their wide influence. To call them pedagogy and newspaper writing only illustrates the singular lack in the creative power of words in modern thought. But the university itself is not to be identified with any one of these schools, and the one rule which is to determine their institution is a strictly practical one: it is the measure in which they meet human wants and human uses. It is vain to found the most splendid school of agriculture, if there are not students who can make its uses service-

able, or if the farm shall be the better school; to found the most complete school of trade and mechanics, when these can be better acquired on the exchange or in the shop. The law is simply practical; and these schools may gather around the university. They are not to trespass on it, nor to subvert it to their ends. They should be sustained and cherished by it; and here also — and it is a rule of the first moment — it should give its chief aid to education in those pursuits which do not pay in proportion to their importance. Thus, it should foster the study of the school of architecture, of music, of sculpture. It should foster especially a study like astronomy. It was Comte who regretted the invention of the telescope, since it diverted the attention from the earth; but it is interesting to notice how the world has been circled, by the governments of the world, to watch the transit of Venus, though the knowledge thus acquired could not affect the legislation of any congress, in any country.

But these schools, as I have said, do not, though they serve the uses and the arts of men, constitute the university.

The university is to train men in that larger freedom which will enable them to apprehend in all thought the universal end. It will cherish the names of eminence on its rolls, but they will have been trained in a culture too large to bear the imprint of a distinctive type. There will be no signature by which a graduate of one or another can be recognized. There are no patents in thought. There are, for truth, no trade-marks; as an old writer said, "Buy the truth, and sell it not." Thus, we do not care to ask at what university Chief-Justice Marshall graduated, — the first lawyer of the modern world, who, if it had been lost, out of his own thought might have rewritten the Magna Charta; and who can discover, by reading those marvelous romances, at what university Hawthorne was a graduate? The question here

arises, What is the relation of the education of the university to genius? It cannot produce genius, but it will respect it. It will allow no method which is alien to it. It will cherish and study its works, and strive to bring its scholars into their spirit and aim. While it has been given to no one man of genius, in his highest products, to represent humanity, his attainment is in the measure in which he advances toward that; and the study of the work of genius is consonant with the university. For there is no power so typical of our common humanity as genius. The charm in Shakespeare is that he knows common men and their lives; and genius is of the *gens*. It is the flower which has grown in better soil and been fed by ampler air, but of the same stock. It is this flower of humanity which alone discloses to us the genius itself.

One other question meets us here, though the answer has been already indicated, — as to the scope of the university. Is it to be solely the education of the intellect? It is to be this, primarily; this is to be involved in all its methods and aims. But it cannot, if it would, be this exclusively. We are done with the old analytic notions of the mind. There has followed a synthetic representation which alone is true. While the aim is the education of the intellect, there is also to be in connection with this the education of the affections and the education of the will. I do not mean that education is built on emotion; better on principles. But the intellect is impaired by weak will and disturbed emotion. Hamlet was a scholar. There was infirmity of purpose. They say it was Ophelia's fault. When Hamlet turned to her for sympathy and its marvelous support, she failed. But then, with her the mind, as Shakespeare shows us, was overborne, and education should bring the whole into harmonious action. The intellect is impaired and the best results in its activity prevented by in-

firmity of purpose and every defect of will; education is for life, and life itself is the great school, and as it is formed in the relations of the family and the nation, in all education there is to be the recognition of these relations.

Let me throw together some illustrations of these defects: one of pure and one of applied science, one of political tradition and one of political evolution.

Take in speculative thought the study of Aristotle, the one name which was to become most closely connected with the history of the university, and whose writings held its prophecy: the history itself is interesting, the way in which in one age he has been the teacher of the university, and in another his domination has been overthrown. But Dante calls him "the master of those that know," and Bain says "he has been the educator of all Europe." He is the eternal school-master. The one man who in the ancient world came nearest to the training of the university was his great scholar, Alexander, who traveled with a copy of the *Iliad* as his companion, and pursued research, and filled notebooks with the memoranda of science. But from Aristotle we have yet to learn. While some of his distinctions have served to confuse thought, others are of inestimable worth. The mere history of the intellectual development of Europe cannot be read without him. There is facility for the study of this master now in every university in Germany. Oxford, within recent years, has published three or four good books upon him. But every scholar knows that the study of Aristotle has not passed far beyond the work of the grammarian in any American university.

Take, again, in practical thought, the study of architecture. No people, within the same period, ever built so many buildings and with so good material as our own people; but we have had no school of architecture. The characteristic of our architecture has been the destitution of

thought; and while some of our university buildings are excellent, the most are those by which one does not care to stay long. But a thorough course in Aristotle, or a school of architecture, cannot be founded at once. The architect, however, may learn from Aristotle that thought is a virtue, and ignorance wastes the wealth of Ormus or of Ind at barbaric cost.

Look at the study of political tradition. No people have ever had so noble a political tradition. The distinction of the civil corporation and the nation, the transition from a confederate to a national principle, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States are so great. Mr. Gladstone has said, "The Constitution is the greatest work ever produced, at one time, by the mind of man." But, at the beginning of the war for the Union, the text-book most used was that of Mill, with his negative notions of liberty. So, again, perhaps, the most original mind the country has produced was that of Chief-Justice Marshall, — so great that he entered the Supreme Court when it was a mere form, and gave to it substance and content. Story said that he formed the law out of his own consciousness, saying, "It must be so and so." How great was the integrity of that mind! So, too, Madison was a man of the highest philosophic genius in politics. Some of the most important statements in recent German political science are repetitions of the thought of Madison, though not said so well. But our universities fail adequately to present the work of these two men, though it may be said that it is only in the reflective periods which have followed the war that the greatness of the work of Marshall has been seen.

Consider, again, the study of political evolution. It is true this is open to the most varied presentation, but its importance in the education of those who are to lead the people justifies it. The sub-

ject which is prominent is the civil service reform. It is difficult to overstate its value. The great elections of the year have indicated the clear judgment and purpose of the people. The people are right, we said. They are an understanding people. But no one who, to use a figure, "lays his ear to the ground" can fail to notice that the subjects which the people are occupied with are the rise and growth of the great corporations. These attain necessary ends and are of necessary value, but are connected with unprecedented individual fortunes; are hastening from precedent to precedent; retain the greatest lawyers; arbitrate as to their territory; and — I will not add counts to the indictment, but the people dread the growth of a power which they cannot see clearly the way to control. Here is the work for a leader. The study of institutions alone will justify attention, on the part of a university, to this subject in the political evolution.

The object, then, of the university is — the application of thought to life. We are to recognize with Aristotle that thought is a virtue, and the excellence attained by a nation, in every department, however wide apart, — in theology, in music, in architecture, in politics, — is in the measure in which this principle is recognized.

This object illustrates the true law of tradition. The university is to gather up all that is best, all that in thought is its best achievement, all that in science is its best attainment, and is to give them to its scholars. It is to make them "heirs of all the ages." The most that it can do is to give them all that is best in the inheritance of the past. They have not time in the university (if one is not always to live there) for hypotheses which are unformed, and not yet theories, and theories which are without evidence.

The inquiry now is open to us as to the method of education: Shall it allow

any difference? shall it have one aim for men and another for women? shall it admit a quantitative distinction? Ruskin says, "That is the best picture which gives to us the largest number of the greatest ideas." Shall it then give to the one or the other fewer and smaller ideas? But we have no quantitative measures here. Light may be hid under bushels, but it cannot be put into them. Shall it differ, then, in its aim for men and women? But we have found that this aim is no specialty. It is the knowledge and realization, through all literature and art and in every science, of the ideal; in the larger sense the knowledge of the truth.

But does the ideal differ? does the truth differ? Is the ideal without unity? is the truth at variance with itself? As men and women look upon the same picture of the world, or read the same book, is it to reflect one idea to the one, and another idea to the other? There can be, then, in this, no difference in education, none in its aim, none in its subjects, none in its spirit. But it may and should differ in its methods, for these, always in themselves imperfect, are of worth only in their application to life; and the older and, in a measure, the current systems are so abstract and formal, so strictly mechanical, that they miss wholly the one law of method in education, and that is adaptation to life. This demands that there should be brought to the application of methods the most careful and patient results of practice and use. It is tested by experience. The aim, then, is to give what is best in all the past, and the question of the best method is determined by adaptation to life, of which experience alone is the test.

But it is only with a qualification that I use the expression, the education of man or woman. There is beneath it the fallacy that would stop the moving world, and leave one hemisphere always in night. There is no ground for the

phrase, the education of man or woman ; none for the rights of woman. The true and eternal ground for all rights and freedom is in the spiritual life and oneness of humanity. Apart from this there is no ground for rights, no recognition of duties. The true expression is of the education of humanity. In this there is the conception of the real universal, the fulfillment of the object of the university.

There is in this the dawning of the new world. The Galilean gospel — that which was called the gospel sixteen or seventeen, and it may be eighteen, centuries ago — has gone up to Jerusalem ; it will go to Athens and to Rome. There may be no regret, then, that the Temple is destroyed, that the Academy is closed, that no Parthenon or Colosseum longer represents the round world. The university is the witness to the building of that temple of humanity

which alone is sacred ; it is the recognition of the truth of the Academy ; but in a universal life and the conception of Rome, her institution of the *totus orbis mundi* has vanished in the coming of a larger world.

In this is the law of the education of humanity. It is the recognition of its ground in the human consciousness. As George Eliot has said, "the conquest of modern speculation is that the world arises in consciousness." These are the walls of the celestial city ; there is for a system of education no other boundaries.

It is the education which is founded on the human consciousness. It has, therefore, no cause to envy the Academy at Athens, or the Temple at Jerusalem, or the Forum at Rome. It is the coming of the light which is the life of the world. It is the dawning of a Christian civilization over the buried East.

Elisha Mulford.

THE STRANGE STORY OF PRAGTJNA.

I HESITATE to tell this story. I am afraid it will not be believed. Indeed, I hardly know how to believe it myself. As the years pass since the period at which these things happened, I find myself recalling them with a curious wonder whether they did really take place, or whether they may not have been an optical illusion or a nightmare.

But here is the old Indian signet ring which he gave me, and the sash, like nothing that men weave in this modern world ; and before me is what I wrote about the matter while my recollection was still fresh and vivid. No, it cannot have been an illusion.

Moreover, there is a special reason why I should no longer keep silence. As I crossed to England last year, I fell in with my friend M——, who has been

going deeply into theosophy. Now I am no theosophist. I regard the whole thing as a mere guessing caricature of the ancient systems which it professes to interpret. But still, as I conversed with him, — or rather heard him converse, for these "chelas" hold you like the Ancient Mariner, — I could not help thinking how curiously close some of its guesses come to things which I myself have known. Indeed, there is so much interest, in the present day, in what seem like occult forces that any contribution to their study may possibly be not without use. So here are the matters which I have to tell, and let them pass for what they are worth.

It all happened during my stay in India in the year 186—. My traveling fellowship had taken me there to study

the primitive monotheism which underlaid the exuberant superstitions and idolatries of the later Brahmanism. My friendship with the great Indian reformer, Keshub Chunder Sen, gave me the *entrée* to high-caste native circles not usually open to foreigners. I was there, too, to learn, and not to teach, and so was admitted to intimacies with some of the most learned Pundits and Vaidikas who, if I had been a missionary, would have passed me by with contempt. From one to another I was sent on, bearing a few mysterious words inscribed on a short piece of bamboo, entirely unintelligible to me, neither ancient Sanskrit nor modern Hindi, but which were at once an open sesame to interest and confidence. I must not stop now to recall the results of all this inner study, important and curious as they were.¹ Suffice it that they led me far across the country, from Calcutta to the Punjaub.

I was at a little town on the Sutlej, in the province of Ararat, when the incident occurred which I have to relate. The native ruler, the well-known Boojum of Ararat, had received me with almost patriarchal hospitality, — and in passing let me say that I never could look upon his dignified figure without regretting that his title should have been made so ridiculous by Mr. Carroll's use of it in his nonsense-story, *The Hunting of the Snark*.² For the rest, this little principality of Ararat — an entirely different location, of course, from the Ararat of Bible tradition — was a pleasant place for a few months' sojourn. Far to the west, beyond the vast distances of interminable jungle, rose the dim blue wall of the almost impassable mountains which form the great natural boundary of Afghanistan. One solitary break in that great wall, a mere notch in the distant line of blue, indicated the pass by

which, twenty-two centuries ago, Alexander the Great came into that Wonderland which India was then even more than it is now.

In the principality itself time passed much as all time passes to the foreigner in India. During the scorching mid-day I kept in the deep shelter of the *kotwāl* to which I had been assigned, usually with my native teacher; but in the early mornings, and in the afternoons when the cool air came from the snow-clad ghauts, I was exploring the country round. Next to my special subject of the primitive religions, I was interested in the traces, in which India abounds, of an older life and a different civilization. Here on the slopes bordering the great river were ancient mounds and earth-works which especially aroused my curiosity. No one seemed to know any tradition about them. The country people simply referred them to the Jinns. I, however, could not help suspecting them to be remains of the great Alexander's encampment. I knew that it was to this river he had come, and that it had formed the farthest point of his advance, but of his actual presence at this particular spot there was really no evidence. One slender trace, however, of ancient Greek occupation did appear to me to point towards my theory. In the local shrine, there was preserved a curious brazen jar, evidently very ancient, round which was an almost obliterated inscription in Greek. Poring over it day after day, when once the attendant priest had come to trust me sufficiently to allow it in my hands, I at last made out a number of the letters, though with wide spaces between for conjecture. The letters still visible stood about as follows: —

ΤΙΣ.....ΑΤΟ ΒΑ.....ΧΩΒ.....
ΟΞΙ ΤΙΣ.....

¹ By those interested in such matters, they may be found, *Ind. Theo. Rep.*, 1868, Art. 3.

² *Boojum*, or *Boodjum*, is in reality allied to the

word *Budh*, which gives us "Buddha," the Wise; a kinship analogous to that which traces the title "king" to the same root as "know."

At first I could make nothing of it. It looked, however, as if it might have been a cinerarium, and by the shape of the letters it was evidently archaic Greek. But how came such a barbaric combination of letters as XΩB in a Greek inscription? It could only be a proper name, yet there was no Greek name to which it could belong. It had more of a Hebrew sound. But stay! might not that supply the very explanation needed? It came to my mind how Alexander's army had kept gathering allies and followers from the various countries which he subdued on the line of his great expedition, and had he not passed through Judea? The story of his approach to Jerusalem is familiar, and of the high-priest and all the Temple retinue marching forth to give him peaceful welcome. Not so well remembered are the concluding lines of the story, in which the historian tells that many of the Jews joined his army and went on with him to his wars.¹ Then I looked again at the inscription, and saw that between the BA and the XΩB there was just space enough for the name to have read BAP IAXΩB, — son of Jacob! So it all flashed upon me. This was some Hebrew officer or official, following in the train of the great king, who had died on the long march, — might it not have been at the Oxus, so accounting for the following word? Doubtless the body had been burnt, and they were carrying along his ashes to deposit in the sepulchres of his people, on their return, when some mischance had caused the precious casket to be left behind in the spot where, centuries afterwards, it had been dug up, rusted and its lettering almost illegible. I would not rely too much on such conjectures, yet, found here in this far-away district, any Greek inscription, however it might be interpreted, was significant, and I could not

¹ The words of Josephus are: "And when he said to the multitude that if any of them would list themselves in his army, on condition that they should continue under the laws of their fore-

resist the conviction that I was indeed on the very track of the great conqueror.

I had been in Ararat about two months, when one day the head *padji* of the *mang*, or village commune, came to me, with a mysterious face and many salaams. Would the Sahib come — now — quickly? Something had been found. I could not quite make out all he said, but the word "stone" was clear, and of course all my antiquarian instincts were at once on the alert.

He led the way to a small patch of millet in the midst of the tope, or sacred grove which surrounded the local shrine. I had often noticed this little patch, and wondered why they grew millet in such an unlikely place, for it was evidently exhausted ground, yielding no crop worth gathering; but the priest told me that they had always grown millet there, and that it had been handed down that they always must do so; and by the way in which he spoke he seemed referring to some ancient usage which might have been going on from the time of King Asoka. They had needed a well, however, and as it was for temple use it had been decided, after long questioning and incantations, that it might be dug there, and the coolies had already sunk some six feet when they were arrested by a large flat stone. It extended under the whole space of their excavation, except in one corner, where a straight chiseled edge showed that it was not some flat outcrop of rock, but that it must have been placed there, with the further suggestion that there must be something underneath.

Curious and excited, I waited, the priest standing by, while the edges of the pit were widened so as to clear the stone, which then lay a simple, smooth, square flag, some five feet either way.

Then came that moment which every fathers, and live according to them; he was willing to take them with him, many were ready to accompany him in his wars." (Antiq. Jud., XI. viii. §6.)

antiquarian knows so well. We held our breath as the coolies lifted. But the stone did not stir, though it seemed but some four inches in thickness. They brought great wooden bars, to use as levers; but still only a little fragment of the stone chipped off, and the mass remained immovable. The coolies became frightened. It was held down by Jinns; it was the door-way to the nether world! Not another stroke would they give. The evident fact, however, was that it was cemented to something below, and my curiosity rose higher than ever. Jumping down upon the stone, I cleared the earth a little further from the overlapping edge, and began with one of the rude native tools to feel my way to the cemented joint.

The coolies fled in terror. My friend the priest held his ground, but evidently trembling, for the soil was sacred, and had only been meddled with at all with many misgivings. Meanwhile, I went steadily to work, and chipped away; and by and by, as I kept feeling my way along the joint, I perceived by a slight movement that I had loosened the whole mass.

I hardly know how to describe what met our eyes when, after great efforts, the priest and I at last turned up the stone against the side of the excavation: a square opening, formed of upright stones like the covering; a mass of black hair falling upon discolored stuffs that might once have been white; a human figure seated cross-legged there!

"A mummy!" I exclaimed. But it was not a mummy. The flesh was flesh; dark enough, and perhaps the flesh of a corpse, but not a mummy. It was a *face* that was underneath that mass of falling hair. The eyes were plastered over; so was the mouth. What looked like mould projected from the nostrils, but it was only some substance with which they had been stopped. The hands were crossed upon the lap; but they were unmistakable flesh, not those

ghastly reminiscences of hands that they unfold from the mummy wrappings. In a word, it looked like a corpse that might have been buried a few days before; but I had seen that millet growing for two months, and I was certain in my mind, from the way the priest had spoken of it, that that land had never been disturbed in his time, — and he was an old man.

Suddenly there flashed into my memory something that Keshub Chunder Sen had told me. We had been talking of Indian conjurers, and of the wonderful things related of them. He had seemed reluctant to say anything, but at last, pressed by one of his most intimate friends, he said that he had himself witnessed one of the marvels which had been mentioned, — the entombment of one of these conjurers, though I noticed that he did not use that name nor speak of the matter lightly, as we had been doing. It came back to me, — the very account he had given of how the man had in some way turned back his tongue so as to close completely the aperture of the throat, and as he lost consciousness his attendants had plugged every orifice of the body with wax and carefully prepared cotton, and washed the whole frame with some kind of preparation that, as he described it, had suggested the idea of collodion; then, placing him in a sitting posture, they had closed in the tomb with hermetical cementing, so as to prevent the possibility of any air passing in or out; and lastly — and I remember still how we all shivered as he told it, for he spoke very seriously — they had filled in the earth, and sown corn all over it, to grow there, the place not to be disturbed till the corn should be ripe, for which, he said, the Rajah undertook to answer with his guards. We had hardly known what to think when the great Hindu reformer told us this; he evidently spoke of it in such good faith, and yet it seemed so wild an impossibility.

But here was the very thing! In crises of intense excitement the mind works fast, and more rapidly than I can write it I saw that here was just what he had described, a man who had been so entombed — and left; only, this — I hardly dared to call it a *man* — must have been there not months, but centuries! Instantaneously, however, came the reflection that if a man could suspend animation, and still *live*, for half a year, there was really no limit to the possibility of such suspended animation. It seemed too wonderful to dream of, and yet I could not resist a sudden wonder whether a return to life might in this case, too, still be possible. Meanwhile, I dispatched the priest, who was glad enough of any excuse for getting away, to the palace of the Boojum, about half a mile off, to inform him of our curious discovery.

I had intended to await his arrival before attempting anything, but it soon occurred to me that perhaps even such a delay, with exposure to the air, might be fatal to any lingering conditions of revival, and so I resolved to begin there and then to do what I could. Climbing down into the hole, I carefully removed the plasters from the mouth and eyes and nose, and drew out the plugs of cotton and what seemed like wax from the nostrils and ears, and had before me a face that wore a singular expression of passionless repose, like the best types of the statues of Buddha. Still, all was motionless. No sign of life. The flesh was flesh, — that was something, — but as cold as that of a person who had been drowned. The thought of drowning brought its own suggestion. It was not in vain that I had taken a course of Dr. C——'s "emergency lectures," and though I dared not disturb the body so far as to lift it out and lay it upon the bank, I could at least attempt some means of artificial respiration even in its sitting posture. Very gently I raised the arms, and moved them to and fro, so

as alternately to distend and compress the lungs. Even in doing so I became aware of some obstacle. The tongue! I remembered Keshub Chunder Sen's account of the tongue being turned backward, and with almost trembling eagerness I opened the mouth, and, inserting my finger (as I have more than once done with a choking child), I found it as he had described it. With considerable effort I at last got my finger sufficiently far back, and hooked back the obstruction. Strange, the mouth was actually moist! Stranger still, in pushing back the arms to do this, I had done what should have distended the lungs but for that stoppage of the throat; and even as I drew back the tongue to its place there was a little gurgling rush of air, like the sound of one drawing breath, and as I repeated the alternating movements there came what appeared to be distinct respirations. I dared not leave off for a moment. The priest returned, and with him the Boojum and his native physician, and without rising or turning round I bade them bring hot water and cloths. But the temperature was not 110° in the shade for nothing, and before many minutes had elapsed, before the priest could return with the cloths, there came a long, deep sigh, a slight tremor of the limbs, even a faint movement of the eyelids, and the man was unmistakably — alive!

Alive, but like one waking out of a long sleep or faint, the life returning before the consciousness. The eyes still remained closed, though the lids lifted a little now and then; and the body, still sitting, made slight occasional movements, as if automatically seeking to find its balance.

We could only sit by, and watch, and wonder. We did not dare to speak. After a while the native physician took a tiny vial from the fold of his turban, and wetting his finger just touched the lips. It must have been some strong essence, such as is still known to certain

of those Indian sages, for almost immediately all the movements became stronger. The vitality was unmistakable. Slowly the eyes opened. I shall never forget that strange look, as of one out of another world, which met our gaze, first with a meaningless fixedness, but gradually changing into a mute questioning. There was a movement of the lips as if to speak, but no voice came. Again the eyes closed, and the old insensibility seemed to be returning, but another touch from the physician's vial produced even more marked results. There was an effort to rise, but though the limbs moved it appeared to be without any adequate control by volition. The return to life, however, was now so manifest that we had no longer the same fear of touching him; so as gently as possible, the Boojum and his physician helping me, I lifted him up, and, stretching his limbs into a natural position, we laid him in the palanquin, and, carrying him to the palace, gently bathed him with tepid water and placed him in a bed.

It would take too long to describe in detail all the process of that wonderful resuscitation, — the first administration of food, just moistening the mouth with water and then with milk, the gradual coming of meaning into the eyes, the evident perception of sound, the tentative movements of feature after feature and limb after limb. To say that I have never seen anything like it is nothing. I had never even imagined anything like it.

It was not till the third day that there came any sound of speech. But it was speech entirely strange to all of us. It was nothing like the modern Bengali or Hindi. Neither the Boojum nor the priest could recognize it for any of the dialects of the Punjab. And yet as he spoke — very slowly and laboriously, for every power seemed, as it well might, to have lost all natural habitude — the sound gradually took forms which I fan-

cied I might have heard before. Suddenly it dawned upon me that if indeed he had first lived in some very far past, it would be the language of that past that he would remember. I repeated one of the best known couplets of the Banshidād, which I was translating as I watched beside him; yet though he listened, no look of answering intelligence showed that he understood. But as I took up the old sheet from which I was quoting, and his eye fell upon it, all at once a gleam came into his face, he half rose in the bed, and grasping the sheet with an eager hand began to read it. But what a difference from the sounds which I had uttered! — the difference between the conventional Latin of an Eton boy and the roll of the same sentences as they may have really issued from the lips of Cicero. It was Sanskrit; only, Sanskrit not in the artificial pronunciation which Orientalists have made out from the formal recitative of fifty generations, but Sanskrit in the strange, rich accents of a living tongue. Our wonder deepened into bewilderment. It was more than two thousand years since Sanskrit had been a living tongue in anything like its old purity, and here was a man talking in it, and struggling to make himself understood.

I handed him a pencil and my little writing-block. I saw him glance inquiringly at the pencil; then he tried to make a mark with it, evidently expecting it to be used as a graver, and his surprise at the black color of the letters was curious to see. He was an apt learner, however, and it needed very few strokes to teach him its real use, though always afterwards, when hurried or excited, he would begin pressing it in, as if he were denting with a *stylus* into the fine-grained wooden tablets on which ancient Indian MSS. are written. There was no uncertainty now. His Sanskrit was legible enough, however unintelligible his pronunciation of it to our vitiated modern hearing. In clear characters,

though slowly and tremblingly, he wrote, "Where am I? Are the armies departed?" and as he handed it to me, he pronounced the words as well.

"What armies?" I asked in return, venturing to try his own new, or rather *old*, pronunciation.

"The armies of the great king, the mighty Liskandros," he answered; and even amidst my amazement it did not escape me that this Oriental of Alexander's own day had exactly the same inability to pronounce the Greek "Ξ" (*kxi*) as the Oriental of to-day, whose equivalent for Alexander is always "Iskander" or "Skander."

"Did you not know that Alexandros was dead?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "Tell me, — how long, how long?"

Very slowly, and writing the number in the Sanskrit numerals, I answered, "It is more than two thousand years since Alexandros and his armies returned to Hellas."

Never to my last hour shall I forget the fixed, eager look with which he heard my words, and then pored over the paper to make sure that he had heard the length of time aright. Amazement slowly changed into horror; there came a long, deep groan, and then, closing his eyes, he lay quite still, — so still that I touched his lips with the reviving stimulant which the native physician had left with me.

"No!" he said, opening his eyes, and slightly moving his head. "No! Let me die! Let me die!"

It was very touching. I let him lie more than an hour without speaking, or even making any movement to arouse his attention. I felt almost as much awe as he did, as it grew upon my mind that this man to whom I was talking must be one who had been in the train of Alexander the Great, when, in the years 327 and 326 B. C., he had pushed his conquests even to this very spot in the heart of India.

He did not die, but it was many days before I could question him and gather his story. The functions of life only slowly regained their use. Sometimes it seemed as if the rekindled spark of existence would flicker out again, while any excitement of talking was succeeded by such exhaustion, almost collapse, that I encouraged him to lie there quietly, and only now and then to speak, as memories or questions came naturally into his own mind.

Gradually, however, I learned something of his history. He had been a high official in the court of one of the ancient princes of India, and at the same time one of the most advanced proficients in the secret wisdom of his race. When the great king came down from the west with his conquering armies, his terrible fame going before him, and prince after prince sending eagerly to offer tribute and to beg for friendship and alliance, this man — Pragtjna, by name, I found — had been sent as an envoy from Goradjata¹ at once to negotiate and to study and bring back reports about these strange "children of the dying sun," as it seemed the Indian races called the foreign western peoples. Perhaps, too, there had been tacitly included in his mission the idea of awing the barbaric mind by the high wisdom and extraordinary occult powers which belonged to the proficients in the ancient philosophy of India.

So he had traveled with the great king's court and staff, had learned to speak the stranger's tongue, — indeed, after a while, I found it as easy to converse with him in Greek as in Sanskrit, — and had been, I gathered, a favorite guest in the great encampment which, curiously confirming my antiquarian impressions, Alexander and his generals had had in this very neighborhood. He had read the *Iliad*, — the king, he said,

¹ I have never been able to identify this province, but cannot help suspecting that we have some trace of it in Goojerat.

had lent him his own favorite copy, annotated by Aristoteles, — and had studied Plato; but the mythological heroics of Greece seemed coarse and barbaric to him beside the great Hindu epics; and he evidently did not think much of the Greek philosophy. It was merely tentative and speculative, only playing about the first principles of real knowledge, clumsy and bald compared to that high and subtle wisdom which in India, he claimed, had long passed out of the speculative stage into definite and established knowledge. It was curious to hear him speaking of Plato as simply dabbling in hypothetical ideas of things with which the esoteric thinkers of the East were familiar as the great controlling facts and forces of being. As I listened to him, I gathered that the ancient philosophy of India must have been vastly nobler than anything extant to-day, and it occurred to me that a great deal of the modern Indian jugglery, of whose wonders we hear so much, must be a traditional faculty, acquired in those earlier times, but merely empirical now, — a playing with forces the real significance of which has long entirely perished.

It was through that ancient wisdom that his own strange fate had come about. For once, he told me, he had been discoursing before the king concerning the subtle relations of soul and body, and of the powers which the wise ones of his race possessed over life, being able to suspend the bodily life indefinitely, while the soul still lived on. At last the king, who, he said, had evidently been taking too much wine, had cried out that, by Father Zeus, his assertions should be put to proof. So had taken place as a verification of philosophy what to-day is merely one of the feats of Indian jugglery. A cavity in the earth had been dug, and Pragtjna, after just such careful preparations as Keshub Chunder Sen had described, had been "interned" there, — exactly as

we found him. He had indeed demurred to any very prolonged trance, he told us, and Liskandros had replied that a moon would do just as well as a cycle. So, though millet was sown over the spot, the king swore that when the new moon came again the place should be opened, and if Pragtjna were found still living it should be publicly proclaimed that in philosophy the Greeks were only the little children of the Brahmans; and then the sacred word — "ŌM" — should be spoken over the king, and the awful Brahm alone be thenceforth worshiped throughout the world which he had conquered.

There Pragtjna's part of the story ended. He knew no more. It was my part to tell him the rest of it as it stands in the pages of Arrian: how a great dread had sprung up among the army, and a mutinous resolve to go no further (ah! Pragtjna remembered that well, but Liskandros had been so headstrong that he, Pragtjna, had not believed the remonstrances would turn him back); that, at last, however, as suddenly as he came, the king gave orders for striking the camp, and, not liking to return the way he came, had marched down the river, and by and by, dividing his forces, some by land and others by the rivers and the sea, had struggled back to his own land, only to die, a little later, at Babylon. For the rest, it could only be conjectured that in the haste and confusion of so great a departure the buried philosopher had been forgotten. And so the planted millet had grown, and been reaped, and sown again, and yet again; and the slow centuries had passed, a whole world's history had rolled onwards for two thousand years, and still that strange buried secret had remained undiscovered — that life suspended, as it were, between two worlds — until that day when accident (but is there any accident?) had once more turned back the key of awful fate and reopened the door of life.

And now comes an ending of my story as unexpected and as strange as its beginning. I hoped it was to be a prolonged intercourse which had thus begun. As I sat beside the bed of this man, while he was slowly regaining the strength and use of life, I often amused myself with thinking of the various ways in which, when he should be fully recovered, his unique experience would add to the world's knowledge. To talk freely with one who had seen Alexander the Great, to be within the link of one life with Aristotle and only two lives from Plato. How many mistakes of history would he be able to correct! How he could discourse to us familiarly about all that old-world life, the details of which we try to spell out from cups and weapons and any smallest fragments we can discover! Still more I longed to question him about the thoughts and feelings of people in that ancient world; for I have always a suspicion that there were differences of moral perspective that make us unable really to penetrate to their spirit. Then I pondered over the intense interest of showing him this new world of ours. Together we would visit Europe and America. In imagination I introduced him to learned societies, unfolded to him the marvels of steam and electricity and printing, anticipated the wonder of his first look through the lens of microscope and telescope. Even his vivid pronunciation of Greek and Sanskrit brought now and then an amused sense of the confusion it would work upon the conventional systems of the schools.

All these hopes, however, were destined to failure, and in place of the interesting story which might have grown out of their fulfillment I have simply to record a conclusion of this curious episode as disappointing as it was marvelous.

It was about seven weeks before Pragtjna was strong enough to move about freely and naturally, able to ride

with the Boojum or to share in my walks. To say the truth, indeed, the Boojum was a little shy of him, as if half afraid and suspicious of something uncanny about him. Pragtjna, moreover, on his part, seemed to prefer being with me, — a relic, as I could not help fancying, of the attraction which he had felt towards the old Greek conqueror. Indeed, I never could divest his mind of the idea that the English domination which he found existing in modern India was in some way the result of that victorious invasion which he had witnessed, and in the midst of which his former recollections of the world had ceased.

As his health returned, however, and I looked to see him recovering the natural tone of interested life, a curious change began to come over him. I could see that he did not feel at ease. The fact was, the world was too strange. I imagine he felt hampered by the consciousness that all about him knew his curious history, and felt him to be a different being from themselves. He said one day that it would be easier if he could begin the world again in some great city, where he could take his place as a being of to-day. He seemed to feel that with us he must always be a mere object of curiosity. How could he be like other men? He was but in the prime of life, and yet who, for instance, would wed with one of whom so weird a story could be told? I can understand all this now, but at the time I only saw that he was growing moody and silent. If he had confided his thoughts to me, I would have gladly helped him to the new start in life which he desired, in some place where his identity might have been lost. But the deep, reserved Hindu nature, the same, it seemed, twenty centuries ago as now, held him just as surely as it held those silent, deep-eyed native servants who waited upon me, so watchful and ready and supple and obsequious, but yet never for an instant betraying what was really passing in their minds.

It appeared to me that each day, instead of bringing us nearer together, brought more and more of this subtle estrangement. There was little outward manifestation of it. Pragtjna was still with us, always courteous, ready to converse on any subject that we started, and yet I could see that his mind was really occupied with thoughts of which we knew nothing. For one thing, I perceived that he was examining the plants about us with a curious interest. Some he took home with him, and with these he was often busy, experimenting, dissecting, and distilling them. He spoke of them as for medicines, but I have since thought that he may have been trying to recover the secret of some extremely powerful gas. At least, only in some such way can I even conceive of any *natural* explanation — and I cannot entertain the idea of any other — of what I have to relate.

We were standing together, one day, on the flat garden roof of the palace, — Pragtjna, the Boojum, the native physician, and I, — when Pragtjna, aroused by something that I had said about modern progress, began to extol the ancient wisdom of his race. "Now, they are mere parrots," he said, "repeating things they know not; but in what you call the old world, they were philosophers. The very powers of the world were at their command. They could kill and make alive; they could be visible or invisible; they could be or not be."

"So say our enchanters," said the Boojum.

"Speak not to me of enchanters!" cried Pragtjna, with a tone of vehement contempt. "What are these mirror tricks, these basket tricks and rope tricks, that you tell me of? Why, your enchanters are only as those apes would be," pointing to some in a neighboring mango-tree, "if they should learn how to let off your fire-arrows [as he called our guns], or to tick off a word or two on your lightning wire!"

The Boojum and the physician shrank back a little at the vehemence with which he spoke. For myself, I was interested. "Will you not some day manifest to us those more wonderful powers?" I said.

"It shall be now," he answered.

With that he stripped off, with a sudden gesture, his long black robe. To our surprise, he stood before us girded with a long rope, wound round and round his body, outside his tunic, from his arm-pits to his loins.

"Behold my ladder of life," he said; "by this will I climb back into that *irvaya* [*nirvana*, the *n* always silent in his pronunciation of it] which you disturbed."

To our astonishment, he began unwinding the rope, and coil after coil fell upon the ground. It was not an ordinary rope. It looked as if made of some fine membrane or parchment closely compressed, and with a strong thread twisted round it. It seemed interminable in its length. By the time it was all unwound there could not be less than a hundred yards lying upon the ground.

"Ah," I thought, "now I am going to see that curious rope trick of which Major — has given so lively an account," and I determined to watch it very closely.

Even as the thought passed through my mind, he took up one end of the rope, and first putting it to his mouth and whispering to it, — or perhaps he was biting something off, — he threw it lightly up into the air.

I confess that even my nerves were a little shaken, skeptic as I am, as the rope-end, on his letting go of it, instead of falling back to the ground, *continued to rise*. Coil by coil it slowly spiraled into the air. As it receded, instead of growing smaller, it appeared to swell out almost into the dimensions of a cable. But at the same time it became less clear to sight, as if losing itself in a mist. Higher and higher it mounted,

however, until there were only a few coils left upon the ground. Then quietly taking hold of it, Pragtjna, also, was lifted from the ground, and, as he rose, drew the rest of the rope up after him. So he rose and rose, and soon he too was in the mist-like dimness in which the rope was lost, and in a moment more he had entirely disappeared.

"Well done, Pragtjna!" we cried, finding a sort of relief from the strain that was upon our hearts in trying to treat the whole matter as a show; and we waited for him to reappear.

We waited in vain. All that we could see was a sort of mist floating in the still air; and then, far up the sky, it seemed to enter a stratum of wind, and began moving rapidly to the north. And we stood and watched it moving on till it was lost in the distance among the clouds on the horizon.

And that is all.

We never saw him more. We never could hear anything more of him. Whether, somehow, he found his way to some distant city, — for of course his talk about climbing back into *nirvana* was a mere blind, — or whether he drifted northwards till he was finally lost

among the Himalayas, with their awful wastes of everlasting snow, who can tell?

P. S. I reopen this paper to add a little item which may possibly be suggestive.

I was sitting with the chief engineer of the Patagonia, on my voyage home, when our conversation turned upon the enormous waste in our present reliance upon coal and steam for motive power. "Why," said he, "think of the undeveloped forces which only wait for man to find out how to handle them! Do you know that you can put in a hand-bag dynamite enough to take this ship from Liverpool to Boston and home again, if only the force in it could be controlled and properly dealt out?"

As I thought of this afterwards, I could not help wondering whether there might be substances of expansive quality similarly beyond all our present knowledge, but known to that ancient wisdom in which Pragtjna was such an adept, and whether in some such substance of almost infinite buoyancy might lie the explanation of this marvelous ending to my narrative.

Harvard B. Rooke.

THE DREAM OF RUSSIA.

For a thousand years, Russia has had a vision of Constantinople as the centre of Russian power. Her first descent upon it was made in the ninth century, while still a heathen nation; and her latest in the nineteenth. Can any parallel instance be found, in which a nation has held fast to one great idea for a thousand years, through all vicissitudes of fortune, and all changes in government, religion, and civilization? It has been called the dream of Russia, — is it not a marvelously prophetic dream?

Into the early and partly legendary period of her plans for reaching the Bosphorus we shall not enter. The first decided and solemn announcement to the world of her intentions was made in 1472 by Ivan III., when he married the Princess Sophia, niece of Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Greek emperors, and assumed the double-headed eagle of the Byzantine Empire as the symbol of the Russian. This bold assumption of right to the Byzantine throne was the more worthy of admira-

tion from the fact that Mehmet, before whom Europe trembled, was the occupant of that throne; it was the distance and obscurity of the claimant that secured his safety. But he made the claim; and for five centuries Russia has prosecuted it with serene and invincible courage. She was then an unknown, insignificant power, but just casting off the trammels of the Tartar domination, and slowly gathering the elements of that mighty strength of which she alone was conscious. She is now the terror of the world. Her territory was then about 740,000 square miles; it is now more than eight millions! Every square foot of it has been won by the sword and stained with human blood.

The first time that she came into direct conflict with the Turks — although she had had fierce and bloody wars with the Crim Tartars, vassals of the Sultan — was in consequence of a Turkish attempt to occupy Astrakhan in 1569. Selim II. had a Grand Vizier, Sokolli, who was the unsuccessful *De Lesseps* of his day. He determined to cut a ship canal, so as to unite the Don and the Volga, at the point where, one by a detour to the east, the other to the west, they approach each other within thirty miles.

The proposed canal was to connect the Black Sea, the Sea of Azoph, and thereby all the great maritime highways of the world, with the Caspian. This grand design of Sokolli may not have been entirely commercial in its intent. If successful, it would enable the Sultan to reduce the Shah to a vassal, and to form a strong northern border to his empire. Sokolli made preparations equal to the greatness of the venture. But, for its safe prosecution, it was necessary to take possession of Astrakhan, near the Caspian. The Russians, clearly apprehending the political designs of the enterprise, defended the place with such courage and solidity, and, attacked the expedition with such determination,

that they held the post and drove back the Turks.

The Mohammedan historians affirm that the soldiers and workmen retreated rather from the place than from the Russians. The summer nights, in that latitude, were so short that between the evening service of prayer, two hours after sunset, and the daybreak service there were but three or four hours. If they said their prayers, they saved their souls, but ruined their bodies. If they neglected their prayers, they saved their bodies, but ruined their souls. As neither result was to be thought of, they abandoned the place in great disgust.

For a whole century, no decisive steps were taken by Russia in her advance towards Constantinople. She fomented wars between Austria and Turkey, kept the Danubian provinces in a chronic state of revolt, and wrested Ukraine from the Tartars. But when Peter the Great came to the throne, the Russian Empire was to put on a new character. Upon his assumption of the whole power of the government in 1689, he resolved to have an army and navy that should give the northern coasts of the Azoph and the Black Sea to Russia. In 1695, he attacked the city of Azoph with a force of sixty thousand men, and was repulsed, with heavy loss. The next year, he took the city; and the forts and military establishments which followed were a clear indication that he had come to stay and to extend his conquests. After a fierce and terrible war with Austria, the peace of Carlowitz, 1699, gave the parties time to gather strength for renewed contests. In this peace Turkey, for the first time, had to descend to a level of equality with the Christian nations. The Christian powers were now the gainers. Austria recovered Hungary in part, and completed her occupation in 1718; Russia gained Kertch and the whole province of Azoph; and Poland had Kaminick and Podolio.

The Tsar was too much occupied with

his great reforms to prosecute war with the Ottomans, until 1711, when he resolved to take possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. He was marching his forces down the right bank of the river Pruth, when the Grand Vizier entrapped him in a position from which there was no escape. He was without water or provisions, and made desperate but useless and disastrous efforts to cut his way out. The Vizier had no occasion to attack him, for the place itself furnished a terrible ally; and hunger, thirst, and disease would very soon compel an unconditional surrender, or annihilate Peter and his whole army.

In this supreme exigency, the good genius of Russia did not sleep. The Empress Catherine collected her jewels and the decorations and jeweled ornaments of the officers, and sent them to the Grand Vizier to buy a peace. The Vizier yielded to the temptation, and allowed the great enemy of his country to escape; but the conditions of peace, too severe for grace, too lenient for statesmanship, were soon entirely disregarded, and Turkey found, to her bitter sorrow, that Russia was the same unchangeable enemy.

It was not till the years 1736–39 that Russia was disposed to strike again for Constantinople. In alliance with Austria, the Russian general, Marshall Münich, was sure of a triumphal entrance into the Ottoman capital. He marched into Moldavia, on his way to take possession of the great prize. But the defeat of the Austrian army and the demoralization of her forces compelled Austria to sue for peace, to the utter derangement of her plans and hopes and those of Russia. Again the prize escaped the Tsar's hands. At the treaty of Belgrade, which followed, it was agreed that Azoph should be destroyed, that Russia should keep up no fleet either on the Sea of Azoph or the Black Sea, and that her conquests in Moldavia and Bessarabia should be restored;

but she secured some increase of territory in the correction of her southern frontier.

The treaty of Belgrade, 1739, gave Turkey a chance to prepare for another struggle. The Crimea had been terribly desolated by Marshal Münich, but had not been taken possession of. When another contest in the Danubian provinces took place, the Russian was triumphant; and the treaty of Kainardji, 1774, was humiliating to the Porte. The Khans of the Crimea were declared independent of Turkey, and equally under the guardianship of Turkey and Russia. The right of Russia to have consuls in all parts of the Ottoman Empire, with the absence of any corresponding right on the part of Turkey, has ever since opened the way for Russian intrigue in every part of the Turkish Empire. Finally, all previous treaties, with their obligations, rights, and privileges, were declared null and void, and no claim grounded upon them was ever to be put forth. A diplomat of that day remarked upon the treaty that it foreshadowed trouble, not only for Turkey, but for Europe; and that, as the military importance of Turkey diminished, her diplomatic importance would increase,—a view which holds good to this day.

After the treaty of Kainardji, the Empress Catherine made no secret of her intention to expel the Turks from Europe. She had her grandson, Constantine, placed in the care of Greek nurses and Greek masters, that he might be fitted to ascend the throne of the Palæologi. In 1779, she announced her intention to take possession of the Crimea, a feat which was accomplished in 1783. The brave Moslem inhabitants were slaughtered by thousands, in order to give them rough notice to emigrate. Even the Armenian inhabitants were expelled in the depth of winter. Of seventy-five thousand, only about seven thousand wretched, ruined creatures

reached a place of safety in Turkey. In 1787, the Empress Catherine made a triumphal progress through the Crimea, in company with the Emperor Joseph of Austria. Over a triumphal arch was inscribed, "This is the way to Constantinople." The war with Turkey, which followed this occupation of the Crimea, was disastrous to the Ottomans. The conquest and wholesale slaughter of the inhabitants of Ismail and Ockzacoff shocked Europe, as a return to the most barbarous usages of war.

The empress had now the whole northern coast of the Black Sea, and a navy quite equal to that of Turkey. She signed the treaty of Jassy, 1792; in order the better to prepare for war. England was alarmed at this military growth and progress of Russia, and at her safe and magnificent position on the Black Sea. Mr. Pitt, who was then prime minister, endeavored to form a combination against her further advance towards Constantinople. He maintained the doctrine of "the balance of power," as necessary to the safety of Europe. But Europe had become too much agitated by the French Revolution to take any positive part in Oriental affairs; and the Empress Catherine, although irritated by the course of Pitt, saw her opportunity to move directly upon Constantinople, and to accomplish at length what Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great had so much desired.

Four years of active preparation brought her army and its supplies into a condition which fully satisfied her and her generals. She had a disciplined force of three hundred thousand, and an additional one hundred and fifty thousand in process of discipline for reinforcements. Her transports and fleet on the Black Sea were all in readiness. No such extensive and vigorous preparations had ever been made in all the wars which had been waged since that day, three hundred and twenty years before, when her ancestor assumed the Byzantine

double-headed eagle. The passionate empress, looking with pride upon this vast preparation, and having unbounded confidence in her general, Suwarrow, declared she "would have Constantinople in spite of Pitt and the devil!" Death put a sudden end to all her projects, 1796. The difficulties of the succession and the state of Europe thrust Constantinople out of view for a season. The Turks, backed by Pitt, were preparing for a desperate resistance. But the common saying was, "Death and Pitt have saved Turkey!"

The great empress was dead, and her purposes had been brought to naught; but how stood the account as between Turkey and Russia? The Christian Empire had grown strong by vast strides. Her territory, her population, and all the arts of war had advanced, to the astonishment of Europe. Her military resources were equal to her ambition. The strength of her great adversary on the Bosphorus had as steadily declined. The Sultan had lost Hungary, Transylvania, the Crimea, and all the northern coasts of the Black Sea and Sea of Azoph. Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia were thorns in his side; Egypt was in open revolt; and the distant pashas often defied his authority. His army and navy were in a state of insubordination. The old discipline had departed alike from the Janissaries and the common soldiers. Turkey was in the last stage of consumption, while Russia was "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race."

During the wars of Napoleon Turkey had a partial respite. Russia was often at war with her, but was so absorbed by the great European conflict as to have no leisure for an effective aggressive policy. The internal condition of Turkey also offered some resistance. Selim III. ascended the throne in 1789, and made prodigious efforts to rescue the empire from its disorganized and despairing state.

One event changed the policy of Russia from a hostile to a friendly attitude toward the support of Turkey, in the most singular manner, for a brief moment. Napoleon resolved to plant the power of France in Egypt, and had magnificent schemes of an Eastern empire. Russia saw, at a glance, that this idea, once realized, might be an insurmountable obstacle to her own plans. The whole power of France would then be pledged to protect Constantinople and the Straits from Russia. When this dream of Napoleon vanished, after much bloodshed, unheard-of atrocities, and great displays of heroism on the part of Turks, English, and French, Russia returned to her policy of wearing out and exhausting her victim by the instigation of perpetual insurrections and border wars. She had assumed the name, and she played the part, of "protectress of the Christians in the East." In consequence, Bosnia, Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia were scenes of perpetual and bloody strife. It was her declared policy to induce the Christians to fight their own battles; and they had not the intelligence to perceive that they were fighting hers. Servia has often and vehemently accused Russia of getting her into trouble, and then leaving her "in the lurch." The Russian use of the term "Christian" has not been well understood in this country. As the protectress of the Christians, how could she remorselessly destroy seventy-five thousand Armenian Christians in the Crimea? The explanation is that she gives the title to none but members of the Greek church. All others, Armenians, Jacobites, Catholics, Protestants, are heretics, and in the same category with Moslems. Nicholas, when wishing to avoid terms of indignity, called them "members of other confessions." He never termed them Christians.

The great contest with Napoleon, who at one time proposed to the Tsar Alex-

ander various impracticable schemes for dividing the Turkish Empire between them,—impracticable, because each of the robbers claimed the lion's share,—kept Russia from any direct move upon Constantinople. Besides, the internal commotions of the Ottoman Empire were enough to make her content for a time. The enemy was destroying himself. He was beset with dangers from the Ulemas, the Janissaries, the Wahabees, the Mamelukes, the Druses, the Greeks, the Albanians, the Servians, and the Moldo-Wallachians. Selim III. had been murdered by the Janissaries; and the young Mahmoud II. was enthroned upon the wreck of an empire great only in ruins.

In 1812, Russia was induced by England to make peace with Turkey, and throw her whole weight upon Napoleon. Moldavia and Wallachia were given back to Turkey. The Pruth was made the boundary line between Moldavia and Russia. Servia was to pay a certain tax directly to the treasury of the Sultan, without the intervention of Turkish tax-gatherers. The fortresses were given up to Turkey; but Russia had Bessarabia and the mouths of the Danube. She cared little for the temporary advantages accorded to the Turks, or for the indefiniteness of the treaty with Servia. The treaty was sure to breed trouble, and that was always in Muscovite interest. When the splendid meteor that had long hung over Europe, "breathing from its horrid hair pestilence and war," had fallen on St. Helena, and the Holy Alliance had sanctified anew the reign of despotism in Europe, Russia could safely renew her march upon Constantinople.

There was one great and fatal disadvantage suffered by Turkey in favor of her great enemy. More than half the population of Northern Turkey is Christian, composed of Roumans, Slavs of various divisions, Albanians, Greeks, and Armenians. The Slavic and Albanian races are partly Moslem, partly

Christian. We shall be safe in estimating them at twelve millions. Ubicini estimates them at nine millions, exclusive of Roumania. They are all the natural allies of Russia, and enemies of the Porte. They furnish not a soldier to the Turkish army; and the drain of war and of the pestilence of camps weighs heavily upon the constantly diminishing Moslems. The marvel is that the contest has been kept up so long.

Passing over many events, too intricate to be disintegrated here, we come to the next great move of Russia,—the independence of Greece. That the preparatory work was in Russia, and consisted in the formation of the *Hetæria*, or secret revolutionary societies, which spread with unnoticed but surprising rapidity throughout the entire Greek race, is well known. In 1821 the well-laid train was fired. Demeter Ypsilanti, a Greek by race, and a general in the Russian army, crossed the Pruth into Moldavia, and called the Greeks to arms. Unfortunately, the rising was characterized by atrocities unworthy of the cause. The Turkish merchants in Jassy and Galatz were cruelly slaughtered. Terrible reprisals were made by the enraged Moslems in other places. In Constantinople the Janissaries gratified their love of blood; and among other revengeful strokes hanged the venerable Greek Patriarch at his own door. The army of Ypsilanti, on the Danube, was soon destroyed by the Turks. But in Greece and the Greek Islands the heroic efforts of the Greeks were crowned with success, until the Sultan called upon Mehmet Ali, of Egypt, for aid. Nothing loath to have his forces in Turkey, the destroyer of the Mamelukes sent his son Ibrahim—his greatest general—with an army and navy that could take possession of any port held by the Greeks. Missolonghi, heroically defended, fell in 1826, and Athens in June, 1827. The Greek cause seemed

lost. But the fleet of the allied powers entered the bay of Navarino, and destroyed the Turkish and Egyptian fleets.

This was a grand triumph for Greece, but a still greater one for Russia. She had used the fleets of those two powers most anxious to strengthen Turkey against Russia, and forced them to inflict upon Turkey a mortal wound. She had most successfully incited Austria to many wars, in which Austria gained nothing and Turkey lost much, in men and money, but now it was France and England that she was manipulating. The allies, made aware of their foolish position, tried to shelter themselves under the plea of humanity; but Russia has not ceased to laugh at them to this day. The liberation of Greece could have been secured by a united demand of the allies. The blow was struck without any declaration of war, and by powers with whom the Porte was at peace. The treaty of Akerman, between Russia and the Porte, 1826, and that of the allies, 1827, meant triumph to Russia, loss and humiliation to Turkey.

In the mean time there occurred in Constantinople events which seemed to offer to the Tsar the long-sought, the long-watched-for opportunity to restore the double-headed eagle to the Bosphorus, and to erect the Russian cross upon the dome of St. Sophia. The rebellion and entire destruction of the Janissaries in 1826, and the disaster of Navarino in 1827, had left the Ottoman Empire without army or navy, and with internal disorders of the most threatening aspect. The Sultan had destroyed his own army; his allies had destroyed his navy.

The Tsar joyfully recognized the hour. There was nothing but a few days' march between him and the realization of Russia's dream. In 1828, he sent an army of one hundred thousand to cross the Balkans and take Constantinople. He anticipated nothing but a feeble show of resistance. He had for-

gotten that every Moslem is by his religious faith a soldier, and that to him the shortest path to paradise is through a field of blood. The army crossed the Danube without opposition, but was annoyed at the fierce defense of Ibraïla, which cost it four thousand men. They failed to take Shumla; Varna fell after a gallant fight. Count Moltké, then in the Turkish service, wrote, "If we consider the enormous sacrifices which the war cost the Russians [in 1828], it is difficult to say whether they or the Turks won or lost it. It remained for a second campaign to decide the value of the first."

In great irritation at his poor success, the Tsar sent Marshal Diebitsch with forces sufficient to carry all before him. He crossed the Balkans with great loss, and arrived at Adrianople with an army exhausted by fighting, and so efficiently stricken with plague and cholera that the Turks needed only to wait a couple of weeks, or so, for it to perish. But Marshal Diebitsch, with consummate Russian skill, terrified the Porte and the ambassadors at Constantinople into the belief that he had one hundred thousand victorious troops ready to march upon the capital. A treaty was concluded; a war indemnity of twenty-five millions was imposed upon Turkey; and then ten or fifteen thousand demoralized, plague-stricken soldiers marched out of Adrianople, most of them to perish by the way. Of all the forces that crossed the Pruth, not more than ten thousand ever returned to their native land. Russia has such a vast population that she does not mind the loss of one or two hundred thousand men.

This treaty was an immense gain to Russia on many points, but Constantinople again escaped. Had the Sultan only held out a few days longer, Marshal Diebitsch would have been compelled to surrender; the campaign of 1829 would have been a most distinguished failure; the Polish insurrection of 1830 would

have left Turkey in perfect safety from foreign foes; and a new Turkish army would have been formed, under the discipline of Moltké.

The Sultan might now hope for a little breathing spell. But his rebellious subject, the Pasha of Egypt, was making rapid progress through northern Syria, and had entered Asia Minor, almost unopposed. The Sultan applied in vain to England and France for aid. With inconceivable stupidity, they left him with no resource but Russia. The Tsar was graciously pleased to send 15,000 troops to occupy the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. When Mehmet Ali found that the prosecution of his design meant war with Russia, he recalled his army. The treaty of Unkiar-Skélessi bound Turkey to Russia as a mere vassal. She must close the Straits against armed vessels of all other powers, and maintain an offensive and defensive alliance.

France and England united in settling the Egyptian question, and were not again to leave Turkey entirely in the hands of Russia. In the war of 1839, between the Pasha and the Sultan, Russia had no predominant influence; France and England being united to support the Ottoman Empire. In the Convention of 1840, for the pacification of the Levant, Great Britain, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Turkey were in accord. Mehmet Ali was declared hereditary governor of Egypt, and thirteen years of rest were enjoyed by Turkey.

Under the inspiration of Sir Stratford Canning (Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), the young Sultan Abdul Adedjid (1839) instituted many reforms. The civil administration, the army, the navy, were reconstructed. The navy that had been treacherously given up to the Pasha of Egypt was returned, and the traitors shortly died a natural death, — facilitated, perhaps, by poison. The Turkish army had produced one soldier, Omar Pasha, of undeniable military genius.

During the thirteen years of peace, he kept the Danubian provinces from revolt, in spite of Russian plots. He curbed the fiery Bosnians and Montenegrins; and when, in 1848, the revolutionary craze swept over Europe, and affected Moldo-Wallachia, the prudence and skill of this general defeated the plans of Russia, who had marched in an army of 40,000 men. After prolonged negotiations with England and Turkey, they were withdrawn.

But Nicholas became impatient, and perhaps alarmed, at these unexpected signs of recuperation and returning strength. His conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour about "the sick man," "the very sick man," are too well known to need repeating. He persuaded himself that England would not interfere; he would give her Egypt and Crète, and he cared naught for France. Having, as he supposed, made himself secure against interference, the Tsar sent Prince Menschikoff to the Sublime Porte, to make, in the most insolent, undiplomatic, and ungentlemanly manner, a demand for the exclusive protection of all the Christian subjects of the empire. This was equivalent to requiring the transfer of twelve millions of subjects to the Tsar; and war of necessity followed.

The Russian army crossed the Pruth in June, 1853, in order to hold the Danubian provinces until Turkey should yield what the Tsar demanded. His

¹ The question was discussed at the time why Nicholas opened the war upon "the sick man" at that time. Sir Henry Austen Layard said, in his place in Parliament, that the Tsar hastened the war in order to crush the nascent Protestantism that was taking root in the empire. The statement was pronounced by some absurd. The Hon. George P. Marsh, minister resident in Turkey, writing to a secretary of the American Board, September 8, 1855, said, "I have not the slightest doubt that the keen-sighted Layard is right in assigning to this manifestation of American institutions in the East a prominent place among the occasions of the political and military movements which have shaken Asia and Europe since 1853. The iron heel that crushed the rising hopes of Continental liberty in 1849 is again armed to tread out the

fleet entered the harbor of Sinope, in a fog, and surprised and destroyed the Turkish vessels there at anchor.¹ The Sultan of course declared war. Omar Pasha boldly crossed the Danube, and attacked the Russians at Oltenitza and Citate and Kalafat, and gained such decided advantages as demonstrated to Europe that "the sick man's" soldiers were alive and well.

In the spring of 1854, General Schilders crossed the Danube into Bulgaria with an army of 60,000, and attacked Silistria, which Omar Pasha had garrisoned with 8,000 choice troops, under Mousa Pasha, his most trusted general. The place was defended by earth-works; and General Schilders confidently expected an easy victory. After a month of unavailing effort, Marshal Puskievitch was sent with reinforcements, and orders to take the place at all costs. He had all the costs, but did not take the place. After three heroic assaults, he retreated in haste across the Danube, to save his army from being intercepted by Omar Pasha. Great was the surprise of the Russians. Their old enemy seemed to be sound to the core.

Thenceforth, the contest was transferred to Sevastopol. Todleben had learned, at Silistria, the power of earth-works, and proceeded with great skill to teach the lesson to the allies. St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan took command; and Omar Pasha had no further opportunity for distinction, save that, at glimmering spark of civil and religious freedom in the Oriental world. The friends of human progress in Asia meet their most formidable obstacle in the relentless hostility of 'the great conservative power of Europe.'

The Russian ambassador, Bauteneff, declared to an American missionary that the emperor his master would never allow Protestantism to set its foot in Turkey. A Russian colonel, prisoner to the English, was found to be possessed of the most accurate knowledge of every mission station in Turkey. He had visited them all in the most friendly manner, as a German traveler. He was an agent of the Russian government. The progress of Russia bodes evil to missions, and to all the institutions of education, and to the press.

Eupatoria, he severely chastised the Russian force of 40,000 men, which was sent to overwhelm him and take revenge for the campaign of the Danube. In the long and gallant defense of Sevastopol, Russia was finally conquered. Nicholas died from chagrin, — or “medicine,” — and Alexander II. came to the throne, announcing thenceforth a policy of peace.

Russia was compelled to submit to a series of humiliations. She had to acknowledge the right of Europe to interfere in Eastern affairs. The treaty of Unkiar-Skélessi, by which Turkey had been reduced to vassalage, was abolished. Her navy had been sunk at the entrance of Sevastopol, and she was bound not to rebuild it. The wonderful dock of Sevastopol was destroyed, so far as the engineers of the allies could do it. She lost Bessarabia, and was thus driven from the Danube. All this was submitted to from bitter necessity, but with the proud consciousness that it all amounted to nothing, compared with the immense resources of the empire. The omission of the allies to hold Russia responsible for the expenses of this war is inexplicable. The alarming fact to her was that Europe should unite and move with irresistible force against the Russian possession of Constantinople.

In reference to the result, a Russian diplomat declared that “Russia would not move again direct upon Constantinople. That would evidently arouse Europe. But she would have it by *envelopment*. European Turkey was naturally hers, and she would *expand* into it. Now that she had driven the Circassians from the Caucasus, she would gradually — not in this generation, perhaps, but finally — expand into Asia Minor. When she had both sides of the Straits, where would be the capital?” “But,” it was objected, “Europe may unite against you.” “No,” he replied; “Europe does not concern itself with the

natural growth of an empire. Constantinople will be acknowledged as belonging to us, when we take possession!”

Since the Crimean war of 1854–55, the two combatants have followed courses which have disappointed the expectations of the world. Russia, it was believed, would pursue a policy of peace. The Emperor Alexander liberated the serfs. The conscription for the army would be greatly relieved; taxation would be lightened; internal improvements and universal peace would make everybody contented and happy. In point of fact, taxation gradually became heavier, and the conscriptions vastly increased the army. Expeditions into Asia gave it active employment. “Holy Russia” was rapidly pushing her borders towards Afghanistan. The thorough, practical, and scientific education, on a vast scale, of skilled workmen and engineers, mechanical and military, and such development of industries that Russia might be sufficient unto herself in time of a general European war, called forth and occupied the forces of this great empire. But the public burdens began to cause great discontent in certain classes. The liberation of the serfs was solely for the purpose of having better soldiers. The effort at universal education for boys had for its object an intelligent soldiery. All the arts centred in war. Siberia was the home of every one who dared to criticise the government. So Nihilism was born. It is the offspring of Militarism. Russia has become the great military power of the age; but the firmament over her is not clear of clouds.

Turkey started upon her new career with the best opportunities which a rescued nation ever had for securing a prosperous future, and with every motive to inspire her efforts. She had no public debt. She had a quiet, contented, and faithful population. How is it that she has descended straight to bankruptcy, disorder, and ruin?

First of all, she has been cursed by an incapable government. To have an infallible autocrat in the hands of a haughty, changing the most responsible officer at a woman's caprice, is quite enough to bring ruin to a nation. But, in the second place, the allies themselves have been able coadjutors in the work of ruin. Commercial greed and the plots of English and French capitalists, backed by their governments, have made havoc of Ottoman resources. The industries are handicapped by free trade, and have perished. But the government is bound by a treaty not to impose a tariff, and has been struggling in vain, for many years, to get free from the bondage.

Again, at the close of the Crimean war Louis Napoleon demanded the removal of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe from the embassy at Constantinople. His influence was too great in Turkey to be longer endured. Lord Palmerston, also, may have been ready enough to sacrifice a man every way his superior, and of a haughty, inflexible disposition. Sir Henry Bulwer, a man after Louis Napoleon's own heart, was appointed to this most responsible post in English diplomacy. A master of intrigue and bribery, vain, ambitious, and of infamous morals, his main object was to undo all that De Redcliffe had done. Especially, he posed before England as the regenerator of Turkey, and he had newspapers to chant his praises. He instituted the era of great government loans. The ostensible object, greatly glorified, was internal improvements. The real object was to have a good time. These loans were issued at five and six per cent.; but as only fifty to sixty pounds on the hundred were paid in, the actual interest to the bond-holders was ten to twelve per cent. Besides, for the fifty paid in, one hundred must be re-funded in the end. This would seem to have been enough to satisfy even English greed. The loan era began in 1858, and in 1874 the public debt amounted

to £184,981,783, or \$924,908,915. At the same time there is an enormous floating or domestic debt, guessed at as amounting to \$100,000,000, more or less. We are safe in saying that the downward path upon which Sir Henry Bulwer launched the empire, in the name of progress and reform, plunged it into the gulf of more than one thousand millions of dollars of interest-bearing debt.

All this pleased the Muscovites. Here was an English and French measure which General Ignatieff could favor with all his influence. When, in consequence, the Turkish Empire was bankrupted, he had the supreme satisfaction of telling the poor stupid Sultan that he must declare bankruptcy, and all for following his English and French advisers. It would doubtless cause a revolution; but he would send for a sufficient Russian force to guard the throne. It is well understood that the dethronement of Sultan Abdul Aziz was made necessary by this private bargain. He was considered guilty of treason to the empire and to Islam.

After twenty years of great progress on one side, and of degradation on the other, it was time for the Tsar to set out again for Constantinople. There would be no mistake this time. The Sultan was an imbecile, his empire bankrupt. European bond-holders were enraged; and besides, the Tsar would not so move as to draw in Europe. He would simply make a strong and permanent lodgment south of the Danube, and give Europe every assurance of his benign intentions.

The war of 1877, between Turkey and Russia, was preceded by insurrections in Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Servia. Turkey was driven into a war with Servia, when she had the most urgent reasons for avoiding it. She had neither money nor means; but for that very reason it was forced upon her. The old spirit of Islam awoke, and the

Servians were very roughly used. This was just what Russia wished and expected. She had now religious and humanitarian arguments to plead in favor of intervention.

A convention of ambassadors and envoys, at Constantinople, vainly endeavored to restore peace, or rather to avoid war. Russia made demands which the Porte could not accept, and which the other powers would not support. The poor result of the conference was that Russia was left to act upon her own responsibility. Her diplomacy had gained a complete triumph, and all danger of a European combination against her passed away.

In the war which followed, Russia met with a severe and bloody defeat in the attack upon Plevna. Prince Charles of Roumania, with his corps, saved the Russian army from destruction, and was repaid with base ingratitude. Russia cannot afford to acknowledge indebtedness to any one. Plevna was taken by siege, and the inhabitants and army suffered the extremes of famine and disease. Alexander II. left a dark stain upon his name by giving up himself and officers to three days' revelry, before supplying the dying and famished prisoners of war with the slightest relief. Even Mr. Forbes, the war correspondent and able advocate of Russia, could not commend this amazing inhumanity in the treatment of a brave enemy.

When Plevna fell the object of Russia, as diplomatically stated, was attained. Bulgaria was in her possession. It was hers by conquest; and had she stopped there she could have expanded into European Turkey at her leisure, and Europe would not have interfered. But, as often before, her military officers and counselors — General Ignatieff especially, who has always known how to ruin success, and who was at that time supreme — cast aside all prudence, rushed across the Balkans in winter, with the loss of twenty thousand men, and

were almost at the gates of Constantinople before astonished Europe could act.

At Buyuk Tchekmedje, the British iron-clads saved the city. The approaching army could not avoid them. Russia had broken the treaty of Paris, and was building a fleet, but had nothing in readiness to enable her to appear on the water. The army stopped, as stop it must. For there was a point where "the whale" could fight "the elephant," but not the elephant the whale.

Then followed the celebrated treaty of San Stefano, between Russia and Turkey, March 3, 1878. So soon as Europe had time to study the treaty, and to get at the geography of it, it saw that Turkey had ceased to exist. The fine phrases that showed the contrary had no substantial meaning. England demanded that the treaty be submitted to a convention of the great powers, signatories of the treaty of Paris, and received a courteous but haughty negative. General Ignatieff had boastingly said, "J'y suis; j'y reste!"

Lord Beaconsfield had, in the mean time, brought up seven thousand Sepoys from India into the Mediterranean, as an intimation of the vast number of Sepoys and Moslems at England's command. The war had already made unlooked-for demands upon the army and the treasury. The indignation of Europe was rising to a dangerous pitch, and Russia changed her tone. "The treaty was elastic, and would admit of any modifications that the great powers might deem necessary."

Hence the great Congress of Berlin, which required that Russia should withdraw all her troops from European Turkey within a specified time. Then the delimitations of the treaty were materially changed, and the principality of Bulgaria was organized. Unwisely, this enterprising, thrifty, and united people was divided, by the Balkan Mountains, into two governments. The portion between the Balkans and the Danube was

the principality; that south of the Balkans, under the name of Eastern Roumelia, remained nominally under the Sultan, but with great municipal freedom. The principality was made self-governing. Its young patriots, many of them educated at Robert College, intelligent students of American history and of the Constitution of the United States, took the lead in the formation of the government, and greatly disgusted the Russian agents. They chose Prince Alexander, and he gradually fell in with the policy of these eager young Bulgarians. Russia's firm purpose to upset this free government, and to expel the prince, beloved by all the people, is the cause of the present Bulgarian complication.

Our object has been simply to delineate enough of Russia's achievements and of Ottoman resistance to present the two powers as they now stand: the one, mighty and aspiring; the other, impoverished, bankrupt, discouraged. The one, during the long conflict of four centuries, has increased her territory

more than tenfold, and her population to a hundred millions. The other has lost in almost every war, until she has only a foothold in Europe; and her Asiatic possessions are growing beautifully less. As a combatant, she has ceased to be. As an auxiliary, she can still furnish splendid soldiers.

And yet the dream of Russia is not realized! United Europe stands in the way. The possession of Constantinople will, in time, if realized, make Russia great at sea. She would have the Black Sea, the Marmora, the Mediterranean. She would next grasp at Egypt and the Indian Empire; and England, France, and Italy would be reduced to comparative insignificance. As she would then command the Danube, and would crush the hated Hungarians, Austria and Germany have reason to look upon the future with solicitude. Putting off the evil day will not save them. The real contest is no longer between Russia and Turkey, but between Russia and Europe.

Cyrus Hamlin.

BAPTISM OF FIRE.

HAPPY birds caroling love-songs, winds in the tree-tops at play,
Earth, like an Eden, rejoicing in the beautiful gladness of May!

Over the mountains a splendor of crimson and amethyst swept;
Gray mists stole up from the valley; the dense shadows after them crept.

Down the green aisles of the orchard, pink-white with the promise of bloom,
Stood the apple-trees, wooing already the brown bees with wealth of perfume.

Then sounded the blast of a trumpet, like the cry of a soul in pain,
Crashing of thunder-bolts warring with the hosts of the scourging rain;

Till when the raging battalions swept on with resistless sway,
Prone in the path of the tempest the pride of the orchard lay!

"O beautiful buds close folded, that never will bloom!" I cried;
"Alas for the unfulfillment, alas for the bliss denied!"

But filling my arms with the branches, I carried them in, where the fire
Blazed on the glowing hearth-stone like a sacrificial pyre.

And into the flames I tossed them, when before my startled eyes,
As in miraculous vision, shone a marvel, a surprise.

In the heart of the fiery splendor the pale buds, one by one,
Opened to heat of the burning as to kiss of the summer sun!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NOVEL.

ANY attempt to estimate the performance of women-novelists of our time, which has been *par excellence* the age of the novel, would certainly be incomplete without a glance at the work of two exceedingly clever specialists who have been industriously engaged for more than a generation in directing to one fixed and narrow purpose the employment of their admirable powers. I have no scruple about calling the purpose a narrow one, since the only persons who might have a right to object to the epithet—namely, these writers themselves—would be the last to consider it an injurious one. All moral truth, according to the authors of both *Margaret Percival* and *The Heir of Redclyffe*, is dependent upon religious truth; and religious truth is a perfectly distinct, circumscribed, and immutable thing, a relic, a palladium, a sacred heirloom, a costly inheritance, to be received with reverence, protected from the cupidity of the vulgar, and transmitted intact, with every possible precaution and guaranty. It is Christianity, but not by any means all of Christianity. That is to say, it is not Catholic Christianity in any natural or generally received sense of that much-coveted and frequently abused term. It is the special form of Christianity professed, and as far as may be practiced, in the Established Church of England.

All the earlier works of Miss Sewell and a good many of Miss Yonge's are, indeed, as truly controversial as if they consisted solely of exploits of exegesis and dry treatises upon doctrine. Nor is this wonderful, when we reflect that both these conscientious writers were born and bred in an atmosphere of the keenest controversy. Both had intimate associations with Oxford; inherited the culture, and were involved in the conflicts, of the intellectual and spiritual capital of the English race. Both were young and impressionable at the period of that great religious and ecclesiastical revival, that sudden rising of the spiritual floods, which men have rightly named the Oxford Movement. Both felt the shock of impact with the eternal obstacle which divided the swollen waters, and the stress of those hidden forces which imparted to the movement of either of the then parted streams, an energy that forty years have hardly begun to abate. Any discussion of the question at issue between the followers of Newman and the followers of Keble and Pusey would be out of place here. It will be enough to remind the reader that the doctrines of the historical continuity of the Christian faith, of priestly authority, and of sacramental efficacy were claimed and held, with equal tenacity, by both parties; and one is, in fact, met at every

turn, in the England of to-day, by evidences of the new light of faith and life of works enkindled within the Anglican Church by their revival.

These, then, are the doctrines which Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge have dramatized; and that so attractively, with so earnest a purpose and so ample a knowledge of human nature, as to win for them toleration, and to a considerable extent, as I believe, acceptance, among readers outside the pale of any historical church. What influence they may have had among English dissenters I have no accurate means of knowing,—probably it would not be much; but for the very marked and still recent Episcopal revival in America, and especially in New England, I hold these two gentle champions of the faith delivered to the Apostles so largely responsible as to render their blameless tales well worthy an hour's dispassionate review.

Miss Sewell was the earlier in the field by several years. I can myself just remember the strong impression produced on the more serious-minded, unworldly, and orthodox class of New England's unremitting readers by *Gertrude and The Earl's Daughter*; while even to the children of rather strictly educated and so-called "evangelical" families Amy Herbert and Laneton Parsonage were freely permitted as appropriate Sunday reading. Certainly the standard of behavior set before us, in these deeply interesting but at the same time severely didactic tales, was as high and difficult a one as the most austere Puritan could desire. The lessons they inculcated were such as all children brought up on the idea that they ought first of all to be good knew that it behooved them to learn. It did occasionally strike us, as we read, with a feeling akin to discouragement, that we had never dreamed before how exceedingly, not to say dreadfully, good we ought to be. Still, the juvenile conscience, nurtured in an atmosphere of old-fashioned New

England piety, responded readily to the demand made upon it for unflinching truth, unquestioning obedience, unflagging diligence, and, above all, for a spirit of deep reverence toward the articles of the Christian faith. We were alive, too, as I believe intelligent children always are, to the great literary charm of this new order of "good books," and we were still innocent as babes, being in fact little more ourselves, of the flippant but expressive term "goody-goody." We could appreciate the art with which certain select types of juvenile character were portrayed, the exquisite naturalness of conversation and incident, the atmosphere of moral refinement. Our naïf indifference to the basis of doctrine, the specific Credo, on which this high code of morals was supposed to rest, our absolute unconsciousness of our own outcast and perilous position, is irresistibly amusing when viewed by the light of one's later knowledge of the burning questions of traditional authority out of whose agitation these warning parables arose. Our Bible was like the English Bible, we conceived, save for certain curious and unimportant little variations in the Psalms. Our Apostles, also, were the same, and we knew of no reason why Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John should not "bless the beds that we lay on," as well as the dimity-curtained cots, in the bowery English rectory. Our very baptism we imagined, in our simplicity, to be identical with theirs; and as for that critical business of confirmation, on which such great and impressive stress was laid (our prime favorite, Laneton Parsonage, with its three fat and fondly cherished volumes, might almost have been denominated a *Tragedy of Confirmation*), we supposed, I think, that it was merely a more public and ceremonious form of what we had been accustomed to hear called conversion. We feared, upon the whole, considerably more than we loved, that embodiment

of all speculative doctrine and practical reproof, that stern type of the spiritual pastor and master, who predominated over every tale, conducted the competitive examinations for full church membership, and directed to something as like as possible to his own pitiless excellence the weaker and more wanton souls committed to his charge. But we were far from comprehending, or even suspecting, the general anathema under which we ourselves would have been held to lie, had our cases really come within his spiritual jurisdiction. I speak as a child, of course, and possibly as a fool, but I am by no means persuaded, even now, that the childish instinct of aversion to this priestly dictator was altogether a sinful and mistaken one. Whether or no he lacked light, he did, on many occasions, very signally fail in sweetness; and it is not easy to imagine one's self spontaneously confiding a spiritual difficulty either to the rector of Laneton Parsonage or to the clerical uncle in Margaret Percival, who, when the gentle heroine tremblingly acknowledged to him that she had come, in his absence, to entertain doubts as to whether the authority of the Church of England were indeed superior to that of the Church of Rome, replied, with so entirely the air of an ecclesiastical Pooh-Bah, "My poor child, have they brought you to this?"

Naturally, however, the grown-up readers of Miss Sewell's adult tales gave more heed to her arguments than was accorded them in the nursery; and a considerable number were undoubtedly a good deal influenced by them. The most directly and confessedly argumentative of the early books, indeed, — the tale of Margaret Percival's narrow escape from the zeal and the fascinations of a beautiful Italian countess, passionately attached to her own ancestral faith, — was perhaps the least effective of them all with American readers, for the reason that the questions which it

involved were hardly living ones among our native pietists at that time. Yet even Margaret Percival was taken seriously, in a sense quite contrary to any the author can ever have intended, and was followed by the queerest of consequences in the shape of a sequel entitled *Margaret Percival in America*, and artlessly prepared by some reader on the hither side of the sea, who could not quite reconcile herself to Margaret's final reduction to obedience by the clerical disciplinarian before mentioned. Despite the liberal admission with which the true story of Margaret Percival ended, — that for the Roman Catholic siren, too, there may have been hope in her death, — the place in which the soul of the so nearly perverted heroine was left seemed too strait to the child, or rather the grandchild, of non-conformity, who proceeded to take forcible possession of Miss Sewell's Margaret, transport her to America, and convert her once for all to liberal Christianity, Sunday picnics, and the worship of God in the fields. The liberty taken with another author's creation, and a living author's, was most extraordinary; but the would-be sequel bore no comparison, in point of literary merit, with the tale it presumed to continue, and I hope it will not be held a mark of unseemly levity if I confess that I find something delightfully humorous in the idea of Miss Sewell's own probable consternation, first at the kidnapping case itself, and the destiny assigned to her so carefully guarded heroine, and afterwards at the fact that Margaret Percival in America has been quite lately catalogued among the writings of Elizabeth Sewell, by the indefatigable, but by no means infallible, compiler of *The Women of the Day*.

After all, however, the real force of the novels proper (most proper), no less than that of the nursery tales, lies where Matthew Arnold finds that of the Old Testament itself, from which their inspiration is so largely drawn, — in their

bearing upon the conduct of life, their thorough researches into the mixed motives which guide our ordinary actions, their revelation of the less creditable secrets of ostensibly innocent lives, their treatment of every-day cases of conscience. It may be urged that these cases themselves are, many of them, rather childish; unlikely, under any circumstances, greatly to agitate the dwellers in the great average world; curiously within the limits of conventional virtue and outward respectability, and remote from the region of fierce temptation, overmastering passion, and positive crime. Whether a pious and charitably disposed lady, who had intended to build a church with her superfluous money, ought or ought not to employ it instead in relieving her brother, who is in pecuniary difficulties. Whether the said brother, having lived for a given number of years far beyond his income, ought to incur the expense of a reëlection to Parliament, or throw up his seat, rent his big house, go abroad and economize. (It really seems as though there were no positive need of a ghostly counselor to tell him that.) Whether a "Christian maiden" ought to expose herself to the fascinations of Goethe's Egmont, for fear of being moved by the poet's genius to sympathize with Clärchen's suicide. There is something almost pathetic, by the way, in the quixotic ardor displayed by our ladies in withstanding what they call German infidelity, or more conveniently still, "Germanism," when one comes to reflect what a comparatively innocuous little spectre it was beside the mighty shade of that later spiritual foe, which may fairly be termed English infidelity.

Yet the story of Gertrude, from which two of these examples are drawn, is really a noble and an able one. A very fine discrimination is made between the characters of the two sisters, Gertrude and Edith, both so conscientious and high-minded, the latter making good-

ness obnoxious by her austerity and hauteur, and a certain selfish absorption in the matter of her own soul's safety, and the former winning her way with people of all kinds by a spirit of unflinching sympathy, suavity, and tact, which, nevertheless, involves no sacrifice of principle. In Gertrude, also, are first apparent a considerable power of social satire, and a capacity for detecting and exposing specious hypocrisies, and for analyzing commonplace, foolish, and more or less unlovely types of character. If she had been gifted with more humor, Miss Sewell might have been a great satirist, and a little of Miss Austen's play of intellect would have rendered *The Experience of Life* a classic. As it is, it remains the masterpiece of its author, written in her most lucid and vigorous style, full of shrewd observation and photographic portraiture, compact with common sense. The force of realism, greatly as its function has, of late, been exalted, can hardly go further than in the picture here given of the utterly arid and sordid conditions of middle-class life in a small English country town. The themes of *Middlemarch* and of *Janet's Repentance* are equally unflattering to the fancy, nor is the difference immeasurable, either in native power or singleness of moral purpose, between George Eliot and the author under discussion. But *Middlemarch* did at least admit a gleam of the ideal in the aspirations and devotions of Dorothea, the unselfish ambition of Lydgate, and the almost romantic rectitude of Caleb Garth. In *Middlemarch*, also, room was found for the passion of love, which never receives any marked attention from Miss Sewell, as a factor in life, and is excluded from *The Experience of Life* so rigidly that it would perhaps be more exact to qualify the title a little, and call it *The Experience of a Life*. The result is something quite conventual in the atmosphere of the book,—not sentimentally conven-

tual, but unconsciously and severely so; and it is a curious fact that in this one instance even the inevitable pope of the tale, the ultimate and infallible spiritual authority, is a very admirable *old woman*. Mrs. Poyser herself is not more terse and original, and hardly more picturesque in her comments on the affairs of this world, than "Aunt Sarah" in the quaint reflections and illustrations, which embrace the conditions of the next, as well. Her death-bed homily is perhaps a little too long, extending as it does over several chapters, but it is really one of the most striking manuals I have ever met of an alert, self-collected, practical piety.

In *The Experience of Life* Miss Sewell took formal and final leave of her own sober youth, and a long leave also of her youthful readers; and the principles of true Anglicanism would have been left to languish in New England, at least, had not a younger champion of the same opportunely arisen, more buoyant and enthusiastic than the first, equally well furnished with church lore and panoplied in church loyalty, and, if less masculine in the grasp of her intellect, considerably more versatile, brilliant, and fascinating. This one — I mean Miss Yonge, of course — was just as keen an observer of English life as her elder, but a far more sympathizing and lenient critic. She was a born colorist, also, and her instincts and preferences were romantic and chivalric in the highest degree. It is all very well to scoff at the heir of Redclyffe as a nursery hero. He was that, undoubtedly, and happy the nursery where such an ideal is enshrined; but he was also much more. He restored, for a time, to the rather starved imagination of nineteenth-century childhood — and not of childhood only — the gracious and affecting image of the beardless Christian knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*; adorned with many earthly gifts and graces, but radiant above

all with the singular rapture reserved for those who seek the Creator of their souls *early*, — Sir Galahad, St. George, St. Stanislaus. The influence of De la Motte Fouqué in shaping this fair conception was evident, and, indeed, freely acknowledged. All the infinite *picturesque* of mediæval piety, rediscovered by the Oxford Movement for the delight of souls at once artistic and devout, glowed on the pages of Miss Yonge's most popular tale, no less than on the maiden canvases of Rossetti and Millais. Manzoni, too, had his influence there, and that a peculiarly wholesome one, by virtue of his charming humor, the like of which was also among Miss Yonge's manifold gifts, and saved her effectually, in those early days at least, from anything like an absurd anti-climax. Altogether, the type of goodness which she presented for imitation to her young readers was far more joyous and winning, more supple and, so to speak, possible, than the saintly fastidiousness of Lady Blanche Evelyn, or the painful precision and difficult resignation of the namesake of the renowned Aunt Sarah. Never afterward did Miss Yonge attain to depicting anything quite equal, for novel and tearful charm, to this one highly idealized figure, — the spirited self-devotion and impassioned sanctity of Guy Morville, his marvelously rapid victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the smiling serenity of his untimely death, — while not once, even when most moved, is the reader allowed to forget to what sole tradition of doctrine, what instruments, and what sacraments this dazzling early blossom of chivalrous piety is to be ascribed.

In the force and ingenuity, however, with which the arguments are pressed home on which these articles of faith repose, the varieties of character and destiny which are compelled to illustrate them, and the firmness and brightness of her delineation of a certain small and exclusive but by no means unimportant

section of English life, Miss Yonge did certainly advance from strength to strength, until, like her predecessor, she arrived at the culmination both of her analytic and constructive power in a perfectly unpretending narrative of middle-class English town life. The *Daisy Chain* is a story for young people, with a rather foolish title, and of seemingly inordinate length, but the ability lavished upon it is simply marvelous, and its charm is perennial. I am not ashamed to confess that I am always glad of an excuse for reopening the book, and never, I think, while eyesight lasts, shall I become incapable of losing myself for an hour in that masterly representation of a simple yet singularly vivid family life. Nowhere else that I know is the tale so truly and feelingly told of the jests, the tiffs and the truces, the *empotements* and the escapades, the brief anger and the lasting love, the glad meetings and the reluctant partings (each bringing for one sharp instant a foretaste of the last), the common joy, the indivisible anguish, the occasional perfect unison of prayer, — the whole sum of solemn and tender associations involved in that sacred idea of the *home*, which has been handed down intact, in our branch of the Aryan family, from those far-away forbears whose altar was literally the hearth, and their chief piety the worship of their own dead kindred. Miss Yonge must pardon the involuntary paganism of this panegyric. It is her fault for having been able to invest the story of eleven brothers and sisters, with their curious points both of likeness and unlikeness, no one of whom is conducted beyond the threshold of responsible grown-up life, with so profound and universal an interest. Every one of these eleven is alive in every word and gesture. It is a positive miracle of truthful and delicate characterization.

I really cannot help turning aside, at this point, however, to remark with com-

placency how disinterested we Americans are in admiring or adhering to Miss Yonge at all. The bugbear that our unkempt republic presents to her lady-like imagination! One would think that she would avert her eyes altogether from the horrid spectacle; but no, she seems possessed to point her ready moral at our remote expense. There is a perfectly virginal and altogether engaging innocence of fact about the idea of America which abides in the breast of this brightest and sweetest of British Philistines; and I cannot help thinking that she would herself be moved to laughter, could she see a certain annotated copy of the sequel to *The Daisy Chain* which once came under my notice. The book must have been written some time during our civil war; for, after sending one of her heroines to contract malarial fever on the banks of a far Western river (which, by the way, she might, if necessary, have done nearer home), Miss Yonge sets her to watch the march to the front of a Michigan regiment, and makes her muse with a sort of mournful disdain on the "misguided enthusiasm which has shed so much blood in the break-up of the great republic." Against this bit of slightly premature vaticination, some small but irrepressible Yankee had briefly penciled, in the large Gothic characters of ten, "*Oh HO!*"

But Miss Yonge is, I fear, joined to the idols of her condescending fancy. In one of her quite recent tales, *The Pillars of the House*, she evolves the conception of a little waif, of mixed American and Spanish parentage, who, after playfully setting fire to the village inn, and looking on with admirable *sang-froid* while his negro servant perishes in the flames, is rescued from his own too certain doom, and converted to Christianity and the Church Catechism in the vicarage nursery. He had a dreadful fight, even after his baptism, with his depraved American tendencies, but the

dignity and gravity inherent in his "few drops of hidalgo blood" eventually co-operated with divine grace to save and make a man of him. It is in the same book, I believe, that the little son of the black sheep of the Underwood family (who had been shipped to America, where all the black sheep only too surely go) is found, after his father's violent death, to be on his way to England, to the very natural apprehensiveness of his gentle and civilized relatives in the old country. They are partially relieved, on his arrival, however, for he proves but a puny boy; and when politely asked whether he feels knocked up by his journey, replies plaintively that he feels "used up." "Now," says Miss Yonge, "though the phrase was American, the tone was English and refined"!

This, however, is a frivolous digression. Miss Yonge's later work in fiction comprises the charming *Clever Woman of the Family*, in which the more pretentious and fallacious aspect of the so-called higher education of women is exposed with very pleasant satire, and a few careful historical studies. One of these last, *Unknown to History*, is a work of considerable merit; a little marred in its effect, perhaps, by the somewhat too labored and conspicuous effort to make all the characters invariably talk in sixteenth-century English. It is the story of a supposititious daughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Bothwell, who was sent away from Lochleven by night under the care of a faithful nurse, when only a few weeks old. The vessel in which she was to have been conveyed to a convent in France and the custody of an abbess of royal blood was wrecked on the Irish coast, but the child was picked up alive, taken on board the ship of one of Queen Elizabeth's sturdy mariners, adopted by him, and educated as a Protestant. Great pains are bestowed on the portrait of the unhappy queen, who presently becomes an actor in the drama, and there is a visible at-

tempt on the part of the romantic author to resist her own instinctive and inevitable partiality for the Stuart race, and analyze dispassionately the strangely conflicting elements in the character of the great enchantress. Miss Yonge makes no pretension to having solved this eternal enigma, but her stately conception is an entirely credible and a tolerably self-consistent one.

The *Pillars of the House*, before mentioned, essays once more to delineate the interaction of a dozen, more or less, of clever brothers and sisters, and the evolution of their various fates. It is not quite as successful as *The Daisy Chain*, and is drawn out to a yet more extravagant length; no other modern novel that I remember, except *La Guerre et la Paix* reaching anything like the same dimensions. Yet, wonderful to say, it is nowhere unreadable, and it deserves to be noted as embodying with evident intent a full confession of the final phase of Miss Yonge's religious belief. She is now what is called a Ritualist of the most advanced type, resting with rapturous content among the purple vapors which enshroud "the topmost height before the spirits fade away" from the English into the elder church. Many characters whom we have learned to love in former books reappear in this; the young widows, and the men and maids who have been disappointed in love, all presenting themselves in conventual dress, as members of Anglican sisterhoods or brotherhoods. If we feel with regret that the simplicity of Miss Yonge's earlier manner is a little impaired by that somewhat scenic parade of the accessories of goodness, that elaborate and triumphant "doing so with their enchantments," which appears to be inseparable from the present High Church fashion, we find her ideals of character as pure and sound as ever, and underneath what it would perhaps be unkind to call the flummery of her later piety the old

finely knit frame-work of exquisite good sense. This is the point where she and Miss Sewell still agree, widely as they have diverged in some of their ecclesiastical theories, since the days when they consecrated themselves to a common work. Miss Sewell, indeed, though steadfastly loyal to her church, has become, if not "low," at least what is technically termed "evangelical." She published only a few years ago a volume of religious meditations, in the course of which she more than once distinctly deprecates the tendencies which have driven herself and her early coadjutor almost as wide apart as is possible within the limits of the same communion.

As for instance :—

"There is another record, less sad than that of the majority of the world's followers, but equally disappointing. It is to be found in the lives of those who, earnest but fearful, have turned aside from the ways of the world and followed some self-chosen path, in the hope of crushing by self-discipline the natural likings, which, because they too often lead to sin, are thought to be in themselves sinful. How weary that conflict is, how unceasing and for the most part vain, we may gather from the confessions which from time to time have reached us from their own lips, and which are confirmed by the painful inconsistencies of character that meet us in the record of their lives. The man who rejects with scorn the offer of worldly ambition can yet take delight in the homage offered to spiritual excellence. The woman who would shrink from mere worldly pomp, as from the most hateful temptation, can yet be led away by the follies of religious dissipation and the love of religious display."

Yet even Miss Sewell is compelled, by the scrupulous fairness of her own spirit, to add, a few pages later on, with remarkable point and force of expression, "Much is said by earnest-minded persons of the danger of forms, and they

are dangerous ; no one can have watched his own heart without perceiving it. But there is a far greater danger in living without forms. Form without spirit is for the time dead ; yet while it remains with us, it is the ever-present witness to the existence of the spirit which once inhabited and may still return to it. But spirit without form may die, and none be aware of its departure."

Both our ladies have spoken seriously and wisely, both categorically and in parables, on the lately so vexed question of the education of girls. Each, either by accident or agreement, has embodied some of her educational theories in the tale of a stepmother's difficult and often ungrateful influence : Miss Sewell in *Home Life* and its sequel, *After-Life* ; Miss Yonge in *The Young Stepmother*, a *Chronicle of Mistakes*. Each endows her second wife with much personal distinction and the most admirable intentions ; but the two tales involve a curious commentary on their authors' contrasted tones of mind, and possibly on the spirit fostered by the different religious parties with which they are now severally identified. For Miss Yonge makes her heroine succeed, through her own frank humility and hearty desire to atone for all manner of follies of misplaced sympathy and erroneous judgment, in winning the unaffected love and confidence of the children committed to her charge ; while Miss Sewell claims a sort of inherent infallibility for hers, and the reader will probably venture to think that he sees in the lady's bland self-righteousness and immovable severity of requirement abundant reason for her comparative failure.

The strictly practical counsels of this entirely sincere and single-minded pair of moralists are still for the most part signally wise, and, for the most part also, essentially harmonious. I shall close this very imperfect survey of their nobly intended and often most effectual work by referring to a single point

of social ethics on which both appear to have reflected a good deal, and, having come independently to the same rather novel conclusion, to have resolved pointedly to illustrate it in their tales.

When Miss Sewell makes her Katharine Ashton frankly accept the position and the wages of a lady's-maid to the defenseless friend with whom, as a child, she had lived on terms of entire equality, because only so can she help and serve her essentially; and when Miss Yonge makes the heir of a fine old county name, and the heir at law of a considerable county property, bind himself apprentice to a small printer and book-seller, and go to live in the chambers above his shop, that he may supply the immediate needs of his younger brothers and sisters, they commit a ruthless outrage upon one of the more snobbish forms of natural and, as it is sometimes called, proper sentiment. Moreover, they depict a sacrifice more acutely painful, and so of course more truly heroic, than any one not personally familiar with the conditions of English rural life would readily believe. It is not a pleasant thing to be *déclassé* anywhere, but to be *déclassé* in England must needs involve that from which a sensitive soul would shrink with positively heart-sickening aversion. Something of the æsthetic shock which Mr. Ruskin experiences when a new railway

is run rough a fair suburban district, and a train of hideous tenement-houses follows in its wake, would be added to the sum of petty mortifications, discomforts, and disheartenments which one called to such a trial would inevitably have to undergo. The old order, with all its abuses, has been so kindly, comely, and reverend a one, to its privileged members naturally, but also to a goodly number of the great remainder, who in the good old times, at least, were well enough content to be humble. But "the old order changeth." Indications multiply on every side, in the England of to-day, that the peculiar form of self-mortification in question, the sad and distasteful business of coming down in the world, may ere long be required of many who might once have been thought securely defended by the very conditions of their birth from all possibility of sordid occupation, mean surroundings, and vulgar contact. Is it their quiet foresight of a time of great social change and trouble at hand which has led these two preachers of practical Christianity so earnestly to deprecate all false and unworthy pride; striving by every device to nerve their still growing readers for the more sordid and weariful as well as the grander and more tragic possibilities of impending domestic revolution? If so, the fact gives them one more claim on our sympathy and respect.

Harriet Waters Preston.

SLEEP.

O GLORIOUS tide, O hospitable tide,
 On whose moon-heaving breast my head hath lain,
 Lest I, all eased of wounds and washed of stain,
 Through holy hours, be yet unsatisfied,
 Loose me betimes! for in my soul abide
 Urgings of memory, and exile's pain
 Weighs on me, as the spirit of one slain
 May throb for the old strife wherein he died.

On golden-footed shallows, from the sea,
 From dark, from dreams, to each exultant day,
 Oh, speed me! Swooned an outworn king erewhile,
 Whom swart Phæacians shoreward bore; and me,
 Thy loving healed Greek, thou, too, shalt lay
 Beneath the olive boughs of mine own isle.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

UP THE NEVA TO SCHLÜSSELBURG.

A MERE neck of earth separates the Russian capital from the great inland sea of Ládoga, and through more than forty intervening versts of forest land, green and wavy with the trembling aspen, the birch, the alder, and the silver pine, the Neva moves majestically down its deep channel, by villages and clearings, past scattered communes and straggling huts, between sounding wood-yards and busy factories, till at last, gliding along the famed granite quays of the imperial city, it pours by five broad mouths and narrow outlets innumerable into the Gulf of Finland.

No Russian river has the beauty, the purity, the picturesqueness, which are the attributes of this northern water-course; yet to fully appreciate the nobleness of its aspect in the warm season, one must be familiar with its wintry appearance, and above all witness its vernal emancipation from the fetters of frost by ukase of the "father of warmth," the Slav Apollo, Dazh-Bog himself. For nearly six months a ringing highway for man and beast, the Neva grows unsafe for travel late in the month of April, and has usually resumed its freedom by the beginning of May; yet the opening of the attack on the crystal-line mass precedes the moment of its melting by weeks. A month sometimes elapses before the solar rays have begun to sensibly thin the ice crust, and for a month of seeming defiance of the forces of renaissance droskies pursue their

chosen paths over the congealed river, pedestrians continue to traverse it in chair slides or on foot, the heavy wagons of merchant and trader go rumbling over in the same endless procession, and the Samoyeds, those gypsies of the north, cling with their reindeers to the camping ground of their winter exile on the frozen stream, which is soon to bear them back to their homes in the Arctic circle.

The metamorphosis then follows with a swiftness truly Russian. The last screws and clasps of molecular cohesion are drawn in a single night; the thickest ice-plate then opens to its solar enemy a thousand lines of march. In the morning, with firm, quick steps, you may safely traverse the Neva, still ice-covered; at noon, your return is barred by a clear, swelling stream, whose whilom bonds have turned to dancing liquid facets, from which the sun laughs back its light and its triumph. True, the ice is not yet wholly gone, but it meets the eye henceforth purely as a spectacle, — the offering not of a river, but of a lake. This new ice is the product of more northern waters, the snowy blocks and bergs of Ládoga, glittering *débris* of an unequal combat that every spring renews. For some days after the break-up along the Neva, in the interval between the beginning of open and that of safe navigation, the river channel is thronged with broken strata, cleft blocks, truncated pillars, shivered columns; with

spires and spears and shafts; nay, with all shapeful and shapeless masses, that half undergo and half escape degelation in the annual return of heat to the far north. Slowly the rank and file of this shining host glide past, driving back to shelter a fleet of venturesome ferry-boats, battering the bridge piers with dangerous force and frequency, scraping the quays with a sonorous attrition, and emitting throughout the duration of their passage a strange rustling, crunching sound. By day striking, by night solemn and weird, this scene passes in its turn, and for six months the Neva presents the aspect which I have described in the opening paragraph.

I recall these preliminaries of a Neva spring all the more vividly because I once awaited their close in an attitude that bordered too closely on impatience not to imprint them somewhat deeply on my mind. Amongst the fellow-passengers of my voyage to Russia was an English resident of Schlüsselburg, whose invitation to make his house my home for the summer, and to come "as early as possible," had reached me some weeks before the time of open navigation. It was, therefore, with a pleasurable eagerness, increased not a little by unavoidable moments of delay, that I at last found myself on the route to the "Key City."

The trip to Schlüsselburg, in prosaic language simply four hours' steaming in a paddle-boat, went far to transcend all my previous experiences of travel on Russian rivers. The steamer may be small, but its occupants are sociable and, to say the least, interesting. Military officers on their way to the fort at the head of the Neva; officials proceeding to the headquarters of some country mayor; professional men bound for their rural rendezvous; a Chinaman from the embassy out for an airing; a Kirghiz soldier gathering holiday impressions; some university students, a governess, and half a dozen peasants, — these form

one's fellow-travelers in the earlier trips of the season "up-stream." It is these who join each other quite democratically in the cabin, and it is these who, amid the popping of champagne corks and the more expensive flow of Bass's pale ale, — for to be English on the Neva is vastly more expensive than to be merely cosmopolitan, — tell each other many a story of the times in Russia when the Germans were rarer, and the rouble stood higher in European estimation, and native commerce rested on a stabler footing.

In the judgment of a few, the time is spent more pleasantly on deck. In an hour the city has disappeared; the churches have glided past, one by one. The noise of the wood-yards is no longer distracting, and the river banks alone present their changing panorama of light and shade. The great northern forest zone has some of its finest battalions along the line of the Neva, so that the spectacle offered to the eye is never entirely treeless. The green of leaves and grass, moreover, is here brighter than the hue characteristic of most vegetation in Russia. Yet there is monotony, if only in the continual presentation of the same sequences. Ploughed glebe follows woodland, and forest again takes the place of the long patches of newly turned soil. The flash of an axe in a clearing reminds one of human life, or far off the eye just glimpses the hut of some peasant agriculturist, a mere smudge of brown on a landscape of ochre. These cabins of the Russian north are little more than so many roofs, set at an acute angle in order to provide for the descent of snow during the long winter.

For nearly half the distance to Schlüsselburg the line of the Neva points to the southeast, its course thereafter being generally northeast. Maps give the river an almost direct progress through each of the angles described, yet in detail the stream is a perplexing zigzag, forcing a new deviation of the steamer

to right or left every few moments. Frequent stoppages, moreover, are necessary. The banks are dotted with landing-places. These are mostly too insignificant to be easily visible from the steamer, yet the captain never misses one of them, and knows, it is said, how to steer for a plank miles away. Every few hundred yards the steamer is headed for shore, and almost before one can say there is a pier the boat has been temporarily moored to a wooden stage, for the reception or discharge of passengers. Transfers of this kind are often numerous, but the movement thus provided for is due to no activity, commercial or otherwise, of the peasant population. The pleasantest spots along the Schlüsselburg route have been selected for the *dachi*, or country houses of well-to-do and wealthy residents of St. Petersburg, who pass the whole of the summer in these places of relaxation. The return of warm weather is thus the signal for a prompt exodus from the dust and heat of the capital, and it is the process of "going into *dacha*" that furnishes the Neva steamers with their passenger traffic in spring and summer.

Whole families pass in this way four months of every year in an environment of delightful contrast with city surroundings. The classes possessing leisure do not return to the capital until the close of the season; the man of moderate resources, who contrives to spend the evening with his family in *dacha* after trans-action of his day's business in St. Petersburg, takes the Neva steamer twice a day. The landing-place thus presents a busy as well as an interesting scene. Parties of ladies, wearing the lightest summer costume, trip down from their rural retreats to await the arrival of relative or friend; in lonelier spots some dusky village beauty, airily enveloped in robe of purest white, stands at the head of the pier to watch the passage of the boat, to exchange a word with the captain, perchance to flash upon him

from beneath her broad-brimmed hat a coquettish glance, brighter than any which the sun has for the toiler in northern waters.

The Neva broadens as we go northward; the wooded banks grow continually in picturesqueness; and by the frequent intrusion of tongues of land, the stream assumes in places the aspect of a series of elongated lakes joined together at their narrowing ends. Higher still, far-extending vistas begin to open up, until the changing contour of both shores foretells the early close of our trip. Finally, to the eye on the alert, bursts into sight the bright red roof of Schlüsselburg factory; near by arises the glittering spear of a church; in the rear glisten the broad and shining waters of Ládoga.

Ten minutes after landing I had met my English friend, and was being driven with him through the streets of a town to whose complex civilization three races have made their contributions. Here the Chud fisherman drew his daily nutriment from the waters; hither came the Novgorod merchant, a rover, if not a "beggar," of the sea; in this spot the Swedes, under King Magnus, made the fame and gained the victory of Nöteborg. It was at the same meeting of lake and river that the Russians, twice triumphant, like the Scandinavians, conquered last and ever after held Schlüsselburg by the name which the place received from Peter in 1702. To-day, Finnish in its fluvial industries, Swedish in its street commerce and petty shop-keeping, prevailingly Russian in its official artisan-agricultural elements, the Key City seems to hover doubtfully, as if in an attitude of impending selection, between the aspect of a town left unfinished by its builders and that of an old urban centre half devastated by time. The place has a sluggish life in summer, and were it not for the ubiquity of wood might recall one of those sleepy old towns of the classic German south.

Alas! the warmer nations live in the earth, if above ground; for they scoop out of stone or clay the shells into which they creep. The wiser races of the north and east take the tree, their old habitation, and having split it deftly, so expand and artistically treat the unfolding layers that the once solid trunk is at last wide and hollow enough to surround them and shelter them alike from heat and cold.

I found the house of my friend in a picturesque and somewhat isolated spot in the suburbs, partially surrounded by a narrow branch of the Neva, shaded by a grove of trees, yet permitting a view over both river and lake. Ivan Yakovlevich — for I shall apply to him the name by which he was known to his Russian acquaintances — had paid for the structure out of his own savings, and owned the plot of land on which it stood, as well as the stables and out-houses which formed part of his establishment. Holding an important and responsible position in one of the principal manufactories of Schlüsselburg, he belonged to that class of foreigners who, by their scientific knowledge and technical training, have amassed honorably won fortunes in presiding at the birth and watching over the childhood of Russian industry. Eighteen years' exile from his native Manchester, which he left at the age of nineteen, found him indispensable to the processes in which he had gained such unquestionable distinction. Schlüsselburg had seen companies succeed companies in the management of its great factory; Swedish directors had followed English, and Germans had ousted Swedes from the proprietorship: yet through all vicissitudes Ivan Yakovlevich had remained at the head of his department, yearly growing more and more necessary to his employers, reaping larger and larger rewards for the skill and time he ungrudgingly gave in their service.

My friend was a robust and active

man, somewhat tall, of dark complexion, and rather dignified in his manners for one who bore about with him the repute of being the most popular foreigner in the Key City. He had acquired a complete mastery of Russian, and knew it so well as to be familiar not only with the literary tongue, but with the numerous varieties of dialect that from time to time smote his fastidious ear. That he could at once place himself on the level of the humblest of his acquaintances was partly due to his own simplicity of character, but it was in a still larger measure owing to the nature of his surroundings. For the factory workers, who formed the bulk of his society, were little more than temporarily metamorphosed agriculturists, — a few of them permanently in their industrial avocation the year round, the large majority a fluctuating band of peasant-Cyclopes, oscillating periodically between plough and furnace-fire, according as the need of work drew them to country or town.

What it must have been to spend eighteen years in the society of men like these, — simple, good-natured fellows, who were far too superstitious to be altogether bad, and much too fond of alcohol to be monotonously virtuous; who stoutly held to their own explanations of natural phenomena, and cherished views concerning the activity of machines that were entirely metaphysical, — this my friend left me to consider for myself. Nor was the material for a judgment on the subject by any means wanting. Twice I heard "the Englishman," as new-comers were in the habit of calling him, urged to go to the aid of peasants said to have been "bewitched;" numerous cases of credulity in regard to wounds and the methods of healing them came under my notice. One day, after all Schlüsselburg seemed to have surged past, noisy, quarrelsome, and not a little intoxicated, amid the waving of banners and the beating of drums, I was

informed that the church dignitaries had been holding one of their annual festivals.

Yet not all the habits of the Schlüsselburg peasant-artisan are reprehensible. Amidst a pronounced astigmatism, both civil and ecclesiastical, in matters affecting the common weal, I had the satisfaction of noting in these hundreds of untutored laborers a care for their own economical welfare, as spontaneous as it was evidently deep-seated, that would do credit to the most intellectual and trained body of socialists now to be found in any part of the world. The workingmen of the Key City are united in *arteli*, or industrial guilds, the officers of which contribute to the well-being of their members in multifarious ways. The domestic activity of this urban commune is often the most valued of its functions. Each artisan contributes a sum for kitchen expenses; the officials purchase food at wholesale prices; members take turns in cooking; and the *artel* has its "collective" nutriment three times a day.

So efficiently and economically, in fact, are these regulations carried to their conclusion that the participating workman finds his monthly expenses for food not substantially in excess of the amount needed to support the West European laborer during a single week. It is true that much *kasha*, a sort of oatmeal or buckwheat porridge, is supplied in the *artel*, to say nothing of cabbage soup and other generically Russian dishes, yet to these is always added a plentiful allowance of good meat. The communal arrangement usually extends to the provision of lodgings; when practicable, each guild has its own building, in which are to be found a dining-hall and dormitories. Sleeping accommodation for their workmen is often supplied by the proprietors of the larger factories in Russia. In the small towns and country districts the members of an *artel* must content themselves with hired

quarters in the public caravansary or the farm-house.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that outside St. Petersburg, in the population of which nearly all European nationalities are represented, no English colony has ever established itself save at Schlüsselburg. About sixty families of simple, industrious English work-people occupy a plot of land on the outskirts of the town, and are largely engaged in the technical industries of the place. Most of them came to Russia early in life, and have accumulated possessions which will be handed down to their successors. A few of these Britons were sent out by English firms, under an agreement which binds them to several years of service. All reached the dominions of the Tsar lamentably but naturally ignorant of Russian, which, owing to their neglect of systematic study, they fail to speak passably even after years of effort. I had often read that the English are the worst linguists in the world, yet I never knew the meaning of the phrase until I saw these, my poor countrymen and countrywomen, struggling painfully, sometimes ludicrously, but always patiently and courageously, with the mysteries of Russian grammar.

A more practical success awaited this colony of unc cosmopolitan British than any which it could win in the field of linguistics. Its neat dwellings had for years offered a contrast with native habitations, not unlike that which smiling oases of German civilization oppose to the deserts of Slav neglect and disorder in the Russian west. The English Club at Schlüsselburg is already growing old to fame: its assembly, lecture, and billiard rooms are not discreditable to the pride with which they are shown to visitors. Strolling into these rooms, one evening, I witnessed the presentation to certain active members of the club of several pieces of silver ware, by a deputation from St. Petersburg, for "services in ex-

tinguishing fires"! So far as conflagrations were concerned, a new era had evidently dawned for the Key City. Under the old system of carting water in barrels to the flaming structure, a fire meant the burning down of a whole quarter, the destruction of hundreds of domiciles. The English brigade, like Molière's physician, had changed all that. It had charged up with a brand-new fire-engine, lent by the proprietors of the factory, scattering the ancient bucket battalion to right and to left; it had drawn the Neva to its aid through bright new hose for an astonishing distance; it had sent into the flames, instead of the stout town constable, a dozen disciplined and stalwart forms, dressed like Scythians, and wearing helmets and belts; it had wielded pump, nozzle, and hatchet with such magical efficiency that the fire suddenly went out, to the astonishment of all artisan and agricultural Schlüsselburg. Indeed, such became the renown of the "English conjurers," as some of the peasants and old women called them, that it soon spread to certain interested insurance companies in the capital, who took the means I have described of acknowledging a substantial decrease in their losses by fire.

I saw little of individual members of the club, but I had an agreeable abundance of the society of Ivan Yakovlevich. We soon fell into the habit of spending our mornings in a somewhat rambling way, sallying forth without plan, and leaving our course to be suggested by the sights or events of the route. One stroll of this kind, I remember, took us some distance along the high bank of the Ládoga, within a short distance of one of the canals which unite Schlüsselburg with the town of Novaya Ládoga. Turning our backs to the Key City, we saw in a grassy hollow near the lake a group of boatmen and *burlaki* standing around a tripod, from which a large caldron was suspended over a newly lit fire. In this spot, or hard by, the

boat population had gathered from far and near for its simple breakfast of Russian kasha. On the canal itself floated lazily downwards towards the outlet half a dozen timber-laden barges. In each of them a gray-beard had been left to guard against dead-lock or collision, — a service which he performed by means of a pole, used helm-fashion, at least forty feet in length.

We continued our course until the sun had risen high in the heavens and the day had become oppressively warm. Reaching a rocky shelter, we threw ourselves, as by a common impulse, upon the green bottom, gaining an outlook thence over the surface of the lake as far as its dim water line, amid a silence deep as death. It was in this spot that my friend told me the story of his life at Schlüsselburg. For fourteen years of his voluntary exile he had truly known what it is to be "buried alive." It was a mere accident that completed his existence, and by completing it made it tolerable. He recalled to me in some detail the winter day he and a few friends once spent in the woods hunting a dangerous Bruin, whose depredations had alarmed the people of the environs. On the return of the party triumphant, its members were invited to a repast at the residence of an official whom I shall call the mayor. It was this single night, spent under the roof of the newly appointed Ulrik Nikolaevich, that quite changed the current of my friend's lonely existence; directed it, in fact, into warmer, calmer, more hopeful channels. And it was for this night, at least, that sleep came not to Ivan Yakovlevich, for it was banished by the bright eyes of the burgomaster's daughter.

Four years had hastened by since their quiet wedding, and my friend had lived to hear the paternal appellation conferred upon him by two healthy boys, one of whom was already old enough to call "father" in English, Swedish, and Russian. For mother the lads turned to

a woman of the true Scandinavian type, of medium stature, active in her movements, of untiring energy. Lotta Ulrikovna was, nevertheless, something more than a model of industrious domesticity. Her personality exhaled a charm to which few who came within the sphere of its influence could long remain insensible. In her cheek was the light rosy hue of the northern face, that felicitous mimicry of the faint red of sunrise seen through frosty air. Her steel-blue eyes had that slow motion and steady gaze that are amongst the surest marks of character and intellectuality. But she was still more remarkable in the mild equableness of her temper, in her rare grace of manner, above all in the unconscious simplicity that impressed its stamp upon everything she said or did. She spoke three languages fluently, and her Russian was the most mellifluous I ever heard; hearing it, and knowing the ordinary native *bourgeois* speech, one would be reminded straightway of the difference between the splashing sound of South German and the clear-ringing tongue of Hanover. Lotta had received her education in Sweden and Germany, but her social triumphs were won wholly on Russian soil. Welcomed back from western Europe with open arms, she had for years done her best to repay to naïve Schlüsselburg the glory with which it persisted in investing her; and had not her new domestic preoccupation justified a change of attitude, she might have gone on discharging with her old success the unwritten duties of a position in which neither private vanity nor public opinion had ever essayed to provide her with a rival. Her mother had been long dead; upon her father she lavished a particular affection, paying him attentions that not even the sternest business exigencies of his official rank could adequately regulate.

Among the pleasantest of my experiences in Schlüsselburg were the evenings spent at the residence of this Swedish

mayor of a Russian city, especially the half hour's stroll which always preceded our arrival at that hospitable mansion. The party made up on these occasions usually included Lotta's married sister, who came attired in one of those Scandinavian costumes worn in the high north. Lotta herself appeared in her favorite Little-Russian dress, an artistic mingling of light blue and tender rose, four or five strings of lustrous pearl beads pendent from the neck, an arch-like head-piece crowning the brow with diamond flashes. Otherwise bare-headed and quite unmantled, the women led our little procession, in the fashion of the place, Lotta looking and moving every inch a queen. The first part of our walk took in the single avenue of the single garden which ministers to the recreation of the inhabitants of the Key City, a place in which all Schlüsselburg is said to meet nightly for the exchange of gossip. Beyond this alley of a thousand pauses lay paths through the growing crops; farther still, the route descended to the river at a point where a boat and a ferry-man awaited our arrival; across the waters came glimpses of a country-house half hidden by trees.

The mayor's wife lay in the Swedish burying place, within sound of the plashing Neva. Since her death Ulrik Nikolaevich had clung unflinchingly to his bachelorhood. Nor, lonely as his life had become, had any of the old cheerfulness deserted him. When I met him he was still alert and robust, though almost wholly gray with advancing years. A perpetual holiday complacency expressed itself in his manner, and was the only warning his leisure gave of the zeal he displayed as a story-teller. Full of the reminiscences of a military career, — for the old man had seen service in the army of the Tsar, — he could talk for hours without apparent effort, and was listened to as an authority even by the book-trained officers of Schlüsselburg garrison. Sociable as a compan-

ion, tireless as an entertainer, he was immoderately generous in his hospitality, and had long held, expensive as was the luxury, a place of honor in the records of the peripatetic poor.

Our own visits to the mayor formed distinct epochs in the annals of this quiet habitation on the right bank of the Neva. I say this, not because the mayor's housekeeper had standing instructions to regale us on our arrival with every available variety from her half Swedish, half Russian *cuisine*, or because that clever woman never failed to help us to edibles that, as well in their quantity as in their variety, bore a tantalizing relation to the finiteness of human appetite. The hospitality of Ulrik Nikolaevich was not to be measured by the resources of his larder, nor were his social relationships determined by the rank or wealth of the men and women to whom they did honor. His friendships strongly resembled the affinities of ultimate atoms in chemistry, since self-fitness, rather than preparation in others, was their determining condition. Above all, the mayor loved to share his visitors with his friends. Hence the evenings spent under his roof brought to the participants intercourse of the widest social range.

A veritable panorama of Neva life it was that floated so often through those Swedish parlors, with their quaintly carved ceilings and tiled chimney-pieces; and when I look back, trying to recall something tangible, characteristic, impressive, from "those Attic suppers and those vanished men," I soon begin to glimpse the outlines of a well-known figure, as it slowly disentangles itself from the mist of time, and at last stands out in bold and clear relief, as if some magician had called it forth from the under-world of the mind. Tor Agnok would easily have passed for a Chud giant, had he lived at the beginning of the Slav incursion into Ingria. A Finn of the purest blood, he belonged to the

Tavast stock of blue-eyed fatalists, towered nearly a foot and a half above the men of his own race, and had a brachycephalic head that would have delighted an anthropologist. Agnok had followed the business of pilot from his earliest boyhood, and belonged to that mysterious race of men whom Baltic skippers describe as climbing up the sides of incoming steamers outside Cronstadt at times of dead calm, and when no pilot boat or craft of any kind is in sight. It is the Finnish pilots, moreover, who seem to know every language spoken on the seas. I have heard them converse with foreigners in French, English, German, Dutch, Flemish, Italian, Spanish, and New Greek, and do this almost as fluently as if they had played with their ship acquaintances in the same village, and been taught in the same school.

Finding himself, one day, a capitalist, Agnok had relinquished piloting, invested a portion of his funds in the carrying trade, and built himself a comfortable residence on the outskirts of Schlüsselburg. At times his barges were to be seen on lake, river, and canal; it was only when they were absent in the Lower Neva that Agnok could spend his evenings with the mayor. Nor did he shake hands with his friend purely for the satisfaction of a social instinct. This whilom pilot, by much reading in Finnish and Swedish books, to say nothing of the scraps of knowledge picked up by him from ship's captains concerning countries in the west, had become a politician, and loved nothing better than to run a friendly tilt with the mayor on the subject of affairs in the Grand Duchy. In the presence of many visitors his sense of social proprieties usually placed the giant Finn under a certain restraint, yet there were times when nothing could keep the pair silent on their favorite theme. One evening, which I distinctly recollect, it was easy to see that Agnok was stirred by thoughts and considerations of an im-

portant character, for his small eyes burned fitfully, rolling, meanwhile, from side to side, while the pipe which the mayor had handed to him went half the time, such was his excitement, unlit. Finally a moment came when Agnok could venture to query, —

“Have you heard the news, Ulrik Nikolaevich? Why,” continued the speaker, almost breathlessly, “in twelve months from now every candidate for an official position in Finland will be called upon to display a competent knowledge of both the Finnish and Swedish languages. Only think of that!” he went on, without pausing to note the effect of the information upon the mayor. “Can you say now that our cause is a losing one? Already our beautiful tongue is being taught to Swedish children, not only in schools, but in private families, and the time cannot be far off when its accents will be heard in Parliament itself. Have I not held, Ulrik, all along, that the Finns have a great future before them? Who can doubt that in the government of this noble duchy of ours, — this grand possession which Russia has surrendered almost wholly to its two subject races, — Finnish blood and intellect shall, at no distant period, be admitted to an equal authority and repute with the blood and intellect of your own race?”

“Truly, my dear Tor,” began the mayor’s comment, “have the Finns a right royal future in store for them! But it will come in its own time, — not a moment sooner. And look you, Agnok, if this new regulation does not do more harm than good, I shall be very much surprised. Don’t believe the duchy is going to become a Finnish province simply because young fellows applying for office are to know more languages than one. If you Finns have the pluck and the aspiration, remember that the culture, the wealth, ay, and the offices [here the speaker indulged in a rhetorical pause] belong to us

Swedes. Only think of it, my dear Tor, what it is to have a national party and to be without caste! The nobility of Finland is to-day nine tenths of it Swedish. Nothing, as you well know, comes nearer to ridiculing a Finn than to call him a nobleman. Take further the officials, the merchants, the bankers, of Finland, and where will you discover a drop of Finnish blood in the whole body of them? Then think of the Swedish majority in the Diet and Senate, and proceed to ask yourself whether it is not dangerously easy to exaggerate the coming glory of the Suomen Maa.”

“Quite true, brother Ulrik,” retorted the Finn, laying down his pipe, “that the Swedes have the leisure, the position, the wealth. But the numbers, at least, are ours. Think you that 293,000 Scandinavians can forever rule the roast in a country where nearly two millions of Finns are at home? The Russ himself would not tolerate a minority rule of such proportions as that. As to culture, we hold that, however much the superiority may seem to lie on your side, the aspiration after intellectual things is far more passionate in the Finnish than in the Swedish mind. You come, remember, of an old European race; you inherit the methods and prejudices of centuries; your intellects are modeled on the same general pattern as those of your ancestors. We Finns, on the other hand, old as we may be in the annals of the ethnologist, stand out fresh and young upon the page of history. To one of the mightiest empires of the world we have already contributed the steady influence of our traditions, but most of all of our blood. Even you, the cold Swedes, marry our daughters, and many more of you talk what you call your native tongue with the accent which is given by your more successful efforts to pronounce our own. Our youth, moreover, are pressing to the schools with a zeal and eagerness which your own children do not even

try to imitate. The minds of our adults are, meanwhile, being amply cared for. That we have given to literature the Kalevala is a mere drop in the bucket of our intellectual life. Already we have a national library; already a Finnish press, worthy of the race and its aspirations, is scattering our literary publications broadcast. Yet it is not the triumph of one people over another that we are aiming at. Our purpose is higher and nobler. If we seem to oppose the Swedes, it is simply in order that we may be free from that attitude of superiority, that sense of subjection, which political causes have inflicted upon us for so many years. Give us the equality we deserve before the law and before society in the administration of this our common duchy, and it will be our effort to win over to sympathy and union with our own aspirations all that is best in the Swedish character. Let us inscribe on our banners the cry, '*Yksi kieli, yksi mieli!*' — 'One tongue, one mind!' — and we can thenceforward go on together in the path of progress, presenting to both foreign and domestic aggressors an unbroken front of national consciousness that cannot be invaded with impunity."

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted a dozen listeners, who had gradually drawn near during the discussion, and ere the sound of their applause could die away it was generously taken up and prolonged by the mayor himself. Everybody knew how happy Ulrik Nikolaevich was when, by seasonable opposition, he had succeeded in procuring a forcible statement of a just and honorable cause; nor did any one acknowledge with greater readiness than Tor himself how shallow the mayor was as a Swedish partisan, and how grotesquely fictitious at bottom was the personal issue which the two men resuscitated from time to time, in pure love of summer-evening dialectics. The arguments represented a real controversy, but the men who used them were not sufficient-

ly narrow to mistake a racial for an individual attitude.

It was Lotta who drew us all that night from politics to music, and thereby made a further transition possible to Swedish literature. She sang the charming ballad by Nicander, beginning, —

"When doves caress and love their fill
In summer's leafy hall,
You hear their kiss, it is so still, —
So still in Djupadal."

Ulrik's eyes filled, as he listened to this, for it was the composition his wife once best loved to hear; yet it turned his thoughts into a new channel, and in a few moments he was telling us of the beauties of Swedish literature in general and of Swedish poetry in particular. It was on this occasion that I heard, for the first time, a fragment of the Frithiof Saga declaimed by a native Swede, for after a few turns of the room Ulrik began: —

"Oh, Frithiof, Frithiof, shall we part thus? Hast thou not a kindly glance for the friend of thy youth, — no hand more to extend to her, unhappy, whom thou once didst love? Thinkest thou that I stand in a bed of roses and smilingly reject the happiness of my life, plucking from my breast, as if without pain, a hope which has grown up with my existence itself? All that I felt of joy had Frithiof for its name; all that life has of great or noble assumed thy own features before my eyes. Darken not this image for me; meet not the weak one with severity, when she offers that which is dearest to her in the whole earth's round, that which will remain for her the dearest in the halls of Walhalla! This sacrifice, Frithiof, is already heavy enough; at least it should deserve a world of consolation. I know that thou lovest me, — I have known it since dawn began within my soul; and the memory of thy Ingeborg shall follow thee yet for many a year, whithersoever thou goest."

It was late when we broke up, and

still later when each guest and visitor had reached the place from which he set out. My own return journey was performed latest of all, for, separating myself from the party at a point where the road ran near the left bank of the lake, I spent an early hour in gazing upon the waters of Ládoga. A attenuated, ghostly moon had just appeared above the horizon, with her curved back bent towards the east and her ruddy reflection smouldering in the lake. A fresh, odorous breeze came from the newly turned furrow; the wide fields exhaled an early twitter or two, the first rhythmic beat of morning; and the Neva, in its rippling march, chanted that high note which, to the Schlüsselburg peasant, tells of fine weather to come.

From the Key City northwards extends a body of water ten times greater than the Lake of Geneva. It yields a clear horizon line as far as the eye can follow it, and is as inexplicable to the native population as it is mysterious to travelers. Though altogether inclosed by land, people rightly call it a sea, for it has fabulous depths. Lashed by the north wind, its co-wrangler, it becomes the arena of great storms; light-houses dot its shores, and havens sheltered by its banks offer their welcome retreat to mariners in distress. Its waters are the coldest known; taken from the surface even in July, they blister the mouth. In midwinter, should the centre of the lake remain unfrozen, Ládoga fixes its great liquid eye upon heaven, in a stare so frigid that not even the sun can relax it. In midsummer, when its blue waters form a sky of their own, the lake turns to the same heaven with something of a smile. Yet in both supreme moments Ládoga is treacherous, cruel, and cold.

Opposite Schlüsselburg a round tower, rising a little way out of the lake, casts its shadow upon the wave night and day. Walls fifty feet in thickness support its convex roof; a moat with lifted drawbridge separates it from Ládoga, and Ládoga cuts it off from the shore and the busy world that lies beyond. Centuries, again, divide its architecture from the buildings of to-day, but between the functions which it discharges and the spirit of modern Europe there stretches a wide and bottomless gulf.

In Schlüsselburg fortress the philosopher's conceit of a world without time has been more than realized. Here Progress has quenched her torch; here Civilization suspends her handless dial in prison, mad-house, and grave. Without, light has entered the darkest corners of the earth; whole races have been emancipated; nations of the Old and the New World have recovered their liberties and asserted their independence; the very brutes have come to be shielded from wrong by the sympathies which protect men. Within, the doors are ever open for new victims, and all the footsteps point one way.

In quite other fashion, too, has the structure been spared by the common sequences of time. A mediæval dungeon better preserved from the natural assaults of passing centuries would certainly be sought in vain. One better safeguarded against the prying curiosity of historians it would be still more difficult to discover. For its solitary annals have been written in the rock by human feet, and its nameless bones have found rest, not in the smiling Golgotha of some city penitentiary, but in the cold and pitiless bosom of a northern Malebolge, whose frozen waters the sun sometimes melts, but is powerless to warm.

Edmund Noble.

MAZZINI.

I THINK I am not mistaken in believing that there are many persons to whom Mazzini is little more than a name. That he was a patriot concerned in the various revolutions in the Italian States, somehow connected with Garibaldi, though supposed to be a less important figure than he,—this is about the sum of what is known of Mazzini even among many educated people. Though one or two biographies of him have appeared, they have not been commonly read; and the general public has remained more or less ignorant, and therefore indifferent, concerning him. It seems to me that this is much to be regretted, and I hope to give in this sketch of his life, brief as it necessarily is, some true notion of the character of the great Italian.

Carlyle has said the hero is the man who succeeds; for this is really all that is meant by his phrase about the hero being the able man, the man who *can*. Mazzini's life of self-abnegating devotion to a noble idea constitutes him a hero according to a truer definition of the word. In the accomplishment of one cherished desire, the establishment of an Italian republic, Mazzini did not succeed; and the unification of the Italian States, in fact chiefly brought about by his tireless efforts toward that result, has been very generally credited, not to him, but to those who entered into the fruits of his labors. Neither the military talent of the head of the house of Savoy nor the policy of Cavour would have sufficed to create a kingdom of Italy but for the desire of freedom and of national unity in the Italian people, which Mazzini had known how to kindle and keep alive. It was a republic, not a monarchy, that Mazzini would have founded. He learned, with sad patience, that his countrymen, newly

roused to shake off a foreign yoke, were not yet ripe for a republic; none the less he strove to keep that idea before them, and to educate them in the principles of free self-government. If he were the mere visionary, the builder of dream-fabrics, he has been so often called, we might respect his pure and noble spirit, but we could not call him great. A great man does not construct irrational theories, attempt impracticable things, or endeavor after possible ones by impossible methods. This is what has been charged against Mazzini; mostly, it is true, by Englishmen, who have a natural dislike to republican principles, and an inborn aversion from a rational systematization of political or any other ideas. There is no great need to wonder, however, that Mazzini should have met with the same fortune as others of the world's best and greatest, the loftiness of whose ideals raises them above the comprehension of the average man. In Mazzini's case, moreover, as one of his biographers has pointed out, his contemporaries have been the less able to grasp an idea of his character as a whole owing to the fact that his astonishing influence over his own countrymen and the whole democracy of Europe was exerted mysteriously and chiefly from a distance, and they have been compelled to judge him from "the remote effects of an inspiration often misinterpreted by those who were its instruments."

Not all who called upon Mazzini's name were therefore his true disciples. His image has been colored, and too often distorted, by the medium through which it was dimly seen.

There is a memoir of Mazzini which is virtually an autobiography, being largely made up of writings left at his death in charge of the English family

who were the exile's chief friends and consolers during his residence in their country. Such a record as this is of infinite value, especially when we have the opportunity of comparing his words with his deeds. To be able to set off against each other a man's utterances and his actions helps us to a more accurate measure of both. In these self-revelations of Mazzini there is the unmistakable accent of sincerity; they make clear his motives and convictions, and show that his life was but the simple and consistent exemplification of his principles.

His biographer, Miss Ashurst, afterwards Mrs. Venturi, was a close personal friend of Mazzini, and speaks with authority, certain of the facts she relates having been taken down from his own lips.

Born in Genoa in 1805, the son of a distinguished physician and professor of anatomy, Giuseppe (or Joseph) was the best loved child of his mother, a woman of vigorous intellect and deep affections. The boy was extremely fragile, so much so that he could not walk firmly until he was six years old. The first time that he was able to walk beyond the walls of their garden, the mother and child came upon an old beggar, white-bearded and in rags, sitting on the steps of a church. Joseph stood gazing at him, transfixed, and his mother, thinking he was frightened, stooped to carry the child away; but he broke from her, ran to the man, and threw his arms about his neck, kissing him and crying out, "Give him something, mother,—give him something!" The beggar returned the boy's caresses, and said to Signora Mazzini, "Love him well, lady; he is one who will love the people." The mother kept this thing in her heart, and forty years afterwards, with tears in her eyes, related to Mrs. Venturi the "symbolical anecdote." Joseph showed that precocity in learning which is often observed in delicate children of serious dispositions. At

thirteen, being sent to the University of Genoa, he was noted among his fellow-students not only for the ease with which he acquired everything, but for the generosity and gentleness of character: he gave away not merely his money, but books and clothes, to needy comrades. He began the study of anatomy, but found himself unable to attend the lectures of the dissecting-room. His natural bent was toward literature, and when he was but thirteen some of his compositions were so well thought of by a literary association at Savona that, without suspecting the author of being a child, he was elected a member of their body.

His first "conscious and definite aspiration toward a nobler future for Italy" he himself dates from the year 1821, after the execution in Genoa of two revolutionists, and the sight of alms collected in the streets of that town, in aid of exiles banished after the insurrection of that year.

At eighteen years of age Joseph was admitted to practice as an advocate, but having already inwardly devoted himself to the regeneration of his country, the youth was depressed by the sense that he must disappoint his father's hopes for him. The first two years of an Italian advocate's life are given to pleading gratuitously the causes of the poor. Joseph's ready sympathy and his reputation for success were so well known that it was the effort of every poor man in Genoa to secure the services of *l'avvocato* (the little advocate). Mazzini had already joined the secret society of the Carbonari. Young as he was, he was not impressed, but only amused, at their "bowl and dagger ceremonies" of initiation. He did not admire Carbonarism, but knowing the importance of organization, and unable at that time to found an association of his own, he joined himself to the Carbonari, because, as he says, they were men who, "although inferior to the idea they represented (Ital-

ian independence of foreign rule), were yet earnestly bent on reducing thought to action, belief to works." His chief reason for dissatisfaction with them was that they founded their hopes on the aid of France. Mazzini believed that Italy must win her freedom for herself. Soon after the French revolution of 1830 Mazzini was arrested by order of the King of Piedmont and Sardinia, and was imprisoned in the fortress of Savona. His father, hastening to inquire of the governor of Genoa of what crime his son was accused, was answered that "he was a young man of talent, fond of solitary walks at night, and habitually silent as to the subject of his meditations; and that the government was not fond of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings was unknown to it." Mazzini's cell was at the top of the fortress, whence he could look out upon the sea and the sky, — "two symbols of the infinite. This was a comfort to me." By means of a method of secret correspondence which he had contrived, he learned that his arrest had struck terror among the Carbonari, and after trying in vain to hearten them he became convinced that, instead of "wasting time and energy in attempting to galvanize a corpse," he must "address himself to the living:" from this time, then, dates the conception of his plan for the association called "Young Italy," the aim and purpose of which was to be public, though its operations were necessarily secret. Mazzini's trust was in the people, and he meant to appeal to the "instincts and tendencies of the national Italian heart." He alone "intuitively perceived that the slumber of his nation was not death." Upon these things he mused in his cell at Savona. Looking back in 1861, he wrote, "The vision which brightened my first dream of country has vanished for as much as concerns my own life; even if that vision be fulfilled — as I believe it will be — I shall be in the tomb. Yet I think

the same thoughts still, on broader grounds and with maturer logic, in the little room, no larger than that cell, wherein I now write." And such were his thoughts forty years after this first imprisonment in his cell at Gaeta.

Six months later Mazzini was banished, and went to France. This was the beginning of his long years of exile, that "lingering, bitter, agonizing death which none can *know* but the exile himself." Among the other exiles he knew, he did not find, he tells us, "a single man who dreamed of the possibility of the unity of Italy." Marseilles being a convenient place for carrying on his secret correspondence, Mazzini remained there to found the association of Young Italy, and to issue a journal bearing the same name, in which he published much of his religious and political philosophy. "It was from studying the ill-fated movements of 1820-21 and 1831," Mazzini says, "that I learned what errors to avoid in the future. The greater number of Italians derived only a lesson of profound discouragement. To me they brought the conviction that success was a problem of direction. The error lay in entrusting the government of the insurrection to those who had no share in making it. . . . As soon as all obstacles were overthrown the preliminary conspirators were thrust aside, and others undertook the development of an idea not their own, a design they had not matured, in the sacrifices for which they had had no share." The two years spent at Marseilles were a time of such "pure and glad devotedness as I could wish the coming generation to know." In less than one year Young Italy became the dominant association throughout the whole of Italy.

But in spite of precautions the attention of the authorities was aroused; large rewards for the seizure of the conspirators' papers were offered, and tremendous punishment threatened against all who should aid their introduction

into Italy. Unable to stop the diffusion of Mazzini's writings, the Italian governments appealed to Louis Philippe to stifle the exile's voice. Tracked from place to place, Mazzini eluded search for two years. Discovered at last in his asylum, he escaped by the substitution of a friend bearing a personal resemblance to him, and took refuge in Switzerland, where he organized the first armed attack of the party of Italian unity upon the party of "princely subdivision." The attack failed through the treachery of the military leader, and the government of Charles Albert took bloody revenge upon the conspirators of the interior who had plotted to support the expedition by insurrection. Mazzini's dearest friend at this time was Jacopo Ruffini. To induce this young man to confess, a denunciation of his fellow-conspirators was put into his hands, bearing the forged signature of Mazzini. Ruffini resisted the temptation, but committed suicide that night in prison.

Many now recommended Mazzini to retire from the unequal struggle. A tremendous "clamor of blame" arose from all the worshipers of success; news from Italy told of nothing but imprisonments, flights, desertions, disorganization. The Swiss government was terrified into persecuting the exiles, the majority of whom were without the means of carrying on the struggle, or even the necessities of life. "More powerful upon me than anything," says Mazzini, "were the grief and anxiety of my poor mother. Had it been possible for me to yield, I should have yielded to that." Mazzini had discovered in the Italian people no lack of desire for freedom, but a want of constancy of purpose. He felt that the moral education of his countrymen through the press was impossible in an enslaved country, and that a "living apostolate" was required, a nucleus of men capable of defying persecution, ever full of faith in the final

victory. He determined to persist, in spite of adverse fortune. In the words of Mrs. Venturi, it was his "unshaken adherence to the resolution thus made in youth which converted a life-long martyrdom of incessant defeat into a life-long victory." The work of insurrection was for a time at an end; that of propaganda was retarded. Mazzini gave himself to preparing the minds of the exiles from many lands, then gathered in Switzerland, for "the only idea that he believed had the power to resuscitate the vanquished peoples,—the idea of nationality." Of these exiles he formed an association, called "Young Europe," similar to that of Young Italy.

The Swiss Diet, however, now ordered his perpetual banishment from that country, and Mazzini went to England. This was in 1837, a year rendered memorable to him by a crisis of moral suffering. "Were I to live for a century," he says, "I could never forget the close of that year, nor the moral tempest that passed over me. I speak of it now with reluctance, and solely for the sake of those who may be doomed to suffer what I then suffered. It was the tempest of doubt, which I believe all who devote their lives to a great enterprise are doomed, once at least, to battle through. During those fatal months there darkened round me such a hurricane of sorrow, disillusion, and deception as foreshadowed to me the old age of my soul, solitary, in a desert world. It was not only the overthrow, for an indefinite period, of every Italian hope and the dispersion of the best of our party; . . . it was the failure of faith in those who had solemnly bound themselves with me, the distrust I detected in those most dear to me as to my motives and intentions. The adverse opinion of the majority was a matter of little moment to me, but to see myself suspected of ambition or other ignoble motives by the one or two beings upon whom I had concentrated my attachment prostrated me

in despair. Without entering into details, I will merely say that it was in my hour of greatest need that these fraternal souls withdrew from me. When I felt that I was alone in the world but for my poor mother, far away and unhappy for my sake, I drew back in terror at the void before me. Then, in that moral solitude, doubt came upon me. Perhaps I was wrong, and the world right. Perhaps my idea was indeed a dream. Perhaps I had been led, not by an idea, but by *my* idea, — by the pride of my own conception. . . . I felt myself not only unutterably wretched, but a criminal. The forms of those shot at Alexandria and Chambéry rose up before me, like the phantom of a crime and its unavailing remorse. I could not recall them to life. . . . At times I was impelled to go into the next room, fancying I should see some friend whom I really knew to be in prison or hundreds of miles away. The slightest thing, a word, a tone, moved me to tears. . . . I will not dwell on this longer; I will simply say that had that state of mind lasted but a little longer I must either have gone mad or ended with the selfish death of the suicide. While I was struggling and sinking beneath my cross, I heard a friend, whose room was a few doors distant from mine, answer a young girl, who, having some suspicion of my unhappy condition, was urging him to break in upon my solitude, by saying, Leave him alone: he is in his element, — conspiring and happy.

"One morning I woke to find my mind tranquil. The first moment of waking had always been one of great wretchedness with me, but now it seemed as though nature smiled a smile of consolation on me. The first thought that came to me was, Your sufferings arise from a misconception of life. I saw that though the instincts of my heart had rebelled against the false definition of life as a search after happiness, yet I had not completely freed myself from

its influence; it had thrown off the baser stamp of material desires, and had centred itself in the affections. I ought to have regarded them as the blessing of God, to be accepted with gratitude, not demanded them either as a right or a reward. . . . I came to myself alone through the help of a religious thought. From the idea of God I descended to the conception of progress, and from this to a true conception of life, to faith in a mission and its logical consequence, duty. I bade farewell to all individual hopes for me on earth. . . . I bless God the Father for what consolations of affection he has vouchsafed to my later years, but were these denied me I believe I should still be what I am."

In connection with this account of a moral crisis in Mazzini's life, I cannot refrain from quoting a passage from one of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, which shows how one who knew Mazzini familiarly could misconceive the motives which actuated him. She writes, "Mazzini came, and all he had to tell me of 'our doings,' as he calls them, was that he had been for weeks expecting private information that would take him away at an hour's notice, but that now there seemed no prospect of anything immediate taking effect. I asked if he had meant to put himself at the disposal of the Pope. 'Oh, no,' he said; what he aimed at was 'to organize and lead an expedition into Lombardy, which would be better than being an individual under the Pope,' — in which words seemed to me to lie the secret of Mazzini's *vie manquée*." In the opinion of this friendly Englishwoman, Mazzini's want of success was due to his ambition for personal leadership and distinction, not to the fact that he was a man before his time, striving to lead his countrymen toward a promised land, "the remoteness of which none knew so well as he."

It is characteristic of the man, his biographer says, that while he thus writes of the moral trial he underwent with an

emotion as intense as it is dignified and restrained, he recounts the material sufferings of this first period of English exile with absolute indifference. His mother secretly forwarded to her son a quarterly remittance, sufficient for his frugal way of life had it been expended on himself alone, but which was totally inadequate to supply the necessities of the three other exiles whom Mazzini helped to maintain. His mother kept him in ignorance of the manifold privations of herself and his sister Francesca, by which the quarterly sum was gathered together, and of the paternal harshness which made them necessary; years after, with mingled tears and laughter, she related them to Mrs. Venturi. Mazzini endeavored to eke out the insufficient support by writing for the reviews, choosing Italian subjects that English attention might be called to the Italian question. He founded a school for poor Italians in England, — many of them organ-grinders, — personally supplying the greater part of the funds and sharing in the teaching. "On Sunday evenings we gathered our scholars together to listen to an hour's lecture on Italian history, the lives of our great men, the outlines of natural philosophy, any subject calculated to elevate their unformed minds." This labor of love lasted from 1841 to 1848, when he left England. It was a period of fraternal labor, he says, "refreshing to my own heart and to the hearts of other weary exiles." During all these years an extended secret correspondence was carried on, a web of conspiracy was woven, and such accounts were spread of Garibaldi's exploits in South America as prepared the people to accept him as a hero and leader, on his arrival in Europe in 1848.¹ In 1846, Mazzini was repeatedly urged

to give the support of his approval to the new Pope, Pius IX., hailed as the "initiator of the future destiny of Italy." Mazzini replied, "Any policy which does not begin and end with the word unity I consider not only useless, but harmful. In the Pope I see nothing but a well-disposed man wavering between the influence of Austria and his own tendencies. . . . If I am wrong, the first *fact* will correct me, and I am ready to be convinced." Six months afterwards the play was played out; the Moderates, as the monarchists called themselves, were declaring that the Sword of Italy (meaning Charles Albert) was the sole salvation of Italy. The people, however, "unsheathed the only sword able to save Italy" in Sicily and Lombardy in 1847 and 1848. The insurrectionary movement, which spread over the whole country in 1848, was declared by Austrian statesmen to be the work of Mazzini's seventeen years' apostolate. In a Plan for the Pacification of Italy, discussed at Vienna and sent to Lord Palmerston, that document speaks of "the germ of Italian nationality, so long buried, but resuscitated by the efforts of Young Italy," as having "brought on the events we have witnessed." The insurrections of 1821 and 1833 had failed, because the leaders had not appealed to the masses; the revolutions of 1847, 1848, and 1849 succeeded, because they were the work of the people, roused to new life by Young Italy. But the enemies of popular rights were grouping round the King of Piedmont and organizing the "Moderate" party, which gradually diverted the Italian people from that "straight march to a republic" which the clear-sighted Metternich declared that they were making. The highest ambi-

¹ It was during this first sojourn in England, in 1844, that English statesmen stooped to the infamy of violating Mazzini's correspondence, the crime being concealed by falsification of seals, imitation of stamps, etc. This thing went on for months, but was finally detected and exposed in

the House of Commons. Through the revelations made in Mazzini's letters, the English ministers were able to transmit to Austria such information as led to the capture and execution of the brothers Bandiera, who in that year attempted to rouse Naples against the Bourbon.

tion of the Moderates was to divide Italy into three states : a kingdom of the north (that is to say, an aggrandized Piedmont), a kingdom of the south under the Bourbon, and an enlarged Papal principality in the centre. "The Pope having failed them, they are going mad about the first captain of Italy," wrote Mazzini; "and when he fails them they will go mad about the Grand Duke, or God knows whom." When asked to countenance this king-worship, he answered, "Notwithstanding my aversion to Charles Albert as the executioner of my best friends, and the contempt I feel for his weak and cowardly nature, and notwithstanding the democratic yearnings of my own heart, yet could I believe him to possess enough even of ambition to *unite* Italy for his own advantage, I could cry Amen."

But the Moderates had no hope or desire to form a compact nation out of the divided populations. They were utterly unprepared for the national insurrection at Milan in 1848. The people went on fighting, without heeding the upper classes and the municipal authorities, and on the fifth day the Austrians fled in disorder, leaving 4000 dead. The Venetian insurrection followed. Plainly, the people had learned the first lesson taught by Young Italy, — the duty of winning back their country from the foreign usurper. Should they be left to conquer alone, they would feel their power, and put in practice the second lesson of popular rights. The Moderates therefore sent messengers to Charles Albert, imploring him to take direction of the movement, or he "would hear the republic proclaimed." When it became evident that the revolution would be victorious, the king sent to offer assistance, on condition that a provisional government should be formed, which should draw up a proposal to give Lombardy to the crown of Piedmont. When to hold back longer would have lost him not only the chance of acquiring Lom-

bardy, but his Piedmontese crown, the king declared war against Austria. To the people, of course, the Moderates said that "after the struggle it will belong to the people to decide its own destinies : when all are free, all will speak." Mazzini accepted this programme of neutrality, though he had no belief that the king would prove equal to the task before him. No portion of Mazzini's career, says his biographer, has been more persistently misrepresented and misunderstood than this period of noble self-abnegation, when he put aside his own hopes of a republic to work with the monarchy for the unity of Italy, for which he thought it the first and foremost duty of all to labor. The Moderates imagined that the way to bring about the cession of Lombardy was for the king to conquer alone, and thus compel the people to choose between him and the hated Austrians. The republican volunteers were disbanded, the passes of the Alps left open, and General Radetsky thus enabled to revictual and reinforce his army at his leisure. When the Austrians had taken Udine, the provisional government, struck with terror, sent at midnight to Mazzini, asking him for counsel. He implored them to make known the whole truth and call for a *levée en masse*. Consent was given, but immediately withdrawn by the king's secretary, Castagneto. Mazzini now declared publicly the truth as to the failure of the war. To quiet his voice, a messenger was sent to say that if he would further the scheme of uniting Lombardy to the crown, power should be given him to draw up the constitution of the new "kingdom of the north," and himself be made first minister of the crown. Mazzini replied that war with Austria was now the all-important question; that the aggrandizement of Piedmont would open up endless jealousies among the princes of Italy; that if the king would risk his Piedmontese crown for an Italian crown,

and become really the Sword of Italy, Mazzini would use every effort to aid him with all the revolutionary elements of Italy. The monarch refused.

Space is wanting to recount in full the betrayal of Milan that followed; the victory of the Austrians; the despairing appeal of the Moderates, too late convinced of their error, to Mazzini for advice and help; his organization of a committee of defense; the destruction of his renewed hopes of a people's war by the advance of the king in person; the king's entrance into the city, promising to defend it, though he had already signed an armistice with Radetsky in which the surrender of Milan was agreed on; his swearing from the palace window to fight with them to the death, and his flight by night, by a back way; the withdrawal of his army, and the abandonment of the city to the Austrians.

Garibaldi was then at Bergamo with a small body of republican volunteers. Colonel Medici relates Mazzini's coming among them, rifle on shoulder, asking to join the ranks. "Though accustomed to a life of study, and little fit for the exertion of forced marches, his constancy and serenity never forsook him for a moment. Hearing the fatal news of the surrender of Milan, Garibaldi ordered his band to fall back, my column, as rearguard, covering the retreat. In this march, full of danger and difficulty, Mazzini's strength of soul, intrepidity, and decision were the admiration of the bravest. His presence, his words, animated our young soldiers." But Milan having fallen, all Lombardy fell. "Treason and imbecility," as Mazzini said, had done their work too well. Mazzini went by way of France to Tuscany. "We republicans had offered ourselves as loyal allies to the royal camp; we never declared that camp our own. We ceased from preaching our own principle in order to avoid all disunion likely to endanger the success of the enterprise against the foreign foe;

but we never preached in favor of the opposite principle." From this time began Mazzini's struggle against the internal foes of his country's unity, which ceased only with his life.

The Pope, meanwhile, terrified at the national feeling excited among his own subjects, fled from Rome in the disguise of a footman. Rome was free to govern herself. The Roman Assembly, however, hesitated and temporized, dispatching messengers to the Pope asking for instructions. Mazzini wrote, telling them that the anxiety he was in was not for the *republic*, but for the *unity* of Italy; that the Pope, however, being an *elected* prince, and his flight an abdication, Rome was, for the time being, *de facto* a republic, though bound in duty to call together an assembly of delegates from all the Italian provinces to decide upon the form of government to be adopted by the nation. February, 1849, the Roman Parliament proclaimed Rome a republic, and Mazzini, elected a member of the Assembly, hastened to Rome. On his way through Tuscany, he urged upon the provisional government to take the first step toward making Italy one by uniting Tuscany with Rome. "The people," he says, "voted for it unanimously, but the provisional government refused to ratify the decree." We all know something of the history of the short-lived republic, which was "shamefully stifled in blood by France." The Roman people, though long crushed and degraded, displayed the true virtues of citizen soldiers.

This period of Mazzini's career, says his biographer, was too brilliant for even calumny to obscure. His first care was to make ready for war with Austria. The vigorous preparations for action on the part of the little republic drove Charles Albert to redeem his lost popularity by himself declaring war against Austria, — a war, however, brought to an abrupt end by the shameful battle of Novara, immediately after which the king abdi-

cated, and his son, Victor Emmanuel, ascended the throne. The Roman Assembly now decreed that the supreme executive power should be invested in three citizens. Mazzini was the life and soul of this triumvirate. Rome, he thought, was the natural centre of Italian unity, and it was important to direct the attention and the reverence of his countrymen to her. No one but Mazzini believed that the Roman people would dare to resist the power of France. When news came of the arrival of the French at Civita Vecchia, he was told by the officers of the National Guard that the main body of them would refuse to defend the city. Mazzini "thought he understood the Roman people better than they," and gave orders that the question should be put to the troops. A universal shout of *War* rose from the ranks, and put an end to the doubts of the leaders. After a two months' siege by the French troops sent by Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, during which the Italians performed prodigies of valor, the French mastered the heights about Rome, and were able to destroy the city by artillery. The Assembly declared further resistance impossible, and ordered the triumvirate to come to terms with the French general. Mazzini refused to do so, and sent in his resignation, his colleagues following his example. In his indifference to personal danger, Mazzini remained in Rome more than a week after the French entered it, wandering about the city, "absorbed," as he says, "in the thought of rebellion against the brute force that had thus come down upon us, unprovoked, to destroy one republic in the name of another. How it was that neither the priests nor the French took the chance afforded them of killing or imprisoning me is a mystery." He left at last on a little steamer for Marseilles, whence he traversed the enemy's country, and took shelter in Switzerland.

For many years a vast secret correspondence kept alive the republican spirit of the reënslaved Romans, but the leaders were finally discovered and imprisoned, agents of the King of Piedmont were sent among the Romans, and, "whether from sloth or fear, they sank again into the indolence begotten of slavery." Mazzini was compelled to direct his energies elsewhere. With regard to the many insurrections planned or assisted by Mazzini, Mrs. Venturi declares that without an exception he was ever on the spot, taking personal part in the danger of every movement initiated by himself. This, she avers, is a truth well known to his personal friends, who, during his lifetime, were often compelled to conceal their knowledge of his peril, and speak with outward serenity of the absent one, for whom they were trembling in their hearts.

Piedmont had now been free for ten years, and had won no inch of ground from the foreign rulers of Italy. To Mazzini's appeals to the Piedmontese to awake to a sense of their duty, the king answered by condemning him to death. To counteract his "fatal influence," which might endanger the throne by leading the people to fight their own battle, and also in order to win Lombardy for his master, Cavour declared war against Austria. Louis Napoleon, now emperor, finding it necessary to divert the minds of the French from the recent overthrow of their republican freedom by exciting their greed of military glory, was willing enough to aid Victor Emmanuel, but at the price of Nizza and Savoy. The "royal Esau" sold his Savoyard birthright for the Lombard pottage. In vain did Mazzini, six months before the event, tell the people, "Napoleon seeks Nizza and Savoy, the throne of Naples for Murat, and of the centre for his cousin. *Cavour has agreed to these things.*" The people were deluded by the emperor's proclamation that Italy should be "freed

from the Alps to the sea ;" they forgot Victor Emmanuel's share in the betrayal of Milan, and the treachery of Novara.

Mazzini's whole energies were now directed to *Italianizing* the war. He wrote to the king, assuring him that if he would put himself at the head of the nation to unite Italy, the republicans would loyally support and aid him. "All parties would be then extinguished; the only things left in Italy would be the people and yourself." The excitement caused by this letter was such that the king found it impossible to ignore it. He offered Mazzini an interview. The latter replied that it was as well to speak plainly on both sides before meeting. Convinced that the majority desired Victor Emmanuel for their king, he himself bowed to the will of the nation, and would help the king to the utmost, could he have Victor Emmanuel's promise not to sheathe his sword till he was victorious. "He who wrote this," says his biographer, "was under sentence of death, and obliged to remain concealed in the dominions of the king with whom he made these stipulations," — a sufficient testimony to the weight of his "fatal influence." While the king was still hesitating, Cavour, lately out of favor, returned to power, and began plotting the division of Italy into three kingdoms with Napoleon and Bomba of Naples. All negotiation with Mazzini was broken off. Garibaldi's brigade was still in arms. Many even of the Moderates favored an invasion of the south, but were anxious that the movement, though planned by Mazzini, should not be connected with his name, which, they said, was so identified with republicanism that it would insure the hostile intervention of Napoleon. Mazzini, always indifferent to things personal, wrote to Garibaldi, detailing the preparations already made in the south. He promised that should the movement prove successful he would leave the whole glory and credit to Garibaldi,

while in case of failure he would bear the obloquy himself, and allow the expedition to be called a "Mazzinian dream." To this proposal Garibaldi agreed in writing. Notwithstanding a promise of secrecy, he privately informed the king of the plan. The monarch feigned approval. The general had given the order to march on the following day, when, on receipt of a private telegram from the king, he abruptly broke faith with Mazzini, and left the camp by night. Those who knew Mazzini intimately "perceived a deeper sadness in his smile after every such wrong or delusion; but there was no other change in him."

Pilo, a young Sicilian nobleman, educated by Mazzini in republican virtue, resolved to head the insurrection of the south, having first written to Garibaldi, and obtained his promise to join the expedition should Pilo hold out for eight days. The insurrection was to begin at Palermo on the third. Pilo started thither with a few thousand francs and some pistols furnished by Mazzini, but was detained by stress of weather until the eleventh, and arrived to find the movement suppressed in the city, but the country people still in arms. He took the command, beat the royal troops in every encounter, maintained the insurrection with growing power against an enormous disparity of numbers, not for eight days, but for six weeks, and, having beaten the troops of King Bomba in a decisive encounter, fell by a gunshot wound, and died with a smile on his face, having in that instant received the news that Garibaldi had landed. Facts like these have something to say in answer to such remarks as occur in Mr. Dicey's *Life of Victor Emmanuel* about the absurdity of supposing that the liberation of Italy was to be effected by Mazzini's "high-flown language and grandiloquent proclamations," and the "short-lived illusion that it is possible for regular troops to be worsted by un-

disciplined levies and fortresses captured by popular enthusiasm."

The Moderates now gave out that the whole movement had been secretly promoted by Cavour, with the king's approval, and dispatched agents to Naples to prepare the way for annexing the kingdom to the Piedmontese throne.

Mazzini, meanwhile, was ceaselessly at work preparing the three expeditions which he successively fitted out, with the help of a committee of war formed in Genoa, intending them to carry help into the Papal States; but owing to the obstacles placed in his way by the government, and the eagerness of the volunteers to join the popular hero, Mazzini was reluctantly compelled to dispatch upwards of twenty thousand men, and the arms, steamers, etc., thus collected, to Garibaldi. Then, recommencing his labors, he equipped and officered a body of eight thousand men to enter the Papal States, where the population was ready to support them by a rising. Garibaldi, whom the Neapolitans had proclaimed dictator, approved this plan, and, having exacted a promise that the republican banner should not be raised, the king and the most influential Moderates consented to it. Mazzini's plan was that, as soon as victory should be had over the Pope's general, the Romans should be left, as he would have had the Neapolitans left, to maintain their newly acquired freedom, while Garibaldi should join the victorious volunteers and push on to free Venice. The king agreed to everything, but two hours after sent an autograph letter, *to be shown, not given*, to the military leaders and authorities, forbidding the movement. As Mazzini publicly declared at the time, Victor Emmanuel's policy was "always to endeavor to prevent any popular movement, but always to turn every popular victory to account for the enlargement of his own dominions." Garibaldi still held in his hands the whole resources of the late kingdom of Naples.

The cry of the betrayed populations and the appeals of all true patriots decided him to issue a proclamation announcing his immediate intention of marching upon Rome. This determined the government to act. "If we are not in the Cattolica before Garibaldi, we are lost," said Cavour to the French minister. "The revolution will invade central Italy. We are constrained to act." Mazzini wrote to Garibaldi at the time, saying, "If you are not on your way to Rome or Venice before three weeks are over, your initiative will be at an end." He himself left Tuscany and hastened to Naples, but in vain. Garibaldi's initiative was already practically at an end. Pallavicini, a distinguished monarchist, addressed a letter nominally to Mazzini, but intended as an appeal to the authorities to drive him out of Italy. In it he acquitted him of evil intentions, but called on him to prove his patriotism by withdrawing into voluntary exile, since he was so associated with republicanism that his mere presence was a source of anarchy. The decrees condemning Mazzini to death had never been revoked, and it was only in consequence of the overthrow of the King of Naples that he was able to show himself by daylight in that part of his native land. He answered Pallavicini by refusing to leave Naples. "The greatest sacrifice it was possible for me to make I made, from love of unity and civil concord, when I declared that I accepted the monarchy out of reverence for the will of the majority of the Italian people (no matter how deluded). I will not voluntarily make any other. I have declared that if at any time I should feel myself bound in conscience to raise again our old banner, I would frankly declare my intention to friends and foes. If my enemies do not believe a man who for thirty years has sought only his country's good — so be it with them." Having thus answered, he calmly pursued his course. He saw "*Death to Mazzini*"

written on the walls, and smiled. He felt no bitterness toward the people, knowing that the responsibility of their ignorant injustice did not lie with them. He repeated to the rulers that duties are in proportion to means, and that Naples, being strong and free, was bound to labor for the common freedom of Italy. Garibaldi, however, suddenly blighted the hopes of all enlightened patriots by presenting the Neapolitan provinces to Victor Emmanuel, and then retired to Caprera, lauded by all the monarchical press of Europe. Mazzini, too, departed, seeing that all hope was at an end for the time.

The instincts of the Italian people were true and noble, but they had been corrupted by long ages of servitude. The seventeen years' propaganda of Young Italy had waked the splendid outburst of national feeling in 1848, but it was easier to rouse the instinct of unity and the sense of their right to Rome, Venice, and the Trentino than to inspire them with constancy to win their right for themselves. Yet so long as Mazzini lived the spirit of nationality and the instinct of unity could never wholly expire in their hearts; and as time went on, and it gradually became clear that Victor Emmanuel had no real intention of undertaking the national duty, demonstrations and *émeutes* recommenced in all the chief towns of Italy. To avert a revolution, the servile Parliament voted Rome the capital of Italy, without taking steps, however, to make it such. Garibaldi, urged on every side by his old companions in arms, assembled volunteers in the Neapolitan provinces, for an expedition to Rome. Mazzini, knowing that the king would not allow Garibaldi to compromise him with Louis Napoleon by attempting anything against the Pope, wrote to Garibaldi, offering, as once before, that if he would initiate a Venetian insurrection he himself would take all the blame if it should fail. Venetia

still belonging to Austria, the king would not dare to oppose a popular rising against the foreigner. Garibaldi persisted in the Roman scheme, and again Victor Emmanuel, after promising to shut his eyes till the work was done, sent troops to bar Garibaldi's passage; and when the latter advanced to parley with the king's commander, he was fired upon, and then carried off a wounded prisoner to Varignano.

In November, 1863, Mazzini received a message from the king, begging to form a compact with him "in furtherance of our common object." Mazzini replied that he would not bind himself by any compact. He reminded the king that more than a year before he had openly declared that he had resumed complete independence. He felt no confidence in any who followed the inspirations of the French emperor. "I therefore renounce a compact which is useless. I remain free." In 1864, the king entered into a convention with Louis Napoleon, in which a secret protocol provided for the cession of a large portion of Piedmont to France, as payment for the expenses of the French occupation of Rome, and guaranteed the rights which Austria had usurped over Venetia in 1815. The success of this intrigue would have been perfect but for Mazzini, who was aware of it and divulged its contents. A storm of indignation arose, and the minister who had signed the convention was obliged to deny the truth, giving Mazzini the lie, the monarchical press heaping abuse upon the patriot's head. In 1865, the citizens of Messina elected Mazzini (over whom the death sentence was still hanging) as their representative in the Italian Parliament. He refused to swear fidelity to the monarchy. In 1866, the signs of a coming struggle between Austria and Prussia made it impossible for the king to resist the popular demand for war. Mazzini published some masterly letters, urging the assembling of volun-

teers, that the war might be a national one. The journals in which they were printed were sequestered by the government, but the burst of enthusiasm they caused was shown in the offer to the minister of war of ninety-five thousand volunteers. The minister exclaimed in terror, "This cannot be allowed to go on! This is a *levée en masse*." The greater number were dismissed, but the state of public feeling was such that the king was compelled to declare war, June, 1866. The collapse of the Austrian army before Prussia might have inspired the king to defy France and carry on the war alone, but this would have called forth the popular element, which he feared far more than Austria. The success of Prussia having made it impossible for Napoleon to seize on the Rhenish provinces, he wished to put an end to the war; accordingly the Italian general-in-chief and the high admiral obediently allowed themselves to be beaten at Custoza and Lissa. These defeats were so unaccountable that the cry of treachery was raised on all sides. Napoleon dared not seize upon the huge slice of Piedmont bargained for, but flung Venice—ceded by Austria, not to Italy, but to him—to the Italian people, "like a bone to quiet a hungry dog." An amnesty was granted to Mazzini, possibly in the hope of silencing the voice which told the people that Venice ought not to have been thus accepted as alms from the French emperor, nor their true frontier, the Trentino, abandoned. He refused to accept an offer of "pardon and oblivion for having loved Italy above all earthly things." The Italian government now accused him of a vast conspiracy of assassination and pillage, demanding that the Swiss government should order his expulsion from that country. In a public letter he wrote, "Since you compel me to speak of myself, I say that I am and always shall be your irreconcilable enemy. . . . You have crucified the honor of

my country, and done all that in you lay to cause the future assigned her by God to recede. . . . But neither the love I feel for Italy, nor the deep anger I feel toward all who corrupt or mislead her, has ever made me employ disloyal weapons against you, stoop to accusations which I did not believe, or deny you that liberty of experiment you invoked with hypocritical promises some years back. . . . I would not wear out the uncertain remnant of life left to me for a question merely political. I would leave it to time and your errors to do the work for us. But a question of honor cannot be left to time. . . . A people which, though able to do otherwise, resigns itself to foreign insult . . . abdicates its power and its future."

In 1870 Mazzini went to Sicily. His support had frequently been asked for an insurrection intended to separate Sicily from the rest of Italy, and form of it a Sicilian republic; Mazzini had opposed this in the name of Italian unity. At last he was informed that with or without him the attempt would be made. He had no faith in the success of this scheme, but decided to go to Sicily to throw his influence into the scale of unity. Some of those near him at the time fancied that they detected in him the half-unconscious hope that he might die in the struggle.

The Judas who betrayed him was one who had often been denounced to him as a spy. Mazzini was arrested at sea, and conveyed in a ship of war to Gaeta, to be imprisoned in "the most inaccessible tower of the stupendous fortress built upon that portion of the rock which stretches farthest into the sea." The whole of the rocky peninsula bristled with cannon and was crowded with troops, while five iron-clad war steamers lay beneath the tower in which the prisoner was confined.

The insurrection of Palermo was also rendered impossible, the governor having been reinforced and put upon his

guard. That danger over, the government was embarrassed with its prisoner, dreading that, should any mischief happen to him in his frail state of health, it would be attributed to design. The birth of a prince two months after gave the government the opportunity it wished for opening the gates of Gaeta.

After visiting his mother's grave at Genoa, Mazzini returned to England for a few months, and thence went to Lugano to conduct a republican journal. On the eve of departure he wrote, "The Italian question, which I believed might ere this have become a question of action and realization, is still a question of education." After a year of literary labor, carried on in defiance of incessant illness and recurring attacks of intense physical pain, he set out for England, where he was anxious to spend a cherished anniversary. This induced him to cross the Alps at a season very dangerous for one in his state of health. He was seized with acute pleurisy, of which he died at Pisa on the 10th of March, 1872. His body was carried across the Apennines to Genoa, and eighty thousand of his countrymen followed it to the tomb.

In the following lines, written of Dante, Mazzini has unconsciously described himself, says his biographer, as no words but his own could have done: "His was indeed a tragical life, — tragical from the real ills that constantly assailed him, from the lonely thought that ate into his soul, because there were none whom he could inspire with it. . . . He who bore within himself the soul of Italy was misunderstood by all; but he did not yield; he wrestled nobly with the external world, and ended by conquering it. . . . Endowed with an immense power of will and a patience beyond all proof, inflexible from conviction and calmly resolute, he was of those who recognize no law but conscience, and recur for aid to none but God. . . . The grand thought of a mutual respon-

sibility, uniting in one bond the whole human race, was ever before his eyes; the consciousness of a link between this world and the next, between one period of life and the remainder. . . . Life was not dear enough to him for him to attach much importance to anything personal, but he loved justice, and hated wrong. . . . He concerned himself not about the length or the shortness of life, but about the end for which life is given. . . . He had gone through every stage of the growth of an idea, from the moment when it arises for the first time in the soul's horizon down to that when it incarnates itself in the man, takes possession of all his faculties, and cries to him, 'Thou art mine.' . . . His was the dream of an Italy, the leader of humanity and angel of light among the nations."

At a time when he thought himself dying, Mazzini wrote from his sick-bed a letter of reply to an address, full of reverence and honor, sent him by his Genoese fellow-citizens: "God has offered you the grand mission of creating the Europe of the nationalities. Would that the memory of my name might perish, so might I dying hail you, my brothers, on the path toward its fulfillment."

But Mazzini's life was not spent in vain, and his name cannot perish; it must rather brighten as time goes on, and the mists of ignorance and misconception clear away.

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero."

It gratifies me to find these lines, which have seemed to me so expressive of the truth of Mazzini's life, were applied to him by the author herself at the moment of his death. George Eliot cites them in a letter to a friend, and adds, "I must be excused for quoting my own words, because they are my Credo. Such a man leaves behind him a wider good than the loss of his personal presence can take away. I know how deeply you will be feeling his death. I en-

ter thoroughly into your sense of wealth in having known him."

If, as Wordsworth tells us, we live by admiration, wisely fixed, it is surely good for us to know of men like Mazzini. His was the greatness "all whose strength was knit with constancy." Thinking of his life of ceaseless effort and unwearied patience of hope, we share the feeling so finely expressed by Mr. Myers in the closing passage of his essay on the great Italian: "Is there not something within us which even exults at the thought that Mazzini's years were passed in imprisonment and exile, in solitude and disappointment, in poverty and pain? Are we not tempted to feel triumph in the contrast between such a man's outer and his inward fortunes? . . . We may be well content that he has missed the applause of the unworthy and all that is vulgarizing in a wide renown. Yet we are bound to

use the memory of a good man's life as he used the life itself, as an example to whom it may concern; and for this reason I may be pardoned this imperfect picture of one whom we would not willingly that base men should so much as praise."

I have not left myself space for citation from Mazzini's published essays on *Democracy in Europe* and *The Duties of Man*. They are in the informal style of addresses to the working classes, but though not systematic in shape, they are based on clearly conceived constructive principles. In his conception of freedom, progress, and the sovereignty of the people; his idea of the nation as of divine origin, having a divine end in history, as a moral person, having duties as well as rights, Mazzini's teaching corresponds essentially with that of our American thinker, the late Dr. Mulford, as put forth in his volume on *The Nation*.

Maria Louise Henry.

THE INTELLECTUAL MISSION OF THE SARACENS.

IF history is the study of the movements of men in relation to the forces which generate motion, and the results that flow from it, then must Saracen history offer to the student a large and varied problem.

Judged by the amount of energy displayed, the career of the Arabians was one of the most brilliant the world has seen. When we consider the time through which it endured, and the extent of territory which it covered, we cannot escape the conviction that powerful forces engendered it, and that correspondingly great results ought to be traced to it. None but a superficial observer could watch those currents of life which, from the seventh to the fifteenth century, swept to and fro over eastern Asia and around the Mediterranean

through northern Africa and Spain, baptizing the islands of the great inland sea, and sprinkling the shores of Italy, without raising inquiries concerning the sources and the mission of such activity.

It is an error to ascribe all this to one cause. Religion furnished leading motives. That special form of religion introduced by Mohammed consolidated and directed elements which throve in the desert before the Prophet's day. Islam elevated and gave new form to the older Arabic faith or faiths. But Islam was, in an important sense, the outgrowth of former religious experiences. In the desert were the feeling of infinitude and the awe of solitude. These were merged in Mohammed's Allah. The monotheistic conception was the breath that fanned fires already kin-

dled. Back of Islam lay Saracenicism: the desert life, its religious sentiment, its passions, fury, courage. The living, active, wild, and tremendous forces of the Bedouin were intensified and disciplined under Mohammed and his followers.

How strong those forces were is demonstrated in the magnitude and duration of the movements started and maintained by them.

The relatively few thousands who came from the desert sufficed to inspire millions belonging to different nationalities, and carry them along in currents, religious, social, intellectual, which are properly called Arabic. For, although Arabian blood ran in the veins of relatively few of those who accepted Islam, or ran diluted, the civilization adopted and furthered by them was transfused with the Arabian genius. When, therefore, we speak of the intellectual mission of the Saracens, we use some degree of accuracy. They furnished the impulse to intellectual as well as spiritual and political life. To them must be accredited, in large measure, the mission which that life fulfilled.

The nature and value of the mission have been much discussed. The determination of the one and the fair estimation of the other are attended with difficulties, chief among which may be ranked that illusive haze which everywhere spreads itself over Arabian history. There is such a distance between the depths of ignorance from which the nation rose and the heights of culture to which it attained, the advance is so unlooked for and impulsive, it culminates so quickly after the upward direction has been taken, and it forms such a contrast to the intellectual quietude of surrounding nations, that the reader of history in the dark ages turns to this field with something of that admiration with which, in the later ages of Saracen supremacy, the students of the north turned from the colder climates

and the coarser civilizations, in which they had been reared, to the softer airs of Moorish Spain.

The profuseness of the Arabian learning, the multiplicity of the departments into which it entered, its zeal, the enormous proportions of the resulting literature, the vast libraries, the schools, the lecture rooms with their thousands of students, the universities, the institutions devoted to special sciences, the observatories and laboratories so royally equipped, the schools of logic and grammar, the whole attractive republic of letters, in which princes mingled with the sons of tradesmen or mechanics, while court favorites vied with impoverished authors for the honors of literature, all the ardor of a great intellectual movement passing before our eyes under Oriental guise, dispose the mind to enthusiastic judgments.

To this difficulty must be added the necessity of a careful survey of the actual product of this activity, in order to determine its nature, its value, and the part it has played in the world's progress.

More particularly, in natural science, philosophy, and mathematics, in which studies the mental powers of any people are most severely tested, and those of the Saracens were especially engaged, an independent judgment can be reached only as the result of an impartial canvass of all that was known in these departments before the period of Islam, and a comparison of that which was so known with the state of knowledge at the decline of Mohammedan power in Spain. The details of such a canvass cannot be introduced here. We must be content with general statements, endeavoring to glean out of these fields, as well as from those of poetry, the material for a just estimate of the mission of Saracen culture to the world.

Writers have differed greatly in their opinions of both the nature and value of that mission. Some, captivated by its

brilliant execution, have rated the actors high among the originators of science and the contributors to culture. Others have applied a more critical judgment to the facts of history, and have held the outcome of Arabian originality in much lower esteem. The different results are referable to the standards adopted by the two classes of writers. The severer judges have brought the achievements of the Saracens to the test of progress made in theoretical and systematic science; while the more lenient judges have based their decisions on the extent to which the people carried their general and more superficial knowledge of the departments they cultivated. The points of view are so far apart that we need not be surprised at radically differing conclusions. It is not fair to test the Arabians strictly by either of these criteria. They have a claim on our admiration that does not wholly result from, and cannot be measured exclusively by, the one or the other. Nor would it be right to make up our opinion independently of the circumstances of the nation, the conditions from which it sprang into the rank of a ruling power, the period in which it made its appearance, the resources at its command, and the length of time given to develop its results.

The nation started on its scientific career empty-handed. By its peninsular location it had been largely out of reach of those great civil, religious, and intellectual currents which swept to and fro from the Persian mountains to the Mediterranean, and flowed around the borders of that sea. It came into these movements as a fresh element, bringing nothing that had previously belonged to them save the religious ideas it had borrowed from them. Yet in the possession of mental freshness it brought much, and much that was to its advantage. The Arabians were not an effete people, wearied and worn with questionings and philosophizings. With them

knowledge was not a stale thing. They entered a decaying empire of thought as well as of arms, bringing with them enthusiasm and hope, physical vigor and religious zeal. They had the dew of their youth.

In the then existing conditions of the world, and in view of the previous history of philosophy and science, it may be considered an open question whether the isolation of the Arabians had not prepared for them some special advantage in the race they were to run. Certainly, in other respects, they were fortunately placed for a rapid and honorable career. As conquerors they at once became heirs to the ancient seats of civilization throughout the East, Egypt, northern Africa, Spain, and the Mediterranean islands. They controlled all of value which that civilization had left to the world. They took possession of the chief seats of learning, and were brought into immediate and commanding contact with the representatives of that learning. In the progress of their arms they met the arts of India, opened communication with China, controlled the schools of western Asia, became the lords of Alexandria and her traditions, while, although they could not conquer Constantinople, they were able to demand, and did exact, her literary treasures as a tribute. In a word, they possessed the land. When their attention was once directed to the secrets which the land held, they had the power, the will, and the energy to command their revelation. The Kalifs, moved by exaggerated notions of the value of astrology and alchemy, as well as by that race pride which characterized them, became the enthusiastic patrons of the sciences.

Nor was the time given for the accomplishment of the nation's mission short. From the death of Mohammed to the expulsion of the Moors of Spain was a period of eight hundred and sixty-nine years. And if, in order to allow

for the rise of literary activity at the beginning of this period and the decline at its close, we date from the year 800 to the year 1300, we have still five hundred years in which the Arabian mind had free scope to work out its results.

What, then, were the results?

The Saracens became a learned and, for those times, a refined people, having acquired whatever luxury the material arts afforded, and whatever culture was to be derived from the departments of knowledge which they cherished, and in which they may be assumed to have known the most of what antiquity had to teach, because they had access to the works of the ancients. In natural science, they were the inheritors of the physics of Aristotle and Plato with the more advanced physics of Archimedes, the medicine of Hippocrates and Galen, the botany of Dioscorides, the mathematics and optics of Euclid, the astronomy of Hipparchus and Ptolemy; in a word, the sum of the knowledge of ancient Greece, — and Greece had condensed into her science that of the world. If alchemy were of later birth than other branches of the study of nature, it is yet certain that it did not take its rise among the Arabians. Their most celebrated alchemist, Geber, confesses that he received the larger share of his knowledge from the ancients, and the secrets of the science, if such it could be called, were known in Egypt three hundred years before Mohammed saw the light. In that country Diocletian is said to have broken up the colleges of the priests, and burned the books in which it was believed that they preserved their alchemistic secrets, because the revolts of the country were maintained by the silver which they were able to manufacture out of baser substances. Nor would the fact that Diocletian attributed such mastery of the art to the Egyptian priests be any proof that it was not practiced elsewhere, but

only that a suspicion existed to the effect that what was in other places eagerly sought had become a cherished possession of that mysterious fraternity. That the Egyptians were the teachers of the Arabians has, however, been inferred from the circumstance that the latter exhibit no writings on this subject and show no knowledge of it until after the conquest of the land of the Nile.

In like manner, beside the geometry of Euclid, the Arabians had their version of the Conic Sections of Apollonius of Perga, and we are not to doubt that they received the science of algebra, to which they gave its name, from Diophantus, who wrote at Alexandria before the year 400 of our era.

Since they were, thus, heirs to the science of Greece, and, indeed, of the world, we are not surprised to find the Arabians possessed of those principles of mathematics, astronomy, statics, hydraulics, optics, medicine, and alchemy which they had learned from the ancients through their Christian and Jewish teachers. They were eager pupils in sciences which they had had no part in developing, having received from their instructors the things which are sometimes set down to their credit by those who have advocated their intellectual superiority. The astronomy of Hipparchus and Ptolemy taught them the order, nature, and motions of the heavenly bodies, which it had arranged in systems of eccentrics and epicycles; the inclination of the ecliptic, and the measure of that inclination; the first two lunar irregularities; the form of the earth, and the methods of arriving at its measure. The same astronomy had discovered the precession of the equinoxes, catalogued the stars and given their relative positions for future reference. It had published astronomical tables, and had developed plain and spherical trigonometry for astronomical uses. It is not necessary to say that

the principles of statics and hydraulics, together with the connected subject of specific gravity, had been propounded by Archimedes. In optics, the Greeks understood the rectilinear course pursued by unobstructed rays of light, and the equality of the angles of incidence and reflection when a ray of light falls upon a mirror; and they had deduced many of the consequences of these fundamental truths, including their application to concave and convex reflectors. Ptolemy had carefully investigated the refraction which light undergoes in passing through media of different densities, and had applied the principles thus discovered to astronomical refraction. We need not enumerate the features of medical science known to Hippocrates and Galen, nor have we occasion in alchemy to go further than the confession of Geber, that he had derived nearly all his knowledge from the ancients. The facts before us show that the Arabians possessed a valuable inheritance in the learning of the nations at whose feet they sat as pupils. Occupying the birthplaces of much of this learning, they were near the birthplaces of the rest of it, and were in condition to command their resources. As a consequence they became learned. In like manner, they eagerly seized whatever arts had been discovered by other nations, and became refined. They learned to make paper from those who had received that art from the Chinese; they found an explosive powder—whence our gunpowder—already at hand from China or from India; and they did not disdain to send to Constantinople for their architects. The decimal system, which is popularly credited to them, and is one of the most valuable instruments of mathematical calculation, they are known to have introduced from India. On every hand they displayed wonderful readiness of appreciation and facility of adaptation, quickly discerning and making use of advantages. We may,

therefore, most freely accord to them the praise of enlightenment and culture.

Did they possess a genius for science? Was the Arabian mind scientific in the sense in which the Greek mind had proved itself so, or in the sense in which the mind of Christian Europe proved itself so when, at length, the latter fell heir to the knowledge of the ancients?

If we put the question in this form, we shall find that it cannot be answered by merely enumerating the multitude of things which the Arabians knew. We must consider the use they were able to make of their knowledge. It is an essential characteristic of the scientific spirit that it not only acquaints itself with a multitude of phenomena, but arranges such phenomena in harmonious systems which display pervading laws and point to originating forces. We may have vast accumulations of facts without science, and may go on adding to the store without directly advancing science. Some master mind must come and treat the accumulations scientifically. The discovery of a new fossil species or a new mineral, or, in the present state of chemistry and astronomy, of a new metal or a new asteroid, or, in mental science, the mere noting of a hitherto unnoticed form of action, may be an entirely insignificant event. The process of fact-accumulation often goes on for a long time without any result of importance to science as such. It is not a useless process, because facts are the *a*, *b*, *c*, or the bricks and mortar of science, but they are not science. What we so name is the architectural thought into which the bricks and mortar of facts are wrought, and by which we secure a harmonious unification of phenomena. Of this kind of work we find little or none among the Arabians. They took the systems which were handed over to them, along with a vast amount of material which had not yet been wrought into systems, and they left all substantially as they found it. In one depart-

ment and another they increased the raw material, but they did not know how to work it up. They toiled perseveringly and with self-denial, traveling to the ends of the earth, examining, collecting, studying, and observing, but they had not constructive genius. In astronomy they made numerous observations with their improved instruments, and published astronomical tables, which, as the Saracens were able to observe more closely than their predecessors, were better than those that existed among the ancients. They measured over and over again the inclination of the ecliptic, and, in order to determine the earth's dimensions, they ascertained by careful toil the length of degrees of latitude in two different regions. But they made but one, or possibly two, new discoveries which might affect the condition of astronomical science: the motion of the sun's apogee, detected by El Batini, and the third irregularity of the moon, by Abul Wefa. The first of these observations reflects great credit upon its author. The propriety of giving to Abul Wefa the merit of the second has been questioned, and by some of the highest authorities denied. In view of the dispute we must leave his desert undetermined. Whether or not he detected the motion, it is remarkable that the moon's variation, as the third irregularity is called, was lost sight of by the Arabians, if they ever knew of it. Abul Wefa did not pursue the subject, nor was the amount of the variation reduced to measure. The irregularity was so completely forgotten that when it was noticed by Tycho Brahe it was supposed to be an entirely new contribution to astronomical science. The one discovery in astronomy, therefore, which is fully conceded — that of the motion of the sun's apogee — stands as a marked exception in all the work of the Arabian astronomers, extended over a period of five hundred years. In contrast with this result, Christian Eu-

rope had not been in possession of Greek astronomy more than three or four hundred years before the whole Hipparchan theory was revolutionized by Copernicus, while Newton's great theory of universal gravitation was woven around the whole solar system only a century and a half later. The Saracens had complained of the unwieldiness of the Hipparchan system, but they lacked either the genius or the independence to break away from it.

Their career in other branches of science is of like character.

Into statics and hydraulics they introduced no new principle, nor were they able to move forward and establish a science of motion or dynamics. Their great physicist was El Hazen, to whose credit is to be placed the further prosecution of Ptolemy's observations on the refraction of light, or perhaps the independent discovery of the laws of refraction; certainly the correction of one of Ptolemy's errors. The particulars of astronomical refraction he also definitely and clearly stated, and for this deserves much of the praise bestowed on him, though the ground had already been trodden by Ptolemy. Beyond this work of El Hazen the Arabians do not seem to have contributed to the science of optics, though there was great need of a further practical knowledge of the use of lenses. Before they were through with science, and as early as the thirteenth century, we have found an Englishman, Roger Bacon, busying himself with lenses, and insisting on the importance of optical improvements for the furtherance of astronomical observations.

It is in alchemy more than anywhere else that the Arabians have the credit of new discoveries. But it is universally conceded that in their hands it never attained to the dignity of a science. In their eager search for the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, they were stimulated to the preparation of new

compounds, some of which have proved of great utility in the arts and as instruments of science, but there was no approach to a scientific handling of facts. They are the reputed discoverers of nitric and sulphuric acid; they prepared absolute alcohol and phosphorus; they put sal-ammoniac to nitric acid and dissolved gold; but they did not know the composition of the acids which they discovered, nor was there any system which could connect the facts. They worked away with retort and furnace and reagent through five hundred years, but alchemy was still a chaos. It is hard to understand how so learned a writer as Dr. John William Draper can declare, on the ground of Geber's discovery of nitric acid, that his name marks an epoch in chemistry equal in importance to that of Priestley and Lavoisier. What scientific result, it may be asked, followed the discovery of nitric acid, valuable as that reagent is? The discovery of oxygen by Priestley, and the decomposition of water by Cavendish, and the promulgation of the oxygen theory by Lavoisier, revolutionized chemistry. In like manner, when the same authority declares of Geber's theory—which makes all metals to be compounded of sulphur, mercury, and arsenic—that, though erroneous, "it is not without a scientific value," we can only accept the statement under narrow limitations.

The experience of the Arabians in philosophy repeats that which is illustrated in the natural sciences and in mathematics. In the school of logic and speculation they were learners, not originators. They devoted themselves to these studies with ardor and perseverance; they became voluminous writers. But in the whole line of philosophers, from El Kendi down to Ibn Roschd or Averroes, including El Farabi, El Gazali, Ibn Badja, and Ibn Tofail, no one is looked back to by modern students as an authority. There

was no Arabian Plato or Aristotle. The Mohammedan philosophers are chiefly celebrated for their commentaries on their Greek master, whom they blindly followed. Ibn Roschd, the greatest among them and the last who attained distinction, is quoted as saying that since Aristotle no one had added anything of consequence to logic, physics, or metaphysics; thus denying any originality to the numerous speculative writers of his own faith. Mr. Renan, in his work on Averroes and Averroism, after having, in one edition, denied any original merit to Semitic philosophy in general, characterizing it as an imitation of Greek philosophy, concedes, in another edition, ten years later, some real originality to the Arabian philosophical writers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and grants that, as a consequence of maturer study, Ibn Roschd has rather increased than diminished in his estimation. On the other hand, Munk, after saying that the Arabian philosophy culminated in Ibn Roschd, and that his doctrines were long current in Christian and Jewish schools, where they were both admired and combated, speaks of their author in moderate terms, as capable of being consulted with profit by modern students who would make the study of Aristotle a specialty.

Notwithstanding M. Renan's careful concession, students will generally agree with him that the chief interest attaching to the Arabian philosophical movement rests upon that sympathy which we feel for all intellectual struggles, under whatever faith. The service of the Mohammedan scholars in this department consists not so much in the discovery of anything new as in the preservation and transmission of the old.

In the matter of poetry the case is different. The art and inspiration of verse seem to be indigenous to Arabian soil. Their poetical literature antedates Mohammed, and is a conspicuous feature of the previous times of ignorance. The

development of song among them had a national character. It was not influenced by Greek models. It was Oriental, not Western. The Arabians could not have had much taste for the loftier productions of the Greek muses. Though Homer was translated, in part at least, into Syriac and Armenian, and the Arabians were aware of his rank, they did not care to possess an Arabic version. Perhaps his mythology was offensive to their strict monotheism; more likely, his whole style was discordant with the national spirit. Homer was never translated; and, as the Saracens did not read Greek, it was impossible they should understand or appreciate the beauties of the prince among Grecian poets.

In view of these facts, Arabian poetry is, in our present discussion, of peculiar interest. It gives us the working of the national mind uninfluenced by the ancient culture. Left relatively free to run its course, poetry was developed among the Saracens to such an extent that their songsters have been supposed to outnumber those of all other peoples put together. They delighted especially in lyric and didactic compositions, in the former of which their passions found luxuriant expression. To the Arabian adoration of woman, as well as to the Arabian form of verse, the student of literature traces the songs of the Troubadours in the south of Europe, and of the German Minnesingers in the north. The mingling of Christians with Mohammedans, under the Moorish sway; the constant intercourse between their courts in Spain; the conquest of Toledo by the Christians, involving a still more intimate contact; the union of the courts of Barcelona and Provence, under Raymond Berenger; and the fixation of the beautiful Romance Provençal, in which the Troubadours sung, furnished the conditions under which European poetry drew its form and a portion, at least, of its chivalric spirit

from Arabian sources. The poetic flame flashed from Provence throughout Europe. Sovereigns were proud to be numbered among the composers of songs, in which love and war, devotion and courage, vied for expression.

The genius of the Saracens was poetic. Our review of the question whether it was, in the higher sense of the word, scientific leads us to a negative answer. Poetry and science may be developed together. Probably the highest results of both will be found in their combination. But, strictly speaking, they were not combined among the Arabians.

We are forced to draw a distinction, too often lost sight of, between learning and science. An individual may be learned, and yet be devoid of that constructive and generalizing faculty which is central and controlling in science, and which the Greek mind possessed in large degree. This faculty has distinguished the nations of modern Europe since they came under the influence of Greek thought. A people enlightened by the accumulated knowledge of the ages preceding its existence may yet be so unproductive in the higher fields, where the power of generalization displays itself, as to compel future students of history to deny it a place among the nations conspicuous for their scientific genius. This is the case with the Saracens. They were, for their time, marvelously active and intelligent, enlightened, but not scientific.

One who reads upon this subject will meet the complaint, and nowhere more conspicuous than in the works of Dr. Draper, — to whom, more than to any one else, Americans owe their impressions of the Saracens, — that Arabian science and our obligations to it have been systematically ignored. That author distinctly attributes this to "injustice founded on religious rancor and national conceit." The charges seem ill-founded. If religious rancor and national conceit had at any time pre-

vented the Saracens from receiving the just acknowledgment of their merits, these causes would have operated most powerfully in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, when the antagonism between Mohammedanism and Christianity, Saracen and Latin, was perhaps as pronounced as at any time. But in those ages men who attained distinction as Christians and scholars not only studied among the Arabians of Spain, but afterwards, in their homes, made public acknowledgment of their indebtedness to them, and were loud in their praise of Mohammedan learning. The Arabian sciences, as they were termed by preëminence, were recognized by the best Christian minds of Europe; and the Arabian philosophers were studied, respected, and allowed to influence Christian speculations. Except, possibly in the old Spanish territory, where Moors and Christians fought hand to hand, and where the race prejudice may have perpetuated itself, "religious rancor and national conceit" have probably had little to do with the matter. So far as estimates have been unfavorable, they are quite as likely to have resulted from the application of the stricter standards which some have felt themselves compelled to apply to what must, on every hand, be conceded to be the abundant Arabian learning.

But if it is true that this people gathered a rich harvest from other nations, without adding greatly to the product, what is their special merit? What useful part did they play in the history of learning, and what, in this regard, has been their value?

The Saracens appeared in history at a time when the world was undergoing great and painful intellectual transformations. In the East the Greeks and their immediate pupils had run through their active scientific career. The productive period of Greek science, with the exception, perhaps, of medicine, terminated with Hipparchus. From that

time forward little was added by the ancients to systematic knowledge. At the birth of Mohammed the light of science in the East was struggling for existence; in middle and western Europe it was extinguished among the tossing waves of political commotion. In such an intellectual crisis, the fresh Arabian mind, untutored and not to be fettered even by the restrictions of religion, was attracted by the struggling light. Eager, curious, aspiring, it discerned, or thought it discerned, the value of knowledge. The studies which science offered fell in with its fondness for nature, and that love of mystery which belongs to humanity rather than to any particular race. The passion for such studies went wherever Islam conquered. The Saracens became the custodians of the world's learning. They reached out in every direction, gathering from all sources the ancient treasures of knowledge, and, absorbing them into the body of Arabian science; distributed them with a lavish hand over all Mohammedan territory, and even offered them to the world. The light which was beginning to flicker flamed up and attracted the gaze of the Western nations, awakening them from that intellectual slumber which followed barbarian strife.

This, briefly stated, is the history and mission of Arabian science. It was Greek science rescued from extinction, held in trust, protected, nourished, lifted aloft, delivered over to modern Europe in the breaking-up of the Saracen power.

Those who assert an order in human history as determinate, though not as clearly traced, as that which pervades our material environment, and who take pleasure in searching out that order, will derive satisfaction from contemplating, at this distance of time, the appointed mission of the Saracens, as mediators between the thought of the Old World and the New. Christian students discern in other religions a not

unguided searching after higher ideals. They will acknowledge that when the awe of the desert found embodiment in the worship of one God, great a step was taken in advance of the former Arabian idolatries, and the way was prepared for a beneficent service to humanity, by the establishment, on the broad basis of monotheism, of a political empire which furthered an intellectual mission. That empire, starting from China, sweeping over the plains where lie the centres of the oldest known civilizations, covering in a broad belt the north coast of Africa, and embracing the rich Spanish peninsula, touched, at last, the heart of the life that was forming out of the chaotic elements of early mediæval Europe. Whatever have been the remoter results of Islam as a religion, such an empire, including many peoples, did for ancient science and letters what the earlier Roman Empire had done for Christianity. It paved the way for their preservation and diffusion. When Arabian political unity was ruptured, the republic of letters had been founded. Its unity remained unbroken. Under one language and many bonds of sympathy, those who owed allegiance to different political rulers swore fealty to the expanding culture. The pulses of literary enthusiasm throbbed and gained force as they sped along the channels so opened.

The influence of all this upon European life needs to be appreciated in order that the intellectual mission of the Saracens may be understood. Christian Europe lay between the barbarism of the north and the Saracen civilization of the south. On one side it touched the extreme of rudeness; on the other, the extreme of existing culture. It was moving toward the development of a new civilization peculiarly its own. In that development it was powerfully influenced by the forces on either side of it. The effort of Charlemagne to establish Christian schools was contemporaneous with that of Haroun El

Raschid in a like direction. The two emperors lived in friendly relations and intercourse. We have seen what advantages for such an enterprise the Saracen possessed over the Christian. Haroun was surrounded by a learning to which he had only to open the doors of his mosques. Charlemagne was struggling against an ignorance such as only long ages could dispel. When, finally, the schools of Christian Europe multiplied and took on large proportions, the more advanced scholars, dissatisfied with the meagre instruction afforded at home, attracted by the brilliant light which shone from the Saracen schools, turned their footsteps toward Spain. These men became the advocates, in Christian Europe, of a not only higher but different kind of learning from that which prevailed in the ecclesiastical establishments. They were the pioneer spirits of a broader culture.

On a still larger scale the Christian mind was brought in contact with Saracen learning through the adherents of Christianity who resided in Spain, as well as through court interchanges and protracted conflicts of arms. All along the line from Spain to Palestine, the great currents set in motion by the Crusades brought northern ignorance and enterprise into contact with Saracenic learning and refinement. Christian Europe was now emerging into its most vigorous life. The forces of Islam were beginning to wane. In the period of their decline, the service which the Old World civilization had once rendered to the awakening Arabic intellect was repaid to the awakening mind of Europe.

There is, perhaps, no better illustration of this influence of Saracen culture than that found in the career of the Emperor Frederic II. in the first half of the thirteenth century. In his Sicilian court, in the midst of a luxury and splendor which dazzled the world, Christian and Mohammedan stood on easy footing, and held unrestrained inter-

course with each other. Influenced largely, no doubt, by the freedom in religious thought that had been developed among the Arabian philosophers, and of which Averroes is, to us, the traditional representative, Frederic, whose birth in 1194 dates four years before the death of Averroes, emancipated himself from the prejudices as well as some of the healthful restraints of his time, and, in the intervals of stirring wars, strove to be the introducer and representative of a new civilization, in which science, philosophy, and poetry, along with the refinements of art, should have a scope known only in Mohammedan society. His court became the wonder and scandal of Europe. His Mohammedan tendencies, exaggerated, we may not doubt, by his enemies, were a reproach. He cultivated the new sciences, was himself versed in them, and largely in their interest, we may presume, he founded the University of Naples. If it is impossible precisely to determine his influence on the intellectual life of Europe, it must be remembered how early and conspicuous was the part taken by Italy in the literary and scientific awakening which followed. The century in which Frederic flourished gave birth, soon after his death, to a Dante; the next century produced a Petrarch; the next, a Columbus; the next, a Galileo. It is worthy of note that Columbus quotes Averroes as one of the authorities to whom he is indebted for suggestions which led him to faith in the existence of a new world.

The service which the Saracens rendered in science and poetry was supplemented by a similar service in the arts which they brought from the East, and of which Spain became, in a peculiar sense, the home and the centre of distribution. Her civilization, as presented in cities and cultivated farms, made her seem little less than a paradise to the northern peoples. We need not wonder that, out of the raw life of Christian

Europe, men loved to wander into the fair surroundings of the Spanish university towns; nor that, charmed alike with the sweetness of nature, the beauty of art, and the marvels of science, they went back to their coarser homes in the north wishing, and ready to suffer in securing, for their kindred the advantages of learning. In their self-denials, ostracisms, and persecutions might be found material for a chapter which would redeem them, in some measure, from the slight estimation in which they have been held, in common with all Latin Europe, where the condition of things was bad enough, but where were to be found those who pleaded for and strove after something better.

We might here close our review. But it is difficult to forego one or two suggestions, which, though they arise as after-thoughts out of this history, do, nevertheless, give to it a more than scholarly interest. In the departments of natural science and philosophy we find that the Arabian movement owed to Greece pretty much all that it ever attained. In view of present discussions over great educational problems, it is incumbent on us to note that, while the Arabian coveted Greek science, he could not be induced to acquire the language in which the science was preserved. He knew Greek thought only at second and third hand, which is nearly equivalent to saying that he did not know it at all as Greek thought. Everything was approached through a translation, or through a translation of a translation. The Greek genius, the spirit, which could no more express itself in a foreign tongue than could Athens be Athens if set down in the plains of the Nile, had to be clothed in Arabic forms before it could be received by the conquering Saracen. Aspiring to the utilities, the sublimities, of science, but despising the language in which these were embodied, he never caught the excursive, constructive Greek gen-

ius. Dependent from first to last on Jews and Christians for interpretations of the ancient masters, he did not breathe the air of freedom; he never climbed Olympus. So we have the remarkable spectacle of a people toiling through centuries to become by means of translations masters of a foreign learning, that they might build thereon a science of their own. It is probably the only instance of such an attempt, and we must pronounce this instance a failure.

In this respect, the course of the Saracens stands in contrast with that pursued by the scholars of Christian Europe. We have seen that Italy, France, Germany, England, were stimulated to the cultivation of the natural sciences by the Mohammedans of Spain. But early in its history Christian learning detected the error which had been committed by the Saracens. Roger Bacon was the pioneer who, in the thirteenth century, some three hundred years before Melancthon, devoted his life to the prosecution and advocacy of a new education, of which the study of the Greek masters in their original tongue should form the basis, and in which the natural sciences should be a conspicuous feature. The *Opus Majus* of Bacon was scarcely more a treatise on philosophy than on pedagogy. Sound in its arguments, exalted in its enthusiasm, pleading in its tone, it was a bold push for a new intellectual order. It cost him persecution and imprisonment. But the science which finally prevailed in Europe was that for which he uttered his plea. It was founded on Greek culture. Such to-day is the science of the civilized world. What that of the Saracens might have become under a more thorough baptism in the Greek spirit it is impossible to say. We only know what it failed to accomplish. Possibly the Semitic mind was incapable of a larger sweep. Perhaps the Aryan mind alone has the scientific genius, as the Semitic has the religious.

A second point at which our review bears upon modern discussion is that of the relation of religion to scientific progress.

It is apparent to one conversant with the history of science and philosophy among the Mohammedans that the heights of culture actually attained were reached in spite of the restraints of Islam rather than through encouragement given by it. The religion of Mohammed, founded in opposition to liberal learning, never ceased to oppose that learning. From the time of Haroun El Raschid to that of Ibn Roschd science made headway against a religious fanaticism which manifested itself in the destruction of libraries, the burning of condemned books, the persecution of philosophers. Imprisonment, banishment, popular violence, threats of house-burning, fears of death, — to these were men exposed who cultivated the ancient learning under the rule of princes, who, actuated either by their own prejudices or by the desire of popular favor, used their influence in the interest of religious intolerance.

The zeal for science exhibited by great rulers, like El Mamaon, Abd El Rhaman, and El Hakem, must not be allowed to blind our eyes to these facts. Religion, as popularly apprehended, has never been free from the fear of science. Ecclesiasticism, whether in the guise of Islam or of Christianity, trembles before the revelation of its falsehoods.

In the history of Mohammedanism we meet with an early assertion of the right of free inquiry. The impulse given to the Arab mind by conquest carried it out of the fetters of that religion in the name of which the conquests were made. The utilities of science, we might say its superstitions, conquered the superstitions of religion. But the conquest was not final. Learning succumbed at last to the demands of religious belief. The great intellectual

movement ended in the downfall of science and philosophy, the supremacy of fanaticism.

On the other hand, the rise of science in Christian Europe was part of a general movement in the direction of freedom from ecclesiastical control. Men learned to distinguish between religion and the church. Then, the shackles being loosed, all truth became sacred. Nature and revelation, parts of one system, must agree in their final outcome. At first faintly visioning its goal, but apprehending it more and more clearly, this faith, firmly held by the finest Christian minds, has kept them calm among the clash of philosophies, the boasts of skeptical assault, and the fears of timorous believers. It has held the way open for the advance of science; securing for scientific investigation the support of Christians, even at the moments when they disputed doubtful conclusions. The deep conviction enunciated by Roger Bacon six hundred years ago, and held

by believing scholars since, that science is the handmaid of religion, has given to the study of nature its eminent position. Such men have known that among all oscillations of opinion the ultimate truth is secure. They have been willing to wait until the combined verdict of science and religion should be declared. Whatever might become of systems, or creeds, or ecclesiasticisms, the truth of Nature would be the truth of God. Faith is not hostile to science. Want of faith expresses itself in fears and clamors. A large faith lifts inquiry into those heights where all things are seen in the light of divine unity. Without such a fundamental principle as this the two departments of study cannot go on together. Where such a basis of harmony is wanting, religion, degenerating into superstition, will, as among the Mohammedans, smother the life of science; or science, breaking loose from faith, will pursue its way to the ignorance of spiritual being.

Edward Hungerford.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XXVIII.

HARSHAW considered a knowledge of human nature as essential a tool of his trade as the Tennessee Reports, and the common human attributes, so far as he had discerned them, were definitely abstracted and tabulated in his mind, — for he was systematic mentally.

Nevertheless, he was profoundly ignorant of these traits as manifested in his own personality. Had another member of the legislature risen in his place, one day when the spring was just beginning to open, stating that he desired to make a motion based on public rumor, to which he considered the attention of the House should be directed, Harshaw

could not have failed to note the ring of triumph in the voice, the predatory gleam in the eye, the restive eagerness of address, the swift fluency of excited words. He would not have been slow to deny to the demonstration those motives so insistently arrogated, — public justice, patriotism, sense of duty.

His manner had riveted the attention of the House, which was more than usually quiet. It wore that sombre, undecorative aspect common to assemblages exclusively of men. The effect of uniformity of attire was, however, annulled in a measure by the varying expressions in countenance, in age, in attitude. The metropolitan representatives had a more dapper aspect than the members from

the outlying districts, who were distinguished chiefly by a redundancy of beard, a more lavish use of tobacco, and a solid and serious aspect that promised an intolerance of flippancy in matters of religion, and morals, and manners.

Here and there was a face individual enough to arrest attention. Kinsard's head, with its high, earnest brow, its roving, melancholy black eyes, its sharp, characteristic features, stood out from the rest in strong relief, canceling the heads about it to a nebulous suggestion of humanity. He lounged in one of the most negligent of his dislocated postures, He had a smile of bitter contempt on his face, which bore no relation to his attitude of indifference, and expressed an energy of anger which he was at a loss how best to wreak. More than once he looked away from Harshaw, as if to divert his thoughts, to allay his irritation, by the contemplation of the scene without.

The windows stood open to the bland spring air. The languid, quiescent sunshine loitered along the great white stone porticoes, looking in often, a smiling, sheeny presence, upon the grave deliberations within. The river glistened in lustrous curves between high banks fringed with green as far as the eye could reach. The roofs of the city below were almost smokeless, — only here and there a wreathing hazy curl. The old forts on the hills wore all the dismantled and sunken aspect of desuetude, and gathered into the scars of war the blossoms of peace and the nestlings, and garnered the songs and the smiles of spring to make the waste places merry.

Hardly a sound entered at the window, — only the droning of a portly bee which, arrayed in a splendid buff jerkin and a black belt, came swiftly in and went again in a slant of sunshine. Harshaw's voice, echoing from the stone walls, seemed doubly weighty and impressive and resonant.

The House had already received an

intimation of what he was about to say, and although his animosity to Gwinnan impugned his credibility and relaxed the surprise which had been occasioned, his bold overt allusions to his antagonism, his sturdy, undaunted address, had their effect. He said he must impinge upon the indulgence of the House for some personal explanation. Had he consulted his own inclinations, he would have let the matter pass. It had come to his knowledge with no solicitation, no suspicion, by accident, or — with a reverent intonation — providentially, he might better say. But (suspended effect) he was sworn (with a wag of the head) to serve the interests of the people of Tennessee, and (he thumped the desk) right zealously would he discharge that precious and supreme trust! The duty of laying this matter before the representatives of the people was the more distasteful to him because he was personally in antagonism to Judge Gwinnan, whose title to the judicial office it controverted and whose integrity it assailed. He did not seek to disguise the truth; he wished it to be understood — and let the fact have what weight it might — that he would be glad to see Judge Gwinnan removed from the office which it was charged he had profaned. Apart from all else, he had practiced in his circuit; he had experienced his tyranny; he had seen a jury snatched from their deliberations and clapped into jail for some petty ignorant infringement of the deep reverence which Judge Gwinnan exacted for his presence. No! — and the walls rang with the strong, robust tones, — he would esteem Judge Gwinnan's removal a source of great gratulation and a furtherance of justice. But he would be glad, for his own private considerations, if the circumstances upon which the motion would presently be made could have come to the ear of some other member; he appreciated that there was (sneering and smiling) a lack of grace, of seemliness, in the emanation of the

proposition from him, an avowed personal enemy; moreover, he might expose himself to suspicions of his motive.

"Right for once!" cried the unruly Kinsard, striking in suddenly.

The gavel sounded, and the interruption subsided.

Harshaw's opaque blue eyes turned mechanically in the direction of the voice, but with a preoccupied air of seeing nothing he went on, holding the lapels of his coat, as he stood squarely beside his desk.

He could have evaded; he could have delegated the duty to another member, — have made the facts known, have had the witnesses canvassed, have set the machinery in motion, without himself appearing at all. "But, Mr. Speaker," with an arrogant port, "it is not my habit to beat about the bush. I may be maligned by my foes, I may be misinterpreted by my friends, I may be misjudged even by my constituents, but it is my principle to come forth openly, and let my personal feeling weigh for whatever it may be worth."

He paused for a moment, stroking his yellow beard with an excited gesture, his flushed face grave, his eyes intent, absorbed; his whole presence instinct with determination, a hazardous tenacity, a ponderous force. Then dropping his voice to the artificial dead-level elocutionary intonation, he proceeded to make a formal motion that a committee be appointed to investigate and report upon the accusations brought against Judge Gwinnan, charging him with having fought a duel, thus being disqualified for office, and with perjury in taking the official oath.

There was an interval of absolute silence when he had resumed his seat. Significant glances were interchanged. It seemed that the motion would be lost, until a little bland, cat-like fellow arose to say in a falsetto voice, "Mr. Speaker, I second the motion."

Kinsard turned his indolent anatomy

about, and looked with a scathing eye at the little man as, flushed and flustered, he took his seat. There was no possible propriety in the charge of collusion; the two members had all the liberties of consultation and coöperation. Then why, he argued within himself, should Forsey look like a cat stealing cream? Bestirring his recollection, he recalled in him a certain willingness to think ill of Judge Gwinnan when previously threatened by Harshaw; and still dredging for a motive, he remembered, though it happened some years ago, that Gwinnan, sitting as special judge, had blocked the game of a big public contract swindle, in which Forsey had had a large money interest.

Forsey had not the nerve of Harshaw, who was looking about him in reddening displeasure and frowning prognostication of the baffling of his vengeance. If he had indeed no backing but the irresolute Mr. Forsey, the measure would be defeated by a most triumphant majority. The prospect roused all his belligerent spirit, and he held up his head with a snort of defiant welcome, like a war-horse sniffing the battle from afar, when, upon the question being stated from the chair, a member rose to say that he doubted the jurisdiction of the House.

"If this matter be reported correctly as I have heard it during the last two or three days, — to my very great surprise, — if Judge Gwinnan be disqualified by reason of having before his incumbency fought a duel, then he never was a judge except *de facto*. As I understand it, only an officer *de jure* can be impeached for crimes committed while in office."

Forsey wanted to know if perjury in taking the official oath were not a crime committed in office.

Another member asked whether it were the commission of the crime itself which disqualified, or the conviction of the crime.

The gavel sounded, and the member who had the floor persisted.

"I take it that the House cannot prefer articles of impeachment against a private citizen who has unlawfully usurped an office. If he is removed at all, it should be by proceedings in the chancery court in the nature of a *quo warranto*."

Mr. Kinsard rose, half leaning against his desk with a swaying negligence of posture, to call attention to the fact that anything in the nature of *quo warranto* would not begin to do. To have a little one-horse chancellor, way up yonder in the seclusion of the mountains, dump Judge Gwinnan out of his office would not serve the purpose. Could any man imagine that that proceeding, known merely to the members of the bar and the few intelligent citizens of that benighted district who took note of such matters, would satisfy such an animosity as the member from the floaterial district of Cherokee and Kildeer had avowed, with a cheek which might be contemplated only in astounded admiration? Would the infliction of that limited degradation glut the member's ravening greed for revenge for his personal grudges? No! the member wished to disgrace Judge Gwinnan with all the publicity that even the attempt to impeach would entail. He designed that it should be canvassed throughout the length and breadth of the State. It should resound through the clarion columns of every newspaper. Every State in the Union should know that the Senate of Tennessee had organized as a court of impeachment, and the name of Gwinnan should be the synonym of contumely. Upon his word, he could hardly take in the vastness of the effrontery that emboldened the member to acknowledge, to proclaim to this House, his gross, his sordid personal motives in attacking one of the most able, most respected, most diligent, most upright, of the state judiciary. He appealed to the

higher feeling of the House. He begged that they would not be driven like so many sheep into an investigation which was in its very inception an insult, an outrage, and a scandal.

A member demanded from his seat if it were not an obligation imperatively imposed upon the House to inquire into such a rumor, for the purpose of ascertaining and eliciting the truth or falsehood it promulgated. Since such a rumor was abroad, it behooved Judge Gwinnan's friends to advocate an investigation, for it was his only hope of vindication if he were maligned.

Harshaw, leaning forward, both arms on his desk, attentively listening, pursed up his red lips meditatively and nodded with abstracted affirmation, as if pondering the position. He gave no outward expression of gratulation, but he was quick to mark the accession of recruits to his ranks. He could command a stalwart and callous fortitude. He could receive without wincing, without anger, without shame, Kinsard's jeers and thrusts, for the sake of the aroused antagonism which seemed the natural sequence of the young man's insistent arguments.

"It specially becomes the House," continued the member, "to countenance no leniency in regard to dueling and all that pertains to it, after the will of the people has been so unequivocally expressed in regard to the matter of the challenge, or what was so construed, upon this floor."

The member was rebuked here for infringement of parliamentary usage in upbraiding, as it were, the previous actions of the House and interrupting the member who had the floor.

Kinsard, restive under the interpolations, seized the opportunity to resume: "There is no pretense of justification for adopting formal resolutions to asperse the oath of an honorable man, least of all at the instigation of his avowed personal enemy. The story

we have heard is at its worst merely a country boy's 'taking up a dare.' I will venture to say that there is not a man within the sound of my voice who has not had similar affrays, — has not in the days of his youth 'taken up a dare,' has not fought by appointment."

"Will the member explain what he means by a duel?" demanded Harshaw. He did not turn his big yellow head; he only cast his opaque blue eyes at Kinsard, and once more looked down at his hands clasped on his desk.

For a moment Kinsard, taken unaware, was checked.

"Perhaps the member had best begin at the beginning, and define a challenge," suggested a satiric voice from the rear.

There was a sharp call to order from the chair, and Kinsard, rallying himself, went tumultuously on.

"I am not a dictionary," he proclaimed angrily. "I am not here to enlighten your ignorance."

Harshaw, elated by the allusion to the old question of the challenge, intimating anew a flocking to his standard, interrupted cleverly: "I have a dictionary right here, — a law dictionary." He read aloud: "Dueling is the fighting of two persons, one against another, at an appointed time and place, on a precedent quarrel."

Kinsard vociferously claimed the floor, although it had become very evident to the House that the interest he advocated fared hardly less severely at the hands of its friend than its foe. In debate he was no match for the wily Harshaw, — his natural endowments, his enthusiasms, his finer emotions, succumbing to a practiced logic, and a militant habit, and an instinctive discernment of the vulnerable point.

"It is impossible to seriously maintain that a fight between a couple of country boys is a duel," he vehemently insisted. "Everybody knows that the common acceptance of the idea of a

duel is a combat between men — men of station" (Harshaw leaned forward with an air of mock attention, placing his hand ostentatiously behind his ear) — "on some question of honor, fighting under the control and direction of their seconds, at a specified number of paces, and with pistols" —

"Enactment provides that they shall be silver-mounted, hair-trigger," sneered Harshaw.

Once more there was a call to order. But Kinsard, badgered, turned at bay.

"I heard Judge Gwinnan tell you once that unless you kept out of his way he would beat you with a stick, like a dog. How you do tempt the cur's deserts!"

Harshaw rose hastily to his feet. He stood for a moment, his head lowered, his eyes flaming from under his knitted brows; he looked like the champion mad bull of an arena, about to charge. Suddenly he turned, and without a word resumed his seat. There was a storm of applause from every quarter of the house. A dozen voices were crying that the offensive words should be taken down; the clerk hastily obeyed; they were read aloud, and the speaker called upon Kinsard to deny them or retract.

Kinsard could have said with all the fervor of truth that he was sorry indeed, but it was in an inapplicable sense. Hé saw, with a sinking of the heart, the havoc he was making in another's fate, — the moral murder that hung upon his hands. He looked about with despair at the faces around him: they had been friendly, partisan, when he began to speak against the motion; now they were reluctant, alienated, antagonistic. It were better for Gwinnan had he had no friend but his own repute. The impetuous young fellow felt that he had done the worst that was possible. He would not now eat his words. He looked at Harshaw with an indignant divination of his motives, when that

gentleman, begging the indulgence of the House, moved that the matter be dropped. He was not here to maintain personal consequence. He was willing — nay, eager — to waive any individual considerations which hindered the deliberations of the House and the course of justice. If the member were so ungenerous as to decline to apologize for words spoken in heat, confirming them in cool malice, he himself was able to overlook them: the more as his character was, he trusted, too favorably known to be injured by these reflections.

He sat down in the midst of a clamor from a number of eager occupants of the floor, — one of whom the speaker presently recognized, — protesting against the unparliamentary nature of the proposal. The objectionable words were again read, and the speaker called upon Kinsard to apologize or to deny them.

Perhaps Kinsard, alone appreciated in this edifying demonstration, Harshaw's policy. He could not be tempted to run counter. He would not slack his pursuit of Gwinnan for another trail, however alluring. He had higher game in view than the stripling's insults could furnish. And he had made himself an example of marvelous tolerance, forbearance, and dignity.

Kinsard, lowering and pierced with all the barbed realization of futility and defeat, adopted his words, refused to retract or apologize, and, being commanded by the speaker to withdraw, took up his hat, and, with a scornful, indifferent manner that angered every member as if charged with a personal relation, strode out of the room.

Harshaw had followed his motions with narrowing eyelids. His attention had relaxed with momentary exultation at this result. He was smiling a little in his beard, and he glanced in a debonair preoccupation out of the window near his seat. The sky was red, for the sun was going down. He noted the flush with a casual eye, unprescient how

it should be with him when the day, fading now and dropping its dulling petals on every side, should whitely bloom again. Then he reverted with zest to the proceedings within.

Kinsard walked slowly along the portico to the flight of steps. A belt of clouds, their edges glinting with gold, obscured the scarlet disk of the sun, but from their lower verge a great glory of yellow light gushed down, each of the multitudinous rays distinct, giving a fibrous effect, upon the blue hills of the horizon, upon the city in the foreground. Here and there they struck upon a spire or a tin roof that responded with a glister fiercely white. The intervals showed soft shadows of restful tints, the tops of the budding trees, the silver-gray shingles of an old house, and here and there an open space where the renewed bluegrass grew apace. It wore a dark richness all adown the slopes of the Capitol hill. Somehow, as he noted it, there was borne upon him for the moment a subtle intimation of the serenity of that life of Nature close to our artificial existence, mysterious, inevitable, quiescent. The contrast gave a sharpened sense of the turmoils of his heart, the weariness of his spirit, the rasping jars of his petty cares. He paused on the sidewalk and looked about him. Then he produced a cigar, and took his way down into the city.

He did not fear the sentence of the House. He was resolute in the position he had taken, but he carried throughout the evening an imperative sense of abeyance. He noticed with a secret scorn the clumsy efforts of his legislative friends to sound his state of mind, when they came down from the Capitol; he divined their fear of a collision, their anxiety that the asperities with Harshaw should be allowed to quietly drop. They sought to have him observe that they considered he had the best of it, and that an apology now from him would mean merely a desire to promote public inter-

est. Only the age of another adviser — his father's friend as well as his own — restrained him from openly ridiculing the deep satisfaction which this mentor evidently derived from the fact that the young man's mind would be occupied with lighter themes during the evening, and he might forget the rancors of the debate. His thoughts, however, were incongruous enough with the scene of a fashionable wedding, where he officiated as an usher, and he paced the aisles of the church with as mechanical a notice of his surroundings as a somnambulist. His attention hardly pretermitted its hold upon the subject that had absorbed him, and when again at liberty he went at once to his room at the hotel, with a view of changing his dress to attend the night session of the House.

It was the slightest matter that attracted his notice. He had lighted the gas, and as he glanced into a drawer of the bureau some trivial difference from the usual arrangement of his effects caught his eye. He stood for a moment in motionless surprise. Perhaps it was accident, perhaps his alert divination, but he slipped his hand beneath the pile of garments and touched a wooden case of pistols. He flushed slightly, and for a moment he was ashamed. He had doubted if it were still there. He had thought that perhaps his cautious friends might have robbed him, pending the time when he was in anger, of the means to do more than war with words. He had taken instant fire at the idea of an interference with his liberty. It was the smouldering embers of this thought that actuated him rather than any serious expectation, but suddenly he turned back to the bureau and lifted the case. He opened it slowly. It was empty. He gazed at the vacant space, his eyes flashing, his cheek flushing. The pistols had been abstracted, and the case left that his attention might not by its absence be directed to the weapons. He could easily divine all of his friends'

arguments. He would not notice the disappearance of the pistols, they must doubtless have said, unless he wanted them. He would not want them unless he were intent upon some fatal folly. He could not supply himself anew, for all the shops were closed, and by tomorrow he would be in a cooler frame of mind.

His indignation was natural enough. He took heed, too, of contingencies of which his anxious friends, accustomed to him always in the character of assailant, lost sight. "I should be helpless," he said, "if that man should attack me. I should be incapable of self-defense."

Suddenly he caught up a light spring overcoat, threw it over his arm, and left the room. As he went down the staircase into the rotunda of the hotel, he seemed the embodiment of handsome, gay, fortunate youth. His cheek was flushed; his eyes were very brilliant. He paced up and down the floor for a moment in front of the counter, for strangers were registering their names and the clerks were busy. The fountain tossed up its spray, and the tinkling drops fell into the basin; around it plants were blooming. Somebody journeying from the South had presented the hotel with a little alligator, that splashed about in the water and was a source of diversion to the out-comers and in-goers, many of whom paused to rouse it up with their canes and punch the head of the infant saurian. Kinsard walked presently to the desk.

"I want to borrow a pistol," he said to the clerk, to whom he was well known.

The official, fancying that the guest contemplated a journey or a long nocturnal drive into the country, and that the request was a matter merely of precaution, turned with alacrity, took a pistol out of a drawer, and laid it on the counter. He was looking for the cartridges, when an acquaintance of Kin-

sard's demanded casually, "What do you want a gun for?"

Kinsard lifted his brilliant, reckless eyes. "To shoot Bob Harshaw," he declared.

The clerk turned hastily from his search, and made a motion to clutch the pistol.

Kinsard's grasp had closed upon the handle.

"Man alive!" he cried angrily, "do you think I would use it except for self-defense?"

He hastily thrust it into his pistol pocket, and went out into the night.

It was moonless and very dark, despite the myriads of scintillating stars. The Capitol was visible only as suggested in the irradiations of its great flaring yellow windows, and the lights without on either side of the long flight of steps. As Kinsard ascended, he noticed on the broad portico a group of men, separating at the moment, three of them going within and one approaching the steps.

He could not fail to recognize Harshaw's bluff manner, his portly figure, his long yellow beard, and his brisk, light step; and as the younger man walked along the portico Harshaw's eyes, glancing out sharply from under the brim of his slouch hat, identified him. There was no one by to note how they should meet; the significance of the encounter might have rejoiced the lovers of sensation. Kinsard was about to pass without salutation, but Harshaw, whirling half round on his light heel, paused, and with a bantering smile on his dimpled pink face showing in the gaslight above their heads, "Great news!" he exclaimed. "They've appointed a committee to investigate 'the jedge'!"

Kinsard experienced a sharp pang of dismay for Gwinnan's sake.

"And I suppose now you are satisfied," he said, bitterly.

"Oh, no, my dear little sir. I am not half satisfied!" cried Harshaw, with

his liquid rotund laugh. His foreshortened shadow swayed on the blocks of white limestone, as if it could scarcely contain itself for laughter.

He had lost the poise which he had endured so much to maintain that day. He was intoxicated with his triumph; and indeed he could afford to indulge it, for he felt that there was nothing now at stake.

"And that is the reason," continued Harshaw, "that I feel I owe you an obligation which I must not let pass without acknowledgment. In your able and cogent speech, this afternoon, you did more to effect Judge Gwinnan's impeachment than, unaided, I could possibly have compassed. Let me beg you to accept my thanks — ha! ha! ha!"

Deeply wounded by this thrust, and conscious of the injury he had done Gwinnan's interests, Kinsard turned upon him, but not without dignity.

"Mr. Harshaw," he said, "if I believed you to be sincere in this matter, if I thought you were not ingeniously perverting the facts and the law, I should most willingly coöperate with you. But I know your motives to be a rancorous jealousy and an insatiable spite. And if I have not done anything to nullify them, it is not because I am without the will."

He looked at his interlocutor from head to foot, as if he found a source of surprise in his very embodiment.

"I cannot imagine how a soul so petty should be so corpulently lodged. It might appropriately animate some tiny writhing worm that, showing venom, could be crushed by a foot."

"Look here, youngster," said Harshaw, sneering and showing his strong white teeth, his eyes gleaming under the brim of his hat, "I know you mean you'd take my life, if you could defy the consequence. But you'd better mind how you go to extremes in Gwinnan's service. I have a contempt for you, but a pity, too. I know you are

only his miserable tool, his abject creature."

Kinsard sprang forward with the suddenness of a tiger. A stinging thrill ran through Harshaw's face before he could realize that with an open palm he had been struck upon the cheek.

It was the impulse of the moment, — he never could afterward explain it to his will, he never could justify it to his policy; he was shocked with an extreme surprise when the keen, abrupt tone of a pistol rang upon the chill night air, and he became conscious that he was shaking a smoking weapon in his right hand, jarred in some manner by the discharge. The young man had flung himself upon him; he saw as in a dream Kinsard take one convulsive step backward, and fall from the verge of the great portico to the stones below. There was a moment of intense silence. Harshaw looked wildly to the doors, the windows, expecting the issuance of startled men, roused from their deliberations. It was strange; if the pistol-shot had been heard, it had doubtless been accounted some violation of the ordinance prohibiting target-practicing within the corporate limits. Hardly a moment had elapsed when Harshaw ran down the long flight to where the man lay, half in the shadow and half in the light, at the foot of the stone wall.

"Are you hurt?" he cried in an agonized voice, as he bent over the motionless figure. "Are you dead — already?"

He took one of the listless white hands, — very listless it was, and chill.

As he moved the submissive figure he felt the pistol in the pocket; he drew it forth, glad at least that the man was armed. As he turned it in his hands he saw in despair that it was unloaded. What theory of self-defense could this bear? The next moment his quick eye noted that the bore and make were the same as his own weapon. He slipped in a cartridge, two, three, and replaced

it in Kinsard's pocket. Then he rose to his feet to summon help. He turned as he was about to ascend the steps, and looked back fearfully over his shoulder.

The sudden remembrance of his vision smote him. He gazed upon the scene as if he had before beheld it. The man lay there at the foot of great rocks, motionless and with an averted face.

He had braced himself as well as he might to endure the shock of public reprobation, surprise, repulsion, reacting on his own nerves, sensitive to every variation of popular opinion, when he should go to his associates, his weapon in his hand, the report of his own foul deed upon his lips. And yet, strong as he was, he faltered, he tottered, he fell almost fainting against the door at which he entered. He had a vague idea of the startled faces turned toward him, the expectant stillness, the sound of his hoarse, disconnected words in an appalled staccato, the sudden rush, the wild clamor. He hardly recognized the two men who-disengaged themselves from the turmoil and came to him, — the best friends he had in the world, he might be sure now. He was only aware of what he had said and how well he had said it, when he was supported between them to a carriage, and was driving with them, and with the officer who had been summoned at his request, to the magistrate's house. His friends were talking together in respectful undertones of this "unfortunate affair," and arranging the details, — a little complicated because of the late hour, — that there might be naught more unseemly than giving speedy bail. Neither intruded on his reserve. The officer was silent, unofficial, respectfully null, effaced. The stars were bright in the dark sky. The horses' hoofs flashed fire.

The magistrate, roused to the fact that justice may not sleep when wrongs are to be righted, made the necessary inquiries in so grave and courteous a

tone that it seemed he recognized that the occasional killing of a gentleman may be lamentable to the deceased and inconvenient to the surviving, but nothing to unduly stretch the limits of his elastic impartiality and abeyance of harsh opinion. He promptly accepted the proffered bail, and Harshaw's friends left him only at his bedroom door, where they shook hands gravely and kindly with him, and in response to some muttered thanks declared they proposed to see him through.

He found beneath the door the cards and notes of other friends, who, hearing some wild rumor of the trouble, had called to proffer services. His lip curled triumphantly as he scanned them one by one. They represented the estimation in which he was held. They intimated a reliance on his good faith and motive in any deed.

"But I tell you, Mr. Harshaw," he said ceremoniously to himself, "'t would have been mighty different if 't was n't for your own smartness!" For he could hardly thank his craft enough for the timely expedient of slipping the cartridges into Kinsard's empty pistol.

He slept badly in the earlier part of the night, but toward day he fell into a deep and dreamless slumber, and woke refreshed. It was later than usual, and he was solitary at breakfast save for the presence of strangers. The corridors were well-nigh deserted when he came out, with his unfolded newspaper in his hand, — he would not look at it earlier. Most of the members who sojourned at the same hotel had gone to the Capitol. The reading-rooms were quite empty, but for the presence of the sunlight in glittering white blocks upon the carpet. He had lighted a cigar and flung himself into a chair, nerving himself to read the accounts of the shooting and the comments, when suddenly one of his bondsmen came into the room with so precipitate a manner, so perturbed a face, that the trouble so cleverly ma-

nipulated assumed anew an indefinitely threatening aspect. He felt his muscles tighten, his pulses quicken, as he asked hastily, "What's up?"

He could not disguise the nature of the look the man bent on him; it made him tingle from head to foot. And yet his errand was the last offices of friendship.

"You're too quick on the trigger in more ways than one, Harshaw," he said. "Kinsard was not hit."

If Harshaw's conscience had suffered one pang, this announcement might have weighed more with him than all that was to come. The extreme surprise told only on his nerves: his heart thumped heavily; his breath was short, his face flushed; he looked at his interlocutor with eyes that seemed lidless in their intendment.

"Kinsard was not shot. He lost his balance, and was stunned by the fall. They have been working with him all night long, but the doctor says he'll pull through now." The man faltered a little. It was hard to look into another man's eyes and say this. "He revived once before you left. He saw you, in the gaslight, load his pistol with your cartridges. And then he fainted again. I thought I'd tell you. The whole town's talking."

It was admirably managed, — Harshaw's long amazed stare, the slow rising from the chair, the rotund, resonant laughter filling the room. It renewed his friend's faith in him.

"Lie, eh?" he asked anxiously.

"Go away!" Harshaw bluffly waved him off. "I'm done with you. Coming to *Me* with a cock-and-bull story like this, — the visions a stunned man saw between his faints!"

As he took his way boldly down into the rotunda, amongst the crowds of men assembled there, the effect of his presence, his manner, his bluff, hilarious voice, as he canvassed the story, did much to annul the belief in it: in fact, might have

destroyed it but for the recollection of the clerk's declaration — silently pondered — that the pistol loaned was new, had never been discharged; that the box of cartridges was unopened in his possession; that Kinsard went straight from him to the Capitol; that the shooting occurred within fifteen minutes.

The subtle perception of this mental reservation had no effect on Harshaw's capable swagger and burly ridicule, but as he noted it he was saying again and again to himself, "You're a mighty smart man, Bob Harshaw. You're just a little mite *too* smart. There's no mistake this time. It is you who are dead, — politically as dead as Hector."

No action was taken in the matter by the legislature, for it bristled with unprecedented difficulties. The session was drawing to a close. Harshaw's usefulness had already ceased. Whatever measures he had advocated were tainted with suspicion and encountered disfavor. Bereft of the influences of his enmity toward Judge Gwinnan, the committee appointed to investigate the charges against him deliberated, and dawdled, and finally reported adversely to the resolution to prefer articles of impeachment. Their doubt of the jurisdiction of the legislature was said to be the determining cause of their action. It was a perplexed and a troublous question. And thus they washed their hands of it.

It had been in this cause that Harshaw had flung himself away, and it was in this result that he experienced the extremest rigors of defeat. It added to the helpless chagrin with which he watched his future, coming on so fast that already its coarsened grotesque features were wearing the immediate aspect of the present. A fine contrast he was, to be sure, to the man whose seat on the bench he had sought to shake, still serenely immovable, while he, the loiterer about the tavern at Shaftesville, beginning to drink heavily now,

although his habits had been temperate, telling idle stories to the other loiterers with the zestful skill acquired as a politician, useless now, must needs watch all the interests that he had spent his life to conserve dwindle by degrees, till, case after case withdrawn from him, he should become a mere hanger-on in those courts in which he had aspired to preside.

And then there came to him news for which he felt he had no commensurate capacity for astonishment. Gwinnan, aggrieved by the indecision of the legislature, was clamoring for a vindication. It was nominally at the relation of a third party that the attorney-general brought a suit in the chancery court to test his title to office; and in the interval before the trial Mr. Harshaw had a great deal to say about judicial white-washing, and speculated much concerning the probable result of the case, and pondered deeply on Gwinnan's motives in encountering its hazards.

Sometimes he was half minded to discredit their probity, and then, ambitious of all that may serve to lift, he fell envious again, and railed at his harsh penalty, that, being not all base, one crafty deed — sequence of how many crafty thoughts! — should determine his future and affix his life sentence.

XXIX.

It seemed to Mink Lorey, trudging on toward the mountains, as if they had been suddenly caught up in the clouds. The horizon had fallen from their invisible summits to the levels of the cove, and where the flat stretches of the perspective met the nullities of the enveloping vapors the scene had all the prosaic, denuded desolation of prairie distances. Yearning for the sight of the blue peaks, he felt as if it were in rebuke, in alienation, that they had hidden their faces from him, had drawn the tissues of the

air about them and veiled their heads. As the day unfolded hour by hour, as the distance lessened mile by mile, he sought if perchance in a rent of the mist he might not glimpse some dome, the familiar of his early life, unchanged through all the vicissitudes that time had wrought for him. Once he was not sure if it were mountain or cloud outlined in individual symmetry amongst the indeterminate, shapeless masses of vapor. Then the haze thickened, and he lost the semblance, whether of earth or air.

It was before dawn that he had escaped from the haven he had found, and Mrs. Purvine, throughout the day, keeping watch over these snug quarters, guarded an empty nest. After the first deep, dreamless slumber of exhaustion he had silently slipped out, taking his way toward the Great Smoky, the thought of Alethea heavier than all his calamities. He knew naught of the report of his pardon; he hardly cared now what might betide him. He would see her and tax her with her fickle heart, and then he would flee whither he might. Sometimes, as he toiled along, he would raise his arm with a frantic gesture, and again and again his lips moved unconsciously as he forecast in sibilant mutters the words that he would say.

There was little danger at this early hour of meeting any traveler along the deserted road, but he hardly felt safe until he reached the base of the Great Smoky, and was amongst the dense laurel of those mighty forests, still veiled with the mists and effaced from the day. He turned back often, despite the numbing clutch of despair in his heart and the turbulence of his rage, hoping that he might see again Chilhowee with the sunshine on it; with the circuit of birds in the adjacent domains of the sky; with the detached flakes of mist, like stole-clad figures, in airy processional pacing the summit to elusive evanescences; with its colors of bronze-green,

and anon purple, and, stretching far away, more finely, softly azure than the heaven it touched. Alas, no, — this he might remember. And yet he had chance rencontres with old familiars. A torrent, gray-green, glassy, whitely foaming, darted out from the vapors suddenly, and was suddenly withdrawn into the blank spaces. And was he akin to the balsam firs; could he have met brethren with more joy? Even when they towered undistinguishably above him, they whispered to him a word now and then, and filled the air with the cordial, inspiring sense of their presence. And what was this? He stood still to listen, staring into the white vagueness of the invisible woods. A fitful, metallic tinkling. Was he so high up the great steep that already he could distinguish the bells of the herds, or was this a stray? He heard a hoof struck upon the ground presently, the sound of munching teeth, and suddenly a horse's head was thrust forward amongst the mists, showing a black mane and wide brilliant eyes and the arch of a clay-bank neck.

"Thar ye be, Grasshopper! At it agin, air ye?" Mink called out, with the rancorous formula of an old reproach.

It was a horse that he knew, and knew well, — one of the charges of the herders during the previous summer, — a wild young creature, with a proclivity for breaking bounds and straying. The animal pricked up his ears at the sound of his name, and his eyes met Mink's with seeming recognition. The young mountaineer reflected that it was he who had usually salted the animals. With a hope of bettering his plight he held out his hand.

"Cobe! Cobe!" he called seductively. The horse looked dubiously at him, as he stood, one hand thrust in his leather belt, his white hat — an old one belonging to Jerry Price, which Mrs. Purvine had loaned him — perched on the back of his head, his red hair limp with

the moisture of the damp day. The creature approached gingerly, snuffing at the empty hand. He moved back abruptly, detecting the deception; but Mink had caught him by the halter which he wore, and sprung upon his back.

"Gimme a lift up the mounting, Grasshopper," suggested Mink placidly.

The stray reared and plunged and kicked, striving to unhorse the rider, who, although without saddle or bridle, contrived to maintain his seat, but could neither govern nor guide the animal, that at last bolted off through the woods, running as rapidly as the nature of the ground would admit. On he went, invading the mists; piercing the invisibilities of the wilderness; up hill and down; among boulders and gigantic trees, dimly looming; fording streams and standing pools and morasses; pausing to kick and rear and plunge anew, and away once more. Mink waited calmly till the stray should exhaust his energies. This proved longer than he had anticipated. But after several delusive intimations of abating speed the horse fell into a canter, then into a trot, and as Mink pulled on the halter the comity with his rider was renewed once more, and he lent himself to guidance. Looking about him, the young mountaineer could hardly say where he had been carried. Once, as the mist shifted, he saw through the limbs of stunted trees a great peak, a mile away perhaps, appearing and disappearing elusively among the rifts. He began to understand that he was on the summit of the ridge, in the interval between two great uprising domes. Often he must needs lie flat on the horse's back, lest the low boughs of the ancient dwarfed trees sweep him to the ground; as it was, they played cruel havoc with his old jeans coat, and once snatched his hat away. He drew up with difficulty, and as he clapped it on his head he heard again, in the momentary silence of his horse's

hoofs, the tinkling of bells other than the one which the nomadic Grasshopper wore at his neck. He rode toward the sound. It led him into a limited open space, where the trees, struck and burned by the lightnings, had fallen charred upon the earth; two or three cows were pausing to crop in the lush grass, despite the crack of a whip and the call of a herder. Mink recognized the voice of his old comrade, Doaks.

The mounted figure of the fugitive loomed, half discerned, gigantic in the mist, as Ben Doaks stood and stared. The horse, restive, freakish, rose upon his hind feet, pawing the air. The young mountaineer, half doubting the policy of revealing himself, his prudent fears returning, hesitated, then leaned forward and waved his hand. He did not speak, for Doaks suddenly, with a wild, shrill cry of terror, turned and fled.

Mink sat his horse motionless, staring in amazement. An angry flush rose to the roots of his hair.

"Ben's 'feared ter hev enny dealin's with law-breakers an' sech," he sneered. "Feared the law mought take arter him."

He rode along for a few moments pondering his jeopardy and the long imprisonment to which he was sentenced. If this demonstration were any indication of the feeling against him, he would be taken again here amongst the herders, or at his home in Hazel Valley, or in Wild-Cat Hollow.

"I ought n't ter go ter see Lethe," he said to himself. "I ought jes' ter hustle over inter North Car'liny, whar they dunno me, an' git in with some o' them folks ez lives lonesome, — the herders, or them Injuns at Quallatown, — till the sher'ff gits tired o' huntin' fur me. Nobody 'lows but what I'm dead 'cept Mis' Purvine, an' she ain't a-goin' ter tell on me. I dunno 'bout Lethe; mebber she'll 'low 't ain't right, 'specially sence she air so powerful pleased with the jedge. I'll git cotched sure ef I keep a-roamin'

'round nyar like a painter, or that thar harnt o' a herder ez rides on Thunderhead."

With the words there flashed upon him a new interpretation of Ben Doaks's sudden flight. He recollected the significance of an equestrian figure here, strangely silent, looming in the mist. As he looked about him, catching vague glimpses of the neighboring peaks, he recognized the slopes of Thunderhead.

"Ben mus' hev been over ter s'arch fur strays, an' I reckon ye air one of 'em, Grasshopper," he said.

His lips were curving, and his eyes brightening beneath the brim of the old wool hat. His prudent resolves vanished. He leaned forward, and deftly divested the horse of the bell. He tossed his head gayly as he struck his heels against the flanks of the animal, with an admonition to get up.

"Ef I don't ride up thar an' skeer them herders on Thunderhead inter fits, I'm the harnt Ben takes me fur, that's all."

That misty morning was long remembered on Thunderhead. To the herders, busy with their simple, leisurely, bucolic avocation on the great elevated pastures, as aloof from the world, as withdrawn from mundane influence, as if they herded on lunar mountains, there appeared, veiled with the mist and vague with a speedy gait, the traditional phantom horseman: more distinct than they could have imagined, more personally addressing its presence to the spectators, silently waving its hand, and then leaning forward and clutching at the empty air, as if it would fain reach them, and once assuming an aggressive aspect and leveling an unseen weapon.

The cattle had not all arrived at their summer pastures from the coves and the "flat woods." To-day young Bylor, whose father was a farmer on the slopes below, had driven up a "bunch" of cows, and while he was standing quite alone, at some distance from the cabin,

engaged in readjusting a brass tag which had been lost from the horn of one of the animals, he heard the sound of an approach, and glanced about him in the fleecy white nullity that had taken the place of the erased world. He did not recognize in the dim figure of the horseman the terrible ghostly herder, the steed rearing and plunging, the erect figure looming gigantic, merging with no distinct outlines into the enveloping uncertainty of the mist. He stood stolidly gazing for a moment; then he hailed it.

"Howdy, stranger!" he cried.

The figure paused; the horse fell upon his haunches and pawed the air with his forefeet, while the rider leaned forward, beckoning slowly as Bylor approached. What monition induced him to pause he could hardly have said. The significance of the insistently beckoning apparition flashed upon him in the moment. He turned precipitately, stumbling over the roots of a tree and falling prone upon the ground; then, recovering himself, he ran at full speed through the blinding fog toward the cabin. He swore afterward that he heard behind him the tramp of a horse's hoofs and a voice laughing mockingly.

At the herders' cabin he found Ben Doaks and his partner from Piomingo Bald, pallid and shaken, among the other herders who had gathered there, all panic-stricken, and each arguing to shift to his partner the responsibility of the care of the cattle, that he might leave the weird, haunted summits, and find rest and peace and reassuring human comradeship in the prosaic depths of the cove.

"From what I hev hearn tell 'bout that thar herder," said Doaks, with his facile credulity, "none o' we-uns air a-goin' ter hev sense enough ter keer fur cattle 'n' nuthin' else fur a year an' a day. Leastwise that hev been the 'spe-riunce o' other folks ez hev viewed the harnt."

He laid on another stick of wood, for the day was chill, and the great fire crackled and sparkled, and the red and yellow flames darted up the rude and tremulous chimney, and gave the one bright element of illuminated color to the dark interior. The bearded men grouped about the fire were seated, one on a keg of salt, three on a log, and Ben Doaks had dropped on a saddle flung down upon the hearth. The door was closed; once it came unbuttoned, and every face turned quickly to scan the shivering mists, pallid and cold and opaque, crowding to the entrance, to be shut out summarily into the vast vagueness of the outer world.

"I dunno ez I feel ennywise lackin'," observed another, after a long introspective pause. He rubbed his hand meditatively over his beard. "I never 'lowed ez I war special gifted, but I ain't a spang fool yit."

"I reckon we hain't hed time ter 'spe-riunce it," said Doaks, as he settled himself to wait for the dreaded doom, a little astonished, subacutely, to be conscious of no diminution of mental power.

"I seen him so close!" cried Bylor. "I wish ter goodness I hed shot at him!"

"Bullet would jes' hev gone through him," said Doaks; "'thout interruptin' him none."

"Waal," rejoined Bylor, "I hev hearn some folks 'low ef ye shoots at a harnt they don't like it, an' sorter makes tharse'fs sca'ce arter that. I dunno what ailed him ter take arter me. I never herded with him on Thunderhead. I ain't no herder, an' never war. I hate powerful ter go down inter the cove ter driv' fur a year an' a day. I never done no work, sca'ce, las' year, through feelin' sorter keerless 'bout'n it. An' ef I hed dremp't, 'bout'n this hyar harnt a-takin' arter me, I'd hev put in my work then."

"Waal, ye can't git the time back," said Ben Doaks; and many an idler be-

fore and since Bylor has learned this melancholy truth.

He sat silent for a time, ruefully pondering upon his blasted industrial prospect. Then he broke forth fretfully once more:—

"I war fool enough ter go so close. I seen the very hat he wore,"—his tones were full of a despairing regret,— "a big white hat sot onto the back o' his head."

"That war jes' Josh Nixon," said the eldest of the herders, gravely shaking his head. "That war the very kind o' hat he wore, an' set the same."

Three of the five hats in the room were of that exact description; in fact, it was a fashion common enough in the region for Jerry Price to have two alike, and the old one which Mrs. Purvine had lent the fugitive was hardly distinguishable from Mink's own, floating down the Tennessee River.

It did not shadow a face altogether appreciative of his own pranks, as Mink drew it down over his brow and rode away in the mist, when convinced that the herders were likely to come out no more for the present.

"I can't take no sure enough enjye-mint in nuthin'," he complained. "I feel so badgered an' hunted."

He looked about him doubtfully. A few strides of his horse and he would be across the state line, and safer than for many a day. He stood drearily contemplating the vacancy of the clouds above the Carolina side, as unresponsive to the imagination as his future, which in vain he sought to forecast. He suddenly wheeled.

"I'm bound ter see Lethe, though! I'm bound ter tell her I hev fund her out. She 'll know what I think o' her afore I'm done."

He pressed the horse, broken now to a steady gait, into the elusive ways of the herder's trail through the weird, stunted woods along the ridge to the great Piomingo Bald; thence into a path

that led down into Wild-Cat Hollow. He noted its well-worn and smooth curves.

"Ben Doaks hev made a reg'lar turn-pike, a-travelin' ter see Lethe Sayles," he said, with some half-scornful pity that would not bestir itself to be jealous.

He made a wide detour of the little house, nestling in the great cleft of the mountain, occasionally becoming dimly visible as the mist shook out its gauzy folds in long pervasive shivers, and anon obliterated as it dropped its denser curtain. Over the valley it was torn into fringes, a slant of sunlight gilding it, the blue of the sky showing through.

One of the sudden precipitous ascents from the deep depression of the hollow was distinctly imposed against the horizon. There were great rocks, with herbs and grasses growing in niches, on either side of a narrow gorge. Two splintered cliffs amongst them were like a rude and gigantic gateway, giving access to the higher verdant slopes of the mountain. His eyes, turning mechanically toward the opening vista, were arrested by the sight of Alethea high up the gorge, standing in the clifty gateway. Her sun-bonnet, still tied under her chin, had fallen on her shoulders; her yellow hair was like the golden sunlight denied to the dreary heights; her familiar brown homespun dress was distinct against the tender green of the slope; a basket of herbs was on her arm. Now and then she moved a step and plucked a sprig from a niche, and again she would pause looking down upon the valley, where the white glisten of the mist united with the suffusion of yellow sunshine beyond in a gauzy, splendid sheen, that now and then parted to reveal the purple mountains, the blue sky, the silver river, the fields as radiantly green as the meadows of the blest. His heart beat with emotions he hardly comprehended, as he noted her luminous, grave, undimmed eyes, her fair, delicately tinted face.

He dismounted, and hitched the horse by the halter to a tree. She did not see him; she heard nothing; she silently looked about her, and plucked the herb she sought. He took his way softly up the gorge among the fallen fragments of rock; he was standing still in the great rift that simulated a gateway when she turned slowly, and her eyes, widening with fear, with surprise, with rapture, fell upon him.

His heart could but thrill at her loud, wild cry of joy. He had meant to upbraid her. She was sobbing on his shoulder, and he held her in his arms.

The mists flickered and faded about them; the sunshine slanted down through the clouds. The wind lifted its wings, for they heard the flutter of the breeze, and beside some hidden nest amongst the gray old rocks a mocking-bird was suddenly singing — singing!

"Ye war pardoned! I know it!" she cried. "I know it!"

He had for once a thought for her, — a vain regret to annul her joy. When had Alethea looked thus? — the radiant spirit of love, the triumphant delight of the spring.

He delayed replying. He stooped to gather up the herbs that had fallen on the ground; for the old hound that followed her had smelt the basket, and was thrusting his intrusive muzzle among them.

"What be ye a-doin' of, Lethe?" asked Mink, restoring them, and setting the basket up on a boulder.

To detail the simple domestic errand relaxed the tense agitation of their meeting, and it was a relief to him to listen.

"A-getherin' wild sallet fur dinner," she drawled, her happy smiles and tears together in her eyes. "Our turnip patch never done nuthin', sca'cely, an' ez we-uns ain't got no turnip-greens I 'lowed I'd gether a mess o' wild sallet. The chillen hone so fur suthin' green."

There was no quivering sense of deprivation in her voice; the hardships of

poverty would wear to-day the guise of triumphant expedient.

"I hev got about enough," she said, smiling up at him. "Ye kem on ter the house, an' I'll gin ye a soon dinner. Ye mus' be tired an' hongry with yer travels. They'll all make ye welcome."

He hesitated. In the supreme pleasure of the moment, his face had in a measure lost the lines that anxiety and suffering had drawn. But now, as he stood doubtful of what he should say, she noted his changed expression.

"Reuben," she cried, in tender commiseration, laying her hand on his arm, "what makes ye look like that? What hev happened ter you-uns?"

"Waal," said Mink, leaning against the wall of rock behind him, "right smart o' different things, — fust an' last."

The simple heart's-ease in being near her again, — he had not realized how dear he held it, — in hearing her voice, full of solicitude for him, in the renewing of his unconscious reliance upon her love, had begun to give way to the antagonism inevitable between them, with their widely opposing views of life and duty, their uncongenial characters and aims.

He laughed satirically. "Ye talk 'bout pardon! I hain't got no pardon. I 'low ye wimmin-folks hev got no feelin' nor pride nuther. I would n't hev no pardon off'n Gwinnan. I would n't take a favior from him, — not ter save him from hell, nor me nuther. But I hev got no pardon."

"Ye air foolin' me, Reuben, ain't ye?" she exclaimed hopefully.

He shook his head.

She gazed gravely at him. "How'd ye git away?"

"Bruk an' run."

She stood still; her heart sank; her eyes filled with tears. "Oh," she cried, with all the despair of a relinquished hope, "I could n't but b'lieve yestiddy, when Jacob Jessup kep' a-lookin' so secret an' m'licious, ez thar war good news

ez he would n't lemme hear, — more 'n he told 'bout what Jedge Gwinnan said when he rid up ter the house, whilst we war all away ter the church-house ter the revival. An' I b'lieved 't war ez you-uns war pardoned. I hev drempt of it! I hev prayed fur it! I'd hev died fur it!"

"Look hyar, Lethe Sayles!" he exclaimed, tense and erect again. "That thar ain't a true word ez ye air a-tellin' me, — ez that thar man hev kem ter Wild-Cat Hollow!" His eyes blazed upon her.

She was deprecating and downcast. Her intuition warned her that it behooved her to be careful. She was too deliberate. He broke out vehemently:

"He hev! An' 't war ter see you-uns."

"I know 't war, Reuben, but" —

"I swear ter Heaven," he cried, lifting his clenched right hand, "ez the Lord never afore built sech a fool ez me!" His self-pity and self-contempt were pathetic. "Ain't I jes' now been down yander ter Mis' Purvine's, an' hear her tell how that man — oh, curse him, curse him! — air nigh dead in love with ye, an' ye hed promised ter marry him!"

"No, Reuben, no! 'T ain't true. It air jes' one o' aunt Dely's notions."

"An' I kem hyar fit in mind ter kill ye dead," he went on. "An' the minit I see ye I furgit it all, an' ye twist me round yer finger the same ez I war a bit o' spun truck! G' way, Lethe!" — his voice broke; "don't ye tech me." He moved away, that she might not lay her remonstrant hand on his shoulder. "I wait on yer word like a child. Ye got me inter all this trouble through heedin' yer wisdom ez turned out folly fur me. The foolishness o' them ez air bereft air wise ter me! Ye done it!"

He struck his hands despairingly together as he thought of his forlorn past. Perhaps he was the happier that his reflective moods were so rare.

"I know, Reuben,—I know I did. But I never meant it. I jes' wanted ye ter do what war right."

"Yes, but I hev got ter abide by the consequences o' what *ye* think air right, — don't ye know it?" he demanded.

"Ef I could hev suffered fur it, stid-dier you-uns," she declared, in tears. "I'd hev gone ter jail happy—happy."

His manner changed suddenly. He was at once shocked and displeased. "What air ye talkin' 'bout, Lethe?" he said, in stern rebuke. "Don't ye know thar ain't no 'spectable wimmin in jail?"

This had not occurred to her. She only sighed, and looked away at the shifting mist over the sunlit valley, the heavier masses of cloud dropping down upon the mountain above. A great eagle, near enough to show the gallant spread of his broad wings, swept from their midst, poised in the sunlight high above the cove, and swooped to the slopes below. Mink's gaze followed the bird, his easily diverted interest quickening. Alethea strove to take advantage of the moment. "I jes' want ter tell ye, Reuben"—she began.

"I don't want ye ter tell me nuthin'!" he cried, fixing on her his brown fiery eyes, with a bright red spark in their pupils. "Ye make a fool out'n me. Ye don't let me hev no mind o' my own. I reckon it air kase I be in love with ye,—an' nobody else. All the t'other gals war in love with me."

There was none of his jaunty self-sufficiency as he said this,—only a dreary recognition of the fact.

"Ye hev cut me out'n a heap, Lethe; enny one o' 'em would hev been mighty willin' ter put up with me an' my ways. They never harried me none, ez ef I could n't do nuthin' right. I reckon I'd hev been happy an' peaceable married ter enny o' them."

"I know, Reuben, an' that's the reason I want ter tell ye"—She paused, expecting to be interrupted. But he was looking at her coolly and calmly,

waiting and listening. He was saying to himself that he might safely hear; it was best that he should know. He would be on his guard. He would not blindly fall again under her influence. He felt with secret elation, stern and savage, the handle of a pistol in his pocket. He had thought it no harm to borrow Jerry Price's for the purpose of resisting arrest, finding it on the shelf in the spare room at Mrs. Purvine's; the less because it was he who had given it to his friend, with his wonted free-handedness,—but indeed he had won it lightly, shooting for it at a match.

He stood with one hand on his hip, the other laid against the rock. His head was a little thrown back, his hair tossing slightly in the renewing breeze; he looked at her with dissent and doubt in every line of his face.

"Ye see, he kem hyar ter ax me 'bout Sam Marvin. Ye know I tole on the trial 'bout him moonshinin'."

Mink nodded. The thought of those terrible alternations of hope and despair and remorse was very bitter to him still.

"An' he 'lowed I knowed whar Marvin be now."

"What's he want along o' Marvin?" demanded Mink, surprised.

"He wanted Marvin, but mostly Jeb Peake, ter testify fur him, kase he 'lows thar air goin' ter be some sort'n trial agin him. Mr. Harshaw got it up, Jacob Jessup said. Jacob 'lowed the jedge war powerful outed ter find out ez Jeb war s'pected o' hevin' kilt a man, kase he war feared nare one o' 'em could be tolled out ter testify fur him. An' Jacob tole him ez Marvin hed quit this mounting, but he hed hearn ez down on one o' them ridges nigh Thunderhead thar war a strange man ez war a-moonshinin',—Jacob's mighty apt ter know sech ez that,—an' he hed tuk old man Craig's house, what he hed lef' ter go ter North Car'liny ter live with his son. An' from the account Jacob hearn o' these folks, he would n't be s'prised none

ef them war Sam an' Jeb. An' the jedge knowed the house an' whar it be. An' he jes' lit out ter ride over thar an' see. He went yestiddy evenin', an' he air kemin' back hyar ter-day. Kase he tole Jacob ef he could n't toll Sam or Jeb ter testify, thar'd be no witnesses but his enemies. He 'lowed he'd stay all night at Bylor's house, though Jake tole him ter be mighty keerful how he talked about Sam an' Jeb thar, fur old man Bylor air runnin' fur office,—sher'ff, or constable, or jestic, or suthin',—an' would n't ax no better'n ter git a chance ter harry law-breakers. An' the jedge 'lowed ez things hed come ter a pretty pass with him, an' rid off."

She looked up at Mink gravely, earnestly. She had sat down on one of the rocks, beside the basket; her hand toyed with a sprig of the herbs within; her dense golden hair, heavily undulating, was all the brighter for the contrast with the dark green vine that draped the gray rocks behind and above her, the delicate coloring of her face the finer, the tint of the saffron kerchief knotted beneath her chin the more intense. Her brown gown lay in straight, simple folds about her lithe figure; the gaunt old hound sat down at her feet and leaned his head on her knee.

Mink had not always been definitely aware of her beauty,—it was not of the type which most appeals to the rural admirer; but its subtle, unrealized fascinations had swayed him unconsciously. Now he looked at her critically, speculatively, striving to behold her as she appeared to Gwinnan, to adjust his estimate to Mrs. Purvine's report of the florid judicial compliments. He cared naught for the rumor of the impending trial. He felt no gratulation that Harshaw had been able to compass the jeopardy, if not the disgrace, of the man he hated. He gazed at her with sedulous attention, to see her with Gwinnan's eyes.

"Lethe," he said, suddenly,—he had

dropped down upon the ground near her feet, and leaned back against the rock,—“did Jedge Gwinnan say ennything ter you-uns 'bout me?”

She was in a tremor instantly.

He did not seem to notice. He was affecting to offer the dog a morsel in a deceptive bit of stone, and as the creature, with a dubiously wrinkling and sniffing nose, would attempt to take it he would snatch it away. “Did he?” he persisted, looking up at her from under the brim of the old white hat.

“Whenst I talked ter him an' begged him ter git ye a pardon or suthin’,” she said. She was not without the tact to avail herself of discreet ellipses; but she forecast with dread that with this he would not be content.

“What did he say?” He was suffering the hound to lick the stone in baffled reproach, and turn away disdainful. Mink's lip was curling with fierce sarcasm, as he reiterated, “What did he say?”

“I could n't undertake ter remember all he said, Reuben. 'T war down yander at the post-office at Locust Levels. Me an' Jerry Price rid thar in the wagin ter see ef thar war enny letter fur Mis' Purvine.”

“I'll be bound I kin tell ye suthin' ye said!” exclaimed Mink. “Ye tole him ez he war powerful good ter hold no gredge agin me.”

She turned her despairing eyes upon him. He could read the truth in their clear depths.

“An' he tole ye ez ye war too good ter marry me.”

There was no need to answer.

“An' ye b'lieved him!”

“Oh, Reuben, ye know better 'n that!” she exclaimed, reassured to speak freely. “He jes' talked 'bout'n ye like my stepmother, an' aunt Dely, an' Jake Jessup's wife; none o' them air gamesome, an' they don't set store on gamesome ways. 'T war jes' sech talk ez theirn.”

He listened, his chin in his hand, his elbow on the rock. She should not deduce him again; he would not succumb to her influence. He felt the handle of the pistol in his pocket. There was affirmation in its very touch.

"Gamesome ain't what *he* said. He 'lowed I war m'licious."

Once more he glanced up to read the truth in her eyes.

He slowly pulled himself to his feet. He stood for a moment, erect and jaunty, his hand thrust in his leather belt, his eyes bright and confident, his hair tossing back as he moved his head.

"Ye tole him how good he war," his merciless divinations went on.

She cowered beneath his serene and casual glance.

"You don't deny it, an' yit ye expect me ter not b'lieve what the whole kentry air a-sayin', — ez ye hev promised ter marry him, an' hev gin me the go-by."

He turned abruptly away. "Reuben," she cried, "air ye goin' agin, when ye hev jes' kem back?" She laid her importunate hands upon his arm. His resolution was strong now; he could afford to be lenient and to humor her.

"Bleeged ter, Lethe," he said softly, looking down upon her with the calmness of finality. She did not loose her hold. "Ef ye keep me a-foolin' hyar longer'n I oughter stay, I mought git cotched agin," he warned her — "fur twenty year! Jake Jessup would ez soon arrest me ez not."

She relaxed her grasp, looking fearfully about her in the mist and at the summit of the great rocks. She followed him, the old hound by her side, down to the spot where the horse still stood hitched.

"But ye'll kem back agin, Reuben?" she said, her heart-break in her voice, her eyes full of tears.

"Laws-a-massy, yes; times an' times. I kin whistle plumb like a mocking-bird, an' whenever ye hear one a-singin' the

same chune three times, ye kem out 'mongst the rocks, an' ye'll find me."

Once more he held her at arm's length, and looked searchingly at her tearful face. Suddenly he mounted his horse and rode away.

XXX.

He did not maintain this sedulous semblance of calmness, a he galloped the wild young horse along the mountain slopes in the mist. His eyes burned; his teeth were fiercely set; sometimes he lifted his right hand and shook it clenched, as if he held his vengeance within his grasp and would not lightly let it go. Over and again he cried aloud a curse upon the man he hated, and then he would fall to muttering his grudges, all unforgotten, all registered indelibly in his mind despite its facile laxity, despite its fickle traits. He reviewed the events since the morning that Alethea had stood by the judge's desk, and he laid down his pen to gaze, to the afternoon when, amongst the blossoms and the sunshine and the birds, they had talked together, and she had asked a futile thing to beguile the hour, and he had warned her solemnly.

"I ain't goin' ter North Car'liny, an' leave 'em hyar tergether," he declared vehemently. "I'll meet up with him somewhar this side o' the Craig house. I'll dare him ter fight, an' ef he don't kill me I'll kill him, an' kiss the hand that does the deed!"

The mists shivered to listen; the rocks repeated the threat, and again in hesitant dread, and still once more a word in an awed and tremulous staccato. On and on he went, — never abating speed, flying over the broken ground; deaf to the sound of horn and hounds, borne fitfully from the slopes below on some hardly perceptible current of the air, and again dying to the dumbness of the shrouded woods; blind to the burly

apparition of a bear trotting out of the clouds and in again, although the horse reared and pawed the air; callous to the keen chill of the torrent, swollen out of its banks with the spring rains till it surged about his limbs as he forded through. Over and again the mountain water-courses intercepted his path, but only once his attention was attracted to his surroundings, and this was because there seemed here a check upon his progress, and he must needs take heed of his way. The stream known as Gran'dad's creek showed in the thickening mist a turbulent volume, a swollen breadth, covering rocks and brush and gullies, and washing the boles of trees far from its normal channel; he hardly knew where he might safely take the ford. Now the water elusively glimmered, swift, foaming, full of enormous boulders, and with trees standing in its midst; and as he went down to the verge in a cleft of the rock the vapors closed again, and it seemed to recede into invisibility. The horse had become restive. He resisted and snorted, and finally deliberately faced about, as he was recklessly urged to enter the stream. The rider had forced him again to the margin, when suddenly Mink thought he was dreaming. The fluctuating vapors parted once more, and in the rifts he saw on the opposite bank the man he sought. He stood in numb surprise; a strange overwhelming sense of hatred possessed him with the image thus palpably presented; he quivered with a recollection of all his wrongs. This was no dream. It was Gwinnan returning from the moonshiners' house. He rose from his stirrups and waved his hand with a smile. Mink heard his ringing halloo. Then Gwinnan pressed his roan colt down to the margin of the water and took the ford.

"Saved us wettin' our feet agin, Grasshopper," Mink observed. He was very distinct as he sat on the bareback stray, his feet dangling without stirrups,

his big wool hat, his flaunting auburn hair, his keen, clear-cut face, all definitely painted on the opaque white background of the mist; a bole was barely outlined here and there behind him, or a towering crag, as if there were other elements of the picture barely sketched in. More than once Gwinnan lifted his grave eyes toward him. But when the mist came between them, surging in a great cloudy volume, Mink drew the pistol from his pocket.

"Ye don't kerry straight. I 'member yer tricks. I reckon he hev got a six-shooter, but I'll resk ye, ennyhows. I'll wait till he kems across, an' then dare him to fight."

As he waited it might have seemed that he was the only human creature in the world, so desolately vacant were the barren mists, so unresponsive to the sense of the landscape that they hid, so null, so silent, save for the river, forever flowing on like life, resistless as eternity. The interval was long to his impatience, — so long that, alarmed at last lest his revenge be snatched from him by some mischance, at this supreme moment when it had seemed the fierce joy he had craved was vouchsafed, he hastily rode along the clifty bank above the tumultuous current. Once more the mist lifted. Suddenly he saw the roan colt, his full eyes starting from his head, his scream almost human in its frantic terror, pawing the cliffs, to the base of which the encroaching waters had risen; finding no footing, no shallows, only the forbidding inaccessibilities of the rocks. The saddle was vacant. The rider had been swept away by the wanton vagaries of the current.

The young mountaineer stared stolidly and uncomprehendingly for a moment. In a sort of daze he dismounted from his horse. He hardly realized what had happened, until, as he climbed deftly down among the splintered crags, lithe, agile, sure-footed as a deer, he saw clinging to a bramble growing from a

fissure, and supported on a ledge of the rock, the unconscious figure familiar to his dream of vengeance. It was forestalled! The wild freak of the mountain torrent had given him his heart's desire, and yet his hands were clean. The wolves, the wild dogs, and the vultures would not leave the man to creep away, were there yet life left in him.

And there was life. He noted the convulsive fluttering of breath, the trembling clutch of the fingers; for the nerves remembered the saving boughs that the senses had forgotten.

As Mink stood looking down he suddenly lifted his head with a quick start, as if a word had been spoken to him from out the silence. Why this gratuity of pity, this surging fellow-feeling, this clamorous instinct to aid? Was a hand held out to him in his hour of need? Nay, he might have known rescue and release, his future might now be fair and free, but for the craft of this man who had bestirred himself to thwart the friendly mob. Was not his hope attained, his prayer? Here was a sublimated revenge. His enemy would die at his feet, and yet his hands were clean.

And at this moment he was muttering, "I'll be bound ef he hed a leetle wild-cat whiskey now 't would save his life ez respons'ble ez ef 't war ez legal ez the taxed corn-juice."

He stood thinking for a moment. There was Marvin's still at the Craig house, as Alethea had said, two miles away; the man would be dead of exhaustion before help could come thence. But not a quarter of a mile below, on one of the divergent ridges of Thunderhead, was Bylor's home. Mink started with affright. The old man was a candidate for office. The certainty of arrest awaited him there, whatever his mission. It was a decision swift as an impulse. It meant twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor, and he realized it as he sprang upon the bare back of his horse.

"I reckon I kin make a break an' run, or tunnel out, or suthin'," he said, with his preposterous hopefulness; "leastwise, I can't leave him thar ter die that-a-way, half drowned and harried ter death by wolves an' painters an' buzzards. Ef the darned critter," he cried out, in a renewal of despair, "would hev jes' stood up an' been shot like healthy folks!"

Mink never reached his destination.

It was not held to be a strange nor an unjustifiable action that young Bylor was led to do. He said afterward that that day, as he made his way home in the midst of the clouds that begirt the mountain, he was affrighted to behold again, evolved from their expressionless monotony, the equestrian figure of the mystic herder that rides on Thunderhead. His nerves were shaken, for before that morning he had seen him, and at close quarters. He noted the wildly beckoning hand vague in the mist; he heard, or thought he heard, a shrill, insistent hail; he quickened his pace, pursued by the thunderous hoofs of the spectre, riding him down, as he feared. He faced about in desperate terror and fired his rifle.

Then he knew what he had done, for the figure lurched from the horse and fell, and the animal dashed past him, running at full speed. It was Mink Lorey whom he found upon the ground, — strong enough only to gasp out his errand; and though Bylor rose instantly to obey his behest and go to succor Gwinnan, Mink was dead before he left.

No great loss, the countryside said, and indeed it was suspected for a time that Gwinnan's straits had resulted from his wanton mischief. When the facts became known, one or two reflective souls — recognizing in his deed that universal vital spark of better possibilities alight within him, insistently militant, enlisting every sterling trait common to humanity — were moved to say that he was not all mink.

No one in the mountains, however, fully appreciated the impulse that had controlled him except Alethea. To her it served as a sacred apotheosis, and she adored his memory for what he might have been, and forgot what he was. Often, when the spring bloomed, or the summer was flushing with the wild roses and the roseate dawns and the red sunset tides, she hearkened to the mocking-bird's singing, thrice, thrice the mystic strain; and she was wont to go and search for her lover at their tryst among the crags. And when she would come back, her face so full of peace, her eyes softly luminous, her drawling formula, "Jest been talkin' with Reuben 'mongst the rocks," pervaded with tranquil joy, her stepmother and Mrs. Jessup would whisper apart and look askance upon her, and start at any sudden jar or sound, as if it were instinct with her spectre lover's freakish presence.

And so, patient drudge though she was, they listened to Mrs. Purvine's eager insistence to have her bide in the cove; and although she went to live with this cheery soul, it was with tears and sighs and sadness to leave the clifty gorges that he haunted.

But she found the mocking-bird singing there thrice, thrice the mystic strain, amongst the rocky banks of the Scolacutta River. And so she smiled again.

Except for this delusion she gave little indication of the unsettling of her mind. She was placidly happy with her aunt, though the two women were much alone, for Jerry Price presently married Sophy Griff. He became the sole dependence of the miller and his grandchildren, but a measure of Mrs. Purvine's jaunty prosperity seemed to follow him. Old Griff's little log cabin took on a more pretentious guise, and

there was a slipshod thrift within. Jerry lifted the millstones and rebuilt the mill, and the whir began anew as if it had never left off; and the old miller sat without the door, and listened, and grew garrulous and cheerful and dusty with meal and flour, and brightened into some faint reflection of his old imperative self. Tad never reappeared from the moonshiners' lair, and they still successfully elude the law.

The failure to secure their testimony proved no disaster to Gwinnan, as the chancellor held that a duel is a matter of deliberate and formal arrangement between men who recognize both the nature of the proceeding and the law infringed.

Nevertheless, Gwinnan was not satisfied. He had never regarded the matter as a duel; he had forgotten even the circumstances. Once brought forcibly to his mind, he dissented from the decision of the case, which he had watched more as if from the bench than from the bar. He resigned when reinstated.

The relinquishment of his ambition was very bitter to him. He had infused into it much of the essence of his identity; it had amply promised the end for which he had rejoiced to labor; it had borne a lofty and isolated existence. And yet, as he brooded upon his despoiled life, his trained mind, applied to moral discernment, could but perceive at length that it had been sheerly a technical excellence toward which he had bent his energies, a selfish end he had held in view. Without a high, ennobling purpose, without a dominant hope to dispense benefit, his unsanctified ambition had only lured with a wish to rise, and despite the heights to which it had attained it had been held to earth by its own inherent weight.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.¹

THIS book comprises the pages numbered 451 to 694, both inclusive, of the third volume of the Comte de Paris's *History in the American edition*. It contains, in addition to the appendices to the larger volume, which have been revised and improved, a return of the casualties in both armies in the battle of Gettysburg. Unfortunately, but one map is added, and that is the one which illustrates the campaign of General Pope, and is found opposite page 249 of the second volume of the *History*. When we say that this map does not reach to the upper Potomac, we have said enough to point out its utter insufficiency for the use of the reader in a study of the movements of the Federal and Confederate armies, in Maryland and Pennsylvania, which led to the great struggle at Gettysburg. These manœuvres were most interesting and of prime importance; the count describes them at length; yet the reader who has incautiously purchased this book as presumably a complete guide to the whole campaign finds himself reduced to the necessity of borrowing some school atlas, if he would arrive at any understanding of the text. This is, in our judgment, simply inexcusable on the part of the publishers.

We have long ago, in the pages of *The Atlantic* for September, 1883, expressed our general views on the count's third volume, from which, as we have said, this book is taken. We desire again to bear testimony to the freshness and animation of the count's style, and to the general impartiality of the narrative as respects the contending parties. At the same time, the faults which we pointed out in our former notice strike us on a second

reading quite as forcibly as they did at the first. What we particularly refer to now regards the count's treatment of the part played by General Meade in the whole affair.

To begin with, the count's portrait of General Meade (page 72) is hardly to be recognized. "Quiet, modest, reticent, but possessing a correct judgment, a mind clear and precise, with a coolness which never faltered in the midst of danger," etc., — all this is a picture of a very different sort of person from General George G. Meade. Meade was a quick, active, energetic, masterful man, possessing great decision of character, and by no means devoid of ambition; prompt in everything, brave to a fault, even rash so far as his personal conduct was concerned; exacting with his subordinates and never sparing of himself; having exceedingly clear ideas of what he intended to do, and an exceedingly vigorous determination to do himself, and to see to it that other people did, what he had planned should be done. With all this, he was yet a prudent man in the management of the army, and sooner than fight a battle against his judgment would brave the indignation of the people and the government at his supposed irresolution or indifference. In fact, Meade was anything but an irresolute man; still less was he lukewarm in the cause. His Gettysburg campaign proves this; nor does "the campaign of manœuvres" in the autumn of 1863, when really understood, show anything to the contrary.

Besides this difficulty of misunderstanding the character of General Meade, under which the count labors, he is also evidently under the influence of a sort of romantic admiration for General Hooker. There was, as every one knows, a great deal of this feeling

¹ *The Battle of Gettysburg.* From the *History of the Civil War in America.* By the COMTE DE PARIS. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

in the army, and it was deserved, to a large extent, certainly. Yet who that knows the miserable story of Chancellorsville can feel any doubt of Hooker's incapacity to command the army? Let any one recall that ill-starred campaign, where the army was compromised by the hesitations of the commanding general before the first shot was fired; where the most promising initiative was willfully renounced and the Northern forces were ordered to retire into the thickets of the Wilderness, only to be pounded at Lee's convenience until they recrossed the Rappahannock, — let any one, we say, recall all this, and he will marvel at the count's references to General Hooker as to an officer whose boldness and capacity furnish a telling contrast to the over-caution of his successor. This attitude of the count's is the more extraordinary as he seems to be in possession of all the facts necessary to a correct judgment.

For example, the count is speaking of Hooker's plan, after he had crossed the Potomac, of marching upon Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg with one corps, supported by the Harper's Ferry garrison under French, thus menacing Lee's line of communications. This movement was abandoned by Hooker as soon as he learned that Halleck refused to allow him to make use of the garrison of Harper's Ferry; but it might have been taken up again by Meade, to whom Halleck permitted what had been refused to Hooker, — the disposal of French's command. Meade, however, had his reasons for adopting another course, — that of marching northward. He thought it more probable that the enemy would cross the Susquehanna, occupy Harrisburg, and move on Philadelphia. If this was really in contemplation, Lee, it was plain, must have arranged to drop his communications, and a march to Sharpsburg or Williamsport would have no effect whatever in checking the invasion of the North. Hook-

er said the Susquehanna could not be crossed, — Lee had left his bridge-equipage behind, — but Meade, as the count says, "did not agree with Hooker on this point; and very justly, for it now appears that Lee, taking advantage of the shallow waters of the Susquehanna, was ready to make a portion of his army cross to the other side of the river to seize Harrisburg. The possession of this city would in fact have secured him a permanent pass, together with the means of penetrating to the very heart of Pennsylvania." Here, then, we have, clearly stated, a difference of opinion between the two officers, and it appears that, in the judgment of our historian, Meade was right and Hooker mistaken on the point at issue. It is therefore not only surprising, but even astonishing, to find the count saying in the very next sentence, "But, although he could freely dispose of French's troops, Meade did not dare to follow out the bolder and more promising plan his predecessor had conceived, the execution of which Halleck had prevented." The peculiar thing about this piece of criticism is that the count admits that Hooker's plan was based upon erroneous information, and that, had it been carried out, there was nothing to prevent Lee from knocking at the gates of Philadelphia, while the Army of the Potomac, at Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, was vainly awaiting his return into Virginia. Yet he still calls Hooker's plan "bolder and more promising," and his very reprehensible choice of words seems to intimate that it was a lack of courage on Meade's part which led him to reject it. This insinuation is utterly unwarranted; and we are free to say that we consider the making of it no light matter. It springs from the count's originally mistaken notion of General Meade, which leads him wrongly and most unfairly to attribute his refusing to take a certain step to timidity, while in reality his action was dictated by a

correct knowledge of the facts, a clear head, and a spirit of prompt and wise decision.

A similar tone pervades the count's narrative of the events of the 1st of July. It is a tone of disparagement, frequently of manifestly unjust disparagement, of General Meade. Thus, while the count, when treating directly (pages 79, 80) of the orders of June 30th, which directed the first and eleventh corps toward Gettysburg, speaks of this as judicious, he yet, in criticising (page 122) the events of the 1st of July, says that "the dispatch of two army corps to near the town [Gettysburg] was an error which could only be excused on the score of his [Meade's] ignorance of the latest movements of the enemy." Now, even if this opinion of the count's were correct, he entirely fails to convict Meade of any "error;" for he does not pretend that he showed any lack of diligence in ascertaining "the latest movements of the enemy," and if he acted wisely on the information he had he is not chargeable with "error." But in point of fact, Meade's dispositions were abundantly adequate. Had Reynolds not been killed, or had Howard not committed the fatal mistake of keeping his own corps (the eleventh) out in the open, when he saw that its right would inevitably be rolled up by Early's troops advancing from York, — a mistake the consequences of which were rendered yet more serious by his folly and obstinacy in not ordering promptly a retreat of the first corps to Cemetery Hill the moment the eleventh had given way, — the first day's fight would without doubt have been a success for the Federal arms. There was nothing to prevent Howard's retiring the two corps, unbroken and in perfect order, to the strong hills back of the town, where there was not the least question of their ability to hold their ground until the rest of the army came up. The count does indeed remark

(pages 115, 116) on Howard's bad judgment, but he does not make it so clear as he should do that the loss of the battle was due entirely to Howard's incapacity.

Again, what can the count mean by this? "From the moment that Meade hesitated about taking the advance against Lee with all his forces," etc. How, with the itinerary before him of the various corps of the Army of the Potomac, can the count accuse Meade of having hesitated to advance? The charge is simply absurd.

Furthermore, with the too evident purpose of minimizing Meade's share in the campaign, the count, referring to the concentration of the army, says (page 130), "The concentration, thus commenced by the initiative action of the several chiefs, even before it had been decided on by Meade," etc. But the count himself has just said (page 130), "There was no necessity of making any changes in the orders already issued¹ to enable the whole army to march upon Gettysburg, except in two instances, the fifth and sixth corps." There is nothing whatever to show that any of the corps commanders did anything but obey Meade's orders; yet it is more than implied that it was due to their sagacity, and not to Meade's, that the army was got together in season.

But the count is chargeable, not only with willfully ignoring General Meade's directing hand in the movements which led to the concentration of the army, but with making the unaccountable and gratuitous suggestion that Meade's orders to his corps commanders, and especially to Sickles, were contradictory.

Speaking of Sickles at the moment when, about noon of the 1st of July, he heard from Howard of the action then in progress at Gettysburg, he says (page 127), "His marching orders, dated the day previous, directed him to make preparations to occupy the town; Meade's in-

¹ The italics are ours.

structions, on the contrary, forwarded in the morning, marked out for him a retrograde march toward Pipe Creek. In short, he learned that, subsequently to the sending of these instructions, a battle had commenced, in which two corps might have to struggle against the whole of the enemy's army. Among so many contradictory directions, Sickles, always eager for a fight, could not hesitate; he determined to hasten to the assistance of his comrades." This is a most misleading statement, plainly intended to glorify Sickles, who, in the face of his orders, as the count would have us believe, marched to the sound of the cannon. But there is no truth whatever in this pretense about Meade's orders being contradictory. It is certainly the fact that, to use the count's language, the circular order of July 1st "marked out for him [Sickles] a retrograde march toward Pipe Creek," but that order contained this explicit direction: "The time for falling back can only be developed by circumstances. Whenever such circumstances arise as would seem to indicate the necessity for falling back, and assuming the general line indicated [that of Pipe Creek], notice of such movement will at once be communicated." No such notice had been communicated to General Sickles; he was therefore to continue his march on the Emmittsburg road; and his obedience to Howard's urgent call, so far from being prompted by exceptional zeal or insight, was the most obvious of all military obligations. The circular order of July 1st was a preparatory order only, and was carefully worded accordingly. No one reading it with attention can regard it as anything else. The retrograde movement was not to commence until due notice thereof should have been communicated to all the corps commanders. We are therefore surprised and pained at this statement of the count's; it does gross injustice to General Meade, and it is really difficult to see how it can

represent the sincere opinion of the historian.

The count's treatment of the famous controversy regarding Sickles's conduct at Gettysburg in posting his corps out on the Emmittsburg road is extremely unsatisfactory, to say the least of it. Sickles, like Hooker, is one of the count's heroes, for whom every excuse must be made. The facts, as the count gives them, are these: On the evening of the 1st of July, Geary's division held the extreme left of our line, and (page 134) two of his regiments occupied Little Round Top; on his right was that portion of the third corps (Sickles's) which had arrived. The next morning at five o'clock, Geary, acting under orders, left his position for one on the right of the line, and at seven o'clock Sickles was directed to take the position which Geary had left. Soon afterwards the rest of his corps came up. "Towards nine o'clock Sickles occupied the position designated by Meade, but as he had only deployed one of his two divisions, he could not reach beyond the base of the Little Round Top, and did not set foot upon the hill itself" (page 141). At this point the reader, naturally expecting either some reason why Sickles deployed only one of his two divisions, or some criticism on him for this course, is surprised to find the count blaming Meade for "having entrusted a line of too great an extent to a single corps." The count then goes on to tell us that Sickles, dissatisfied with the tactical points of the line he was holding between Little Round Top and the southern extremity of the line of the second corps, informed Meade that he desired to advance all his forces to the Emmittsburg road. Meade "merely repeated [page 153] to Sickles the order to remain in the positions taken before by Geary, and, according to an eye-witness, he even pointed out to him with his finger the hillocks of the Round Tops as the point on which he should align him-

self." One would suppose that this would satisfy our historian, but it apparently does not, judging by the following rather peculiar sentence: "This was an error on his [Meade's] part; for if he entertained any confidence in Sickles's sagacity, he should have taken his objections into consideration, and in the contrary case, to control them [*sic*] without delay." Meade, however, at Sickles's request, sent Hunt, the chief of artillery, with him to examine the line. But this officer refused "to pronounce a formal opinion regarding the occupation of this new line," which Sickles was so desirous to adopt, and on his return to headquarters told Meade he ought to go over the ground himself before approving Sickles's proposed movement. It is, therefore, perfectly clear from the count's own narrative that Sickles knew that he had obtained no permission from Meade to advance to the road. Yet the count concludes with this extraordinary statement: "Being left *in a state of uncertainty*¹ by Hunt's departure, he [Sickles] determines at last to take possession of the Emmittsburg road as far as the Orchard, with his whole corps, a little before two o'clock."

Such an unexpected conclusion fills one with bewilderment, not to say distrust. One may fairly enough try to enter into Sickles's state of mind: he unquestionably thought the line he was holding was a very weak one; he expected to be attacked shortly; the Peach Orchard and the Emmittsburg road looked very attractive; he no doubt acted as he thought was best. But to gloss over the fact, as the count does, that, in doing as he did, Sickles disobeyed orders, that he took a most serious step, for taking which he had several times in vain requested authority

The italics are ours.

from the commander in chief, is really inexcusable. The truth is, Sickles, acting on his own responsibility, and in direct disobedience to General Meade, took up an untenable position, and in consequence not only lost half of his own corps, but for hours imperiled the safety of the army.

It is, however, satisfactory to find that in his final summary the count admits (page 238) that Meade "turned to excellent account" the strong position near Gettysburg, and that "he knew how to use all the forces under his command." He makes, to be sure, several criticisms on his conduct, some of which seem to us to be far-fetched, and others very questionable, while one or two offer interesting matter for discussion and investigation. But we have not complained, and we do not intend to complain, of the count for criticising General Meade's measures, but only for the fault-finding and grudging tone in which he makes his criticisms. Meade's position was one of great responsibility and difficulty; his task was rendered specially hard by the recentness of his own appointment to the command of the army, by the inexcusable and very serious mistakes of Howard and Sickles, — to which alone the losses and defeats of the first two days were due, — by the protraction of the terrible contest throughout three days of hard fighting, and lastly by the loss of several of his ablest and most energetic corps commanders.

To our thinking, General Meade's intelligent, consistent, firm, and courageous management of the army during that trying week deserves cordial and grateful recognition, and we are sorry that our distinguished foreign historian has, in our judgment, failed to do him full justice.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHICH is harder to bear, ignorant praise or undeserved censure? To the common run of people the latter evil no doubt seems the worse. There is a degree of discomfort, of course, in feeling shame-faced and foolish, as the least sensitive of us must do on finding ourselves tricked out with borrowed plumes; it is better, we all admit, to pass for what we really are; but to be falsely accused, to suffer under outrageous misrepresentation, — this is a misfortune of quite another grade.

So the average man reasons; and even for those of us who do not rank under that head, who value ourselves on having something of the philosophic spirit, — even for us, I say, it is not easy always to feel that instantaneous and utter loathing for an undeserved compliment which on all sound moral theories we ought to feel. Praise — shall we own it? — praise is praise, be it never so incompetent. It must be poor indeed not to carry a savor of sweetness, though it be only a bitter-sweet.

Still, it is better to be eulogized with a moderate degree of discrimination; and when I say "moderate" I am not to be understood in any oblique, ironical sense. Let my good qualities be spoken of discriminatingly, by all means; but not *too* discriminatingly. In such a cause I can tolerate a slight tendency to overstatement, a benignant elasticity of phrase, better than a super-conscientious adherence to literal exactness. I am resigned to having my faults kept a little in the shade and my good points made the most of. I would not have my critics, much less those who love me, contemplate my character or my work in too dry a light. A judge should know how to wink, else he is no judge for me.

What I deprecate is nothing of this

innocent and wholesome sort, but rather that reckless disregard of fact and proportion which comes not of kindly exaggeration (in this wicked world there are few things better than that), but of downright lack of intelligence or a congenital deficiency of sense.

Natural as the appetite for the good opinion of our fellows is (and whoever is without it is not fit to live), there are few of us, I suspect, but are often put to shame by its excessive and misdirected cravings. We lecture ourselves on the folly of minding what other people think of us. To check our own pride we call our brother mortals fools. Why should we care for the approbation of such a pack of dunces? Yet so strong and unreasonable is our passion that we find to our sorrow that the most undeserved commendation, from some most benighted admirer, has power to tickle us into a momentary pleasure. Here, if I mistake not, is one of the most deplorable features of praise ignorantly bestowed. We have absolutely no respect for the judgment of our flatterer; honest and well-meaning as he probably is, it is plain as day that he knows nothing about the matter in hand; yet for all that, we are made happy by his inane applause. How can we respect ourselves after such weakness! In the end we scarcely know which we more despise, the fool without or the fool within.

I have often thought that no class of persons have more to endure in this respect than clergymen. There is hardly one of them, it is safe to say, but has his bevy of feminine worshipers, who take his lightest word for law and gospel, and admire him most loudly for his least excellent gifts. In all probability, he is subjected at the same time to inordinate praise and unmitigated censure. Cold winds and hot blow upon him from

opposite quarters: the one set pleasant but miasmatic, the other very uncomfortable but not altogether insalubrious. A minister must receive many compliments which turn quickly to wormwood, — compliments quite undeserved, or, if deserved, so much the worse for him; such, at any rate, as no preacher of righteousness ought to count worthy of his notice for an instant. What kind of an artist is it that blushes with pleasure on hearing some boor extol the frame in which his picture is hung?

But nothing is easier than to grow sarcastic over the foibles of other people. How is it with ourselves? When the Evening Daybeam reviewed our last book, crying it up without stint for the space of half a column, were we not gratified? Yea, there is no denying it, though it provoked us to see that the reviewer had never read the work, — however he might have thrown his eye over the pages, as De Quincey would have said, — and was lauding it in terms a full half of which were wide of the mark.

And again, to come a little nearer home, when your first thin volume of Poems appeared (I was very near misplacing that mensural adjective), and was greeted with so significant and painful a silence, were you not elated out of measure (blush as you may at this reminder of the fact) by a certain notice which was printed in the Daily Annunciator, and which made up for its tardiness by its unqualified admiration? To be sure, it was evidently the production of some blind personal friend, or else of some (poetical) ignoramus. Yet it was praise, and that of the most ungrudging sort. As such it was no more than your due; only it was very unfortunate that it should not have been more elegantly and judiciously expressed. Even for you, interested as you were, — interested and young, — it was a trifle too much when your anonymous eulogist declared that in your poems were

combined "the martial enthusiasm and fiery passion of Wordsworth, the ineffable grace and delicacy of Byron, and the tender and homely simplicity of Shelley." It was well enough to link your name with theirs; time would no doubt ratify so much of the verdict; but somehow it had to be confessed that the details of the comparison might have been more felicitously put. But what then? You were allowed to possess fire and grace, fervor and simplicity. What more could a young poet ask?

Well, well, it is cruel to revive such memories. You are no longer in love with your juvenile Poems, and the recollection of the Daily Annunciator's encomium is a temptation to profanity. Let it pass. Who knows but in the same manner you may once more outgrow yourself (I am no longer sarcastic), and come to reckon the compliments which now titillate your sensibilities as only so much idle breath?

Ignorant praise is bad, very bad, — let us pray to be delivered from it; but, after all, it is better than none.

— It is a very pathetic thing to see the efforts some of our industrious young poets make to write something good. They appear to gird up their loins, and rake the dictionary, and crowd their verses with all the choicest kind of language, all to no avail. "*Majora canamus!*" they constantly exclaim, but they somehow continue to be minor poets.

It has occurred to me that they might do well to risk an opposite course. Instead of attempting any longer to make their verse mean something (for in this they do not seem fitted by nature to succeed), let them try to enrich it with passages of melodious idiocy. Like the wretched prisoners in the elevator, since the thing won't go up, why not try it down?

For it has been borne in on me lately that people like a little Mother Goose in their poetry. I notice that some of the stanzas most quoted from our best

poets are those of whose real meaning the quoters plainly have not the remotest idea. It is not merely that the verse is liked in spite of its having, to them, no meaning, but just because of this fact. I can remember that I used to be fond of chanting,

"Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie,"

before I had any notion whatever of the sense of "*rigs*." Since the time of learning the meaning of the word, I observe that I do not seem to care half so much for the song. There is a verse of Maud that I used to rave over continually when a boy. It runs:—

"The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
And the pimpernel dozed on the lea."

Now this pimpernel was not a flower familiar to my childhood, and I actually supposed it was a bird. I can see now the picture as my innocent youthful mind conceived it,—the pimpernel standing gravely on one long and stilt-like leg at the margin of the lake, well out of the cold wind, on "the lee" side, fast asleep, and probably dreaming of more polliwogs. When this halcyon bird flapped his wings of fancy and soared away on a gale of truth, the charm of the stanza was gone for me. Is there any line of Auld Lang Syne that simple people sing with such appreciative fervor as that of, "Pu'ing" the "gowans fine"? And what idea have they when they declaim of "shuffling off this mortal coil"? And what feline melodiousness is suggested to them by Milton's "Eagle mewing her mighty youth"? And how nonplused they would be if suddenly called on to expound in their true relation to the thought those lines, so charming in their "simplicity,"—

"For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem"!

How many times have we heard some poem of Browning or of Emerson de-

livered with ingenuous enthusiasm as a "selection" at some reading club, or "circle," when to have stopped the reader and naively inquired the meaning would have brought on a most painful situation! Depend upon it, there is nothing that so lends charm to verses as the line that is perfect nonsense to us, so long as we do not notice that it lacks sense. Even passages that are frankly and avowedly nonsense meet a felt want. Is it not one of the charms of the old ballads that they refresh our intellects now and again with their "Oh and's" and "Oh but's," and their "Hey nonny's"? What a terrible line is that in the "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens,"—

"And gurlly grew the sea"!

These meaningless refrains and unintelligible words are like the parenthetical twirls and "warbles" of the bagpipe, or like the bânjoist's strum and stamp. As the bumper of milk refreshes the weary pedestrian, so do these dashes of nonsense the mind, by a return to the diet of infancy.

One of the most impressive songs I ever heard was a ditty which used to be sung, or rather strummed and stamped, by an old frosty-pated darky on the village street-corner. It consisted only of the words, "Wi' goose ——— how long?" All the rest was banjo and the flat of his foot, filling in the pause of three or four measures where I have placed the dashes. (Wi' goose — tink-a-tink-a-slamp, tink-a-tink-a-slamp, tink-a-tink-a-slamp, — how long?) At first it had for me only the pure and unadulterated nonsense-interest. But by and by, as I used to listen sleepily to it from my window on a summer evening, I came to fancy a meaning in it. Was it not the song of some dumb heart-break of slavery, listening to the far-off, lonely cry of the wild geese flying away northward, and calling out in a repressed agony of impatience, "*Wi' goose ——— how long?*"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. Ancient Cities from the Dawn to the Daylight, by W. B. Wright (Houghton), is a quick, incisive sketch of certain great centres of antiquity, a study of whose conditions has a bearing upon the general study of the development of humanity. The cities are Uz, Nineveh, Babylon, Memphis, Alexandria, Petra, Damascus, Tyre, Athens, Rome, Samaria, Susa, Jerusalem, closing with a significant chapter on the New Jerusalem. Mr. Wright, in his modest preface, disclaims any title to learning, but resorting to the best authorities, some of them unfamiliar, he has written a little book which is instinct with life, and in many cases picturesque and striking. It will do much towards giving people a fresh and animated conception of antiquity. — George Ide Chace, LL. D., a Memorial, edited by James O. Murray. (Printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge.) The form which this Memorial takes is a fit one. In the first place, Dr. Murray has collected the reminiscences and estimates of eminent pupils of this eminent teacher, deftly weaving them into a slight biographic sketch; and then following several addresses and essays given by Professor Chace, and indicative of the character and scope of his mind. We doubt whether any men in this world receive such reverent admiration as strong, single-minded teachers. — The cruise of the Alabama, by One of the Crew (Houghton), is a sailor's yarn. In its facts it is corroborated by the historians of the quarter-deck, but as it does not undertake to say much about the gentlemen who managed the Alabama, so neither do those historians really tell much about Jack. Jack now speaks for himself, and to read this book is to get a good notion of what bilge-water is to a delicate nostril. It is wise for one to put his head into the fore-castle of such a craft as the Alabama, if he would understand what the vessel was. — Shaftesbury, by H. D. Traill, in Lang's English Worthies (Appleton), is a brief biography of the first earl, spirited, clever, and making the most of a somewhat unpalatable subject. — Madame Roland, by Mathilde Blind (Roberts), is the latest in the Famous Women Series. Miss Blind has the quality of admiration which makes a biographer interesting; perhaps it also makes her a little blind, as where she seems to fancy Roland himself a hero in his manner of death. — The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States, by J. G. Rosengarten. (Lippincott.) The larger part of this little book, which is an expansion of an earlier one, is given to the Germans in the last war, but the element in the former wars is also treated, though not so fully as by Greene and Kapp. — Albany and its Place in the History of the United States, by Berthold Fernow. (Charles Van Benthuysen & Sons, Albany.) Mr. Fernow, who is the custodian

of the colonial records of the State of New York, was the historian appointed at the recent two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Albany, and in this sketch he aimed at a series of chronological studies which should be something more than a merely local glorification. — The Destruction of Rome is a brief letter from Herman Grimm (Cupples, Upham & Co.), translated by Miss Adams, in which the distinguished author points out how remorselessly the Italians are robbing Rome of those features which give it its greatest claim upon the world's interest. — The Olden Time Series, edited by Henry M. Brooks (Ticknor), has advanced to the fourth and fifth numbers: the former devoted to Quaint and Curious Advertisements, and the latter to Strange and Curious Punishments. Mr. Brooks's method is to cull from the old newspapers striking passages, and to add occasional brief comments or explanation of his own. We like his plan, for it provides readers and students with the means for coming close to the objects which illustrate the manners and customs of their ancestors.

Books for Young People. Silver Rags, by W. B. Allen (Lothrop), is a slightly sentimental and diffuse story-book, in which rather well-worn tales are told over again by a story-book uncle to story-book children, while story-book incidents carry forward the slight plot. At any rate, the author writes without the help of noxious slang. — The Children of Old Parks Tavern, by Frances A. Humphrey (Harpers), is a bright story of old colony life some fifty years ago. The author, with two young people for her chief characters, has managed to introduce Daniel Webster as a subordinate, and to incorporate a great deal of local historical allusion in a dexterous fashion. The sensational portions are used to increase the interest of the story, and are not intensified too much. Altogether the little book is very near a success in a most difficult field. — Rolf House, by Lucy C. Lillie (Harpers), is a quasi-sequel to a book by the same author, entitled Nan, but the reader's interest does not depend on her acquaintance with the previous work. The book is a small novel in its way, built upon the sort of day-dreams for supporting themselves and families which girls of fifteen may be supposed to enjoy. — Into Unknown Seas, or The Cruise of Two Sailor Boys, by David Ker (Harpers), is a succession of incredible adventures, told with the most cheerful confidence in the reader's credulity. The book has an honesty of sensationalism about it which is truly refreshing. — The Riverside Museum, by Jak (Crowell), is a healthy, lively book, in which the best side of boy nature is presented, with a good deal of familiar and not obtrusive instruction in natural history.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SUPPLEMENT.

THE ORATION BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, AND THE POEM BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, DELIVERED IN SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 8, 1886, ON THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

ORATION.

IT seems an odd anomaly that, while respect for age and deference to its opinions have diminished and are still sensibly diminishing among us, the relish of antiquity should be more pungent and the value set upon things merely because they are old should be greater in America than anywhere else. It is merely a sentimental relish, for ours is a new country in more senses than one, and, like children when they are fancying themselves this or that, we have to play very hard in order to believe that we are old. But we like the game none the worse, and multiply our anniversaries with honest zeal, as if we increased our centuries by the number of events we could congratulate on having happened a hundred years ago. There is something of instinct in this, and it is a wholesome instinct if it serve to quicken our consciousness of the forces that are gathered by duration and continuity, if it teach us that, ride fast and far as we may, we carry the Past on our crupper, as immovably seated there as the black Care of the Roman poet. The generations of men are braided inextricably together, and the very trick of our gait may be countless generations older than we.

I have sometimes wondered whether, as the faith of men in a future existence

grew less confident, they might not be seeking some equivalent in the feeling of a retrospective duration, if not their own, at least that of their race. Yet even this continuance is trifling and ephemeral. If the tablets unearthed and deciphered by Geology have forced us to push back incalculably the birthday of man, they have in like proportion impoverished his recorded annals, making even the Platonic year but as a single grain of the sand in Time's hour-glass, and the inscriptions of Egypt and Assyria modern as yesterday's newspaper. Fancy flutters over these vague wastes like a butterfly blown out to sea, and finds no foothold. It is true that, if we may put as much faith in heredity as seems reasonable to many of us, we are all in some transcendental sense the coevals of primitive man, and Pythagoras may well have been present in Euphorbus at the siege of Troy. Had Shakespeare's thought taken this turn when he said to Time,

Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight ?

But this imputed and vicarious longevity, though it may be obscurely operative in our lives and fortunes, is no valid offset for the shortness of our days, nor widens by a hair's breadth the horizon of our

memories. Man and his monuments are of yesterday, and we, however we may play with our fancies, must content ourselves with being young. If youth be a defect, it is one that we outgrow only too soon.

Mr. Ruskin said the other day that he could not live in a country that had neither castles nor cathedrals, and doubtless men of imaginative temper find not only charm but inspiration in structures which Nature has adopted as her foster-children, and on which Time has laid his hand only in benediction. It is not their antiquity, but its association with man, that endows them with such sensitizing potency. Even the landscape sometimes bewitches us by this pathos of a human past, and the green pastures and golden slopes of England are sweeter both to the outward and to the inward eye that the hand of man has immemorially cared for and caressed them. The nightingale sings with more prevailing passion in Greece that we first heard her from the thickets of a Euripidean chorus. For myself, I never felt the working of this spell so acutely as in those gray seclusions of the college quadrangles and cloisters at Oxford and Cambridge, conscious with venerable associations, and whose very stones seemed happier for being there. The chapel pavement still whispered with the blessed feet of that long procession of saints and sages and scholars and poets, who are all gone into a world of light, but whose memories seem to consecrate the soul from all ignobler companionship.

Are we to suppose that these memories were less dear and gracious to the Puritan scholars, at whose instigation this college was founded, than to that other Puritan who sang the dim religious light, the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, which these memories recalled? Doubtless all these things were present to their minds, but they were ready to forego them all for the sake of

that truth whereof, as Milton says of himself, they were members incorporate. The pitiful contrast which they must have felt between the carven sanctuaries of learning they had left behind and the wattled fold they were rearing here on the edge of the wilderness is to me more than tenderly — it is almost sublimely — pathetic. When I think of their unpliant strength of purpose, their fidelity to their ideal, their faith in God and in themselves, I am inclined to say with Donne that

We are scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon.

Our past is well-nigh desolate of æsthetic stimulus. We have none or next to none of these aids to the imagination, of these coigns of vantage for the tendrils of memory or affection. Not one of our older buildings is venerable, or will ever become so. Time refuses to console them. They all look as if they meant business, and nothing more. And it is precisely because this College meant business, business of the gravest import, and did that business as thoroughly as it might with no means that were not niggardly except an abundant purpose to do its best, — it is precisely for this that we have gathered here to-day. We come back hither from the experiences of a richer life, as the son who has prospered returns to the household of his youth, to find in its very homeliness a pulse, if not of deeper, certainly of fonder, emotion than any splendor could stir. "Dear old Mother," we say, "how charming you are in your plain cap and the drab silk that has been turned again since we saw you! You were constantly forced to remind us that you could not afford to give us this and that which some other boys had, but your discipline and diet were wholesome, and you sent us forth into the world with the sound constitutions and healthy appetites that are bred of simple fare."

It is good for us to commemorate this

homespun past of ours ; good, in these days of a reckless and swaggering prosperity, to remind ourselves how poor our fathers were, and that we celebrate them because for themselves and their children they chose wisdom and understanding and the things that are of God rather than any other riches. This is our Founders' Day, and we are come together to do honor to them all : first, to the Commonwealth which laid our corner-stone ; next, to the gentle and godly youth from whom we took our name, — himself scarce more than a name, — and with them to the countless throng of benefactors, rich and poor, who have built us up to what we are. We cannot do it better than in the familiar words : " Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Leaders of the people by their counsels, and, by their knowledge of learning, meet for the people ; wise and eloquent in their instructions. There be of them that have left a name behind them that their praises might be reported. And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been. But these were merciful men whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes."

This two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of our College is not remarkable as commemorating any memorable length of days. There is hardly a country in Europe but can show us universities that were older than ours now is when ours was but a grammar-school, with Eaton as master. Bologna, Paris, Oxford, were already famous schools when Dante visited them, as I love to think he did, six hundred years ago. We are ancient, it is true, on our own continent, ancient even as compared with several German universities more renowned than

we. But it is not primarily the longevity of our Alma Mater upon which we are gathered here to congratulate her and each other. Kant says somewhere that, as the records of human transactions accumulate, the memory of man will have room only for those of supreme cosmopolitical importance. Can we claim for the birthday we are keeping a significance of so wide a bearing and so long a reach ? If we may not do that, we may at least affirm confidently that the event it records and emphasizes is second in real import to none that has happened in this western hemisphere. The material growth of the colonies would have brought about their political separation from the Mother Country in the fulness of time, without that stain of blood which unhappily keeps its own memory green so long. But the founding of the first English college here was what saved New England from becoming a mere geographical expression. It did more, for it insured, and I believe was meant to insure, our intellectual independence of the Old World. That independence has been long in coming, but it will come at last ; and are not the names of the chiefest of those who have hastened its coming written on the roll of Harvard College ?

I think this foundation of ours a quite unexampled thing. Surely never were the bases of such a structure as this has become, and was meant to be, laid by a community of men so poor, in circumstances so unprecedented, and under what seemed such sullen and averted stars. The colony, still insignificant, was in danger of an Indian war, was in the throes of that Antinomian controversy which threatened its very existence, yet the leaders of opinion on both sides were united in the resolve that sound learning and an educated clergy should never cease from among them or their descendants in the commonwealth they were building up. In the midst of such fears and such tumults, Harvard College was

born, and not Marina herself had a more blustering birth or a more chiding nativity. The prevision of those men must have been as clear as their faith was steadfast. Well they knew and had laid to heart the wise man's precept, "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; for she is thy life."

There can be little question that the action of the General Court received its impulse and direction from the clergy, men of eminent qualities and of well-deserved authority. Among the Massachusetts Bay colonists the proportion of ministers, trained at Oxford and Cambridge, was surprisingly large, and, if we may trust the evidence of contemporary secular literature, such men as Higginson, Cotton, Wilson, Norton, Shephard, Bulkley, Davenport, to mention no more, were, in learning, intelligence, and general accomplishment, far above the average parson of the country and the church from which their consciences had driven them out. The presence and influence of such men were of inestimable consequence to the fortunes of the colony. If they were narrow, it was as the Sword of Righteousness is narrow. If they had but one idea, it was as the leader of a forlorn hope has but one, and can have no other, namely, to do the duty that is laid on him, and ask no questions. Our Puritan ancestors have been misrepresented and maligned by persons without imagination enough to make themselves contemporary with, and therefore able to understand, the men whose memories they strive to blacken. That happy breed of men who, both in church and state, led our first emigration were children of the most splendid intellectual epoch that England has ever known. They were the coevals of a generation which passed on in scarcely diminished radiance the torch of life kindled in great Eliza's golden days. Out of the New Learning, the new ferment alike religious and national, and the New Discoveries

with their suggestion of boundless possibility, the alembic of that age had distilled a potent elixir either inspiring or intoxicating, as the mind that imbibed it was strong or weak. Are we to suppose that the lips of the founders of New England alone were unwetted by a drop of that stimulating draught?—that Milton was the only Puritan that had read Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher? I do not believe it, whoever may. Communities as well as men have a right to be judged by their best. We are justified in taking the elder Winthrop as a type of the leading emigrants, and the more we know him, the more we learn to reverence his great qualities, whether of mind or character. The posterity of those earnest and single-minded men may have thrown the creed of their fathers into the waste-basket, but their fidelity to it and to the duties they believed it to involve is the most precious and potent drop in their transmitted blood. It is especially noteworthy that they did not make a strait-waistcoat of this creed for their new college. The more I meditate upon them, the more I am inclined to pardon the enthusiasm of our old historian when he said that God had sifted three kingdoms to plant New England.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony itself also was then and since without a parallel. It was established by a commercial company, whose members combined in themselves the two by no means incongruous elements of religious enthusiasm and business sagacity, the earthy ingredient, as in dynamite, holding in check its explosive partner, which yet could and did explode on sufficient concussion. They meant that their venture should be gainful, but at the same time believed that nothing could be long profitable for the body wherein the soul found not also her advantage. They feared God, and kept their powder dry because they feared Him and meant

that others should. I think their most remarkable characteristic was their public spirit, and in nothing did they show both that and the wise forecast that gives it its best value more clearly than when they resolved to keep the higher education of youth in their own hands and under their own eye. This they provided for in the college. Eleven years later they established their system of public schools, where reading and writing should be taught. This they did partly, no doubt, to provide feeders for the more advanced schools, and so for the college, but even more, it may safely be inferred, because they had found that the polity to which their ends, rough-hew them as they might, must be shaped by the conditions under which they were forced to act, could be safe only in the hands of intelligent men, or, at worst, of men to whom they had given a chance to become such.

In founding the College, they had three objects: first, the teaching of the Humanities and of Hebrew as the hieratic language; second, the training of a learned as well as godly clergy; and third, the education of the Indians, that they might serve as missionaries of a higher civilization and of a purer religion, as the necessary preliminary thereto. The third of these objects, after much effort and much tribulation, they were forced to abandon. John Winthrop, Jr., in a letter written to the Honorable Robert Boyle in 1663, gives us an interesting glimpse of a pair of these dusky catechumens. "I make bold," he says, "to send heere inclosed a kind of rarity; . . . It is two papers of Latin composed by two Indians now scollars in the Colledge in this country, and the writing is with their own hands. . . . Possibly as a novelty of that kind it may be acceptable, being a reall fruit of that hopefull worke y^t is begū amongst them . . . testifying thus much that I received them of those Indians out of their own hands, and had

ready answers frō them in Latin to many questions that I propounded to them in y^t language, and heard them both express severall sentences in Greke also. I doubt not but those honorable *fautores Scientiarum* [the Royal Society] will gladly receive the intelligence of such *Vestigia Doctrinæ* in this wilderness amongst such a barbarous people." Alas, these *Vestigia* became only too soon *retrosum*! The Indians showed a far greater natural predisposition for disfurnishing the outside of other people's heads than for furnishing the insides of their own. Their own wild life must have been dear to them: the forest beckoned just outside the College door, and the first blue-bird of spring whistled them back to the woods. They would have said to the president, with the Gypsy steward in the old play when he heard the new-come nightingale, "Oh, Sir, you hear, I am called." At any rate, our College succeeded in keeping but one of these wild creatures long enough to make a graduate of him, and he thereupon vanishes into the merciful shadow of the past. His name—but, as there was only one Indian graduate, so there is only one living man who can pronounce his unconverted name, and I leave the task to Dr. Hammond Trumbull.

I shall not attempt, even in brief, a history of the College. It has already been excellently done. A compendium of it would be mainly a list of unfamiliar names, and Coleridge has said truly that such names "are non-conductors; they stop all interest."

The fame and usefulness of all institutions of learning depend on the greatness of those who teach in them.

Queis arte benigna,

Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,

and great teachers are almost rarer than great poets. We can lay claim to none such (I must not speak of the living), unless it be Agassiz, whom we adopted, but we have had many devoted and some

eminent. It has not been their fault if they have not pushed farther forward the boundaries of knowledge. Our professors have been compelled by the necessities of the case (as we are apt to call things which we ought to reform, but do not) to do too much of work not properly theirs, and that of a kind so exacting as to consume the energy that might have been ample for higher service. They have been obliged to double the parts of professor and tutor. During the seventeenth century we have reason to think that the college kept pretty well up to the standard of its contemporary colleges in England, so far as its poverty would allow. It seems to have enjoyed a certain fame abroad among men who sympathized with the theology it taught, for I possess a "Hebrew Accidence," dedicated some two hundred years ago to the "illustrious academy at Boston in New England," by a Dutch scholar whom I cannot help thinking a very discerning person. That the students of that day had access to a fairly good library may be inferred from Cotton Mather's "Magnalia," though he knew not how to make the best use of it, and is a very nightmare of pedantry. That the College had made New England a good market for books is proved by John Dunton's journey hither in the interests of his trade. During the eighteenth and first quarter of the nineteenth centuries, I fancy the condition of things here to have been very much what it was in the smaller English colleges of the period, if we may trust the verses which Gray addressed to the goddess Ignorance. Young men who were willing mainly to teach themselves might get something to their advantage, while the rest were put here by their parents as into a comfortable quarantine, where they could wait till the gates of life were opened to them, safe from any contagion of learning, except such as might be developed from previous infection. I am speaking of a great while ago. Men

are apt, I know, in after life, to lay the blame of their scholastic short-comings at the door of their teachers. They are often wrong in this, and I am quite aware that there are some pupils who are knowledge-proof; but I gather from tradition, which I believe to be trustworthy, that there have been periods in the history of the college when the students might have sung with Bishop Golias:—

Hi nos docent, sed indocti;
Hi nos docent, et nox nocti
Indicat scientiam.

We have a means of testing the general culture given here towards the middle of the last century in the *Gratulation* presented by Harvard College on the accession of George III. It is not duller than such things usually are on the other side of the water, and it shows a pretty knack at tagging verses. It is noteworthy that the Greek in it, if I remember rightly, is wholly or chiefly Governor Bernard's. A few years earlier, some of the tracts in the Whitfield controversy prove that the writers had got here a thorough training in English, at least. They had certainly not read their Swift in vain.

But the chief service, as it was the chief office, of the college during all those years was to maintain and hand down the traditions of how excellent a thing Learning was, even if the teaching were not always adequate by way of illustration. And yet, so far as that teaching went, it was wise in this, that it gave its pupils some tincture of letters as distinguished from mere scholarship. It aimed to teach them the authors, that is, the few great ones,—the late Professor Popkin, whom the older of us remember, would have allowed that title only to the Greeks,—and to teach them in such a way as to enable the pupil to assimilate somewhat of their thought, sentiment, and style, rather than to master the minuter niceties of the language in which they

wrote. It struck for their matter, as Montaigne advised, who would have men taught to love Virtue instead of learning to decline *virtus*. It set more store by the marrow than by the bone that encased it. It made language, as it should be, a ladder to literature, and not literature a ladder to language. How many a boy has hated, and rightly hated, Homer and Horace the pedagogues and grammarians, who would have loved Homer and Horace the poets, had he been allowed to make their acquaintance. The old method of instruction had the prime merit of enabling its pupils to conceive that there is neither ancient nor modern on the narrow shelves of what is truly literature. We owe a great debt to the Germans. No one is more indebted to them than I, but is there not danger of their misleading us in some directions into pedantry? In his preface to an Old French poem of the thirteenth century, lately published, the editor informs us sorrowfully that he had the advantage of listening only two years and a half to the lectures of Professor Gaston Paris, in which time he got no farther than through the first three vowels. At this rate, to master the whole alphabet, consonants and all, would be a task fitter for the centurial adolescence of Methuselah than for our less liberal ration of years. I was glad my editor had had this advantage, and I am quite willing that Old French should get the benefit of such scrupulosity, but I think I see a tendency to train young men in the languages as if they were all to be editors, and not lovers of polite literature. Education, we are often told, is a drawing out of the faculties. May they not be drawn out too thin? I am not undervaluing philology or accuracy of scholarship. Both are excellent and admirable in their places. But philology is less beautiful to me than philosophy, as Milton understood the word, and mere accuracy is to Truth as a plaster-cast to the marble statue;

it gives the facts, but not their meaning. If I must choose, I had rather a young man should be intimate with the genius of the Greek dramatic poets than with the metres of their choruses, though I should be glad to have him on easy terms with both.

For more than two hundred years, in its discipline and courses of study, the College followed mainly the lines traced by its founders. The influence of its first half century did more than any other, perhaps more than all others, to make New England what it is. During the one hundred and forty years preceding our War of Independence it had supplied the schools of the greater part of New England with teachers. What was even more important, it had sent to every parish in Massachusetts one man, the clergyman, with a certain amount of scholarship, a belief in culture, and generally pretty sure to bring with him or to gather a considerable collection of books, by no means wholly theological. Simple and godly men were they, the truest modern antitypes of Chaucer's Good Parson, receiving much, sometimes all, of their scanty salary in kind, and eking it out by the drudgery of a cross-grained farm where the soil seems all backbone. If there was no regular practitioner, they practised without fee a grandmotherly sort of medicine, probably not much more harmful (*O, dura messorum ilia*) than the heroic treatment of the day. They contrived to save enough to send their sons through college, to portion their daughters, decently trained in English literature of the more serious kind, and perfect in the duties of household and dairy, and to make modest provision for the widow, if they should leave one. With all this, they gave their two sermons every Sunday of the year, and of a measure that would seem ruinously liberal to these less stalwart days, when scarce ten parsons together could lift the stones of Diomed which they hurled at Satan

with the easy precision of lifelong practice. And if they turned their barrel of discourses at the end of the Horatian ninth year, which of their parishioners was the wiser for it? Their one great holiday was Commencement, which they punctually attended. They shared the many toils and the rare festivals, the joys and the sorrows, of their townsmen as bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, for all were of one blood and of one faith. They dwelt on the same brotherly level with them as men, yet set apart from and above them by their sacred office. Preaching the most terrible of doctrines, as most of them did, they were humane and cheerful men, and when they came down from the pulpit seemed to have been merely twisting their "cast-iron logic" of despair, as Coleridge said of Donne, "into true-love-knots." Men of authority, wise in council, independent, for their settlement was a life-tenure, they were living lessons of piety, industry, frugality, temperance, and, with the magistrates, were a recognized aristocracy. Surely never was an aristocracy so simple, so harmless, so exemplary, and so fit to rule. I remember a few lingering survivors of them in my early boyhood, relics of a serious but not sullen past, of a community for which in civic virtue, intelligence, and general efficacy I seek a parallel in vain:—

rusticorum mascula militum
Proles . . . docta . . .
Versare glebas et severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portare fustes.

I know too well the deductions to be made. It was a community without charm, or with a homely charm at best, and the life it led was visited by no muse even in dream. But it was the stuff out of which fortunate ancestors are made, and twenty-five years ago their sons showed in no diminished measure the qualities of the breed. In every household some brave boy was saying to his mother, as Iphigenia to hers, —

Thou borest me for all the Greeks, not for thyself alone.

Nor were Harvard's sons the last. This hall commemorates them, but their story is written in headstones all over the land they saved.

To the teaching and example of those reverend men whom Harvard bred and then planted in every hamlet as pioneers and outposts of her doctrine, Massachusetts owes the better part of her moral and intellectual inheritance. They, too, were the progenitors of a numerous and valid race. My friend Dr. Holmes was, I believe, the first to point out how large a proportion of our men of light and leading sprang from their loins. The illustrious Chief Magistrate of the Republic, who honors us with his presence here to-day, has ancestors italicized in our printed registers, and has shown himself worthy of his pedigree.

During the present century, I believe that Harvard received and welcomed the new learning from Germany at the hands of Everett, Bancroft, and Ticknor, before it had been accepted by the more conservative universities of the Old Home. Everett's translation of Buttmann's Greek Grammar was reprinted in England, with the "Massachusetts" omitted after "Cambridge," at the end of the preface, to conceal its American origin.—Emerson has told us how his intellectual life was quickened by the eloquent enthusiasm of Everett's teaching. Mr. Bancroft made strenuous efforts to introduce a more wholesome discipline and maturer methods of study, with the result of a rebellion of the Freshman Class, who issued a manifesto of their wrongs, written by the late Robert Rantoul, which ended thus: "Shall FREEMEN bear this? FRESHMEN are freemen!" They, too, remembered Revolutionary sires. Mr. Bancroft's translation of Heeren was the first of its kind, and it is worth mentioning that the earliest version from Henry Heine into English was made here, and

by a graduate of Harvard. Ticknor also strove earnestly to enlarge the scope of the collegiate courses of study. The force of the new impulse did not last long, or produce, unless indirectly, lasting results. It was premature, the students were really school-boys, and the college was not yet capable of the larger university life. The conditions of American-life, too, were such that young men looked upon scholarship neither as an end nor as a means, but simply as an accomplishment, like music or dancing, of which they were to acquire a little more or a little less, generally a little less, according to individual taste or circumstances. It has been mainly during the last twenty-five years that the College, having already the name, but by no means all the resources, of a university, has been trying to perform some, at least, of the functions which that title implies.

Now half appears
The tawny lion, pawing to get free."

Let us, then, no longer look backwards, but forwards, as our fathers did when they laid our humble foundations in the wilderness. The motto first proposed for the college arms was, as you know, *Veritas*, written across three open books. It was a noble one, and, if the full bearing of it was understood, as daring as it was noble. Perhaps it was discarded because an *open* book seemed hardly the fittest symbol for what is so hard to find, and, if ever we fancy we have found it, so hard to decipher and to translate into our own language and life. Pilate's question still murmurs in the ear of every thoughtful, and Montaigne's in that of every honest man. The motto finally substituted for that, *Christo et Ecclesiæ*, is, when rightly interpreted, substantially the same, for it means that we are to devote ourselves to the highest conception we have of Truth and to the preaching of it. Fortunately, the Sphinx proposes her conundrums to us one at a time and at intervals proportioned to our wits.

Joseph de Maistre says that "un homme d'esprit est tenu de savoir deux choses ; 1º, ce qu'il est ; 2º, où il est." The questions for us are, In what sense are we become a university? And then, if we become so, What and to what end should a university aim to teach now and here in this America of ours whose meaning no man can yet comprehend? And, when we have settled what it is best to teach, comes the further question, How are we to teach it? Whether with an eye to its effect on developing character or personal availability, that is to say, to its effect in the conduct of life, or on the chances of getting a livelihood? Perhaps we shall find that we must have a care for both, and I cannot see why the two need be incompatible; but if they are, I should choose the former term of the alternative.

In a not remote past, society had still certain recognized, authoritative guides, and the college trained them as the fashion of the day required. But

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?

That ancient Close Corporation of official guides has been compelled to surrender its charter. We are pestered with as many volunteers as at Niagara, and, as there, if we follow any of them, may count on paying for it pretty dearly. The office of the higher instruction, nevertheless, continues to be as it always was, the training of such guides; only it must now try to fit them out with as much more personal accomplishment and authority as may compensate the loss of hierarchical prestige.

When President Walker, it must be now nearly thirty years ago, asked me in common with my colleagues what my notion of a university was, I answered, "A university is a place where nothing useful is taught; but a university is possible only where a man may get his livelihood by digging Sanscrit roots." What I meant was that the highest office of the somewhat complex thing so named, was to distribute the true Bread

of Life, the *pane degli angeli*, as Dante called it, and to breed an appetite for it; but that it should also have the means and appliances for teaching everything, as the mediæval universities aimed to do in their *trivium* and *quadrivium*. I had in mind the ideal and the practical sides of the institution, and was thinking also whether such an institution was practicable, and, if so, whether it was desirable, in a country like this. I think it eminently desirable, and, if it be, what should be its chief function? I choose rather to hesitate my opinion than to assert it roundly. But some opinion I am bound to have, either my own or another man's, if I would be in the fashion, though I may not be wholly satisfied with the one or the other. Opinions are "as handy," to borrow our Yankee proverb, "as a pocket in a shirt," and, I may add, as hard to come at. I hope, then, that the day will come when a competent professor may lecture here also for three years on the first three vowels of the Romance alphabet, and find fit audience, though few. I hope the day may never come when the weightier matters of a language, namely, such parts of its literature as have overcome death by reason of their wisdom and of the beauty in which it is incarnated, such parts as are universal by reason of their civilizing properties, their power to elevate and fortify the mind, — I hope the day may never come when these are not predominant in the teaching given here. Let the Humanities be maintained undiminished in their ancient right. Leave in their traditional pre-eminence those arts that were rightly called liberal; those studies that kindle the imagination, and through it irradiate the reason; those studies that manumitted the modern mind; those in which the brains of finest temper have found alike their stimulus and their repose, taught by them that the power of intellect is heightened in proportion as it is made gracious by

measure and symmetry. Give us science, too, but give first of all, and last of all, the science that ennobles life and makes it generous. I stand here as, a man of letters, and as a man of letters I must speak. But I am speaking with no exclusive intention. No one believes more firmly than I in the usefulness, I might well say the necessity, of variety in study, and of opening the freest scope possible to the prevailing bent of every mind when that bent shows itself to be so predominating as to warrant it. Many-sidedness of culture makes our vision clearer and keener in particulars. For after all, the noblest definition of Science is that breadth and impartiality of view which liberates the mind from specialties, and enables it to organize whatever we learn, so that it become real Knowledge by being brought into true and helpful relation with the rest.

By far the most important change that has been introduced into the theory and practice of our teaching here by the new position in which we find ourselves has been that of the elective or voluntary system of studies. We have justified ourselves by the familiar proverb that one man may lead a horse to water, but ten can't make him drink. Proverbs are excellent things, but we should not let even proverbs bully us. They are the wisdom of the understanding, not of the higher reason. There is another animal, which even Simonides could compliment only on the spindle-side of his pedigree, and which ten men could not lead to water, much less make him drink when they got him thither. Are we not trying to force university forms into college methods too narrow for them? There is some danger that the elective system may be pushed too far and too fast. There are not a few who think that it has gone too far already. And they think so because we are in process of transformation, still in the hobbledohy period, not having ceased to be college, nor yet having reached

the full manhood of a university, so that we speak with that ambiguous voice, half bass, half treble, or mixed of both, which is proper to a certain stage of adolescence. We are trying to do two things with one tool, and that tool not specially adapted to either. Are our students old enough thoroughly to understand the import of the choice they are called on to make, and, if old enough, are they wise enough? Shall their parents make the choice for them? I am not sure that even parents are so wise as the unbroken experience and practice of mankind. We are comforted by being told that in this we are only complying with what is called the Spirit of the Age, which may be, after all, only a finer name for the mischievous goblin known to our forefathers as Puck. I have seen several Spirits of the Age in my time, of very different voices and summoning in very different directions, but unanimous in their propensity to land us in the mire at last. Would it not be safer to make sure first whether the Spirit of the Age, who would be a very insignificant fellow if we docked him of his capitals, be not a lying spirit, since such there are? It is at least curious that, while the more advanced teaching has a strong drift in the voluntary direction, the compulsory system, as respects primary studies, is gaining ground. Is it indeed so self-evident a proposition as it seems to many that "You may" is as wholesome a lesson for youth as "You must"? Is it so good a fore-schooling for Life, which will be a teacher of quite other mood, making us learn, rod in hand, precisely those lessons we should not have chosen? I have, to be sure, heard the late President Quincy (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) say that if a young man came hither and did nothing more than rub his shoulders against the college buildings for four years, he would imbibe some tincture of sound learning by an involuntary process of absorption. The founders of the College

also believed in some impulsions towards science communicated *à tergo* but of sharper virtue, and accordingly armed their president with that *ductor dubitantium* which was wielded to such good purpose by the Reverend James Bowyer at Christ's Hospital in the days of Coleridge and Lamb. They believed with the old poet that whipping was "a wild benefit of nature," and, could they have read Wordsworth's exquisite stanza, —

One impulse from a vernal wood
Can teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can,

they would have struck out "vernal" and inserted "birchen" on the margin.

I am not, of course, arguing in favor of a return to those vapulatory methods, but the birch, like many other things that have passed out of the region of the practical, may have another term of usefulness as a symbol after it has ceased to be a reality.

One is sometimes tempted to think that all learning is as repulsive to ingenuous youth as the multiplication table to Scott's little friend Marjorie Fleming, though this is due in great part to mechanical methods of teaching. "I am now going to tell you," she writes, "the horrible and wretched plaegel that my multiplication table gives me; you can't conceive it; the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7; it is what nature itself can't endure." I know that I am approaching treacherous ashes which cover burning coals, but I must on. Is not Greek, nay, even Latin, yet more unendurable than poor Marjorie's task? How many boys have not sympathized with Heine in hating the Romans because they invented Latin Grammar? And they were quite right, for we begin the study of languages at the wrong end, at the end which nature does not offer us, and are thoroughly tired of them before we arrive at them, if you will pardon the bull.

But is that any reason for not studying them in the right way? I am familiar with the arguments for making the study of Greek especially a matter of choice or chance. I admit their plausibility and the honesty of those who urge them. I should be willing also to admit that the study of the ancient languages without the hope or the prospect of going on to what they contain would be useful only as a form of intellectual gymnastics. Even so they would be as serviceable as the higher mathematics to most of us. But I think that a wise teacher should adapt his tasks to the highest, and not the lowest, capacities of the taught. For those lower also they would not be wholly without profit. When there is a tedious sermon, says George Herbert,

God takes a text and teacheth patience,
not the least pregnant of lessons. One of the arguments against the compulsory study of Greek, namely, that it is wiser to give our time to modern languages and modern history than to dead languages and ancient history, involves, I think, a verbal fallacy. Only those languages can properly be called dead in which nothing living has been written. If the classic languages are dead, they yet speak to us, and with a clearer voice than that of any living tongue.

Grævis ingenium, Grævis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.

If their language is dead, yet the literature it enshrines is rammed with life as perhaps no other writing, except Shakespeare's, ever was or will be. It is as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured, for it appeals not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. Men are ephemeral or evanescent, but whatever page the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's gray fathers. Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian Muse only to forget her errand. Even

for the mastering of our own tongue, there is no expedient so fruitful as translation out of another; how much more when that other is a language at once so precise and so flexible as the Greek? Greek literature is also the most fruitful comment on our own. Coleridge has told us with what profit he was made to study Shakespeare and Milton in conjunction with the Greek dramatists. It is no sentimental argument for this study that the most justly balanced, the most serene, and the most fecundating minds since the revival of learning have been steeped in and saturated with Greek literature. We know not whither other studies will lead us, especially if dissociated from this; we do know to what summits, far above our lower region of turmoil, this has led, and what the many-sided outlook thence. Will such studies make anachronisms of us, unfit us for the duties and the business of to-day? I can recall no writer more truly modern than Montaigne, who was almost more at home in Athens and Rome than in Paris. Yet he was a thrifty manager of his estate and a most competent mayor of Bordeaux. I remember passing once in London where demolition for a new thoroughfare was going on. Many houses left standing in the rear of those cleared away bore signs with the inscription "Ancient Lights." This was the protest of their owners against being built out by the new improvements from such glimpse of heaven as their fathers had, without adequate equivalent. I laid the moral to heart.

I am speaking of the College as it has always existed and still exists. In so far as it may be driven to put on the forms of the university, — I do not mean the four Faculties merely, but in the modern sense, — we shall naturally find ourselves compelled to assume the method with the function. Some day we shall offer here a chance, at least, to acquire the *omne scibile*. I shall be glad, as shall we all, when the young Amer

ican need no longer go abroad for any part of his training, though that may not be always a disadvantage, if Shakespeare was right in thinking that

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.

I should be still gladder if Harvard should be the place that offered the alternative. It seems more than ever probable that this will happen, and happen in our day. And whenever it does happen, it will be due, more than to any and all others, to the able, energetic, single-minded, and yet fair-minded man who has presided over the College during the trying period of transition, and who will by a rare combination of eminent qualities carry that transition forward to its accomplishment without haste and without jar, — *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*. He more than any of his distinguished predecessors has brought the university into closer and more telling relations with the national life in whatever that life has which is most distinctive and most hopeful.

But we still mainly occupy the position of a German Gymnasium. Under existing circumstances, therefore, and with the methods of teaching they enforce, I think that special and advanced courses should be pushed on, so far as possible, as the other professional courses are, into the post-graduate period. The opportunity would be greater because the number would be less, and the teaching not only more thorough, but more vivifying through the more intimate relation of teacher and pupil. Under those conditions the voluntary system will not only be possible, but will come of itself, for every student will know what he wants and where he may get it, and learning will be loved, as it should be, for its own sake as well as for what it gives. The friends of university training can do nothing that would forward it more than the founding of post-graduate fellowships and the building and endowing of a hall where the holders of them might be commensals, remember-

ing that when Cardinal Wolsey built Christ Church at Oxford his first care was the kitchen. Nothing is so great a quickener of the faculties or so likely to prevent their being narrowed to a single groove as the frequent social comingling of men who are aiming at one goal by different paths. If you would have really great scholars, and our life offers no prizes for such, it would be well if the university could offer them. I have often been struck with the many-sided versatility of the Fellows of English colleges who have kept their wits in training by continual fence one with another.

During the first two centuries of her existence, it may be affirmed that Harvard did sufficiently well the only work she was called on to do, perhaps the only work it was possible for her to do. She gave to Boston her scholarly impress, to the Commonwealth her scholastic impulse. To the clergy of her training was mainly intrusted the oversight of the public schools; these were, as I have said, though indirectly, feeders of the college, for their teaching was of the plainest. But if a boy in any country village showed uncommon parts, the clergyman was sure to hear of it. He and the Squire and the Doctor, if there was one, talked it over, and that boy was sure to be helped onward to college; for next to the five points of Calvinism our ancestors believed in a college education, that is, in the best education that was to be had. The system, if system it should be called, was a good one, a practical application of the doctrine of Natural Selection. Ah! how the parents — nay, the whole family — moiled and pinched that their boy might have the chance denied to them! Mr. Matthew Arnold has told us that in contemporary France, which seems doomed to try every theory of enlightenment by which the fingers may be burned or the house set on fire, the children of the public schools are taught in answer to the question, "Who

gives you all these fine things?" to say, "The State." Ill fares the State in which the parental image is replaced by an abstraction. The answer of the boy of whom I have been speaking would have been in a spirit better for the State and for the hope of his own future life: "I owe them, under God, to my own industry, to the sacrifices of my father and mother, and to the sympathy of good men." Nor was the boy's self-respect lessened, for the aid was given by loans, to be repaid when possible. The times have changed, and it is no longer the ambition of a promising boy to go to college. They are taught to think that a common-school education is good enough for all practical purposes. And so perhaps it is, but not for all ideal purposes. Our public schools teach too little or too much: too little if education is to go no further, too many things if what is taught is to be taught thoroughly; and the more they *seem* to teach, the less likely is education to go further, for it is one of the prime weaknesses of a democracy to be satisfied with the second-best if it appear to answer the purpose tolerably well, and to be cheaper—as it never is in the long run.

Harvard has done much by raising its standard to force upwards that also of the preparatory schools. The leaven thus infused will, let us hope, filter gradually downwards till it raise a ferment in the lower grades as well. What we need more than anything else is to increase the number of our highly cultivated men and thoroughly trained minds; for these, wherever they go, are sure to carry with them, consciously or not, the seeds of sounder thinking and of higher ideals. The only way in which our civilization can be maintained even at the level it has reached, the only way in which that level can be made more general and be raised higher, is by bringing the influence of the more cultivated to bear with more energy and

directness on the less cultivated, and by opening more inlets to those indirect influences which make for refinement of mind and body. Democracy must show its capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties, or it is a failure. No matter what it does for the body, if it do not in some sort satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure. Unless it know how to make itself gracious and winning, it is a failure. Has it done this? Is it doing this? Or trying to do it? Not yet, I think, if one may judge by that commonplace of our newspapers that an American who stays long enough in Europe is sure to find his own country unendurable when he comes back. This is not true, if I may judge from some little experience, but it is interesting as implying a certain consciousness, which is of the most hopeful augury. But we must not be impatient; it is a far cry from the dwellers in caves to even such civilization as we have achieved. I am conscious that life has been trying to civilize me for now nearly seventy years with what seem to me very inadequate results. *We* cannot afford to wait, but the Race can. And when I speak of civilization I mean those things that tend to develop the moral forces of Man, and not merely to quicken his æsthetic sensibility, though there is often a nearer relation between the two than is popularly believed.

The tendency of a prosperous Democracy—and hitherto we have had little to do but prosper—is towards an overweening confidence in itself and its home-made methods, an overestimate of material success, and a corresponding indifference to the things of the mind. The popular ideal of success seems to be more than ever before the accumulation of riches. I say "seems," for it

may be only because the opportunities are greater. I am not ignorant that wealth is the great fertilizer of civilization, and of the arts that beautify it. The very names of civilization and politeness show that the refinement of manners which made the arts possible is the birth of cities where wealth earliest accumulated because it found itself secure. Wealth may be an excellent thing, for it means power, it means leisure, it means liberty.

But these, divorced from culture, that is, from intelligent purpose, become the very mockery of their own essence, not goods, but evils fatal to their possessor, and bring with them, like the Niblung hoard, a doom instead of a blessing. A man rich only for himself has a life as barren and cheerless as the serpent set to guard a buried treasure. I am saddened when I see our success as a nation measured by the number of acres under tillage or of bushels of wheat exported; for the real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the Balance of Trade. The garners of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden-plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judea with your thumb, Athens with a finger-tip, and neither of them figures in the *Prices Current*; but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man. Did not Dante cover with his hood all that was Italy six hundred years ago? And, if we go back a century, where was Germany outside of Weimar? Material success is good, but only as the necessary preliminary of better things. The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation, of mankind. There is no other, let our candidates flatter us as they may. We still make a confusion between huge and great. I know that I am repeating tru-

isms, but they are truisms that need to be repeated in season and out of season.

The most precious property of Culture and of a college as its trustee is to maintain higher ideals of life and its purpose, to keep trimmed and burning the lamps of that pharos, built by wiser than we, which warns from the reefs and shallows of popular doctrine. In proportion as there are more thoroughly cultivated persons in a community will the finer uses of prosperity be taught and the vulgar uses of it become disreputable. And it is such persons that we are commissioned to send out with such consciousness of their fortunate vocation and such devotion to it as we may. We are confronted with unexampled problems. First of all is democracy, and that under conditions in great part novel, with its hitherto imperfectly tabulated results, whether we consider its effect upon national character, on popular thought, or on the functions of law and government; we have to deal with a time when the belief seems to be spreading that truth not only can but should be settled by a show of hands rather than by a count of heads, and that one man is as good as another for all purposes, — as, indeed, he is till a real man is needed; with a time when the press is more potent for good or for evil than ever any human agency was before, and yet is controlled more than ever before by its interests as a business rather than by its sense of duty as a teacher, and must purvey news instead of intelligence; with a time when divers and strange doctrines touching the greatest human interests are allowed to run about unmuzzled in greater number and variety than ever before since the Reformation passed into its stage of putrefactive fermentation; with a time when the idols of the market-place are more devoutly worshipped than ever Diana of the Ephesians was; when the guilds of the Middle Ages are revived among us with the

avowed purpose of renewing by the misuse of universal suffrage the class legislation to escape which we left the Old World; when the electric telegraph, by making public opinion simultaneous, is also making it liable to those delusions, panics, and gregarious impulses which transform otherwise reasonable men into a mob; and when, above all, the better mind of the country is said to be growing more and more alienated from the highest of all sciences and services, the government of it. I have drawn up a dreary catalogue, and the moral it points is this: That the College, in so far as it continues to be still a college, as in great part it does and must, is and should be limited by certain pre-existing conditions, and must consider first what the more general objects of education are without neglecting special aptitudes more than cannot be helped. That more general purpose is, I take it, to set free, to supple, and to train the faculties in such wise as shall make them most effective for whatever task life may afterwards set them, for the duties of life rather than for its business, and to open windows on every side of the mind where thickness of wall does not prevent it.

Let our aim be as hitherto to give a good all-round education fitted to cope with as many exigencies of the day as possible. I had rather the college should turn, out one of Aristotle's four-square men capable of holding his own in whatever field he may be cast, than a score of lopsided ones developed abnormally in one direction. Our scheme should be adapted to the wants of the majority of under-graduates, to the objects that drew them hither, and to such training as will make the most of them after they come. Special aptitudes are sure to take care of themselves, but the latent possibilities of the average mind can only be discovered by experiment in many directions. When I speak of the average mind, I do not mean that

the courses of study should be adapted to the average level of intelligence, but to the highest, for in these matters it is wiser to grade upwards than downwards, since the best is the only thing that is good enough. To keep the wing-footed down to the pace of the leaden-soled disheartens the one without in the least encouraging the other. "Brains," says Machiavelli, are of three generations, "those that understand of themselves, those that understand when another shows them, and those that understand neither of themselves nor by the showing of others." It is the first class that should set the stint; the second will get on better than if they had set it themselves; and the third will at least have the pleasure of watching the others show their paces.

In the College proper, I repeat, for it is the birthday of the College that we are celebrating, it is the College that we love and of which we are proud, let it continue to give such a training as will fit the rich to be trusted with riches, and the poor to withstand the temptations of poverty. Give to History, give to Political Economy, that ample verge the times demand, but with no detriment to those liberal Arts which have formed open-minded men and good citizens in the past, nor have lost the skill to form them. Let it be our hope to make a gentleman of every youth who is put under our charge; not a conventional gentleman, but a man of culture, a man of intellectual resource, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul. This we have tried to do in the past, this let us try to do in the future. We cannot do this for all, at best,—perhaps only for the few; but the influence for good of a highly trained intelligence and a harmoniously developed character is incalculable; for though it be subtle and gradual in its operation, it is as perva-

sive as it is subtle. There may be few of these, there must be few, but

That few is all the world which with a few
Doth ever live and move and work-and stirre.

They who, on a tiny clearing pared from the edge of the woods, built here, most probably with the timber hewed from the trees they felled, our earliest hall, with the solitude of ocean behind them, the mystery of forest before them, and all about them a desolation, must surely (*si quis animis celestibus locus*) share our gladness and our gratitude at the splendid fulfilment of their vision. If we could but have preserved the humble roof which housed so great a future, Mr. Ruskin himself would almost have admitted that no castle or cathedral was ever richer in sacred associations, in pathos of the past, and in moral significance. They who reared it had the sublime prescience of that courage which fears only God, and could say confidently in the face of all discouragement and doubt, "He hath led me forth into a large place; because he delighted in me He hath delivered me." We cannot honor them too much; we can repay them only by showing, as occasions rise, that we do not undervalue the worth of their example.

Brethren of the Alumni, it now becomes my duty to welcome in your name the guests who have come, some of them so far, to share our congratulations and hopes to-day. I cannot name them all and give to each his fitting praise. Thrice welcome to them all, and, as is fitting, first to those from abroad, representatives of illustrious seats of learning

that were old in usefulness and fame when ours was in its cradle; and next to those of our own land, from colleges and universities which, if not daughters of Harvard, are young enough to be so, and are one with her in heart and hope. I said that I should single out none by name, but I should not represent you fitly if I gave no special greeting to the gentleman who brings the message of John Harvard's College, Emmanuel. The welcome we give him could not be warmer than that which we offer to his colleagues, but we cannot help feeling that in pressing his hand our own instinctively closes a little more tightly, as with a sense of nearer kindred. There is also one other name of which it would be indecorous not to make an exception. You all know that I can mean only the President of our Republic. His presence is a signal honor to us all, and to us all I may say a personal gratification. We have no politics here, but the sons of Harvard all belong to the party which admires courage, strength of purpose, and fidelity to duty, and which respects, wherever he may be found, the

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
who knows how to withstand the
Civium ardor prava jubentium.

He has left the helm of state to be with us here, and so long as it is intrusted to his hands we are sure that, should the storm come, he will say with Seneca's Pilot, "O Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true."

POEM.

TWICE had the mellowing sun of autumn crowned
 The hundredth circle of his yearly round,
 When, as we meet to-day, our fathers met;
 That joyous gathering who can e'er forget,
 When Harvard's nurslings, scattered far and wide,
 Through mart and village, lake's and ocean's side,
 Came, with one impulse, one fraternal throng,
 And crowned the hours with banquet, speech, and song?

Once more revived in fancy's magic glass,
 I see in state the long procession pass:
 Tall, courtly, leader, as by right divine,
 Winthrop, our Winthrop, rules the marshalled line,
 Still seen in front, as on that far-off day
 His ribboned baton showed the column's way.
 Not all are gone who marched in manly pride
 And waved their truncheons at their leader's side;
 Gray, Lowell, Dixwell, who his empire shared,
 These to be with us envious Time has spared.

Few are the faces, so familiar then,
 Our eyes still meet amid the haunts of men;
 Scarce one of all the living gathered there,
 Whose unthinned locks betrayed a silver hair,
 Greets us to-day, and yet we seem the same
 As our own sires and grandsires, save in name.

There are the patriarchs, looking vaguely round
 For classmates' faces, hardly known if found;
 See the cold brow that rules the busy mart;
 Close at its side the pallid son of art,
 Whose purchased skill with borrowed meaning clothes,
 And stolen hues, the smirking face he loathes.
 Here is the patient scholar; in his looks
 You read the titles of his learned books;
 What classic lore those spidery crow's-feet speak!
 What problems figure on that wrinkled cheek!
 For never thought but left its stiffened trace,
 Its fossil foot-print, on the plastic face,
 As the swift record of a raindrop stands,
 Fixed on the tablet of the hardening sands.
 On every face as on the written page
 Each year renews the autograph of age;
 One trait alone may wasting years defy,—
 The fire still lingering in the poet's eye,

While Hope, the siren, sings her sweetest strain,—
Non omnis moriar is its proud refrain.

Sadly we gaze upon the vacant chair;
He who should claim its honors is not there,—
Otis, whose lips the listening crowd enthral
That press and pack the floor of Boston's hall.
But Kirkland smiles, released from toil and care
Since the silk mantle younger shoulders wear,—
Quincy's, whose spirit breathes the self-same fire
That filled the bosom of his youthful sire,
Who for the altar bore the kindled torch
To freedom's temple, dying in its porch.

Three grave professions in their sons appear,
Whose words well studied all well pleased will hear:
Palfrey, ordained in varied walks to shine,
Statesman, historian, critic, and divine;
Solid and square behold majestic Shaw,
A mass of wisdom and a mine of law;
Warren, whose arm the doughtiest warriors fear,
Asks of the startled crowd to lend its ear;
Proud of his calling, him the world loves best,
Not as the coming, but the parting guest.

Look on that form,—with eye dilating scan
The stately mould of nature's kingliest man!
Tower-like he stands in life's unfaded prime;
Ask you his name? None asks a second time!
He from the land his outward semblance takes,
Where storm-swept mountains watch o'er slumbering lakes,—
See in the impress which the body wears
How its imperial might the soul declares,—
The forehead's large expansion, lofty, wide,
That locks unsilvered vainly strive to hide,—
The lines of thought that plough the sober cheek,
Lips that betray their wisdom ere they speak
In tones like answers from Dodona's grove.—
An eye like Juno's when she frowns on Jove,—
I look and wonder; will he be content—
This man, this monarch, for the purple meant—
The meaner duties of his tribe to share,
Clad in the garb that common mortals wear?
Ah, rash Ambition, spread thy restless wings,
Beneath whose plumes the hidden æstrum stings;
Thou whose bold flight would leave earth's vulgar crowds,
And like the eagle soar above the clouds,
Must feel the pang that fallen angels know
When the red lightning strikes thee from below!

Less bronze, more silver, mingles in the mould
Of him whom next my roving eyes behold;

His, more the scholar's than the statesman's face,
 Proclaims him born of academic race.
 Weary his look, as if an aching brain
 Left on his brow the frozen prints of pain;
 His voice far-reaching, grave, sonorous, owns
 A shade of sadness in its plaintive tones,
 Yet when its breath some loftier thought inspires,
 Glows with a heat that every bosom fires.
 Such Everett seems; no chance-sown wild flower knows
 The full-blown charms of culture's double rose,—
 Alas, how soon, by death's unsparing frost,
 Its bloom is faded and its fragrance lost!

Two voices, only two, to earth belong,
 Of all whose accents met the listening throng:
 Winthrop, alike for speech and guidance framed,
 On that proud day a two-fold duty claimed.
 One other yet,—remembered or forgot,—
 Forgive my silence if I name him not.
 Can I believe it? I, whose youthful voice
 Claimed a brief gamut,—notes not over choice,—
 Stood undismayed before that solemn throng,
 And *propria voce* sung that saucy song
 Which even in memory turns my soul aghast,—
Felix audacia was the verdict cast.

What were the glory of these festal days
 Shorn of their grand illumination's blaze?
 Night comes at last with all her starry train
 To find a light in every glittering pane.
 From "Harvard's" windows see the sudden flash,—
 Old "Massachusetts" glares through every sash,
 From wall to wall the kindling splendors run
 Till all is glorious as the noonday sun.

How to the scholar's mind each object brings
 What some historian tells, some poet sings!
 The good gray teacher whom we all revered,—
 Loved, honored, laughed at, and by freshmen feared,
 As from old "Harvard" where its light began,
 From hall to hall the clustering splendors ran,—
 Took down his well-worn Æschylus and read,
 Lit by the rays a thousand tapers shed,
 How the swift herald crossed the leagues between
 Mycenæ's monarch and his faithless queen;
 And thus he read,—my verse but ill displays
 The Attic picture, clad in modern phrase:

*On Ida's summit flames the kindling pile,
 And Lemnos answers from his rocky isle;
 From Athos next it climbs the reddening skies,*

*Thence where the watch-towers of Macistus rise.
The sentries of Mesapius in their turn
Bid the dry heath in high-piled masses burn,
Cithæron's crag the crimson billows stain,
Far Ægiplactus joins the fiery train ;
Thus, the swift courier through the pathless night
Has gained at length the Arachnæan height,
Whence the glad tidings, borne on wings of flame,
"Ilium has fallen!" reach the royal dame.*

So ends the day ; before the midnight stroke
The lights expiring cloud the air with smoke ;
While these the toil of younger hands employ,
The slumbering Grecian dreams of smouldering Troy.

As to that hour with backward steps I turn,
Midway I pause ; behold a funeral urn !
Ah, sad memorial ! known but all too well
The tale which thus its golden letters tell :

*This dust, once breathing, changed its joyous life
For toil and hunger, wounds and mortal strife ;
Love, friendship, learning's all-prevailing charms,
For the cold bivouac and the clash of arms.
The cause of freedom won, a race enslaved
Called back to manhood, and a nation saved,
These sons of Harvard falling ere their prime
Leave their proud memory to the coming time.*

While in their still retreats our scholars turn
The mildewed pages of the past, to learn
With endless labor of the sleepless brain
What once has been and ne'er shall be again,
We reap the harvest of their ceaseless toil
And find a fragrance in their midnight oil.
But let a purblind mortal dare the task
The embryo future of itself to ask,
The world reminds him, with a scornful laugh,
That times have changed since Prospero broke his staff.
Could all the wisdom of the schools foretell
The dismal hour when Lisbon shook and fell,
Or name the shuddering night that toppled down
Our sister's pride, beneath whose mural crown
Scarce had the scowl forgot its angry lines,
When earth's blind prisoners fired their fatal mines ?

New realms, new worlds, exulting science claims,
Still the dim future unexplored remains ;
Her trembling scales the far-off planet weigh,
Her torturing prisms its elements betray, —
We know what ores the fires of Sirius melt,

What vaporous metals gild Orion's belt;
 Angels, archangels, may have yet to learn
 Those hidden truths our heaven-taught eyes discern;
 Yet vain is Knowledge, with her mystic wand,
 To pierce the cloudy screen and read beyond;
 Once to the silent stars the fates were known,
 To us they tell no secrets but their own.

At Israel's altar still we humbly bow,
 But where, oh where, are Israel's prophets now?
 Where is the sibyl with her hoarded leaves?
 Where is the charm the weird enchantress weaves?
 No croaking raven turns the auspex pale,
 No reeking altars tell the morrow's tale;
 The measured footsteps of the Fates are dumb,
 Unseen, unheard, unheralded, they come,
 Prophet and priest and all their following fail.
 Who then is left to rend the future's veil?

Who but the poet, he whose nicer sense
 No film can baffle with its slight defence,
 Whose finer vision marks the waves that stray,
 Felt, but unseen, beyond the violet ray, —
 Who, while the storm-wind waits its darkening shroud,
 Foretells the tempest ere he sees the cloud, —
 Stays not for time his secrets to reveal,
 But reads his message ere he breaks the seal.
 So Mantua's bard foretold the coming day
 Ere Bethlehem's infant in the manger lay;
 The promise trusted to a mortal tongue
 Found listening ears before the angels sung.
 So while his load the creeping pack-horse galled,
 While inch by inch the dull canal-boat crawled,
 Darwin beheld a Titan form "afar
 Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car,"
 That panting giant fed by air and flame,
 The mightiest forges task their strength to tame,
 Snatched from the grasp of heaven's reluctant sire
 As first Prometheus stole its parent fire.

Happy the poet! him no tyrant fact
 Holds in its clutches to be chained and racked;
 Him shall no mouldy document convict,
 No stern statistics gravely contradict;
 No rival sceptre threatens his airy throne;
 He rules o'er shadows, but he reigns alone.

Shall I the poet's broad dominion claim
 Because you bid me wear his sacred name
 For these few moments? Shall I boldly clash
 My flint and steel, and by the sudden flash

Read the fair vision which my soul describes
Through the wide pupils of its wondering eyes?
List then awhile; the fifty years have sped;
The third full century's opened scroll is spread,
Blank to all eyes save his who dimly sees
The shadowy future told in words like these:

How strange the prospect to my sight appears,
Changed by the busy hands of fifty years!
Full well I know our ocean-salted Charles,
Filling and emptying through the sands and marls
That wall his restless stream on either bank,
Not all unlovely when the sedges rank
Lend their coarse veil the sable ooze to hide
That bares its blackness with the ebbing tide.
In other shapes to my illumined eyes
Those ragged margins of our stream arise:
Through walls of stone the sparkling waters flow,
In clearer depths the golden sunsets glow,
On purer waves the lamps of midnight gleam,
That silver o'er the unpolluted stream.
Along his shores what stately temples rise,
What spires, what turrets, print the shadowed skies!
Our smiling Mother sees her broad domain
Spread its tall roofs along the western plain;
Those blazoned windows' blushing glories tell
Of grateful hearts that loved her long and well;
Yon gilded dome that glitters in the sun
Was Dives' gift,—alas, his only one!
These buttressed walls enshrine a banker's name,
That hallowed chapel hides a miser's shame;
Their wealth they left,—their memory cannot fade
Though age shall crumble every stone they laid.

Great lord of millions,—let me call thee great,
Since countless servants at thy bidding wait,—
Richesse oblige,—no mortal must be blind
To all but self, or look at human kind,
Laboring and suffering,—all its wants and woe,—
Through sheets of crystal, as a pleasing show
That makes life happier for the chosen few
Duty for whom is something not to do.

When thy last page of life at length is filled,
What shall thine heirs to keep thy memory build?
Will piles of stone in Auburn's mournful shade
Save from neglect the spot where thou art laid?
Nay, deem not thus; the sauntering stranger's eye
Will pass unmoved thy columned tombstone by,
No memory wakened, not a tear-drop shed,
Thy name uncared for and thy date unread.

But if thy record thou indeed dost prize

Bid from the soil some stately temple rise,—
 Some hall of learning, some memorial shrine,
 With names long honored to associate thine:
 So shalt thy fame outlive thy shattered bust
 When all around thee slumber in the dust.
 Thus England's Henry lives in Eton's towers,—
 Saved from the spoil oblivion's gulf devours,—
 Our later records with as fair a fame
 Have wreathed each uncrowned benefactor's name.
 The walls they reared the memories still retain
 That churchyard marbles try to keep in vain.
 In vain the delving antiquary tries
 To find the tomb where generous Harvard lies:
 Here, here, his lasting monument is found,
 Where every spot is consecrated ground!
 O'er Stoughton's dust the crumbling stone decays,—
 Fast fade its lines of lapidary praise;
 There the wild bramble weaves its ragged nets,
 There the dry lichen spreads its gray rosettes;
 Still in yon walls his memory lives unspent,
 Nor asks a braver, nobler monument.
 Thus Hollis lives, and Holden, honored, praised,
 And good Sir Matthew, in the halls they raised;
 Thus live the worthies of these later times,
 Who shine in deeds, less brilliant grouped in rhymes.
 Say, shall the Muse with faltering steps retreat,
 Or dare these names in rhythmic form repeat?
 Why not as boldly as from Homer's lips
 The long array of Argive battle-ships?
 When o'er our graves a thousand years have past
 (If to such date our threatened globe shall last),
 These classic precincts, myriad feet have pressed,
 Will show on high, in beauteous garlands dressed,
 Those honored names that grace our later day,—
 Weld, Matthews, Seaver, Thayer, Austin, Gray,
 Sears, Phillips, Lawrence, Hemenway,—to the list
 Add Saunders, Sibley,—all the Muse has missed.

Once more I turn to read the pictured page
 Bright with the promise of the coming age.
 Ye unborn sons of children yet unborn,
 Whose youthful eyes shall greet that far-off morn,
 Blest are those eyes that all undimmed behold
 The sights so longed for by the wise of old.

From high-arched alcoves, through resounding halls,
 Clad in full robes majestic Science calls,
 Tireless, unsleeping, still at Nature's feet,
 Whate'er she utters fearless to repeat,
 Her lips at last from every cramp released
 That Israel's prophet caught from Egypt's priest.

I see the statesman, firm, sagacious, bold,
For life's long conflict cast in amplest mould:
Not his to clamor with the senseless throng
That shouts unshamed, "Our party, right or wrong,"
But in the patriot's never-ending fight
To side with Truth, who changes wrong to right.

I see the scholar; in that wondrous time
Men, women, children, all can write in rhyme.
These four brief lines addressed to youth inclined
To idle rhyming in his notes I find:

*Who writes in verse that should have writ in prose
Is like a traveller walking on his toes;
Happy the rhymester who in time has found
The heels he lifts were made to touch the ground.*

I see gray teachers, — on their work intent,
Their lavished lives, in endless labor spent,
Had closed at last in age and penury wrecked,
Martyrs, not burned, but frozen in neglect,
Save for the generous hands that stretched in aid
Of worn-out servants left to die half paid, —
Ah, many a year will pass, I thought, ere we
Such kindly forethought shall rejoice to see, —
Monarchs are mindful of the sacred debt
That cold republics hasten to forget.

I see the priest, — if such a name he bears
Who without pride his sacred vestment wears;
And while the symbols of his tribe I seek
Thus my first impulse bids me think and speak:

Let not the mitre England's prelate wears
Next to the crown whose regal pomp it shares,
Though low before it courtly Christians bow,
Leave its red mark on Younger England's brow.
We love, we honor, the maternal dame,
But let her priesthood wear a modest name,
While through the waters of the Pilgrim's bay
A new-born Mayflower shows her keels the way.
Too old grew Britain for her mother's beads, —
Must we be necklaced with her children's creeds?
Welcome alike in surplice or in gown
The loyal lieges of the Heavenly Crown!
We greet with cheerful, not submissive mien
A sister church, but not a mitred Queen!

A few brief flutters, and the unwilling Muse,
Who feared the flight she hated to refuse,
Shall fold the wings whose gayer plumes are shed,
Here where at first her half-fledged pinions spread.

Well I remember in the long ago
 How in the forest shades of Fontainebleau,
 Strained through a fissure in a rocky cell,
 One crystal drop with measured cadence fell.
 Still, as of old, forever bright and clear,
 The fissured cavern drops its wonted tear,
 And wondrous virtue, simple folk aver,
 Lies in that tear-drop of *la roche qui pleure*

Of old I wandered by the river's side
 Between whose banks the mighty waters glide,
 Where vast Niagara, hurrying to its fall,
 Builds and unbuilds its ever-tumbling wall;
 Oft in my dreams I hear the rush and roar
 Of battling floods, and feel the trembling shore,
 As the huge torrent, girded for its leap,
 With bellowing thunders plunges down the steep.

Not less distinct, from memory's pictured urn,
 The gray old rock, the leafy woods, return;
 Robed in their pride the lofty oaks appear,
 And once again with quickened sense I hear,
 Through the low murmur of the leaves that stir,
 The tinkling tear-drop of *la roche qui pleure*.

So when the third ripe century stands complete,
 As once again the sons of Harvard meet,
 Rejoicing, numerous as the sea-shore sands,
 Drawn from all quarters, — farthest distant lands,
 Where through the reeds the scaly saurian steals,
 Where cold Alaska feeds her floundering seals,
 Where Plymouth, glorying, wears her iron crown,
 Where Sacramento sees the suns go down,
 Nay, from the cloisters whence the reflux tide
 Wafts their pale students to our mother's side, —
 Mid all the tumult that the day shall bring,
 While all the echoes shout and roar and ring,
 These tinkling lines, oblivion's easy prey,
 Once more emerging to the light of day,
 Not all unpleasing to the listening ear
 Shall wake the memories of this bygone year,
 Heard as I hear the measured drops that flow
 From the gray rock of wooded Fontainebleau.

Yet, ere I leave, one loving word for all
 Those fresh young lives that wait our Mother's call:

One gift is yours, kind Nature's richest dower, —
 Youth, the fair bud that holds life's opening flower,
 Full of high hopes no coward doubts enchain,
 With all the future throbbing in its brain,
 And mightiest instincts which the beating heart
 Fills with the fire its burning waves impart.

O joyous youth, whose glory is to dare,—
 Thy foot firm planted on the lowest stair,
 Thine eye uplifted to the loftiest height
 Where Fame stands beckoning in the rosy light,
 Thanks for thy flattering tales, thy fond deceits,
 Thy loving lies, thy cheerful smiling cheats!
 Nature's rash promise every day is broke,—
 A thousand acorns breed a single oak,
 The myriad blooms that make the orchard gay
 In barren beauty throw their lives away;
 Yet shall we quarrel with the sap that yields
 The painted blossoms which adorn the fields,
 When the fair orchard wears its May-day suit
 Of pink-white petals, for its scanty fruit?
 Thrice happy hours, in hope's illusion dressed,
 In fancy's cradle nurtured and caressed,
 Though rich the spoils that ripening years may bring,
 To thee the dewdrops of the Orient cling,—
 Not all the dye-stuffs from the vats of truth
 Can match the rainbow on the robes of youth!

Dear unborn children, to our Mother's trust
 We leave you, fearless, when we lie in dust:
 While o'er these walls the Christian banner waves
 From hallowed lips shall flow the truth that saves;
 While o'er these portals *Veritas* you read
 No church shall bind you with its human creed.
 Take from the past the best its toil has won,
 But learn betimes its slavish ruts to shun.
 Pass the old tree whose withered leaves are shed,
 Quit the old paths that error loved to tread,
 And a new wreath of living blossoms seek,
 A narrower pathway up a loftier peak;
 Lose not your reverence, but unmanly fear
 Leave far behind you, all who enter here!

As once of old from Ida's lofty height
 The flaming signal flashed across the night,
 So Harvard's beacon sheds its unspent rays
 Till every watch-tower shows its kindling blaze.
 Caught from a spark and fanned by every gale,
 A brighter radiance gilds the roofs of Yale;
 Amherst and Williams bid their flambeaus shine,
 And Bowdoin answers through her groves of pine;
 O'er Princeton's sands the far reflections steal,
 Where mighty Edwards stamped his iron heel;
 Nay, on the hill where old beliefs were bound
 Fast as if Styx had girt them nine times round,
 Bursts such a light that trembling souls inquire
 If the whole church of Calvin is on fire!

Well may they ask, for what so brightly burns
As a dry creed that nothing ever learns?
Thus link by link is knit the flaming chain
Lit by the torch of Harvard's hallowed plain.

Thy son, thy servant, dearest Mother mine,
Lays this poor offering on thy holy shrine,
An autumn leaflet to the wild winds tost,
Touched by the finger of November's frost,
With sweet, sad memories of that earlier day,
And all that listened to my first-born lay.
With grateful heart this glorious morn I see,—
Would that my tribute worthier were of thee!

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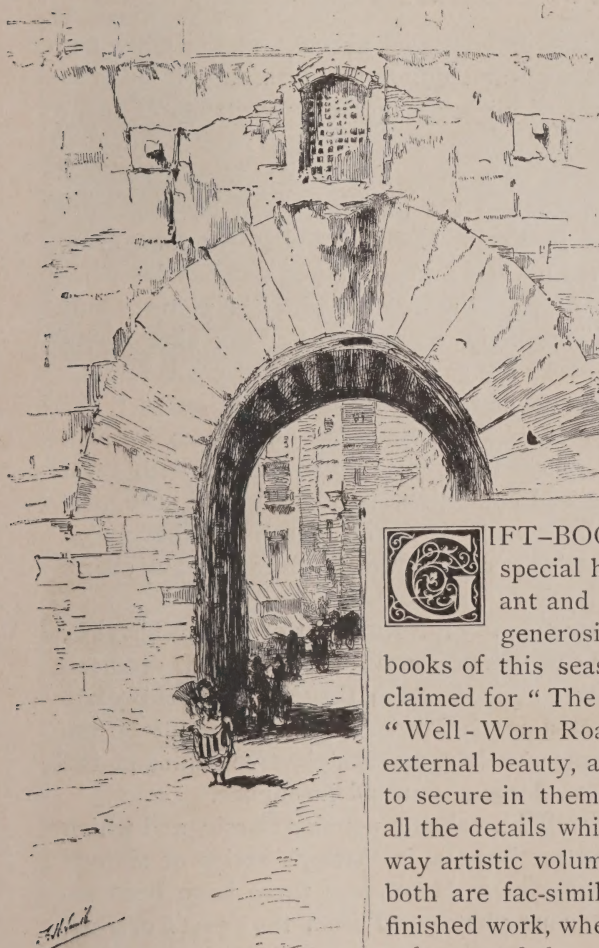
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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S LITERARY BULLETIN.



*Lo, now is come the joyful'st
feast!*

*Let every man be jolly,
Each room with yvie leaves is
drest,
And every post with holly.*

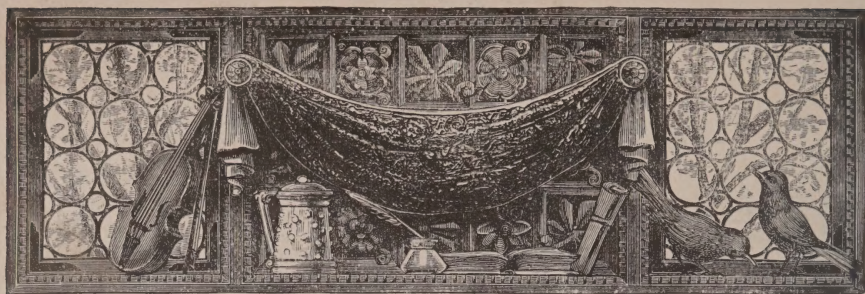
*Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas
pye,
And evermore be merry.
Withers's Juvenilia.*



GIFT-BOOKS rightly hold a place of special honor as suitable for the pleasant and friendly usages of Christmas generosity. And among the gift-books of this season high rank may justly be claimed for "The Book of the Tile Club" and "Well-Worn Roads." Both are books of great external beauty, and no pains have been spared to secure in them a harmony and perfection of all the details which go to the making of every way artistic volumes. The chief illustrations in both are fac-simile phototypes of the artists' finished work, whether in charcoal, oil, or water-colors; and the results are eminently satisfactory to the artists, and can hardly fail to be

equally acceptable to connoisseurs and lovers of beautiful books.

"The Book of the Tile Club" contains forty-one prototype reproductions of paintings chosen for this book by the artists, who are members of the well known Tile Club, of New York, which includes many of the most eminent artists in America. The great variety of these pictures, in both subject and mode of treatment, no less than their excellence, lends peculiar attrac-



From Longfellow's Prose Works, Illustrated Subscription Edition.

tion to the work. The letter-press embraces an account of the Club, and humorous descriptions of its sayings and doings; and through it are scattered many pen-and-ink sketches of all sorts, including portraits of many famous members.

"Well-Worn Roads" is the work of one skillful hand. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has selected for it sixteen of the pictures which he painted of interesting and beautiful scenes in Spain, Holland, and Italy; then dropping the brush he has transformed himself into an author, and has described with admirable humor incidents of travel associated with the pictures, and into these descriptions he has cunningly woven pen-and-ink sketches of endless variety. Both of these books are superb and tasteful gift-volumes.

Peculiarly rich and princely gift-books are the large-paper editions of "The Book of the Tile Club," and Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "Old Lines in New Black and White," which was published last year and received with great favor. Each is limited to a hundred copies, and is brought out in the most sumptuous style. Aside from their value as works of art, they have what may fitly be called a certain patrician quality which gives them a charm and grace altogether admirable.

Mr. Vedder's remarkable illustrations to the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, which rank unquestionably among the masterpieces of modern art, have been reproduced this season in the same style in which they appeared two years ago, but in a smaller form and at a much less price. The beauty of the book and the wonderful vigor, grace, variety, and imaginative genius of the designs combine to make it a gift-volume of unusual excellence.

Another art work which may well be called a popular classic, and which has been brought out in new attractiveness, is Darley's series of sixteen Illustrations to Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Heretofore these have been reproduced by lithography, now they are phototyped from the artist's original designs; and though the pictures are smaller than before (and the book less expensive), they are more satisfactory than ever, and the beautiful book may be even more in request for holiday, birthday, and wedding gifts than former editions have been.

"The Last Leaf," which was one of the most acceptable of the gift-books of last year, is by no means antiquated. The triumphal march of Dr. Holmes through social and literary England the past summer may well recall attention to this beautiful volume, which contains the exquisite poem in

fac-simile of his handwriting, and also to the book of his Illustrated Poems, which is one of the best achievements of American art and skill.

Miss Phelps's story, "The Madonna of the Tubs," is, by virtue of its



From The Book of the Tile Club.

Madonna quality, peculiarly suited for Christmas gifts. This quality is not in the name only, but in the tenderness, fidelity, and loyalty which shine through the story, and "make even drudgery divine." The author and the



From Holmes's Illustrated Poems.

artists, Mr. Ross Turner and Mr. George H. Clements, have together produced a very attractive book, which will touch and please thousands the coming holiday season.

Mr. Bret Harte has written a new story with the striking, if not exactly *Holiday*, title "The Queen of the Pirate Isle," and Miss Kate Greenaway, who is world-famous in her special department of art, has lent to the story the skillful aid of her pencil. Her characteristic illustrations are printed in colors, and the story thus equipped is an excellent addition to the resources for pretty holiday gifts.

Beautiful Little Volumes.

One of the most attractive of the new books is Mrs. Thaxter's "The Cruise of the Mystery, and Other Poems." Fortunately there is no need of commending the poetry, — its touch of nature and of human nature is of a kind to make the whole world of lovers of beauty and of humanity kin to her and to one another, and its lyric and imaginative qualities secure its welcome from all who value and appreciate true poetry.



From Hawthorne's Wonder-Book, Holiday Edition.



From Well-Worn Roads.

The dainty book with its parchment cover seems made purposely to carry such poetry. Similar volumes, and admirable for gift uses, are Whittier's "St. Gregory's Guest," Bayard Taylor's "Melodies of Verse," Aldrich's "XXXVI. Lyrics and XII. Sonnets" and "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book."

New Stories.

Several new volumes of fiction — the kind of fiction which is closely true to life — have recently appeared from the Riverside Press. One of the most noteworthy is "Poverty Grass," a book of eight stories of New England village and mill life, told with great narrative power, and describing vividly the experiences, the hardships, and the genuine virtues of the poor people who have enlisted Mrs. Wyman's sympathies, and who, through her skillful pen, appeal powerfully to the sympathies of her readers, who ought to be numbered by hundreds of thousands.

Miss Jewett's new book, "A White Heron and Other Stories," is conceded by the critics to be one of the very best of all the good and charming volumes she has written. This must be good indeed, when one recalls the series of fresh and gracious stories and sketches we owe to Miss Jewett, — "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," "Country By-Ways," "The Mate of the Daylight and Friends



Ashore," "A Country Doctor," and "A Marsh Island." How good they all are, and how admirable in spirit and form for gifts at any season !

The excellence of Charlotte Dunning's novel of New York life, "A Step Aside," according to the *Chicago Tribune*, "lies in its intense human interest and in the perfection with which its characters are drawn. From first to last the people whose fortunes are followed here live and act before the reader, and carry him, heart and soul, along with them by force of understanding and sympathy with the stress and trial of their lives."



Celia Hapton.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Portrait Catalogue.

again taken up into the wonderful mountain country of East Tennessee and to listen to the remarkable story, while they look out on the marvelous panorama of mountain and sky there unrolled, of which the charmed readers of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," "Down the Ravine," and "In the Tennessee Mountains" have had many a memorable view.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's new story, "Roland Blake," will renew and deepen for many the interest with which they read his previous novel, "In War

The New York *Times* finds in it "many very excellent traits, and those realistic touches which are so effective," but adds: "To point the moral the author has been a trifle severe;" but in these defaulting days a little severity is quite pardonable.

"In the Clouds" is the longest and strongest novel Charles Egbert Craddock has yet given us, and multitudes who have not read it as it has appeared in the ATLANTIC will be glad to be



From Longfellow's Poems, Subscription Edition.



From Miss Phelps's Madonna of the Tubs.

Time." Plot, incident, characters, and style combine to render it a story of more than temporary importance and attractions.

A new book by Mrs. Whitney is thankworthy, though it contains stories printed before in periodicals. She calls it "Homespun Yarns," and among these are "Zerub Throop's Experiment," "Buttered Crusts," "My Mother put it on," "Girl Noblesse," "The Little Savages of Beetle Rock," and other stories, — all good, being Mrs. Whitney's.

The Riverside Pocket Series contains ten tasteful and very inexpensive books, mostly stories, of so much value and lit-

erary character as to suggest bringing them out in a form which would place them within the reach of the millions of intelligent American readers. The list includes Miss Jewett's "Deephaven," the notable Little Classic book "Exile," Deming's "Adirondack Stories," Fawcett's "A Gentleman of Leisure," Hawthorne's "Snow-Image and other Twice-Told Tales," James's "Watch and Ward," Warner's "In the Wilderness," Lathrop's "Study of Hawthorne," Bishop's "Detmold," and Harte's "Story of a Mine." These are nicely printed and bound in cloth for 50 cents each.

Poetry.

One of the smallest, but one of the choicest, of the new volumes of poetry is "Holy Tides," in which Mrs. Whitney sings very sweetly and devoutly of Advent, Christmas,



From The Madonna of the Tubs.

Epiphany, Lent, Whitsun, Trinity, and Easter, and the little book is so tasteful that it forms a most suitable gift for any of the days it celebrates. Mrs. Elizabeth Akers has collected her finest lyrics and ballads into a volume entitled "The Silver Bridge and other Poems." Mr. C. P. Cranch gives us a very attractive new book of verse, "Ariel and Caliban," and a new edition of his masterly translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil. "An Old Garden" is the title of a quaintly-bound volume of thoughtful, sympathetic, lyr-



From Holmes's Illustrated Poems.

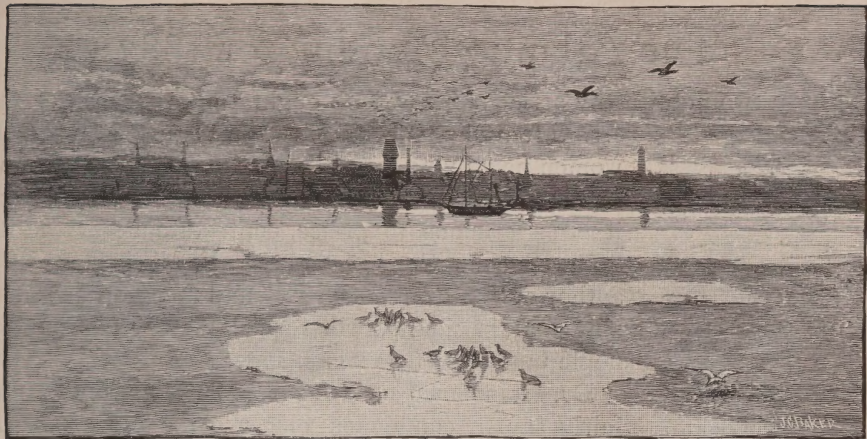
ical poems by Mrs. Margaret Deland. Professor Child, of Harvard, has just reissued his excellent book of selected "Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel, and Aspiration."

Biography.

Several noteworthy additions to the valuable literature of biography have recently been made. Rev. O. B. Frothingham has written the life of Rev. William Henry Channing, whose work and wisdom and character enriched and beautified both America and England. Miss Caroline Hazard has told with discrimination and sympathy the story of the career of Professor J. L. Diman, the admirable scholar, preacher, teacher, writer, and man. Few recent books have met or deserved a heartier welcome than the "Memoir and Letters of Mrs. Madison" has had. The "queen of hearts" still attracts the chivalrous and loyal affection of all Americans.

New Editions.

The most important of these is the Riverside Edition of Longfellow's



From Holmes's Illustrated Poems.

Complete Works, containing his Prose in two volumes, his Poems in six, and his masterly translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia* in three. They are beautiful in typography, simply tasteful in binding, are carefully edited and annotated by a very competent scholar, and have five excellent steel portraits. It is a very desirable edition for libraries.

The *Life and Works of Agassiz* in six uniform volumes form a notable collection, which can hardly fail to win many readers. The *Riverside Tennyson* in six tasteful volumes, and the new issue of the *Riverside Shakespeare* in six volumes, somewhat thinner and at lower cost than before, are worthy of special attention. The new and complete edition of *Jones Very's Poems*, with three Essays of positive value, and a Memoir by Dr. James Freeman Clarke and an Introduction by Dr. Bartol, will appeal to lovers of the ideal in life and in literature. The Cabinet Edition of Poets presents in a new and more attractive form the volumes which have hitherto been known as the Diamond Edition.



From Longfellow's Poems, Subscription Edition.

The Atlantic Monthly for 1887

will have two noteworthy serial stories which ought to have a host of readers. Mrs. Oliphant, the most distinguished novelist of women now living, and one of the best of any country or time, will, in association with Mr. Aldrich, whom it is superfluous to praise, contribute a story entitled "The Second Son." And Mr. F. Marion Crawford, author of "A Roman Singer" and many other remarkably popular novels, will furnish a story of Constantinople under the title "Paul Patoff."



From Hopfin's *Auton House*.

Dr. Holmes we cannot *promise* exactly, but we may fairly say in confidence that the readers of the ATLANTIC for 1887 will probably be charmed and stimulated, and instructed and entertained, by him not unfrequently. Mr. Hamerton will continue his comparison of French and English, both of whom he understands so well and describes so fairly and so delightfully. And Mr. John Fiske will furnish several papers on American history, somewhat like those which during the present year have been so notable a feature of the magazine. His fullness of knowledge and the clearness and felicity of his style enable him

to make history "more interesting than a novel," infinitely more interesting than most novels. Space will not permit to mention the other attractions which will make the ATLANTIC for 1887 peculiarly desirable, and justify the Boston *Academy* in saying of the magazine, "This is still the leading purely literary magazine of America. One may confidently expect to find in each number the very best fiction, poetry, and literary criticism. Editorially, it is ever frank and fresh in statement, and ever conservative in judgment."

Finally.

Mr. Lowell's "Democracy and other Addresses" includes, in addition to his famous English addresses, the elaborate and memorable discourse given



From Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book*, Holiday Edition.



From Hawthorne's Wonder-Book, Holiday Edition.

by him on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard College. Miss Annie Wall has done a good service to readers and students of Browning in "The Story of Sordello," which she relates in prose with all needed explanation of the country and people and factions to which the poem refers. Catherine Owen in "Ten Dollars Enough," which first appeared in *Good Housekeeping*, tells a pleasant story, and throws in recipes, house-keeping hints, and good advice sufficient to make hundreds of thousands of families healthier and happier. Miss Larcom has collected from the world's wisest and best religious thinkers a book of helpful sentences which she calls "Beckonings for Every Day: A Calendar of Thought."

Eight calendars for 1887 come from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. this season, with passages from Browning, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Mrs. Whitney, and Whittier. The Browning and Hawthorne are wholly new; all but the Whitney Calendar have portraits; all are printed in colors, and, though quite as tasteful and ornamental as the corresponding calendars for previous years, the price is only half as much (50 cents each).



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endear
Absents."

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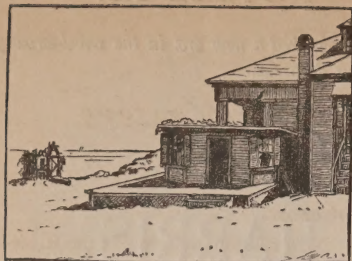
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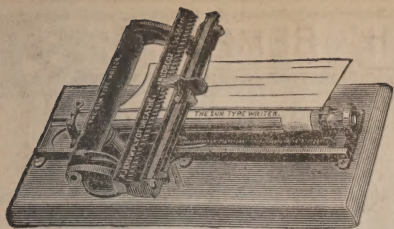
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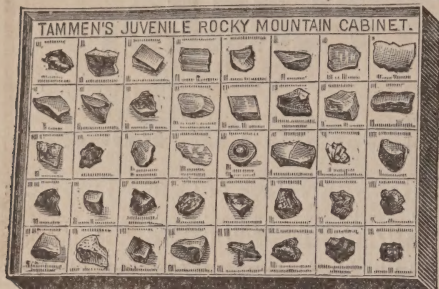
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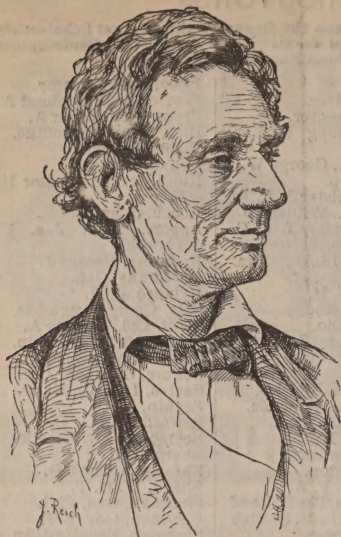
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NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible History, etc.

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THE LEADING FEATURES IN 1886-7.

Stories by Miss Alcott and Frank R. Stockton will appear from time to time; one by Miss Alcott is in the November number.

A Short Serial Story, by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of ST. NICHOLAS.

War Stories for Boys and Girls. GEN. ADAM BADEAU, the Military Secretary, biographer, and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture-gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl of to-day took part.

The Serial Stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life for young people, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, author of "On Both Sides;" also "Jenny's Boarding-House," by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission," and "Recollections of the Naval Academy," describing life at West Point and at the Annapolis Naval Academy; "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas-Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks; etc., etc. Child-Sketches from George Eliot, by Julia Magruder, author of "Across the Chasm." Contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Devio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, and many others.

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